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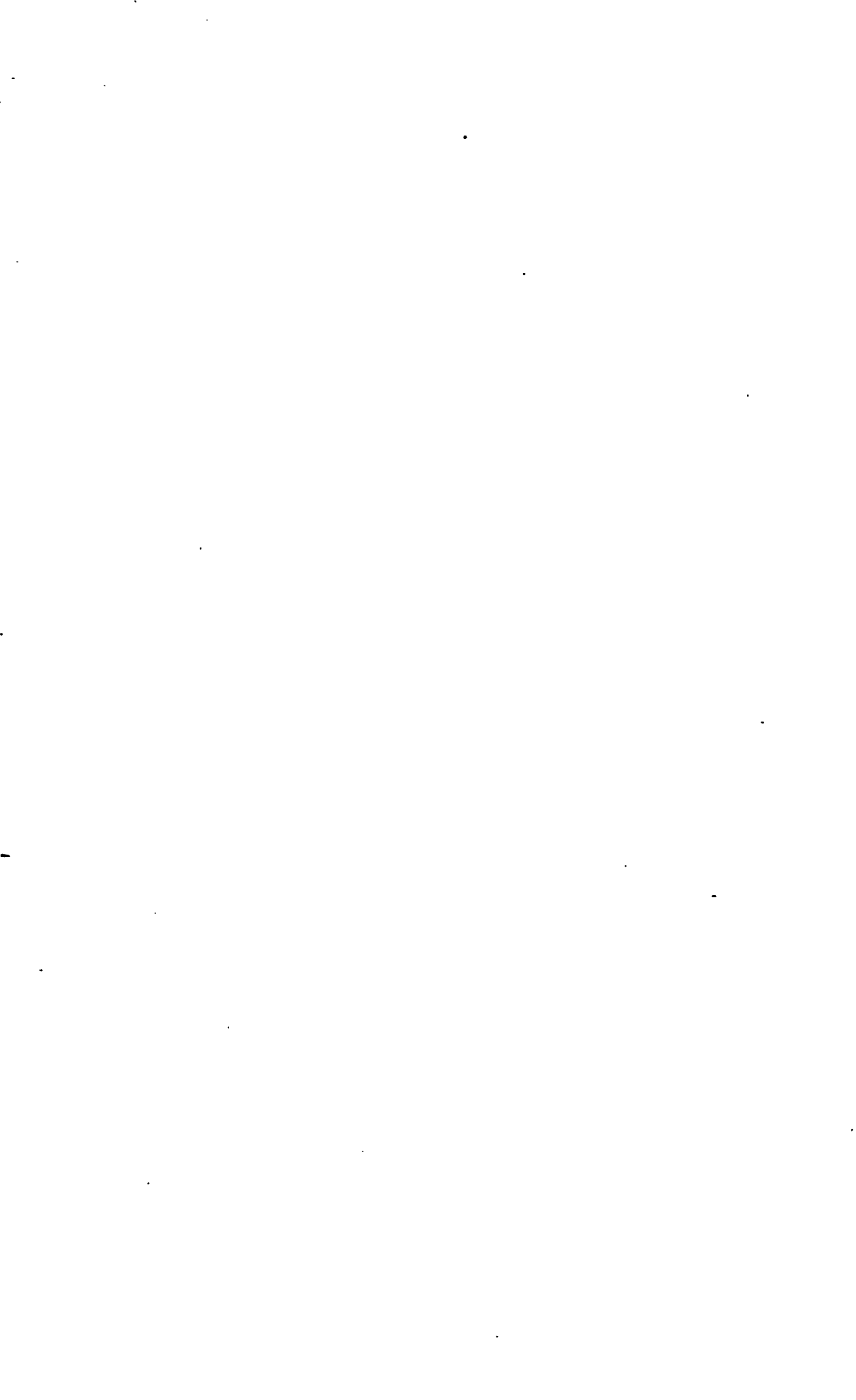
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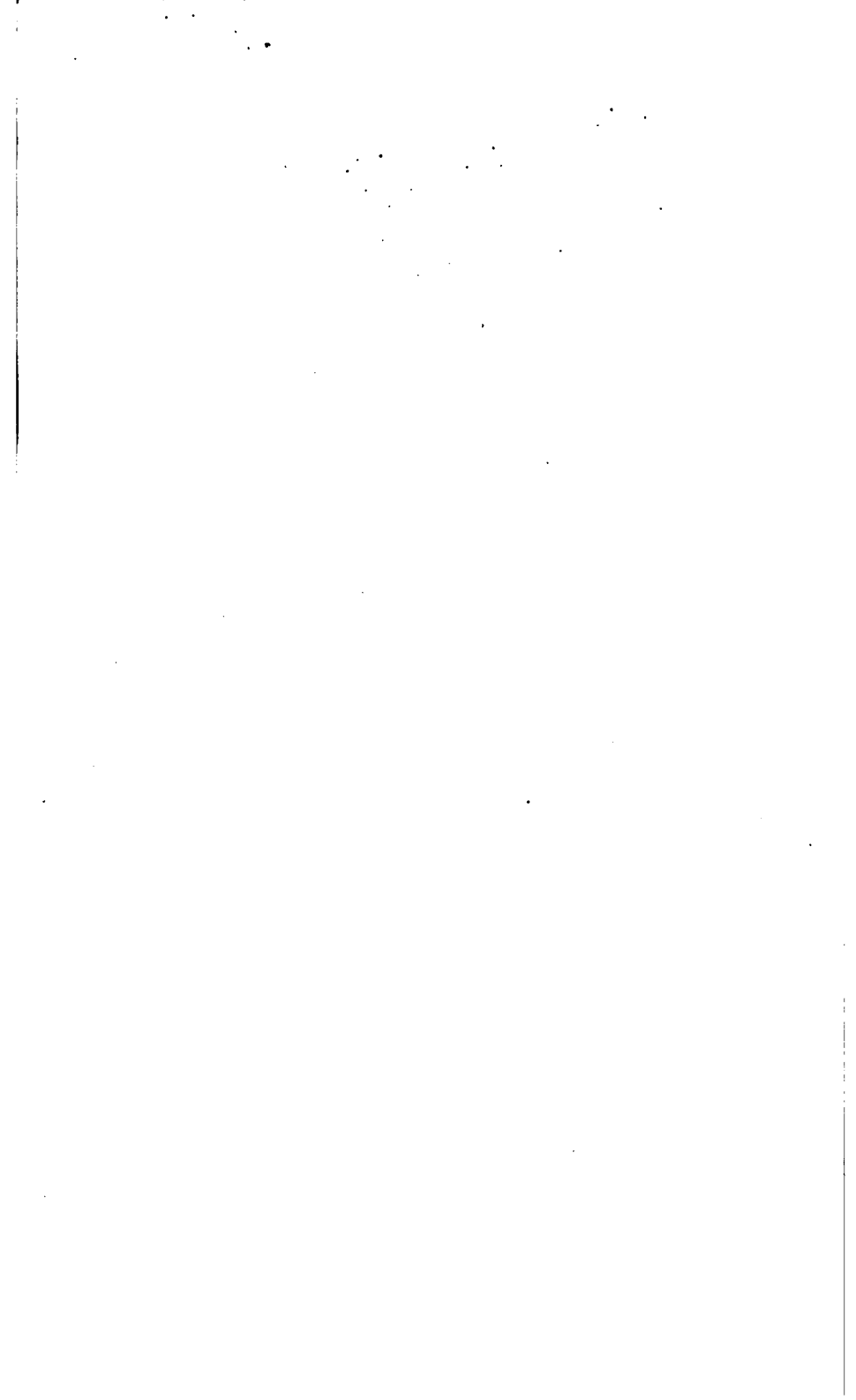
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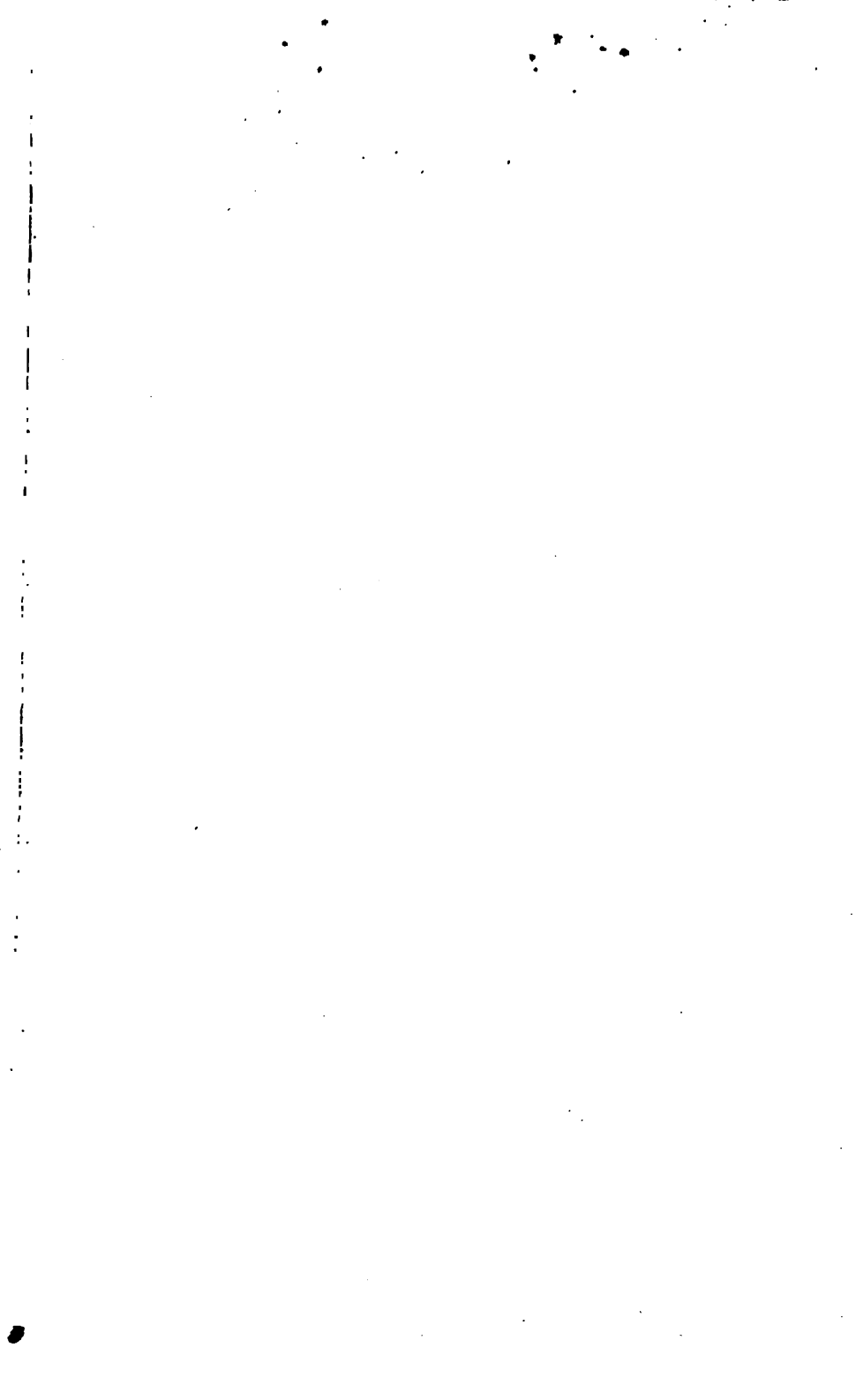


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*John Lloyd Jones*

*James Brown*

*Bridgport*

BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

Sports and Pastimes

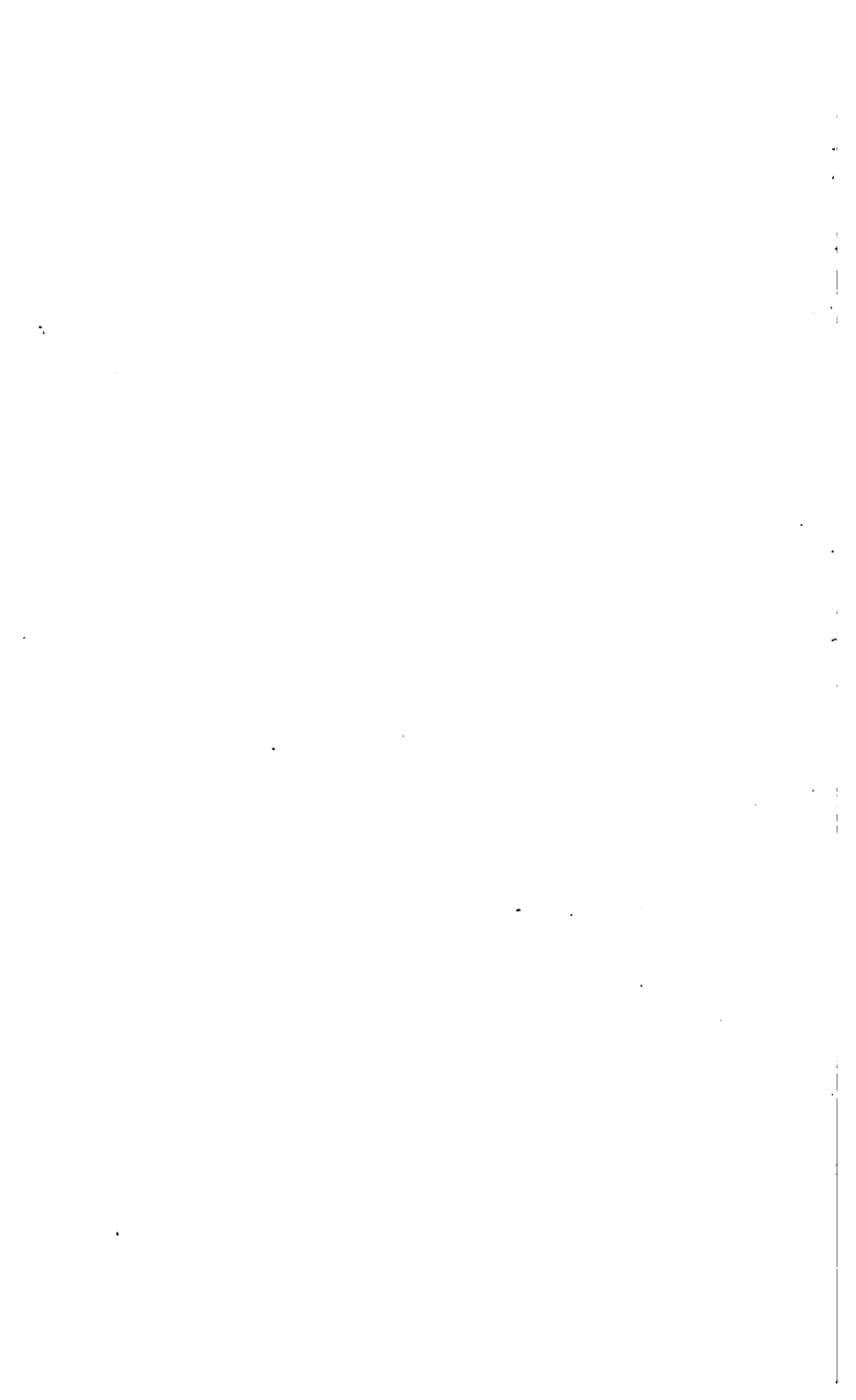


*Harry Bailey*

VOL. XVI

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1869.



# BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

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*Pyman Davis photo.*

*James Brown 1881.*

Reginald Herbert

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. REGINALD HERBERT.

PROMINENT among the followers of the Turf, Chase, and Road, in the present day, may be mentioned Mr. Reginald Herbert, who, although not long before the public, has given evidence of a capability to stay beyond the majority of those who came out about the same period.

Mr. Reginald Herbert is the eldest son of Mr. W. Herbert, of Clytha, Monmouthshire, and first cousin to Mr. John Herbert, of Llanarth, 'the head of the house of Llanarth.' He was born in the year 1841, and was educated abroad; but neither foreign habits nor associations could eradicate that thorough love of Sport, with which an English Country Gentleman is so identified. Upon his return to England he at once entered upon the enjoyment of all those Sports and Pastimes which were peculiar to his position, and which were to be met with in abundance in his own locality. His first appearance in the pigskin was at Abergavenny, when he rode and won the Hunt Steeple-chase upon his own horse. In 1865 he purchased Columbia, with which, although unsuccessful in the Liverpool of 1866, he rode and won the Hunt Cup at Abergavenny, and the mare followed up her success by winning the Cheltenham Open Steeple-chase, beating l'Africain, Cortolvin, and fourteen others, which race the late Charles Boyce described as the fastest one he ever rode in. Mr. Herbert then added to his Stud King Alfred, Comberton, and Stockinger, with all of which he has had extraordinary luck, having won on Stockinger himself no less

than seven times out of the eight that he rode him. Mr. Herbert has also done equally good things with Comberton, a horse returned by the Duke of Hamilton as worthless, but whose subsequent victories under welter weights entitle him to be regarded as the best Steeple-chase horse in England at light weights. Mr. Herbert is also one of the most conspicuous members of the Gun and Harlingham House Clubs, at both of which places he has taken the highest honours. But the match in which he showed to most advantage was in Paris in 1867, when, after being defeated in the International Pigeon Match, feeling confident that it was not his right form, he challenged his opponents to shoot at eleven birds each, thirty yards distance, for ten thousand francs. His offer was at once accepted, and the supposed best man in France was chosen to compete with him. The contest excited the greatest interest, but the affair was one way throughout, Mr. Herbert taking the lead, keeping it throughout, and winning in a canter, killing all his birds.

In 1866 Mr. Herbert married Miss Giffard of Chillington, 'daughter of the late Squire of Chillington, and niece of the celebrated John Mytton,' by whom he has one daughter. In conclusion, we may observe that Mr. Herbert unites in himself all the best qualities of a Sportsman and a Gentleman, and has earned for himself a degree of popularity in his own neighbourhood which few men of his age can boast.

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## THE MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.

THE demise of one so well known in racing circles as the Marquis of Hastings demands something more than a passing notice in the pages of a Magazine devoted to the Sports and Pastimes of England. Not more than two years ago his portrait appeared in a former number of this periodical, and the public were put in possession of the details of his Turf career, so far as they were then capable of illustration. Little more remains to be told, and that little the public will recal without the need of recurring to these pages for its narration. We had hoped that the first burst of recklessness might have succumbed to the entreaties and the warnings of reason, and that the season of reflection might have cooled the hot spring-tide of youth; that a reaction might ere this have set in to control the promptings of a spirit which was 'one of that order who compass their own 'destruction.' The daily journals have well worked out this new vein of sensationalism, and amid the excitement and attraction of political strife have found a place in their columns for pitiless attack and outpourings of bitter resentment upon one whose past life mercy would fain consign to oblivion, and bury out of sight like the remains of mortality. Enough has been said on all sides, and we would fain shrink from harrowing the already injured feelings of relatives and friends by reminiscences which could not be otherwise than painful, or by remarks which would obviously be only an useless repetition of what has already appeared upon the subject. His Turf career has virtually closed long since, and it was only by the connection of his name with that of his *quondam* favourite The Earl in certain recent scandalous proceedings, too well known to be discussed here, that his name has lingered on the tongues of men. What influence, whether for good or evil, his example has had upon Turf morals, it is beside our purpose to inquire; to trace his ruinous downfall to his connection with the Turf alone would be as notoriously ridiculous as to attribute the present state of Turf affairs to any influence he may have exercised upon them during the period of his devotion to racing pursuits. Many have bowed a respectable exit from the sporting world whose actions might bear a less searching criticism than those of the 'plunger,' who was only his own enemy, and who surely bore the responsibilities of the chicanery of others upon his shoulders. It is not our business to pry into the secrets of his private life; society will amply discuss the bearings of his social relations, and place their own construction on actions which cannot affect his character as a sportsman. The grave has now closed over all that merited praise or deserved blame at the hands of his earthly judges: if a speedy punishment was meted out to his imperfections, it is not for us to canvass the justice or injustice of the decree which ordained it; suffice it to record his early death, and to inscribe 'Misericordia' on the tomb of the last of his race.

## THE BAGMAN.

## CHAPTER I.

MR. THOMAS WOOD, or, as he liked to hear himself styled, Thomas Wood, Esquire, was a person of no small importance in the little town of Slowton. Of his early origin little or nothing was known excepting that he had held a situation from his earliest youth in the family of the Earl of Bagwash, in whose pay and confidential employ he still continued. The Earl had been a good sportsman in his day, and still kept a pack of foxhounds in the neighbourhood of London, but he had become somewhat *blasé*, cared little for a cold ride and a long draw, and preferred the brisk and certain gallop afforded by a bag fox, to the legitimate pleasures of the chase. He kept a capital pack of dwarf foxhounds, which he called harriers, in a distant county, accessible by rail, before whom a fox was turned down once or twice a week. Mr. Wood's principal employment, besides overlooking the kennel establishment, was to provide a hebdomadal relay of foxes for this purpose—and hard enough work he found it.

Mr. Wood was enjoying his glass of hot brandy and water after an early dinner one fine afternoon in February, when the boy in buttons who officiated as butler announced 'a young man' as wanting to speak with him. On inquiry the young man's name was stated to be 'Billy,' or, as Buttons was charged to add, 'Slender Billy.' A thin, tall, hungry-looking man of about thirty followed close upon the heels of Buttons, and holding his fur cap in his left hand, saluted Mr. Wood by a tug at his hair with his right.

'Sarvant, Guv'nor; we've got a real good un this time!'

'Let's look at him,' said Mr. Wood.

'Bless you, sir! he's not to be looked at; he's in his kennel.

'My pardners and me we've been diggin' since last night, and we can just touch him with a stick.'

'I'll come and look at the hole then,' said Mr. Wood; 'I'm not going to be put off with a Leadenhall fox again.'

'All right, master; it's on'y five miles off. Jump into my trap, and you'll be there in no time.'

Mr. Wood apparently did not relish this proposition, and after much bargaining, agreed to purchase the fox for three pounds, one of which Slender Billy insisted upon being paid in advance. Having received a sovereign, Billy appealed successfully for a glass of brandy and unsuccessfully for a shilling to save melting the sov., and departed, pledging himself to return with the fox by five o'clock the following morning.

Billy had probably over-estimated the distance, or else the ragged, spavined pony that was rope-harnessed to the rickety vehicle he styled 'the trap' travelled at an unprecedented pace, for within ten minutes from the time he had quitted Mr. Wood's parlour he found

himself in the presence of his 'pals.' True, they were not digging—indeed, they did not look as if digging would come natural to them—but they were, as Billy had averred, at 'The Fox's Hole.' I allude to the public house so designated, and which, as our readers know, is situated close to Brierly Wood, and within a mile of the Grange, the residence of John Stubbs, Esq.

Mr. Stubbs had used his personal interest with the noble master of the Deepdene hounds to save the life of a fine fox which had taken refuge in a labourer's cottage after a brilliant run at the end of the last season, and had since kept him chained in a comfortable kennel under some old elm trees, in front of his<sup>s</sup> house, where 'Charlie,' as Mr. Stubbs called him, had become an object of considerable interest to all the neighbours and visitors who frequented that hospitable mansion. It was the intention of Slender Billy and his accomplices to steal this animal and palm him off upon Mr. Wood as a wild fox just dug out of his earth. After informing his 'pals' that he had made a bargain for two pounds, which, as he showed, would be just 'one for them two and one for him too,' and expatiating upon the niggardliness of that gentleman who wouldn't so much as stand him a drop to drink or give him a shilling to buy one, the plans were laid and successfully carried out, and by four in the morning the ragged pony and the rickety cart, the three men seated side by side in front, and the fox in a sack behind, were in Mr. Wood's yard.

Under that gentleman's direction the fox was turned into a small paddock closely fenced all round, with a kennel in one corner and a little clump of evergreens on each side. Billy having received his two pounds with some grumbling, which he took care his companions should hear, while he drowned the allusion to the one paid in advance, proceeded to divide them in the equitable manner suggested.

Mr. Wood having examined his purchase was well pleased at finding a really magnificent animal, though perhaps something of the fattest.

'Never mind,' said Mr. Wood, 'we'll soon get that off!' and called to his man John to bring the broom. John appeared, broom in hand, and immediately commenced hustling the unlucky animal round and round the paddock, sometimes allowing him a minute's rest in one or other of the laurel clumps, but keeping him moving at a rattling pace, till the fox was so exhausted he could run no more. This course of treatment was pursued day by day for a month, until the animal, although well fed, had attained the highest possible condition, and was as lank as a greyhound.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE MEET.

'Friday, 15th.—Lord Bagwash's—Newton Tollbar, 12.'

Such was the announcement which, under the heading of 'Harriers,' appeared in the sporting papers of Saturday, February 8th, 186—;



and a little before that hour a tolerably large muster of well-mounted men approached the place of meeting from all points of the compass. The meet, however, hardly presented to the practised eye a sportsman-like appearance. There were good men there, it is true, and good horses, two or three hard riders from the neighbouring hunts, some officers from the barracks, and a sprinkling of farmers, but there was a want of spirit about the affair; the men of the different hunts looked suspiciously at each other, like men who meet in town in September, and old Sam Caird, the huntsman, had the appearance of one who was doing a duty he was a little ashamed of. Indeed, several thought it necessary to make excuses for being there at all; one had got a new horse to try, another was sick of blank days and hunting runs, and wanted 'a spin'; a third had come out for the first time from curiosity to see a bagman turned out; Mr. Stubbs had come at the especial request of his friend Mr. White, and he, too, had a promising young one to try. There were besides a sprinkling of men who, deceived by the advertisement, really believed they had come out to 'hunt the sprightly hare.'

Three or four hours previously the fox, deceived by a pane of glass fixed to the end of a box trap through which he vainly essayed to escape, had been caged, turned upon his back, and as in struggling his feet protruded through the barred bottom of the trap, had been anointed on each with a drop of aniseed. Transferred to a more roomy box, he was then conveyed by Slender Billy to a copse about a quarter of a mile from the meet, with instructions when he heard the horn to 'open the box and turn him down.'

'There's my lord on his horse looking for the hounds, sir,' said Ben, the first whip, to Mr. Caird, 'a-top of the hill yonder.'

'I'll give him a blow,' said Caird, and immediately produced two sounding notes upon his horn. Hounds are, or always ought to be, excited by the sound of the horn, but the pack on this occasion appeared almost wild; some careered about, many opened as though in full cry, and it was with great difficulty they were restrained by the voice of the huntsman and the efforts of the whips from breaking away in mad pursuit apparently of they knew not what.

In a few minutes his lordship appeared accompanied by some members of his hunt, several strangers arriving at the same time.

'Deuced late these hounds meet!' remarked young Charles Sydney, a pink and white youth, fresh from Cambridge and the drag, to his companion, a rough, red-whiskered yokel, attired in an ill-fitting coat and rusty cap, generally known as 'Dandy Jones,' to distinguish him from 'Gentleman Jones,' a different person. 'Deuced late! the day is half gone.'

'Well, it is late,' replied his companion. 'But they don't lose much time drawing, you see.'

'Plenty of hares, eh?' said Sydney.

'Ya-as, plenty of hares!'

'Don't much like this sort of thing,' muttered our friend Stubbs; 'feel somehow kinder ashamed of myself, but the colt's hot and

'won't stand that sort of dodging work we so often get with the 'foxhounds in this cramped country; besides, it's only for once;' and, looking with the eye of a sportsman over the hounds, as clustering round Sam Caird's horse they came suddenly round the corner, 'a beautiful lot they are surely. Call them harriers! Why 'I never set eyes on a likelier pack of foxhounds!'

The noble master had arrived in a brougham by himself, but a light dog-cart bearing his crest and coronet had conveyed to the meet two visitors at the Castle, foreigners apparently. Both were smoking and extensively got up, one, the younger, evidently in a state of great excitement, all anxiety to witness an English 'chase of the fox,' and burning to distinguish himself as a horseman. This was the Count Heitansek, a German nobleman, the other a Yankee officer of high rank in his own country, General Lucius Junius A. Grubb. The general was a heavy, coarse man with large hands, rather dirty, a husky voice, small restless eye, and a damp, unpleasant expression of countenance. He had come to England ostensibly on a diplomatic mission, but in reality to palm off upon gullible John Bull a swindling Californian gold-mining speculation, in which object he had succeeded entirely to his own satisfaction. Possessing, in common with most of his countrymen, unbounded assurance and the highest credentials, he had called personally on her Majesty's principal ministers, of whom Lord Bagwash was one, and, on the strength of a vague and undefined hope of 'one day seeing him at the Castle,' the general had presented himself on an elastic visit at that hospitable abode a few days previously. His lordship—the most courteous of men—was sorely put out and greatly disgusted, but what could he do? He could *not* turn him out, but he *could* give him a mount, and he did—on one of his splendid carriage horses. The general's steed was a showy beast, and good of his sort, but he was not altogether a hunter; he stood sixteen three, iron gray, with a Roman nose, a ewe neck, and a bang tail down to his hocks, had capital knee-action, and no more mouth than an ox. His rider, who had mounted at the cross roads, showed already signs of considerable discomfort.

### CHAPTER III.—THE RUN.

The hounds at once moved down the lane, heads and sterns up, and apparently ready to break away at short notice. Ben opening a gate to the right, the pack passed rapidly through, and hardly waiting for the huntsman's accustomed cheer and wave of the hand, swung rapidly round, picking up the scent as they swung and went off in a southerly direction directly upwind.

There was a tremendous bustle and hustle, of course, every one trying to get a good place at the start. Our friend Mr. Stubbs, touching his horse lightly with the spur, bounded over the low fence to the left and rattled down at best pace almost in a line with the leading hounds.

'Why! they've got on a fox,' said young Sydney.

'Shouldn't wonder,' replied his friend; 'they often do!'

'Not that way, master; ride to the left,' said Slender Billy to his patron; 'I *seed* him turn under the 'edge. He's gone Botsover 'ways.'

Billy had *not* seen this, but he was right, nevertheless; the fox had turned, and was now heading straight for the well-remembered forest.

Mr. Wood, availing himself of the hint, turned his horse's head in the direction indicated, and, closely followed by the count, joined Mr. Stubbs at the corner of the field, where an accommodating gate stood wide open.

Meanwhile the General's horse—

'Right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels,'

had gone off at score, his head down and his great knees showing at every plunge above his ears like the pistons of a steam engine, his rider with toes turned out, and hands on a level with his eyes, vainly striving to guide or stop him. The swamp, however, into which he floundered, speedily effected the latter object; and just as the hounds and the leading portion of the field disappeared over the brow of Crowhurst Hill, the gallant General found himself mid-leg deep in the black liquid slime of a bottomless bog, his horse's outstretched neck and head just appearing above the 'verdant mud.' Wet, dirty, sore, and sulky, truly my lord was avenged! The German, who did not lack pluck, and was well mounted, followed close upon Mr. Wood's traces, his elbows out, his coat-tails flying in the wind, in a state of uproarious excitement. Our friend was in considerable danger of being ridden down, but fortunately for him both steeds rose in the air at the same moment at the same gap, and cannoning midway, the lightest—poor Heitansek—was shot into a soft ploughed field, with little damage but much dirt. Stubbs and Wood and a few of the best mounted of the field kept their place some sixty or seventy yards to the right of the hounds, taking their fences as they came in gallant style, but husbanding their horses for what they felt must be a trying day. The body of the field meanwhile rattled along the high road, or the grass that skirted it, parallel with their course at no great distance to the left. The hounds literally raced, carrying a capital head, fleet as swallows, mute as mice.

'By all that's beautiful,' quoth Stubbs, 'if this be not *the* real thing, 'it's wonderfully like it; but,' added he, the exulting gleam fading from his jolly face, 'it's *not* the real thing—sheep dogs could run that 'scent; I could run it myself; it's a sin to waste hounds' noses on 'it,' and, squeezing his hat over his eyes, and taking a pull at the young horse, he drove him at the low wall that bounded the field before him.

'Not there!—not there, Stubbs!' shouted Tom Haylock. '*Not* 'there for your life!' but too late; the good horse had already risen at the wall which bounded a deep almost empty pond beyond. Nothing

but great presence of mind and admirable horsemanship saved him from a serious accident. He had ridden at the fence much faster than he ought; his horse was young, and, truth to say, though over sixty, so was his master. Becoming aware of his danger as he rose to the leap, the rider cleverly shifted his whip to his left hand, and throwing his body as far backward as possible, seized the cantle of the saddle with his right. Happily, a foot or two of mud had collected at the bottom of the pond, which, moistened by the recent rains, broke the force of the fall, and the rider's great strength enabled him to keep his seat. Such, however, was the strain that the saddle, firmly held by triple girth, was broken in the middle and doubled up as it were under him. The horse scrambled out snorting and terrified, but unhurt, and Stubbs, muttering something to himself expressive of 'wonder whether he would ever grow older,' speedily regained his place.

The hounds were still running at a rattling pace, but hardly that at which they had started. The distance had told, and it must be confessed they straggled considerably. Fine noses were of little use, and the old hunting hounds were fain to follow the dashing puppies as best they might. Of the field the majority were fairly beaten, and one by one dropped behind till only about a score were with the hounds, and each of that number inwardly prayed for a check, if but for a minute, to enable their blown horses to catch their wind. This, however, was not to be; a view halloo a short distance ahead told that the fox had entered Brierly Copse; and in another minute the hounds, no longer mute, were making the old oaks ring again with their cheery music as they ran parallel with the road which bounds it. Leaving the friendly covert and thick underwood, the ferns and tangled briars, many parts of which might well have afforded shelter, and still running right into the eye of the wind, the bold fox headed directly for Thorney Wood. Entering by the beeches at the north side, like one that knew the country from cubhood, he ran right through the covert, through the gorse at the bottom, and swimming over the now flooded river below, was viewed just as, about to vanish, he reached the summit of the rising ground on the opposite side.

Scarcely had he put the brow betwixt himself and his pursuers than a new danger awaited him. A red, rough-coated, tailless shepherd's dog, viewing the draggled beast as he sped wearily along rushed at him open-mouthed. Bow, wow, wow! bow wow! At the insult and unprovoked attack, all the savage instinct of the fox was aroused. Like the wearied, jaded Deloraine when he 'marked 'the crane on the baron's crest,' and recognized his feudal enemy, 'no 'whit weary did he seem.' With arched back and bloodshot, angry eye, every hair on his dank body standing on end, hate and rage glistening on his sharp teeth, the bold beast waited not the attack. With a wicked snarl from the bottom of his throat, he met the dog more than half way, and as they closed made his sharp fangs meet through the fore-leg. Wough, wough, wough! pen-a-neek; pen-

a-neek ! yelped the cur, as he fled limping back to his kennel at the homestead the other side of the field. The fox turned short to the left, and running low down the furrow gained the hedge on that side, whence unobserved he pursued his former course. This apparently untoward accident saved him. At the scene of the conflict the hounds threw up, and whilst they were yet puzzling over the mixed scent, Count Heitansek, still thirsting for fame and, notwithstanding various heavy falls, uproarious and jubilant, was in the midst of them. Catching sight of the retreating cur as he jumped the palings, and mistaking him for the fox, he seized the opportunity of immortalizing himself. 'Tailoo ! taleo ! Get avaa—oldard—hoop—yocks—' tailho !' yelled he, vociferating, as best he might, all the sounds his quick ear had caught during the run, and riding as he yelled in the direction of the retreating sheep-dog. The hounds, though his language was a mystery, comprehended his action ; their heads were up in a second, and Volatile and Vanity, catching sight of the red back of the dog as it vanished beyond the palings, dashed away, followed by half the pack. Old Caird, with Ben, however, now appeared, and taking in the situation at half a glance, lost no time in cursing the German, but blowing his horn, recalled the scattered pack, and once more put them on the track of the beaten fox, now heading directly for the forest, which nevertheless he did not enter, but ran as though he had a point beyond, though what that could be no one could guess. As the reader knows,\* a considerable brook runs at the bottom of Thorney Wood.

It was a gallant sight to see the four or five leading men charge the water that day. The recent rains had swelled it into something like a river, narrow, perhaps, but not the less dangerous on that account. Full to the brim, the turbid, brown stream rolled rapidly along ; and it required no small amount of pluck<sup>2</sup> in Tom Haylock, who was leading, to drive his horse at it, but he did so, and with more or less assumed eagerness the others followed. It is not a pleasant sensation to find your horse disappearing under you, little but his head and ears visible, snorting with fear, and swimming rapidly but uneasily, whilst the cold water rises well nigh to your hips, and searches every aperture in boots and breeches. Still the gallant few struggled on, and reaching the opposite shore landed safely, and followed as best they might the dripping pack which had preceded them by a few moments only, each hound having shaken himself as he landed, showering the drops around him like a trundled mop.

Was our friend Mr. Stubbs among this gallant band ? He was not. During the run he might have been heard muttering to himself, or remarking to a neighbour the extraordinary knowledge of the country apparently possessed by a strange fox ; but when the forest, the gorse, and the woods were alike left behind, and the draggled, weary beast was seen struggling up the opposite bank of the river, he reined his horse up suddenly, exclaiming, 'I thought

\* It is assumed that every reader of 'Baily' is conversant with 'A Fox's Tale.'

‘so! I knew it all along!’ and striking him with the spurs he rode off at the best pace he could command in a direct line for the Grange. Crashing through the rotten fence before him he found himself on the high road, and not stopping to pay the toll galloped along the grass at the side till he arrived at his own gate, just in time to see the fox, dead beat, and with scarce strength to surmount the old wall which bounded the premises, creep into the stone kennel, and turning round lie exhausted, his red tongue hanging from his mouth, panting for dear life. Springing with more agility than his figure promised from his reeking steed, he flung the rein to a passing labourer, and planted himself before the kennel just as Ringlet and Rallywood, Bondsman and Butterfly, followed by five or six couple more, topped the wall, and, thirsting for blood, dashed across the little paddock which lay between it and the kennel beneath the elms. Crack! crack! went the honest yeoman’s whip. Crack! crack!! crack!!! ‘Get away, hounds! Get away! To think that it should come to this; that they should murder my Charlie!’ Crack! crack!! Wow! wow! ‘I wouldn’t hurt you, but—’ crack, crack! ‘get away, get away!!! Oh, here you are, Ben; thank goodness! . . . Well, if ever I go after a bag-fox again! —it’s lucky I did, though, this time; but *if* ever I go again. It’s fast enough; I must allow, but it’s not *the* right thing—not for any one who calls himself a sportsman, at all events;—and, as for Charlie, I’ll never tie him up again; he may stay or go as he pleases; and if he ever runs again before a pack of hounds, it shall be after an honest find, and no odds against him but the honest scent he leaves behind him!’

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## BETTING AND BETTORS.

IN the ‘good old times’ of which we are wont to hear so much, when horses were kept for pleasure instead of profit, and an honourable spirit pervaded the very limited class which could afford to indulge in such an unremunerative pursuit as racing,—in the good old times betting was confined, for the most part, to the owners of the animals engaged, and their transactions were comparatively insignificant, when we look at the prodigious outlay which characterizes the pursuit of modern racing, and which is not restricted only to the more important contests of the year, but is a conspicuous feature in every fifty pound plate, and selling race, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Instead, therefore, of being reckoned among the recreations of the Briton, the maintenance of a racing establishment and its judicious ‘market’ management, ought surely to rank among the most important business transactions of life, the very cares and anxieties of which the noble pastime was originally calculated to relax; for it is now sufficiently notorious that the value of stakes, large and continually increasing as they have

become, is a mere bagatelle in the eyes of the majority of owners of horses, who are in the habit of measuring their success solely by the result of their betting operations. It is beside our purpose to inquire into the desirability of such a state of things, the existence of which cannot be doubted, but we are desirous of calling attention to the facts of the case, as bearing on the subject we now propose to discuss. No one can deny that a great betting mania has most thoroughly permeated all classes of this nation of shopkeepers, and the facilities for speculation are rapidly on the increase. To prove this we need only look ten or fifteen years back, and ask ourselves the question whether it would have been possible to invest such large sums on a paltry race in the country, as are now piled on in the metropolis itself, upon the petty encounters at Bromley or West Drayton? The extermination of the betting-houses, and the raid upon open-air speculators, would seem only to have sharpened the appetite of the British public, who now hanker more keenly than ever after the forbidden fruit, and pour their monkeys and ponies, their quids and dollars, into the coffers of commission agents, until the bookmaking clans have well-nigh become the dictators of the Turf, have raised palaces as tokens of success in their craft, and revel in their vessels of silver and jewels of gold, of which they have spoiled the nobles of the land. Backing horses, as the million are in the habit of doing, cannot but be a losing game in the end; and yet no succession of defeated favourites, no reverses of scratching, or nauseating repetitions of 'milking,' can abate one jot of their determination to come up again and again to a self-encouraged slaughter of the innocents. This tenacity of purpose in the indulgence of gaming propensities, fostered by the unbounded confidence of speculators in that 'glorious fellowship of prophets' which afford their *pabulum* of sporting news to a craving public in the pages of the daily press, has been the means of bringing down upon their own heads the punishment of their blindness, and from their impetuous raids upon the market to make their investments while prices are tempting, has resulted that system of fraud and chicanery, which threatens, unless timely checked, to prove fatal to the best interests of the Turf. It did not require much cunning to conceive, nor much ingenuity to carry out a system, by which winning might be reduced to a certainty, nor were there wanting those fallen spirits with which every community abounds, to batten on gains from an over-credulous public, who rushed like sheep into the trap set for fleecing them, and who, like a swarm of bees, were content to follow the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal which lured them to their destruction. From owners of horses, and from the genii of the Ring, these harpies could not hope to draw their ill-gotten gains; but could they once enlist the interest and support of a body as yet uneducated in Turf pursuits, then only the cards were wanting to make the game their own, and for this purpose names of horses alone were almost sufficient; and it mattered little, so long as their existence was not called in question, whether they ever appeared on a race-

course or not, for the victims were never wearied of waiting for that 'good thing' which they felt assured was yet in store for those who could bide their time. And into the services of those who divided the spoils was pressed a cloud of false witnesses, whose business it was to run to and fro upon the earth, and by dark sayings, and specious lies, to foster the interest of the public in some animal, which was merely the shadow of good things to come, but which, in the substance, came not at all, or came only to deceive. Such were the schemes which an unscrupulous few devised and perfected, and which their successors in infamy have handed down, enlarged and amply illustrated, to the men of our own time. From transactions such as these the atmosphere of the Turf has been corrupted and tainted, and the attributes of a noble sport have become a scorn and derision among a class of men who, neither imbued by the thirst of speculation, nor interested in the pursuit of racing as a national pastime, have taken an outside view of matters as they appear to be, and whose natural inference is that from the palpable rottenness of affairs on the surface, there cannot exist at the core that soundness and vitality which is as essential to the existence of racing institutions, as to the ordinary business and occupation of every-day life. The advertisements which crowd the columns of our less reputable sporting papers are a standing monument to the daily and hourly succession of fools and dupes, without which the profession of knavery could not exist; theirs is a hopeless case, indeed; but they by no means comprise even a small majority of the speculative public. The 'thirteen stamp' fraternity do not flourish by the patronage of the million; the bold Briton backs his fancy, and gives owners of horses credit for sentiments of uprightness which they do not always evince; but he is apt to grumble audibly should anything occur to depreciate the value of his market commodity, and without dreaming of his own indiscretion, to turn round upon those with whose property he has, in betting phraseology, been 'taking liberties.' Here there undoubtedly is a grievance; but it is a grievance the remedy for which lies in his own hands. It has indeed been urged, and with some appearance of truth, that betting, like other necessary evils, if it cannot be eradicated, can at least be controlled; that, like an epidemic, it can be mitigated, if not stamped out; but, upon consideration, it must be confessed that if the Jockey Club can do nothing to keep speculation within bounds, and decline to recognize betting transactions as not coming within their province, any suggestion would be fruitless having for its basis an attempt to regulate one of the wildest passions of mankind, by the enactment of laws which must needs be unwritten. And whereas it is obvious that a self-inflicted grievance presses hardly upon the general body of the public, and that the remedy lies with them, it may not be out of place to help them on their way towards a solution of their difficulty. They must be well aware that, by rushing on indiscriminately, they are not only spoiling their own game, but absolutely encouraging those questionable tactics of which they are the first to complain.



They cannot doubt that 'milking' manœuvres would never be attempted without the certainty to the perpetrators of a goodly division of spoil; and they are well aware that as hawks are not in the habit of tearing out each other's eyes, so these predatory gangs do not prey upon one another, but wage common war upon the ignorant and unwary who venture within reach of their toils; and further, they cannot but confess that they are as pigmies in the hands of giants, and can obtain no redress for the squeezing they so often experience. Seeing, therefore, that the spirit of speculation is incapable of control, much more of repression, would it not be for their benefit to dismiss from their minds the chimera of long prices, with their inevitably concomitant dangers, and to rely for the future on shorter prices and post-betting, so that at the least their money may be carried by some animal in the flesh, whose owner, however unscrupulous, may deem it worth his while, now that the tone of the milk market is low, to go straight for the loaves and fishes, and condescend, perhaps, to appreciate a valuable stake at its due importance? Ideas such as these may probably be considered Utopian by those whose knowledge of Turf affairs has led them to despair of better things, and to regard with callous indifference the gradual decadence of the sport of a great people; but it is a scandal that the Turf—of all national institutions at once the most important and the most prominent—should bear the stigma of reproach which attaches to it, solely for the reason that its devotees will not take the heart to consult their own interests. So eager is the pursuit of racing, and so widely increasing the great betting mania, that bookmaking has become one of the most lucrative and engrossing professions which occupy the brains of the greatest mercantile community in the world. And while we would ascribe all honour due to those whose integrity and high-mindedness has made them men of mark in a calling of which the ascent is slippery, and footing on its summit treacherous and uncertain, we would warn the inexperienced again and again, that the lions in their path are many and watchful, and that it behoves them to be on their guard against that legion of sharpers, whose degrading practices have brought the honourable body of Turf-men into disrepute. They who would be holpen must needs help themselves, and these, in their work of expurgation of Welshers and Turf vermin, will enlist public sympathy and support, and earn a further meed of gratitude from those who, having hitherto relied on their probity, have incurred an extra obligation by the desire to free themselves from the contamination of worthless traders upon honest names.

We are not so sanguine as to believe that knaves and fools will ever cease out of the land; nor can we be brought to contemplate the possibility of betting operations being so regulated and controlled, as to shut the door effectually against the fraudulent practices which now revel in their impunity; but having pointed out the evil as it now exists, and its antidote, we may venture to hope that some check will be given to the encouragement of evils, which,

like noxious weeds, have sprung up and choked the fair growth of an ancient and deeply-rooted institution. We cannot hope for the advent of a St. Patrick to exterminate the reptiles, whose slimy track has defiled the annals of the Turf; but we can feel and know that the remedy is in the hands of those who suffer, and we can raise the warning cry, if only to scare away one victim from the quicksands of delusion and destruction. The genus 'plunger' is now, happily, almost extinct, and it is in the power of the speculative community to commence that course of self-defence which constitutes the only check upon the wholesale robberies now perpetrated by organized bodies of schemers upon the hapless public. But of this they may be assured, that as long as their present state of apathy exists there will not be wanting those to profit by their rashness and credulity, and 'where the carcase is, there the eagles will be gathered together.'

AMPHION.

## THE ARABIAN HORSE.

### CHAPTER III.—SECTION I.

#### ON BREEDING.

THE greatest tests of pure breeding are stoutness and endurance, but a high degree of speed ought to accompany them.

It was pointed out in a former work, 'The Thoroughbred Horse,' that the breeding of our horse is imperfect, that he is not descended entirely from pure blood. The racer of the present day has inherited several stains, and is of mixed blood.

Here then is the secret of his being less enduring, less lasting than the Arabian, at least in my opinion.

It is very generally considered that in breeding any stains that exist may be eradicated in eight generations; that in the eighth descent there is not any difference to be detected in form and appearance between the new breed and the pure parent stock. In other words, the pure blood infused into the impure stock will have washed away and obliterated all stains and flaws in eight descents.

There are others who hold a different opinion, and among those the Arabs.

'It is impossible,' says Abd-el-Kader, 'we think, to get a pure race out of a stock the blood of which is impure; on the other hand, it is a well-authenticated fact, it is quite possible to restore to its primitive nobleness a breed that has become impoverished, but without any taint in its blood. In a word, a race may be restored, the degeneracy of which has not been occasioned by any admixture of blood.' He also says, 'Look in a horse for speed and bottom: one that has speed alone, and no bottom, must have a blemish in his descent; and one that has bottom alone, and no speed, must have some defect, open or concealed.'

The following remarks, by General Daumas, are worthy of the

greatest attention :—‘In all times the horse has been regarded by peoples and governments as one of the most potent elements of their strength and prosperity. At the present day there is no question relating either to rural economy or to the art of war more canvassed than that touching the amelioration of the charger. The highest authorities of the state, learned societies, agriculturists, the army, everybody, in short, is taken up with it in France, and yet we are very far from being agreed upon it. For my own part I have never wearied of studying that noble animal, from taste quite as much as from patriotism or professional necessity. I have consulted the most esteemed authors and men of great erudition, but I confess that it is among the Arabs I have met with the most just and practical appreciation of the subject.’

But allowing the opinion to be correct, that in eight descents impure blood may be obliterated, for the sake of argument, to arrive at the desired result, it is necessary, in each and every generation anterior to the ninth, to return, on the male side, to the original pure blood. Now our horse has not been so bred. I fail to trace any systematic plan of returning to pure Arabian blood for the prescribed period of eight generations. I fail to trace a return to horses of entirely Eastern (or South-eastern blood), as it is commonly called ; on the contrary, horses and mares, descendants, indeed, of Eastern stock, but with many stains, have been bred from.

Allowing Eastern blood only to have been sufficient to establish a pure race, the required standard was arrived at in the Childers, and if there really were not mares of equal breeding to have perpetuated the race for eight generations, horses like the Childers, of entirely Eastern blood, should have been selected ; but such was not the case. The Childers were put to mares of inferior blood to themselves, and the inferior descendants were bred from on both sides, and the three horses, Eclipse, Herod, and Trumpator, from whom it may be said truly that all modern thoroughbred horses are descended, contained in their veins many strains of mixed and impure blood. Among the daughters of the Darley Arabian was a mare, once the property of Lord Lonsdale, which, like the Childers, was entirely of Eastern blood. There a good opportunity of carrying out the theory was lost ; her produce, as will be seen by reference to the Stud Book, was by Bay Bolton, a horse not even altogether of Eastern blood.

On the other hand, if merely Eastern blood were not sufficient, believing the Arabian to be the only pure stock, it would have been necessary to have obtained pure Arabian blood on the male side for eight successive generations to have arrived at the desired result, always supposing the theory to be correct.

But after all this system of breeding is a very unsafe one to rest upon ; its being open to question is unsatisfactory ; it is opposed in principle to the experience of the Arabs, the most renowned horse breeders in the world, and contrary to the system they practise, and, so far as I can see, has nothing to recommend it.

Again, should the happy result be arrived at in the eighth generation, and there should not be any appreciable difference from the original pure stock, it is quite possible that the eighth in descent might not be capable of handing down to posterity, through succeeding generations, the primal characteristics of his originator; whereas the establishing a new breed from pure Arabian blood on both sides does not admit of a mistake, and much time is saved.

Unless Eclipse were got by Shakespeare, son of Hobgoblin, son of Aleppo by the Darley Arabian, the blood of the Darley Arabian is brought down in direct male line from Bartlett's Childers (own brother to Flying Childers) to Eclipse, and from him through four of his sons—Mercury, Joe Andrews, King Fergus, and Pot8os, all of whom may be said founded families. Some of them are well represented in the present day; and through Flying Childers in the female line, and is also well represented. Herod, his great-great-grandson, on the female side, had two strains of his blood: Eclipse, also his great-great-grandson, had only one strain; but as it came direct from father to son, it must, I think, be considered more valuable. Although there have been continued unions of the Eclipse and Herod families, as the blood from both sources was impure, not only has the requisite qualification never been attained, but I may say is unattainable.

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## SECTION II.

### OF THE EASTERN HORSES FROM WHICH THE THOROUGHBRED HORSE IS DESCENDED.

I will now invite attention to the various Eastern horses which were brought over to this country, and whose blood was infused into the old running stock of the country, that it may be judged, so far as the scanty information may permit, what is the value of the blood of the several horses.

It will be seen in the Stud Book that nine Turks, six Barbs, six Arabians, and one, the Godolphin, whether a Barb or an Arabian is a disputed point, are more especially mentioned. The Turks are the Helmsley Turk, Place's White Turk, the Lister Turk, the Byerly Turk, D'Arcy White and Yellow Turks, the Selaby Turk, Sir J. Williams's Turk, the Belgrade Turk. The Barbs—Dodsworth, Greyhound, Curwen Bay Barb, the Toulouse Barb, Croft's Bay Barb, and the Compton Barb. The Arabians—Markham's, Darley Arabian, Bloody Buttocks, the Cullen Arabian, the Coomb Arabian, the Vernon Arabian. There were, as will be seen by looking through the pages of the first volume of the Stud Book, several other Barbs, Turks, and Arabs, also some Persians, Egyptians, Koor-komm, and other foreign horses, and among them the Leedes Arabian, Alcock Arab, the Morocco Barb, &c., &c.

The value of the blood of these horses would be greater or less in proportion as they may be regarded as being wholly or only partially

of Arabian blood. In looking at the Turks generally, it must be considered whether they were merely horses of the Turkish dominions, the descendants, doubtless, of the breeds improved by the infusion of Arabian blood, which took place shortly after the death of Mohammed, or were they Arab horses imported into Turkey, and having been obtained from thence, called Turks? If the former, the blood would be good to a certain extent, but, of course, far inferior to the true Arabian: if they were really of Arab blood, we must again look to see what kind of Arabs they were likely to have been, and in considering them generally it would be well to look especially to the Byerly Turk, as he heads one of the great lines from which our horse is descended. It is stated in the account of 'The Racehorse,' given in the Sportsman's Repository, that Count Forbin, who travelled in Syria, and gives some account of horses usually imported from the Levant, mentions a breed called Oel-Mefhi, described by him as an inferior class of Arabs, 'more slight, figury and higher upon the leg, generally purchased by the Turks, and in all probability the same variety, in former days, imported by our breeders under that name; for example, the Helmsley, Lister, and Byerley Turks.' In looking at those described as Barbs, to estimate their value we must endeavour to see how far they may have any claim to have been horses of the Sahara, said by Abd-el-Kader to be the pure descendants of the Arabian. Firstly, we must remember what the Emir has told us regarding Barbs, that they have not all been kept pure, and although derived from Arab stock, many have degenerated. Secondly, alluding especially to the Curwen Bay Barb, a present to Louis XIV. from Muley Ishmael, King of Morocco, it will be seen by a little episode narrated by General Daumas, and which has been given in another place at greater length, that when a present was wanted for the Sultan, the mare selected was not forthcoming, as Zi-Ben-Zyon, the son of her owner, rode off on the mare, and another and inferior animal had to be substituted. How easily they manage these things. Again referring to Barbs generally, General Daumas, who has given the subject the greatest attention, says, 'We may rest assured that for the most part the animals sold to us are of an inferior order, and that horses and mares whose noble and precious qualities have been ascertained by proof, whether as regards speed or as breeders, are never parted with to foreigners for any price. This is the real truth, and in all probability explains the disrepute into which Arabians appear to have fallen in Europe. One seldom there meets with any except such as the Arabs have no desire to keep.'

The Godolphin may have been a horse of 'the Sahara;' yet I find that Omar Pasha, when he made inquiries about him in Egypt, was told he was a Jelfan; and I understand the Jelfan is not a first-class breed, hardly second class.

In speaking of the Arabians, it may be remarked that the first on the list, Markham's, was held in light esteem, and probably played but a very unimportant part at the Stud, if used at all, and without delay proceed to give the history of the Darley Arabian, 'a bay

‘horse, whose figure contained every point, without much show, that could be desired in a Turf horse.’ He was obtained by Mr. Darley, who was consul at Aleppo one hundred and fifty years ago, who probably had commanded the esteem, respect and goodwill of the Arab tribes who pass up north from Central Arabia. He belonged to the breed Kehailan Ras el Fedawi; the breed is still in existence, and descendants of the Darley Arabian are still there. The Kehailan Ras el Fedawi is a first-class breed, but not the best.

It may be fairly assumed, therefore, that the Turks and Barbs brought over to this country were generally not only of an inferior order but there is every probability that they were of mixed and impure blood,—that a great many were, there can be no doubt; that many of the horses called Arabs were no better, may well be believed. I have heard that, occasionally, a true Néjd has found its way into Africa, and then was guarded with more than usual care; so that among the Barbs brought over to this country there is, of course, the bare chance that a Néjd may have come; but I think the probability is against such a supposition. On the other hand, as something certain is known of the Darley Arabian, and the description of him—that he contained every requisite point without much show—indicates his being an Arabian, in whom there is so much hidden strength, such latent power, so many excellencies to be discovered upon more minute examination which tend to increase our admiration of him, we may well believe him to have been the most reliable source from whence our horse is descended.

In studying the appearance of the thoroughbred horse, to see how outward form would warrant the belief that he is of pure Arabian blood, ‘the true son of Arabia without a drop of English blood in his veins,’ which is considered to be the case by some, one is at a loss to understand how so great a change has taken place from his Arabian ancestry. Our climate is considered to give greater development, no expense has been spared, generous food has been supplied. Why, then, has he become higher on the leg and lighter? Why have his feet become smaller? Why is he of a *flatter* and more *lathy* frame? Why has the head, countenance, and expression been lost? and why are those greatest characteristics, the high quarter, full haunch, and the grand sweep of the tail not to be found? Why, with increase of stature, have not his joints, hocks, knees, and fetlocks increased in size and bone? Some of these features are seen, certainly, in different animals, but why are they not general, and to be seen together, in one and almost every individual? A beautiful head of the Arabian type is occasionally seen, and when that is remarkable other essential points are almost invariably wanting; but it may be safely asserted that the Arabian’s quarter is not represented in any other horse. But looking at the English horse, as being imperfect in his breeding, the difference between them is easily accounted for.

It has struck me that the purest type of head, only rarely seen, appears more frequently among some of the descendants of Herod,

of the Byerly Turk's line ; and I can only account for it by the fact, that Herod, through his dam, inherited so much of the Darley Arabian blood ; and although shape and make are generally handed down in the male line from father to son, yet so superior was the blood of the Darley Arabian to that of the Byerly Turk, that the blood on the female side asserted its influence over the inferior blood on the male side, and left that mark, which shows itself from time to time.

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### CONCLUSION.

Although the Darley Arabian came of a very good family and his descendants are still to be had, yet better blood is to be found, and should be obtained, if we wish to establish a breed of horses of pure blood.

If not generally known, the following little account may prove interesting :—

About two hundred years ago, owing to the increased population and the great increase of flocks and herds in Central Arabia, an exodus took place northwards. The first to appear in Syria were the Shomer, from Jebel Shomer. They were followed by some Anezah from Néjd, who continued to migrate until they pushed the Shomer into Mesopotamia. The former are the Shammar seen and described by Mr. Layard.

I have no doubt in my own mind that the Arab horses in India going under the names of Nejeds and Anezah are generally obtained from these tribes which have migrated. The horses coming from the Shammar being called Nejed, and those from the other tribes Anezah. But it must be remarked, that from these two sources few would get to India ; horses taken there under the name of Arabs are frequently only Bagdad horses, often crossed with Kurdish and Persian blood, and altogether inferior. There must be some good blood in some of the Studs in Egypt, owing to the importation of Nejdean horses which took place when Ibrahim Basha brought his successful expedition against the Wahabees to a close ; but most likely it has been modified by the admixture of the former stock in Egypt.

The best information and most certain accounts point to Nejed as the country where the best and purest Arabians are to be found, or, as Mr. Gifford Palgrave aptly says : ‘ Nejed is the true birthplace of ‘ the Arab steed, the primal type, the authentic model,’—the nursery which has sent forth, from time to time, pure blood to invigorate the degenerated breeds all over the world. Why should not we go to this fountain-head and draw from thence a stream that would enable us to establish the unrivalled breed of Arabia in this country ?

It must be understood that in Nejed, besides the horses belonging to the ruling family of the Wahabees and the principal officers of the state, the chiefs of the nomadic tribes of Nejed are also possessed of horses ; and although the blood is the same, it is to be considered

whether those bred in the studs of the resident population are better than those of the Bedouin population, or if the roving life and perpetual change, coupled with more exercise and harder work as enjoyed among the nomadic tribes, may not tend to develop greater excellencies.

It has been suggested in the earlier pages of this work, that Kahtan, the country in Central Arabia lying between Mecca in the west and Jebel Toweeek in the east, part of the kingdom of Nejed, is identical with the settlement of Joktan, and his descendants from Mesha to Sephar. In Kahtan is a great tribe, the Seba'a, which name is identical with Sheba, one of Joktan's sons. It is worthy of remark, and interesting to know, that the first of the Ibn Sa'oods (the ruling family in Nejed) was a Sheikh of the Seba'a tribe.

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## THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

X.—CRISP TASTES THE SWEETS OF RIGHTEOUS RETRIBUTION; KATE AND SYLVIA LAY THEIR HEADS TOGETHER; BURROUGHS EXECUTES ANOTHER COMMISSION, AND THE DOCTOR RECEIVES A MYSTERIOUS PARCEL, AND — FROM MISS PRISCILLA CARDMUMS—A BIT OF A DEVOUT YOUNG PERSON'S MIND.

MATTHEW CRISP felt somewhat dubious of the prudence of entrusting the handicapping for the match to the very flexible hands of Mr. Patrick Ryan, but since he saw no chance of mending the appointment of the horsedealer he abstained from discussing it—except with the faithful recipient of his confidences, Kelpie. But Crisp, as the reader has already discerned, greatly resembled the sailor's parrot. Habitually taciturn, he, withal, was 'a beggar to think.' The result of his meditations scarcely favoured Mr. Ryan. Was it a fellow-feeling that made him so mighty suspicious? In his opinion, Ryan's conscience, like the major portion of the [worthy dealer's household goods, chattels, stock-in-trade, faculties, and blarney, was a marketable commodity, at the service of the highest bidder, obviously, in this particular instance, at the service of *any* bidder. Although it would be monstrous to suppose Sir Harry Sursingle capable of stooping to any squaring tricks with the crafty Irishman—so Mat continued to chew the cud of his bitter fancy—it wasn't impossible for the Baronet to be 'sweet' one way or another about the match. How if he was fond of Woodridge's nag, eh? Ryan had all along set his heart on a deal with the Baronet. Thanks to the administration of a copious and adroitly-mixed dose of—what shall it be called?—Ryanesque, composed of one part business and three parts blarney, he had contrived to obtain an invitation to the Manor, for the purpose of showing the pair of hunters he was prepared 'to part with at a sacrifice.' Hearsay, in the person of Essom, averred



the bargain was struck; and Vanity, in the person of Ryan himself, bore ornate testimony to 'the wondherful condiscinsion of the 'Bar'net's manners.' Now—argued Matthew—Sir Harry and Ryan were sure to talk about the match, they could not help it; and if the Baronet *was* sweet on either Woodridge or Mr. Arthur, Pat, always remarkable for the strength of his eyesight, would see how the cat jumped in a twinkling, and (Matthew, for shame!) lump the weight on accordin'! How did the cat jump? Crisp brooded and brooded until he found a reply. In Heatherthorp Doctor Sutton, electorally speaking, was nobody—besides, votes were not required there; while just outside the borough of Heatherthorp, that is to say, in his own parliamentary division of Smokelandshire, Mr. Woodridge was Somebody. A large employer of Labour, a political Father in Israel, of the Sursinglean tribe (as Sir Harry knew to his joy), expected by his party to guide a few hundreds of the sons of Labour—so incessantly occupied in earning their bread by the sweat of their brows, that they had no opportunities for studying the geography of the polling booths—in the way they should go. A warm friend of Sir Harry's was contesting the division wherein Mr. Woodridge ruled, literally with a rod of iron, consequently to Sir Harry especially was Mr. Woodridge Somebody.

To this effect, if not exactly in this fashion, Crisp meditated. He groaned inwardly. 'Ryan 'll see which waay t' cat lowps, and 'put 'em together tee fit.'

The keenest of sportsmen like their champions to have a bit in hand. Crisp was no exception to the rule, albeit, Yorkshire enough to his stiff backbone, to regard with the liveliest scorn a match, so-called, where one side has any number of points the best of it, and which is no match at all, but a 'worry.' But he could not stomach Mr. Ryan. His knowledge of the morals of that ornament to Hibernian society was rather in excess of his admiration for them. Hence the trickery which he feared from Ryan's 'deal.' 'But, hang 'it—Kelpie, lad, we're alive yet. Nobbut let them give Mr. 'Arthur half a chance; just half a chance, an' he'll weather. I 'could get ower it if he cam' a cropper, or if thou, my lad, didn't stand up—but thou mun, Kelpie, thou mun, or we'se fall out—I say I could get ower 't. But it wad brek my heart tee see him 'chopt at start. Weight 'll stop owt!'

Thus, on the third morning after the dinner at Sillery's, Crisp unburthened his soul. It was yet 'before breakfast' with him, for at duty's call he had risen with the dawn to give his pet a taste of 'cross-country work. By-and-by Kelpie would leave for snug quarters on the wolds, for finishing touches at the hands of a famous schoolmaster, and, curiously enough, the Doctor was in daily expectation of being summoned to that neighbourhood to assist at a most important consultation. However, to resume: Crisp had delayed his morning meal to have a look at the Heatherthorp, out that morning rattling the cubs about in one of old Wilson's coverts. The Squire, despite his being a gentleman-farmer of a

tremendously fervid type, patronized field sports in an askant sort of way, and the H. H. were to honour him with a call that morning. But Crisp was not destined to see the young hounds 'blooded' yet. While jogging leisurely along, exchanging notes with Kelpie, he heard the distant crunch of wheels, and looking up saw a pony-carriage apparently aiming for the same goal as himself. It was Kate and Sylvia, our heroine daintily handling the ribands. Sylvia had expressed a desire to see an English meet, but had recorded her veto against going thither on horseback. 'It isn't as it used to be, my dear. Horses are horses now, not steeds nor palfreys (except at the circus); they don't caracole or amble, they trot and canter and gallop. In fact, horsemanship in England is such dreadfully earnest business. I could always get on in Paris, where your speed is regulated by the police; but I should be sure to fall off here. Just conceive one of your horrid hunters running away with me, and casting me goodness knows where. Into the Wimple, perhaps.' Kate rallied her friend on her timidity (which really was a good deal assumed), but agreed to put the pony-carriage into requisition, especially as the covert side was easy of access. 'My word, but she is a thoroughbred 'un,' muttered Crisp. 'Where does she get it? Not frae Tim Wilson, sure-ly.'

'Good morning, Crisp,' said Sylvia and Kate, simultaneously, when our heroine, obeying a nudge from her companion, pulled up.

'Good mornin', Miss Wilson—an' the same to you, ma'am,' replied he, with a beaming face. Then instinctively starting a subject he suspected one of the young ladies would relish, he added in a tone one would use to introduce a dear friend—'Kelpie, Miss Wilson.'

'I see it's my old pet, Crisp,' said Kate, slightly blushing—'rare old fellow! How well he is looking, too! So bright in his eye, and smooth in his coat.'

'Though I say it as p'raps shouldn't, miss, he *does* look well, and I'm main glad you tak' notice of it. He'd need look well, and be well, too, for what he'll have to do very soon, miss.' And there was a touch of pathos in his voice, not improbably suggested by a lingering suspicion of Ryan, that sounded inexpressibly droll. 'Ah! he'd need look well, miss, for the weight he'll mebbly ha' tee 'carry,' said he—the latter half of the sentence to himself.

And here observe Mat's notions of conversational propriety. Miss Vandervelde was 'ma'am'; Kate invariably 'miss.'

'We heard something about that,' observed Sylvia. 'Doctor Sutton and Mr. Woodridge are going to do something dreadful at the races. To gallop over hedges and ditches, and brooks, and walls, like a couple of wild huntsmen, Crisp.'

'Not quite, ma'am,' rejoined he, with a broad grin. Kate said nothing.

'Well, but you know this should be stopped. It is dangerous; very, very dangerous.'

'Lor' bless you, ma'am—no-o—only to muffs. Mr. Arthur's no muff,—whatever t'other yap is,' added he, by way of aside.

'Persons get killed at this ridiculous diversion, this,—what do you call it?'

'Steeple-chasin'.'

'Yes, steeple-chasing. Don't they?'

'Why they do. But it's becos their time's come. An' if we are to go, ma'am, we may as weel go that way as any other. I've had my collar-boäne brokken,' an' my shouter put oot; but I gat ower't,' said Crisp, sententiously, essaying to soften the account of his calamities by putting it into the broadest possible Yorkshire.

'You *never* were killed, though,' flashed out Sylvia, with an air of triumph.

'No, ma'am, I can't say that I ever was,' he replied with deliberation, as though the idea had presented itself to his mind for the first time.

'But,' interposed Kate, in a tone that plainly expressed her aversion to the turn the conversation had taken, 'Kelpie can go across country, can't he?—makes no mistakes?—and Doctor Sutton is a good horseman?'

'The best in England, miss,' replied Crisp, emphatically; 'and as for Kelpie, show me the hunter that can stand up or finish better than him!'

'What a wonderful master yours is!' said Sylvia, smiling. 'Is there anything he cannot do?'

'No, I can't say that there is; not to my knowledge, unless it's a mean action,' added he, with great simplicity.

'Capital!' ejaculated Sylvia. 'You are a splendid servitor. You are worthy of—what shall I say?—the days of chivalry!'

Kate gave the old man a look, that, for his young master's sake, sent a thrill straight to his faithful heart, and he thought 'God bless her; she's worthy of him.' He was about to give Kelpie his head, when Sylvia, whisperingly prompted by Kate, observed—

'Really, Crisp, judging from what you say, Dr. Sutton must be a famous horseman. What were his colours—colours is the word, Kate? I am such a stupid at these things. What were your master's colours when he was addicted to this—steeple-chasing?'

'Mr. Arthur's colours, ma'am, iver sin' I can remember, were grey, wi' rose hoops, and white cap.'

'Upon my word, a charmingly delicate combination,' replied Miss Vandervelde. 'Hoops, too. You will think me a very ignorant person, Crisp, but I never so much as saw any horse-racing. I am dying with curiosity for a sight of one of your English race-meetings. And—yes—couldn't you let me see Dr. Sutton's colours, think you?'

'Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. I'll bring them to-morrow.'

'And you need not say anything to Dr. Sutton about it. He would only laugh at me if he knew.'

'All right, ma'am. Good mornin'; good mornin' to you, Miss

'Wilson;' and the old fellow, unspeakably delighted with his mission, trotted off in great glee.

What evil genius prompted thee to exercise thy new purchase and hobby on that morning, of all mornings, Nathan Barjona? Obedient to the summons of a certain carnal-minded baronet, even Sir Henry Sursingle, a troop of horsemen, clad in garments of unseemly cut and intemperate hue, were hastening to the covert side whilst thou wast preparing for two hours' peaceful penance in the saddle. Yea, even to the covert side, there with hound and with horn, with ribald jest and barbarous halloo, to hunt to death the caitiff fox. Oh, Nathan!

Crisp moderated his pace after bidding the young ladies adieu, and presently he descried, approaching from the further extremity of the bridle-road he had entered—a short cut this road to the covert side—his ancient plague the Quaker. 'So,' said he, with a joyous chuckle, 'we have met at last, friend Nathan, and *not* in Essom's shop? 'What a strange lump of a crock it is!' he added, and as the proportions (should not that word be 'conformation?') of the Quaker's steed became more defined, he felt that all the taunts he had received at the viperine tongue of the horseman were abundantly condoned. As he criticised Barjona's timid 'seat'—one peculiar to persons who have taken to horsemanship late in life—he stooped down to Kelpie's withers and laughed aloud. Limitless are the resources of the Milesian horse-dealer who is master of his craft! 'Well known in 'the Meath Hunt' was the certificate furnished with the Quaker's horse, when that fearful quadruped was disposed of by public auction during the infancy of Ryan's professional career. Ryan bought him then, and since then goodness knows how many times, for he had the same affection for the animal a clever and enthusiastic 'articulator' may be supposed to have for a masterly specimen of *his* compound handiwork. The creature had as many *aliases* as the gentleman cricketer of the period; had played as many parts as a provincial comedian; and had been 'made up' by processes not widely dissimilar from those practised by the Bond Street Mrs. Suddlechop—'made up' at an enormous profit to the artist, too, over and over again. How the angles of the Quaker's nag were made to seem like curves—'lines of beauty;' how legs preternaturally substantial in the wrong place became clean and fawn-like; how stray hairs, suggestive of equine senility, disappeared; how molars lost the marks of advanced years; how purblind eyes once more gleamed with the light of colthood, spare us to relate. We could not an' we would. Suspect what you please. Pigments and grease, applications of the irons all round, tweezers, files, and ginger. We are dumb. Just now the tough old phenomenon was playing the part of a cob, to the extreme discomfort of Barjona, whose equestrian education was far from perfect.

'Poor old beggar,' said Crisp, as he rapidly ran his eye over the points, or rather angles, of Barjona's nag. 'He's got a varmint 'head on him that's a good deal owder than his mouth, Mr. Pat, 'or else I don't know *you*. An' I'll lay a waäger if he hears *yon*

'music,'—indicating the covert with a significant nod—'he'll 'mak' owd Barjona fadge a bit, seasoned as he is. T' music of a 'pack wad kittle his lugs a good deal more 'n owd Barjona's  
' "woa then! woa, I tell thee!" I'se warrant. Mornin', sir.'

'Good morning to thee,' replied Barjona, in a tone which said, 'I have had enough of this,' as plain as it could speak. 'The 'weather's warm for October, doesn't thou think? Woa, I say. 'I fear—woa—I am not fully acquainted with this rebellious beast's 'idiosyncracies, friend Matthew.'

'I know nowt about *them*, Mr. Barjona,' said Crisp, contemptuously; 'but if ye were to mak' yourself acquainted with the stëan 'in his off hin' foot, it 'ud be better for him, an' ye tee.'

Evidently Crisp considered the very broadest Yorkshire was good enough for Barjona.

'A stone!' exclaimed the Quaker, in alarm. 'No? Wouldst thou mind dismounting? I was apprehensive that some harm 'had befallen the creature when I set forth; his gait waxed irregular.' (A clothes-horse could not have been steadier.) Thou 'art ingenious in all that pertains to the horse, Matthew—woa, 'wilt thou?—wouldst thou mind dismounting?'

Crisp tied up Kelpie to a gate that was handy, and set about relieving the Quaker's horse of the stone—which, it may be said, had no existence save in Mat's imagination. Clearly, the over-sympathetic servitor meditated mischief and not succour when he so readily left his saddle.

Kelpie, from his sedateness, might have known what was in the wind. He looked on with an expression of almost human gravity as Crisp fussily pretended to relieve the Quaker's horse of the stone which incommoded the poor creature's off hind foot.

'And what might ye call him?' interrogated Crisp, by way of withdrawing Barjona's attention from the make-believe. 'Ye've 'given him a nëame by this, I suppoase. Haud up, my lad!'

'According to Ryan, Matthew, the name he has been trained to 'recognize is Teddy O' Toole. Whence he obtained the indecorous—for methinks it savours of indecorum—appellation I know 'not. It is my intention—woa, wilt thou?—I say, 'tis my intention, subject to the approval of the next Darlington Monthly 'Meeting, to name the beast after one of our own people, even after 'John Woolman.'

'Ah! just so. Now I think we'll do, Teddy—I mean Johnny ' (subject 'tit monthly meeting). 'Show thysel', my bo-oy! and Crisp anointed the quarters of the Quaker's steed with a couple of vigorous slaps, whereupon the mettled quadruped manifested an amount of liveliness that caused Barjona considerable discomposure.

'I—really—woa, wilt thou?—thou shouldst be more chary of thy 'blows, friend Crisp. Woa, I say!' roared out the Quaker, as the horse continued to caper about, with, if possible, augmented activity.

'Hoot, hoot, sir. He'll nivver addle his beddin', let alëane his

'keep, if ye dinnot wacken him up a bit noo an' then;' and Crisp smiled the smile of the melodramatic villain as he propounded this deep and horsey aphorism.

'Woa, I say,' again fairly shouted Barjona, perspiring in every pore with futile efforts to reduce his 'mount' to a state of proper subjection. 'The beast's possessed! Little thought I when this 'morning I left my habitation—' Another caper, lively beyond all precedent, cut short the sentence, and completely knocked the breath out of the body of the irascible member of the Society of Friends.

The beast *was* possessed, only it would have required a third party to specify with what. When Crisp so readily dismounted he had devised a scheme whereby he hoped to cover his enemy with confusion, and that scheme was now working. We have already heard how, for economy's sake, Barjona turned his gardener into a groom. Very well. Notwithstanding all Ryan's teaching, the stable floriculturist was yet a neophyte in the art of valet-ing a horse, and chiefly in the very necessary mystery of saddling. Although the peculiar angle of the withers of the Quaker's Rosinante precluded the necessity for excessive care in girthing him, he nevertheless required to be girthed somehow; but (as Crisp admitted when subsequently relating the story) he was girthed nohow. This fact, added to that of Barjona's (he was very much of a welter weight, remember), being as unsteady in his ill-fitting saddle as a farmer who is returning from market with his legs properly stretched, afforded Crisp an opening for his retributive essay he was not slow to accept. Mat did not fiddle many seconds over the imaginary stone in that off hind foot, but transferred his attention to the girth. There, pretending to take in a reef, he managed to let one out, and at the same time to attach a bunch of prickly furze, which tormented the once mighty hunter's belly every time he stirred, made him stir more, caused him to dance an irregular hornpipe, and filled Barjona's breast with anguish. There is a limit to the endurance even of horseflesh and blood, and the veteran Teddy O'Toole, who had in his day 'taken' Irish banks and stone walls with the heart of a lion, and, subsequently, had not been cast down—irretrievably—during hard experience by the pole of a Westmoreland coach, didn't like it. In fact (so far as his dumbness would permit), he said so. He kicked against the pricks, and shook Barjona the while until the unhappy Quaker was almost reduced to the consistency of blanc-mange. But Crisp's vengeance was not quite sated yet.

'The stone cannot have been removed—woa!—the creature's 'disquietude increaseth, Crisp. Verily I would descend—oh! dear, 'will he never keep still? I would descend, were he to calm himself for one instant. Woa——'

By this time Crisp had remounted, and with most aggravating composure was endeavouring, how successfully may be guessed, to calm the perturbed spirit of the resuscitated veteran. It was in vain. Presently the horse displayed a method in his madness. In a fretful sidling canter, increasing the pace momentarily,

and of course stimulated thereto by the unseen bunch of furze (for furze read 'spurs'), he bore the quivering Quaker, much to that gentleman's terror, in the direction of the meet. Crisp's eyes sparkled maliciously as now and then down the wind came the whimper of a hound, or the clear note of the horn, for he saw that the old horse 'felt it,' and would require very slight encouragement indeed to cause him to join, what a fine writer would call, 'the 'mimic fray.' Gradually, for although the Quaker was speechless with his exertions, the horse had not broken out of his fretful style of locomotion, they got nearer the covert; and the noises therefrom increasing in number and volume, it only needed Crisp to play the good Samaritan in a loud-voiced ostentatious manner, and to occasionally take hold of the horse's head, in order to make the beast ripe for flat mutiny. The supreme moment at last arrived. They had reached a portion of the road where the quickset hedge was stunted and broken—an easy leap, with a slight drop 'to follow.' Down the wind again came the pealing 'tongues' of the hounds, this time a pealing chorus, deep, mellow, long-drawn out. Crisp, as though he could bear it no longer, gave Kelpie a slight touch of one persuader, and deftly pricked the Quaker's Bucephalus with the other. Breeding will tell!

Before Barjona could fairly realize the novelty of his position, his rare old crock—thrilled, it may be presumed, with the joyous sound that brought back the memory of happier days—was bearing him, he clinging (*à la* 'the citizen of credit and renown') with all his might to all the mane, swiftly across a nice sound bit of grass, emphatically 'rig and fur.' How he got over he himself never knew. The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, keeping watch over Dibdin's unexceptionable seaman, probably took *him* in hand. Crisp gravely waited until he saw Teddy O'Toole gently deposit his old plague upon the summit of a yielding mound of top-dressing; and then, with a heart too full for the minor joys of the meet, releaped the hedge, and returned to Heatherthorp. The homeward journey was distinguished by a solitary remark.

'Kelpie, my lad, I wonder how t'Quaker wad fraäme tee argy noo?'

What caused our young ladies, Miss Wilson and Miss Vander-velde, to chat so animatedly, and laugh so cheerily, as they spun along the road to The Place? The stilted old-world compliments paid them by Sir Harry Sursingle could scarcely have produced such an effect; neither could the frank admiration of a group of ruddy-cheeked young gentlemen farmers and yeomen; while the polite but inane conversation of the M.P. that was to be went for nothing at all. Depend upon it they were plotting. At dinner it was just the same. Indeed, so hearty was their mirth, the Squire wondered, and his wonder increased when, after dinner, in the drawing-room, they would talk about the forthcoming races: wanted to know all about the absurd match between Mr. Woodridge and Doctor Sutton (never blushing, mind, at the mention of these names), hoped he would take them to the races, no matter what sort of weather, and—now—*wouldn't* he,

there was a dear papa? Yes, there was a charming Mr. Wilson! Wouldn't he invite some nice people to The Place for the races? Is it perhaps unnecessary to remark that they bewildered him into promising everything they asked?

Next morning that long-suffering lady's-maid Burroughes 'had her 'life worried out of her,' as she with more force than elegance expressed it. She was enjoined to wait upon Crisp when he arrived, and immediately to give them a parcel he would bring—immediately, recollect.

'Very well, 'm,' said Burroughes, in high dudgeon. 'I understand—*him*-mediately; you shall have it.'

Crisp came, and duly delivered the parcel; and it was conveyed to Miss Wilson's room '*him*-mediately.' But Burroughes's troubles had only commenced. She was requested to hold herself in readiness to proceed to Heatherthorp, to return the parcel to Crisp—to Crisp alone, recollect. And while at Heatherthorp she was to execute a certain commission; and, greatest insult of all (She was sure, indeed! Come up, now, what did her mistress mean, she would like to know?), she was not to linger by the way,—to say nothing to any one respecting the cause of her visit,—and chiefly to avoid that long-tongued gossip Mr. Essom.

Burroughes, however, succeeded in accomplishing all that was required of her, and her mind was at peace, for one day at all events, the young ladies devoting that to the cultivation of a headache in Kate's room—a headache which prevented their joining Mr. Wilson at dinner.

In Heatherthorp just now there was little lack of topics for conversation. A good circumstantial lie will there enjoy robust vitality for a calendar month; and a lie that is 'founded on facts' (as the goody novelists put it) lasts for generations. Barjona was aware of the borough's most charming characteristic, and when he was affectionately asked how he enjoyed his run, if he was going to have the brush mounted, and whether he intended entering his nag for the Welter, he groaned inwardly, and bemoaned the day he incensed Matthew Crisp. For the shrewd Quaker did not guess twice about the author of his wretched ride across country. This was one topic.

Then there was another. Ryan failed to send the weights for the match. Essom fidgeted a good deal about the horse-dealer's neglect, and very reasonably; he wanted the bills out, besides, as he put it one night in the bar-parlour of the Sursingle, 'It paralyses the 'betting. Admitting that Ryan had to look out some Irish matters 'and what not in order to put the horses together, *we*, as a race 'committee, ought not to suffer, and, as I said before, it paralyses 'the betting.' Nevertheless, the great Ryan remained dumb, whereat Crisp, who made daily inquiries, silently chafed, and predicted foul play.

One morning about this period the Doctor was preparing for his rounds, and, prior to mounting, was holding a professional con-



ference in the surgery with Robson, when a neatly-folded parcel, superscribed 'Doctor Sutton,' was placed in his hands. At that moment there was a ring at the housebell, and looking out he saw it was Miss Cardmums.

'What the deuce can she want?' said he to himself. 'Some dispensary business, I suppose. Mat, walk the mare about for the present.—Tell Miss Cardmums I will wait upon her directly.'

Once, some years back, Priscilla Cardmums possessed a comely face and figure. Report said so, and judging from the by no means ill-favoured, though somewhat worn countenance that met the Doctor on his entry into the room, report was no liar.

After the usual conventionalities, she said, speaking in a low but distinct tone:

'Doctor Sutton, I am older than you—a strange expression this for a lady, you think—and although a lady, I claim the privilege of seniority to speak plainly to you.'

'Whatever Miss Cardmums may say shall receive my deepest attention,' replied the Doctor.

'I expected nothing less. Under Providence, Doctor Sutton,—and I have nursed others too long not to know the extent of my own danger during my illness,—under Providence you saved my life, and,—here the least flush of colour overspread her face—since then I have taken an affectionate (you will not misunderstand me) interest in yours.'

'I can never sufficiently express my high sense of your regard, Miss Cardmums,' said the doctor, gravely.

'You are, I hear, about to engage in—horse-racing, and a very dangerous description of horse-racing: you are about to imperil a young and precious life. Oh, Doctor Sutton, let me beseech you to forego this idle—'

'Miss Cardmums!'

'Pardon me if I use the wrong word; 'tis not to wound you, believe me. Abandon this hazardous amusement. Say you will.'

'I regret to say I cannot. My word is pledged.'

'Break it!'

The Doctor made no reply.

'There! again I use the wrong word. A gentleman would not violate his pledge. Is there no escape from this?'

'None. Any other favour, Miss Cardmums?'

She made no reply now, but rose, and sadly bidding the Doctor good morning, was gone.

'Eccentric old creature,' said the Doctor. 'I verily believe she would have wept had she stayed another minute. Poor thing! It's awfully kind of her after all. I could not chaff her, she was so distressingly earnest. Now let's see what's in the parcel.'

A daintily-folded, neatly-tied package, with the name, Doctor Sutton, in characters that cause the Doctor to start, and tear open the parcel as though catching an express train depended upon his

alacrity. Why should he be so anxious to explore the interior? Ah! what have we here?

'Whew! my colours; rose-and-grey and white cap. Worked by *her* hand too. O my bonny, bonny Kate! if Arthur Sutton don't carry these colours to the fore his hand has lost its cunning, and Kelpie, who saved your darling life, will know the reason why!—Miss Cardmums, had I known there were in this parcel such arguments for my going on with the match, could I have been as patient with you as I was? And *my* colours too. *Not his.*'

## CRICKET.—THE SCHOOL AVERAGES.

(Continued.)

WE are enabled this month to continue the publication of the school averages for batting and bowling in 1868, which we commenced in our last number. The first on our list is Rugby.

## BATTING AVERAGES OF THE RUGBY ELEVEN.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Times not out.	Least in a Match.
S. P. Bucknill . .	21	28	395	70	90	14·3	2	—
W. Yardley . .	21	27	837	150*	150*	30·	3	1
F. Tobin, ma. . .	20	28	554	107	107	19·22	1	—
V. Ellis . . . .	9	10	62	23	23	6·2	4	—
J. T. Soutter . .	14	18	355	70*	70*	19·13	2	2
F. Tobin, mi. . .	16	21	300	54	54	14·6	1	1
C. K. Francis . .	22	32	402	65	65	12·18	—	1
S. K. Gwyer . .	22	31	455	50	79	14·21	—	1
J. R. Walker . .	21	22	154	19	19	7·	7	—
F. H. Maitland . .	18	24	217	30	40	9·1	2	—
W. O. Moberly . .	14	22	330	50	53	15·	—	—
J. W. Gardner . .	20	24	205	39*	39*	8·13	5	—
J. V. Fitzgerald . .	12	16	219	51	51	13·11	3	—

\* Not out.

The bowling averages have unfortunately not been sent. The school has had a very successful season. They have played fifteen matches of importance, of which they have won eight and lost four, while three were drawn. Amongst their most successful essays were the match against Marlborough, in which Rugby got 384 in a single innings, Marlborough only succeeding in obtaining 124 and 127; the match against Liverpool, in which the school got 258, and their antagonists 98; and the match against Upper Tooting, in which

the latter only got 102 against the school's 317. Later in the season it will be remembered that Mr. Yardley distinguished himself highly for his county, Kent.

#### BATTING AVERAGES OF THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

NAME.	Matches.	Innings.	Times not Out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Least in a Match.	Average per Innings.
R. Leach . . . . .	26	38	6	1028	132	147*	—	35·8
J. P. MacGregor . . .	18	26	1	379	61	71	—	15·4
C. S. Gordon . . . .	19	29	2	835	75*	131	—	31·2
E. S. Garnier . . . .	15	21	5	229	36	39	—	14·5
F. Baggallay . . . .	18	28	1	425	64	64	—	15·20
F. R. Beart . . . . .	15	22	2	320	97	97	—	16·
G. A. Hodgson . . . .	18	28	6	350	48	85	—	15·20
G. P. Owen . . . . .	19	30	4	431	52	52	—	16·15
W. E. Leach . . . . .	26	40	—	774	68	68	—	19·14
H. B. Carlyon . . . .	26	38	1	629	96	96	—	17·
H. Cummings . . . .	12	16	3	92	36	37	—	7·1

\* Not out.

#### BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

NAME.	Innings bow'd in.	Balls.	Overs.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per Over.	Runs per Wicket.	Wides.	Wickets per Innings.
C. S. Gordon . . . .	24	2431	607	1296	120	117	2·89	11·9	3	4·21
E. S. Garnier . . . .	16	907	226	388	75	22	1·162	17·14	2	1·6
G. A. Hodgson . . . .	23	1302	325	547	124	42	1·222	13·1	8*	1·19
J. P. MacGregor . . .	16	731	182	364	54	22	2·	16·12	1	1·6
G. P. Owen . . . . .	15	429	107	186	32	11	1·79	16·6	14	1·4
H. Cummings . . . .	8	373	93	165	33	11	1·72	15·	14	1·3

\* And 2 no Balls.

Marlborough are wonderfully strong in batting, as this long list of double-figure averages shows, but their bowlers appear to have been somewhat expensive. Their ground, however, is all in favour of the batsman.

Mr. Leach has raised his average from 28 last year to 35 this season, and has also attained to the coveted 'four figures' in the total of his runs. Mr. Gordon's average has jumped from 21 to 31, but as a set-off his bowling analysis is not nearly so good.

## BATTING AVERAGES OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

NAMES.	Matches.	Completed Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average Runs per Innings.
E. A. Northcote . . .	11	13	1	212	114	114	16'4
E. Bray . . . . .	10	12	1	148	37	60	12'4
H. Curteis . . . . .	14	13	3	218	65*	65	16'10
B. W. Eddis . . . . .	14	15	2	243	48*	48	16'3
F. N. Saunders . . . .	14	17	2	314	71*	71	18'8
F. A. O'Brien . . . . .	7	6	1	125	67	67	20'5
H. G. Barron . . . . .	14	17	1	283	45*	49	16'11
G. H. Lee . . . . .	14	15	2	243	64	79	16'3
R. M. Curteis . . . . .	14	18	1	179	37	37	9'17
W. R. Basham . . . . .	7	9	1	137	44	71	15'2
F. S. Haden (abs.) . . .	5	7	—	32	22	22	4'4
T. Wakeley . . . . .	8	8	2	158	56*	56	19'6

\* Not out.

## BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Wicket.	Wides.	Average Wickets per Innings.
E. A. Northcote . . .	10	654	286	37	31	9'7	7	3'1
E. Bray . . . . .	14	1388	647	53	63	22'2	1	4'7
F. N. Saunders . . . .	8	320	151	18	6	25'1	7	—
H. G. Barron . . . . .	11	630	239	34	19	12'11	7	1'8
G. H. Lee . . . . .	9	379	133	27	15	8'13	7	1'6

No 'no balls' were bowled during the season.

We are favoured with the following communication as to the results of the 1868 cricket season at Westminster.

*Westminster School.*

Number of matches played, 14; won, 9; drawn, 1; lost, 4.

Before the Whitsuntide holidays, under the captaincy of E. Bray, the Eleven played 4 matches, *v.* the next 15 with Mantle, Mr. H. M. Marshall's Eleven, Mr. Reid's Eleven, and the Incogniti; of which two were won by the School, *viz.*, those against the next 15 with Mantle, and Mr. Reid's Eleven—the latter in 1 innings and 12 runs.

After the holidays, the Westminster cricket season proper having regularly begun under the captaincy of E. A. Northcote, 10 matches were played, only two of which were lost, all the rest being won by the School except that against the Free Foresters, which was left unfinished, the score when time was called being Free Foresters, 187, Westminster School, 174, with 5 wickets to fall.

The matches lost were that against the Eton Ramblers—a very strong team, who won on the first innings by 53 runs, and that against the next 9 with Mantle and Holmes, who won by 3 wickets.

Those won by the Eleven were against the next 22 (1 innings and 48 runs); the Houses of Parliament; Old Westminster; I Zingari; Broomsticks v. next Eleven with bats (1 innings and 40 runs); East Sussex (1 innings and 72 runs); and Charterhouse (1 innings and 17 runs).

The suspension of rowing at Westminster will, it is hoped, contribute to the improvement of the cricket Eleven. It has already been productive of some good, and being encouraged by the form of some of the younger members of the Eleven, the School looks forward to 1869 in a sanguine spirit.

#### BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not Out.	Average.
C. E. Nepean . . . .	20	24	875	131*	131*	7	36'11
T. C. Hooman . . . .	21	33	590	91	91	2	17'29
W. Wallace . . . .	17	27	447	72	111	2	16'15
R. R. Dunn . . . .	20	31	414	77	77	2	13'11
G. A. Bushnell . . . .	20	33	406	102	129	1	12'10
C. Rashleigh . . . .	20	25	213	30*	46	8	8'13
J. F. Inglis . . . .	16	24	175	27	40	2	7'7
H. V. B. Smith . . . .	10	14	73	23	27	1	5'3
E. E. Venables . . . .	20	26	123	32	40	3	4'19
W. R. Kirby . . . .	18	22	70	26	26	4	3'4
F. G. Paulson . . . .	18	27	84	13*	15	2	3'3

\* Not out.

#### BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

NAMES.	Innings.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Runs per Wicket.	Wickets per Innings.
C. Rashleigh . . . .	28	1968	765	113	97	7'86	3'13
R. R. Dunn . . . .	29	1633	811	93	75	10'61	2'17
W. R. Kirby . . . .	25	1606	668	99	62	10'48	2'12
C. E. Nepean . . . .	15	497	313	13	39	8'1	2'9
F. G. Paulson . . . .	13	666	318	34	30	10'18	2'4
G. A. Bushnell . . . .	6	249	147	3	15	9'12	2'3
W. Wallace . . . .	21	1000	383	64	42	9'5	2'
T. C. Hooman . . . .	6	277	132	10	9	14'6	1'4
H. V. B. Smith . . . .	5	186	87	8	9	9'6	1'3

Mr. Nepean's (the captain) average remains about the same as last year, and at a very excellent figure too, and a very creditable number of runs have been accumulated by several of the Eleven. Under more favourable circumstances, and on their new ground, there will be, no doubt, a general rise of figures. On the existing Charterhouse ground fine hitting is almost impossible. It will be noticed that nine out of the eleven have tried their hands at bowling, not without success, the wickets, as a whole, having fallen for fewer

runs than could be expected, according to the average character of school bowling.

#### WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Number of Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Times not out.	Average per Innings.
F. H. Birley . . . . .	15	341	154	154	3	28'5
R. W. Wordsworth . . . . .	14	292	106	106	1	22'6
H. Theobald . . . . .	14	221	70	70	1	17'
H. E. Campbell . . . . .	13	169	32	53	—	13'
C. H. Guinness . . . . .	14	213	54	54	—	15'3
F. B. Hughes . . . . .	18	233	56	54	1	13'12
G. S. Raynor . . . . .	14	117	22	37	6	14'5
C. C. Mackarness . . . . .	14	209	41	41	1	16'1
P. H. Owen . . . . .	13	85	26	26	4	9'4
J. H. Bridges . . . . .	10	49	23	23	1	5'4
H. Strahan . . . . .	13	99	23	32	—	7'8

#### WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Maidens.	Wides or no Balls.	Runs per Wicket.
J. H. Birley (slow) . . . . .	1376	599	66	82	—	9'5
H. E. Campbell . . . . .	999	407	45	102	—	9'2
C. H. Guinness . . . . .	691	265	18	71	—	14'13
G. S. Raynor . . . . .	904	370	34	92	1	10'30

The Winchester Eleven does not seem to have played very many matches, but they make a fair show in batting, while Mr. Birley is less costly as a slow bowler than many slow bowlers of greater name and reputation. Judging from the number of balls delivered, he must have been rarely changed during a match, if, indeed, he has not accomplished the mythical feat of bowling at times at both ends. Mr. Campbell is a useful member of the Eleven, both in batting and in bowling.

We shall consider it a very great favour if, in future years, the Captains of the respective School Elevens would accompany the averages with a few comments on the play of their Elevens during the season, on their progress or retrogression, and on the probable causes of their success or failure, as the case may be. We shall not only attach great value ourselves to such criticism, but we are sure that it will have a beneficial effect on those who will feel specially interested in it.

We would correct here a misprint in the last number. Speaking of the Eton averages, we are made to say 'These are very fine,' instead of 'very fair.' Very fine they are not, if even the most favourable view be taken of them.

We have received a letter from Mr. H. M. Grace, father of Mr.

W. G. Grace, requesting us to state that he, and not his son, addressed to us a former letter, on which we made some comments in our October number. We readily comply; but we beg to observe that we expressly distinguished between the letter we then received and another communication forwarded with it, three times as long as the letter itself, not in the handwriting of Mr. H. M. Grace, and which, from internal evidence, we presumed was written by his son. We never attributed the letter to Mr. W. G. Grace—only the communication forwarded to us with it. If we were wrong, we are very sorry. On the general point at issue between Mr. Grace and ourselves we may say, once for all, that we do not expect, in a cursory notice of the leading events of the cricket season, to please or to satisfy everybody. It cannot be a matter of the slightest personal consequence to ourselves whether we award praise or censure to any cricketer living or dead, amateur or professional. We form our own opinions, according to such powers of eyesight and understanding as Providence has allotted to us; and we express them in the best language at our command. Those opinions may be right, or they may be wrong—very probably wrong; but, wrong or right, we cannot undertake to revise them.

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### PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

THE great event of this last month in Paris has been the visit to the Emperor and Empress of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales. I should rather, however, say that it was the visit of their Royal Highnesses to Paris, which an imperial invitation turned from a 'passing through' Paris to a visit to Compiègne. As to the visit to Paris, that was purely incognito, and therefore this is all you will learn about it—it was a truly domestic event. No sooner was it known, however, that certain distinguished foreigners were at the Hôtel Bristol, than the whole system of the 'series' was deranged, and princely fêtes arranged for princely strangers. At Compiègne, you know, it is all *sans gêne*—the intimate reception of a prince and princess by an emperor. In an ordinary way, the greatest potentate would have been asked to shoot, and would have been received in the hall of the chateau by the lord of that castle.

The Emperor Napoleon has the greatest good taste; and calling to mind, no doubt, the many times he has been received at English country houses, thought no welcome to the heir of England and his Princess could be too great, and so he went down to the station with one A.D.C., and waited on the platform till they arrived. I take this to be the very essence of imperial welcome. It is country life, and the master of the house drives down to meet his guests. 'But you know,' said the Emperor, 'that it gives me so much pleasure to see the Prince and Princess of Wales.' So they went out hunting.

It was a glorious day—the brightest sun and the coldest wind I have ever endured—and a fine hunting (at Compiègne) day. The meet was at the Oval of Antin, from which some nine rides radiate. Each ride was a vista of unsurpassed beauty. The woodlands themselves bring tears into the eyes of

real sportsmen, so suggestive are they of cub-hunting and of staying at the 'Hay-cock' at Wandsford to see that last fox killed on the fourth of May. Postume! postume! years pass. Do they kill that 'May fox' now? But no matter. The glorious baying of hounds, which, if not brought to the coverside in our fashion, are still a 'pack,' and which also, remember, is going not to hunt a calf out of a carriage, but a wild animal found by hounds—the presence of scores of men who will tell us that we French understand *venerie*, while you English understand only the *chasse*, which, rendered into our native tongue, means that in France they hunt the vermin, no—the noble deer! in England we jump 'obstacles' to get near the dogs which hunt that deer!—the interest of a population which, if not restrained by mounted police, would be as noisy as the dusky shoemakers of Raunds, and as destructive of their own sport—all that, I say, proves that there is a love of 'chasing' in France. The Prince of Wales, who rode a very nice chestnut called 'Marignan,' was the centre of attraction at the meet, and it is not odd, as he wore the scarlet and leather of the British sportsman; and from the time when Adam took to wearing summer clothes (where would Poole, Davis, Smallpage, &c., have been but for that dispute about a pippin?) till now there has never been such a dress. Three other redcoats, too, were on duty that day, and they just put in the tint which was required to make up the picture—contrast of colour is beautiful, but want of scent is the reverse.

When Baron Lambert let loose the dogs of chase, I expected a brilliant burst. Before us was a noble stag of ten (I believe in writing nine is the least you can say), 'not been gone ten minutes.' A flourish of horns, and H. R. H. settled down in his saddle, threw away a good small cigar, jammed on his hat, and prepared for business. *Principis ad exemplar*, others jammed on their hats, and each looked *certus eundi*, i.e., like going. Whimperer by (Cambridgeshire) Whisperer hit it off cleverly, but did not speak. Trumpeter by the Beaufort Rattler scored to cry, and so did several others the names of which I regret to say I cannot publish; but there was one old hound out of, I suppose, a Bedfordshire kennel, which, marked with an 'O,' and having rather a curved 'stern, must have been called 'Ninety,' and she once gave tongue, and at her every good sportsman rode. Alas! you cannot ride through a forest the trees in which are as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa. Pace, however, was not wanting, and so with a burning scent and in rides like those, when dry, in the New Forest, but not in such a scenting country, everybody went off at score. After ten minutes a man said to me, 'And the 'hounds!' 'Hush! Prince,' I replied; 'we never mention them—besides, 'they run and are silent; let us do so and sail away.' 'Avanti! avanti!' says Mon Prince, putting an unnecessary spur to his steed. A period of five minutes is supposed to have elapsed. 'Can't we jump anything?' asks an agonized voice, as if a stranger from the Shires, and then I overheard it sigh out, 'All galloping—such going! Oh, what would I give for a stile with a bad 'footboard, or even a good high gate, painted white!' But the voice was an even tenor (like Tom Hohler).

Pounding away went H. R. H.; pounding after him came the respectful 'field.' Mr. Gamble, on a very neat one, but scarcely what you would buy for a baby's first mount, close in attendance, behind him boys with the Prince's second and third horses. Speculative sportsmen take lines of their own, and find them hard and short lines. Men with dogs in bunches stand at corners of rides; several hornblowers sound 'Tra-la-i-la' (any old sportsman who really is fond of the science will understand this, and play it on his



horn); several men *out of mufti* on runaway chargers remind you that cavalry must be quartered in the neighbourhood;—a very quick twenty minutes all over grass, and not a check. Suddenly there is one.

'Où est la chasse?' 'Where is the hunt?' as they would say in old Ireland (God bless her! and may her bed be a potato-bed). There is a 'whimper, like a dog in a dream.' 'Harkforward!' says the Huntsman-in-Chief. 'Pardon,' says a French-horn blower, 'that is the little chase.' That means that the pack has separated, and that two deer are afoot. 'And the great chase?' asked the M. I. S. H. 'Excellency, it is somewhere.' So Baron X— plays *Tra-la-i-la* on his horn, and gallops off 'somewhere' in search of the grand chase. The result is, that having galloped two thoroughbreds to death, and having never seen a stag except several which we were not hunting, we go home and say that we have had—and, indeed, we have had—a capital day's sport. Ah! gentle reader, you little know what it is to ride dressed in green and gold, on your head a cocked-hat, by your side a rapier, with which to kill the deer, if you see him, and no greater person is by at the kill—if you are, sheathe your rapier.

'The Page killed the boar, and the King got the gloire.'

Do you remember that day at Plessis, when the parson came to grief? So it is here, so it is everywhere—never ride before your betters. But I say it is hunting, and I know it is galloping.

'The deer is lost, sir,' says first huntsman to the M. I. S. H. 'Is he?' asks the Master. 'Then let us go home, and be sure we worry and eat him 'at nine.'

One hunt this month, however, was nearly being unpleasantly remarkable; for, as you have long since heard, a deer charged the Prince of Wales, and gave him such a 'collar-bones' as is seldom to be enjoyed out of the Shires. It was not a nice fall to witness, and, indeed, I have seen one or two men forget to get up, or come to themselves, for an hour or two after such a cropper; but I presume that H.R.H. has had falls before, and so got clear of his horse. There was, truth to tell, an awful panic; but, shorter than most panics, and cured in a different way, it was calmed by seeing the chief sufferer 'paying away' liberally on a second horse before the nearest native was quite aware that he had fallen off the first. Circumstances over which I have no control prevented my seeing the grand day's shooting which followed this day's hunting.—Rossini died and must be buried.—But I can tell you that it was a very 'grande chasse' indeed, and admirably managed. Through the short cover you walk in line with soldiers—who know their duty, and do it admirably—are the beaters. Game abounds, and the result of that especial day was 1469 head of game to ten guns. The Prince of Wales, as you will perceive, headed the list; Lord Lansdowne (the only English visitor at Compiègne, except the Prince's suite) being a good second; the Emperor third. No ladies shot on this day. I shall now give you a correct list of killed, wounded, and missing:—The gross bag was 1,469 head, which was thus composed,—1 roe-deer (which fell to the lot, and the deadly tube, of Sir William Knollys). The Emperor, 5 hares, 104 rabbits, 105 pheasants, 24 partridges, and 1 wood-pigeon—total, 239 head; the Prince of Wales, 4 hares, 115 rabbits, 141 pheasants, 12 partridges—total, 270 head; Maréchal Bazaine, 1 hare, 32 rabbits, 22 pheasants, 2 partridges—total, 57 head; Col. Keppel, 1 hare, 32 rabbits, 22 pheasants, 1 partridge—total, 56 head; Le Duc D'Albe, 2 hares, 61 rabbits, 34 pheasants, 3 partridges—total, 149 head; Count de

Moltke, 3 hares, 80 rabbits, 63 pheasants, 3 partridges—total, 149 head; Count Mercy Argesteau, 3 hares, 48 rabbits, 42 pheasants—total, 93 head; Count de Bedmar, 2 hares, 68 rabbits, 56 pheasants, 3 partridges—total, 129 head; Lord Lansdowne, 4 hares, 163 rabbits, 87 pheasants, 6 partridges—total, 260 head; Sir William Knollys, 1 roe-deer, 1 hare, 59 rabbits, 25 pheasants—total, 86 head. I shall now go back to Paris. The racing season of France terminated on Sunday, 22nd November, with a little meeting at Vessinet, where there were three ‘fifty-pound plates,’ a good deal of betting, many people, and good sport. The lists, and the ring, too, had the best of it; and so the racing ‘sun of France may be said to have set glorious, and the success of the backers—

‘Tints to-morrow with prophetic ray.’

Depend on it, next year there will be more racing in France than ever. That this plethora of sport is an advantage I will scarcely assert. Too much pudding will choke a dog—too much petty racing will choke the real interest of the French Turf. The season has been remarkable for the appearing of ‘Betting Houses’ in Paris, which are carried on now to such an extent that I fancy the majesty of the law must be down on them ere long. There is a ‘Betting Bureau’ in every second street, and in some you can stake a franc; in many, two. This is the true mischief. Messrs. Valentine and Wright are established in the Rue Choiseul, and are doing good business; but there the stakes are larger. I hear, on fair authority, that the ‘Jockey Club’ is about to establish, or, if not establish, back up, one office, where *two* instead of *ten* per cent. will be deducted. Socially, Paris is not in its usual form—an average year. Exhibiting years carry 14 lbs. extra—would give it 7 lbs. and a beating. The English elections have played the very deuce and all with travelling, and our chief passers-through are invalids bound for Italy, or punters—insatiate players—*en route* from Ems and Baden to Monaco. Nothing delights me so much as the way in which your travelling Englishman transacts his pleasure. Breakfast at ten, then pleasure till six, and then go home and dine quietly. ‘To-day would be a capital day for the Louvre,’ said a friend of mine, last week; ‘it’s so dark and gloomy!’ and so he went off to see the glories of that gallery which is never sufficiently lighted, even when M. Phœbus Apollo is in his very best temper. But there is another and quite different traveller often here with us. I believe nobody really appreciates the sufferings of those poor individuals who are known as ‘Royal Messengers.’ Whenever there is a subscription got up for them I shall be delighted to give—my name. Nobody surely suffers so much as that poor swell who is at the beck and call of diplomacy. I meet him here to-day, and to-morrow hear he is delivering letters to the Khan of Tartary. He is at Berlin to-day, and was at Buda on Tuesday. Now, you cannot be farther off than Buda. I love them, they are so cheery, and take kindly five hundred miles on an empty stomach and never even wink. Still, I do not know that I should have troubled you with the woes of Royal Messengers, because you know, really, nobody cares much about them, only I chanced to pass one yesterday in the Faubourg St. Honoré, who is the father of a lieutenant in the British Navy, of whose distinguished acts I was, some two years ago, enabled to write, and who has now so distinguished himself in the river ‘Hau’ that I hope to read that the last act of the present Admiralty will be to make Lieutenant Cecil Johnson, Captain Cecil Johnson. And then there is a dear old friend of ours, as mighty a hunter as Nimrod (whom I once heard called ‘the mighty Ramrod’)

himself, only that his 'quarry is glass and china, rather than a living quarry, has lately been here and shown us his 'Work on the Chase.' We all know Capt. Hawker 'On Fowling,' and I advise every one to get Major Byng Hall on 'Bric-à-brac,' and if some one would translate the 'Bric-à-brac Hunter' into French, he would save many a Parisian from making great donkeys of themselves in the Rue du Brac, where curiosity-hunters most do congregate. Being a dull season, and the Grand Hôtel no longer the House of Call for expatriated backers, and 'pleasant but wrong' pals come over for the Sunday, as it was wont to be in the year of the great plunge—being, indeed, become as American as Delmonio's, I must introduce you to the 'Cosmopolitan,' the latest thing in 'meeting-houses,' to which men are moved by the spirit, and where you can get the nicest of cool drinks and hear the latest news from London. Every nation is represented, but I think I may say there are no sweeps, except those which are drawn. In fact, the company is both amusing and instructive, and the conversation improving. Racing times are, I find, the most conducive to amusing discussion; and lest the subject, from frequent discussion, should get dry, the winners usually propose to stand a 'cocktail,' out of gratitude to the *Diva Fortuna* (whose real name is Goringe), and the losers make the same proposition, in order to propitiate that deceptive deity. The hour is 6 P.M., and a black darkness bears down on the drivers in the Bois, and bores them so, that they say, 'Charles! à la maison;' and then, changing their minds, they say, 'But, no! Charles, go then to the Rue 'Scribe;' and so they go to the street called after the composer of the Opera Comique. There they find several other devils worse than themselves. It is a cold night, and the attendance is full. You could not get a seat for a sovereign 'Poker,' and the simpler ordeal of trial by copper having occupied (this system of regulating chances is known in England, I fancy, as 'tossing 'up,' or 'skying a copper'—here as *pile ou face*, and is much resorted to in the highest grades of what Radical papers call the 'Sporting World,' which they believe to be peopled with horse-jockeys and black-legs). The first man I see has a hat like Garibaldi, and hair like the late Sir William Molesworth; he is neither horse-leg nor black-jockey; he is only a very clever conjurer. He will put all the 'aces' in one spot if you wish it, bring the 'deuces' into the crown of your hat, and the 'cinqs' into the heels of your boots. The next man is a Duke. Then we have an intermittent merchant, who sells something to somebody, when somebody wants to buy it. Here we have a swell, fresh from St. James's, with a power of *aller et retour* (that is not always the case, you know), who, I observe, always orders 'champagne cocktail,' as he takes the odds. A jaunty party now approaches: he is likely to have a 'good thing.' Whether he will give us that good thing will remain, of course, a matter of history for some days; but he offers one in the shape of a cool drink. We hesitate; we remember that Greeks—*donaferentes*—were queer customers; yet we accept the drink, and his offer of 35 to 5 (which we lose). Well! We should have lost elsewhere. 'How are you, 'Captain?' and enters swaggerer number two. He has a story about Paris, and then the conversation gets general. 'Never heard of it before? nonsense! 'Old as the hills; fancy it's older than many'—'Gave seventy-five napoleons for him, I tell you'—'And his mother was never traced?'—'By Wanderer, 'out of a Gipsy mare'—'Not really worth ten shillings'—'Take a couple of 'bottles of Pommeroy and Greno, and mix them with'—'Mr. Forbes is too 'dry'—'Lagrange has not a single young one worth'—'But you should see 'the pupils at the early schools!'—'You should take a neat drink, now'—'I

'have spoken about it'—'And seltzer-water is convenient in the 'morning.' 'Well, I'll inquire into it'—'Won in a walk!' says Captain Dryer (from Vienna—relation of the brewer, and that sort of thing—good fellow, but no family, you know, and that sort of thing)—'Robbery—weight—not English—don't understand—confounded bungle—should come to us and learn, don't you know.'—'I have never of races seen such betters as was gone *und* run: was at the Chantillies.—(This from a German Baron.)—'Take a spirit, sir! 'yes, sir,' says a hospitable Yankee.—'With you, sir! yes, sir;' and they do it, and, indeed, keep on doing it.—'This is a very bad system,' says the British member for Dryburgh. 'Nothing so bad as "nipping." A fair amount of claret, very well; but no drinks in the day. Well! you are so droll. For once I really will, if Mr. Thorp won't tell. A little brandy and water, not too weak.'—'Ah! here is Charlie; now we shall have news!'—'What's won in England?'—'Nobody.—All fellars up a tree; d—d tall tree, should say a poplar, and money at 150 per cent.' And now I seem to have nearly come to the end of my tether. In the Art world we have lost Rossini. In the theatrical world we are losing Patti, who is going to Russia. Nillon is singing charmingly; Schneider is playing as usual, but not in so good a piece. Mdle. C——P——e and Madame B——d are going on the stage, and the righteous say eventually into the pit. A distinguished horsewoman of the Bois has resurrected from the tomb to which she was prematurely consigned by the 'Sporting Gazette,' and has exchanged the hearse for the neatest of broughams. The Queen of Spain is here, and says, that had she known the French were such nice people she would have resigned her crown years ago. 'La Belle Gabrielle,' who sells papers for napoleons hard by the entrance of the 'Grand Hôtel,' was said to be going on the stage. She is very pretty. 'What do you think of her?' I asked the other night of Colonel Lothario, of the Loyals, who knows his Paris like his Piccadilly. 'Think of her! why I should say certainly coupé, diamonds, and opera box 'in three weeks!' 'Tis a bad world, my readers, but so it wags in Paris at the end of this month of November, 1868.

### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—November Notions.

NOVEMBER has been customarily devoted to fogs and benefits for Clerks of Courses, but this year it has been devoted to the constituencies of the country; still, the attendance in the Ring has not suffered in the slightest degree by the Parliamentary struggle, and the follower of Mr. Disraeli betted the same odds to the disciple of Mr. Gladstone, if he was good for the money, just the same as he would have done to a member of the same party. Mr. Merry made mincemeat of Mr. Horsman, in the same manner as he contends Belladrum will do of the horses in the Derby. William Day has returned both his candidates for Dorsetshire and Dorset; and Sir Robert Clifton is still the chosen idol of Nottingham. Stockton has proudly manifested her recognition of Mr. Dodd's merits as promoter of the Turf in that part of the world; and we are glad to think the claims of the proprietor of 'The Field' have not been allowed to go unnoticed at Taunton. Devonshire has not neglected the faithful attachment to his duties which the Romeo Lord

showed throughout last session; and Captain Archdall has no reason to complain of the fickleness of the constituents of Fermanagh. So the racing men, on the whole, have reason to be well pleased with the manner in which their services in the last Parliament have been requited. We are glad to discover that two or three members who voted for the abolition of Queen's Plates in Ireland have received a hint from their constituents that they would spare them the necessity of keeping late hours at Westminster during the ensuing session. The Westminster Election has been a very sporting affair, and as much money has been betted upon it as upon a Cesarewitch or a Cambridgeshire. At first long odds were laid against Mr. Smith's chance of success; but as time wore on he became a better favourite, and upon the eve of the election level money was laid. On Monday, Nov. 16th, every train brought to town gentlemen with merely a 'change and razors,' whose faces, bronzed by constant exposure to the open air, are rarely to be seen in London streets except about Epsom and Ascot time. These had left their country homes, their hunting, and their shooting, 'to go to a Mill.' Among those whom, as the fashionable reporter says, we noticed, were Sir Watkin, from Cheshire; Sir Reginald Knightley, from Fawley; George Lane Fox, from Bramham; Tom Drake, from Shardeloe, and Tom Thornhill, from Riddlesworth. On Tuesday morning the racing gentlemen, headed by Sir Frederick Johnstone, polled on their way to catch the nine o'clock train for Warwick. General Peel could not rest in his retirement at Marble Hill, but came and recorded his vote. One of the last votes polled was the Bishop of Bond Street, who, in spite of having been passed over by the Premier for the See of Lambeth, and not having been out of his house for three years, upon this occasion was carried to the Poll by a Viscount well known in the shires for his 'controlling powers.' The result was that Mr. Smith took the lead and kept it, being the first Conservative that has won over the Westminster course since the time of Admiral Rous.

The racing of the month has taken a wide course, spreading its wings from Liverpool to Croydon, 'stopping to change' at Shrewsbury and Warwick, at all of which places far better sport was provided for those who travelled there than is to be found in the summer. Some years ago, in our hot youth, we ventured to say that Aintree, in November, was only fit for a Peewit, and that a Christian was utterly out of place in such a locality. The critics at the time laughed and sneered at the assertion; but this year we perceive they were unanimously agreed upon the correctness of the simile, and nearly all made use of it. The first day's racing commenced in a sort of Magna Charta storm, which would have blown away the pilgrims to Aintree, had not the greater portion of them taken the precaution of holding on by their eyelids. The sport was pretty fair, but not worth reproducing now. The second day, when it only blew a gale of wind, had a very fair afternoon diversion, and the people found excitement enough in the racing—at all events sufficient to keep them warm. The Nursery was won very cleverly by the Becky Sharp filly, who after the race was named by Mr. Angell, Miss Thackeray, out of compliment to the distinguished humorist who

created the character, and of whose writings Mr. Angell is a profound admirer. The third day was an off-day, and hardened the visitors for the sport of the ensuing afternoon. Friday was the Cup day, when the weather was a fair hedge to that of the week, and the enclosure swarmed with bookmakers. Owing to the force of Joseph Dawson's string, Grimstone was made the favourite, but Palmer and Knight of the Garter were close at his quarters all day, and after the race. It matters not how the cup was run at this period of time; suffice it to say, Grimstone failed to run up to the expectations of his stable, and could not get a place among the leaders, while the finish was left to those gallant old horses, Palmer and Knight of the Garter. The struggle between this pair was a close and exciting one; but at last the confidence of Sir Joseph was realized, and the Palmer won by half a length. As the lucky Baronet takes the million with him whenever he has a favourite, the public, as may be imagined, won almost to a man; and the cheering which the Palmer met with on his return to scale equalled that awarded to a successful candidate at an election. And to show the confidence which the backers of horses have in Sir Joseph, we may state the fact of his having been seen taking his ticket for Liverpool caused the Palmer's price to be immediately shortened at all the betting-offices in London; for the proprietors felt certain that Sir Joseph was the last person to find his way to Liverpool, in November, without a very good reason; and it will be seen they were right in their conclusions.

The order was then given for the noble army of Backers to march instantly to Shrewsbury, where Mr. Frail, the Commissary-General, made everything ready for their accommodation that his experience could suggest. Beds were aired, fires lighted, meals furnished, amusements provided, so that the occupying division fancied themselves in their own homes. And as all this was done for his racing patrons while his political friends were engaged in a contest of the most vital importance to their interest, our admiration is still more increased. We are old enough to recollect Shrewsbury, when its motto was presumed to be '*Non quivis homini contingit*,' and the most fabulous tales were in circulation respecting it. The sporting wits, almost without exception, had their knives in the lessee; but, strange to say, he did not bleed. Every race was said to have been entirely a matter of bargain and sale, and legislative interference was loudly called for on the part of the Jockey Club. Loudly the storm whistled over the head of the devoted Frail. He cared not for it, but waited for finer weather, which came in due time. When that arrived, and people were induced by sheer curiosity to visit this No-man's Land, their astonishment was great, and unexpected. They discovered the town to be an agreeable, old-fashioned place, and fancied the majority of the houses belonged to Mr. George Payne, from having been built with black beams in them, which, with their white painting, exactly resembled his racing colours. The Course, too, they found out to be one of the best in the provinces, and its arrangements unexceptionable. But the surprise did not end here; for the Press had led them to conclude that the Clerk of the Course was exactly that stamp of man whom they used to see on the corners of the Baker

Street omnibus, the second week in December. Their astonishment may be guessed when they therefore discovered in Mr. Frail, a well-dressed, gentlemanly man, who gave them the exact idea of a Conservative member for a county, and who, as he conversed on every leading topic of the day with the Stewards and Conservative magnates, was as unlike a Clerk of the Course as Hercules himself. The proceedings were all *en règle* as at Newmarket itself; and if any robberies were perpetrated, new comers heard nothing about them, and to all appearance everything 'went as merry as a marriage bell.' So, in the end they were converted, and those who came to censure remained to praise; and the Meeting is now a regularly recognized institution of the Turf. Every seat in the county is filled with company, and there are as many racehorses in Shrewsbury during the week as at Newmarket at any of the meetings; and the Press are united in their commendations upon the entire management. Such are the fruits of going straight; and when other Clerks of Courses exhibit the same activity as Mr. Frail, they are certain to attain the same reward. The racing is not worth commenting upon now, but we may observe that the prizes were equally distributed between Lords and Commons, and not, as generally supposed, swamped by the Upper House. Lord Westmoreland shook the 'Cocoa-tree' to some purpose, which nobody grudged him. The Duke of Newcastle got a little turn with Silenus, which was as welcome as flowers in May. Sir Reginald Graham showed Romping Girl had taken no harm by not being run to death during the October's, for she cantered away with both the leading events. The other stakes were pretty evenly divided between the owners of horses who assisted at the meeting, for each of which a race of some description was found, as the chronicles of the day will show; and in bidding adieu to Mr. Frail until his next merry meeting, we hope he will then have as large, influential, and satisfied a party of friends, as those whom he entertained on this occasion.

But the Shrewsbury clock warns us that it is time to get on to Warwick, where Mr. Merry was 'at home' for the following week. The party assembled there was much of the same nature as Mr. Frail's, and the entertainment provided of a similar description. We regret, however, the proceedings were not characterized with the same harmony as was visible in Shropshire, for the objections that prevailed during the week were as numerous as those to be found in the Registration Court of the county; but as Admiral Rous was present, we suppose the authorities had their decisions well grounded. The appearance of the Admiral, in his seventy-fourth year, on the 'lighthouse' at Warwick, which he shares with the reporters, is indeed a fact worthy of being perpetuated. In the Spring he is a constant visitor there, and in September he is a fixture; but then Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire influences induce him to take up his position, and with very good reason; but until this year he has never come amongst us in November. However, he was so interested in the friendly match he had with Mr. Payne, that he could not resist coming to Warwick and taking up his old place, to which he was readily welcomed. And we must here express our opinion that in this gambling age, when thousands are won and lost like halfpence, in half-mile spins and selling-races, it is pleasant to see two such ancient friends verifying their opinion about the merits of their animals for so small a sum as a pony. Each watched with the keenest interest; and when Mr. Payne did the Admiral by a head, he was pleased almost as much as if he had won the Derby. The Admiral was the first to congratulate his opponent; and we should like to witness a few more exhibitions of a similar character between our leading members of the Turf.

The racing had commenced at such an hour as to necessitate the observance of 'Early to bed, and early to rise,' and people betted from the time they had their breakfast in their mouths until they were ready for a seven o'clock dinner; and what with disputes, objections, and false starts, the company had more than they bargained for. Mr. McGeorge came in for as great a share of abuse as Gladstone himself, because, its being the last week of the season, suspensions were useless. It would be, therefore, not a bad idea if the Jockey Club were to introduce a rule that punishments for breach of discipline at Warwick should take effect from Lincoln; then something like order might be maintained among the jockeys, whose conduct on this occasion was disgraceful. However, when two or three young members of the Jockey Club have lost a stoater on a Selling Race by the defeat of a favourite, we may expect some remedial measure of the sort introduced. Among the racing lawyers of the present day, Mr. Thomas Hughes has acquired a reputation second to none of his class. In fact, he is what Lord Chief Justice Cockburn and Lord Chelmsford were at the Parliamentary Bar in their day. And now he thought he would make a great 'coup' by an objection he had discovered in the Winding-up Handicap; but unfortunately the authorities ruled different to the holding of Mr. Hughes, and the eminent Surrey lawyer was defeated, greatly to the surprise of his friends. We have not space to deal with the sport in detail, therefore we will only remark that Stradbroke at last won a good race, and got his future changed into a steeple-chaser. Sir Frederick Johnston was in good form, and had two very good days; and the aristocratic patrons of racing had no reason to complain of the Winding-up Act.

There is little to record in Hunting this month. It has been the worst November ever known for scent: the ground has been as dry and as hard as in summer. There is every prospect of good sport with the Pytchley, for there is a good show of foxes, and the hounds, when they have room, hunt like beagles; and it is worth a journey of a thousand miles to see them handled by Capt. Thomson, the king of gentlemen huntsmen, who is always cool, calm, and collected, never asking advice and rarely taking it—and never, like some gentlemen huntsmen that we have seen, in a perpetual state of excitement, galloping here, there, and everywhere; and when there is not a very good scent invariably losing their fox in twenty minutes. But with the Pytchley, at this period of the season, when there is no mob, a fox is fairly hunted and fairly killed; and it is the finest sight in the world to see these hounds in their Harborough or Brixworth country, with Capt. Thomson riding as close to them, and quite as coolly as Mr. Walter Flower with his harriers on Salisbury Plain. These hounds had a capital day's sport on the 11th from Crick, and left off at Brownsover, and the hounds returned through Rugby, where the Master and his men were refreshed by Mr. Darby. This is noted, because we believe that this is only the second time since the great run from Braunstone Gorse to Ladbroke that the Pytchley have returned to their kennels through Rugby. Owing to the elections and the absence of the county big-wigs, from the smallness of the fields, one might have imagined oneself at a Meet in the provinces, rather than in Northamptonshire; and during the past month more has been talked about politics and electioneering than any other topic. Leamington is very full and turns out a large number of gorgeous swells, but it seems that many of them could not possibly hunt without a bouquet. This fashion is innocent but rather young lady-like—as we cannot imagine that a bunch of violets or a geranium was an absolute necessity to those old heroes Hugo Meynell, Mr. Musters, or the 'Squire.' But we really must congratulate young Leamington on having considerably



dropped the public use of the toothpick—a dirty custom which we had hitherto associated with a two-pronged fork and a second-rate German table d'hôte, and if the Americans indulged in it we should call it beastly. Miss Davy has a nice lot of horses, and is going as hard and as straight as anybody in the country. Rugby is a very good situation for hunting; from it, anybody can meet the Pytchley, the North and South Warwickshire, the Atherstone, the Duke of Grafton's occasionally, and, by making a hack of the North Western and Midland, can easily meet the Quorn and Mr. Tailby and even the Belvoir; and these railways really do their best to make things easy, and by plenty of special trains encourage hunting. The livery-stable accommodation cannot be surpassed; and gentlemen sending their horses either to Messrs. Walker or Over may rely on their having justice done them—as the forage is excellent and 'the belly is the measure;' and if gentlemen were only as well done as their horses, as a hunting quarter Rugby could not be beaten; but there is but one hotel, conducted very much in the style as when 'George the Third was king.' A good opposition would be a great boon to Sportsmen: but when will landlords see that a good cook is a positive necessary, and that a bottle of sherry can be sold at a profit for less than six shillings? Should a Sportsman have a blank day at Rugby, where can he find a greater treat than a lounge through Mr. Darby's magnificent stables? and when we say that the King of Italy is going to build new stables, and has sent expressly for plans of Mr. Darby's, owing to the encomiums of Prince Humbert, who, when he was last in England, visited Rugby and inspected them, our pen is feeble and fairly fails sufficiently to praise the establishment. One little anecdote we heard, the other day, we cannot resist publishing, whatever may be the consequences attending it. A foreign gentleman was admitted as a temporary member of the Rugby Club, and one evening, after having lost a very small sum, he was asked to play another rubber, but declined, and urged as his excuse, 'I have no time: I have ordered some hot water to night, and I must go home and wash my feet.' This is too good to be improved upon, and so we give it in its native integrity. In Hampshire, the campaign with the Hambledon, under the command of Col. Bower, has opened most auspiciously. The first meet was, as usual, at Cam's Cottage, Hambledon, the residence of William Buckworth, Esq. It is one of the prettiest meets of the Hambledon; and there was a goodly muster of the right sort. Whichever end of the village of Hambledon you enter, you come all of a sudden upon the hounds and field, in a very pretty meadow, and on a terrace of turf above are grouped ladies and gentlemen looking down upon the hounds and horses; and many of the gentlemen in scarlet intermingled with the gay dresses of the ladies have a most pleasing effect. After indulging in choice liqueurs, and wishing each other the compliments of the season, Col. Bower gave the command to proceed to work. They were some little time in finding, but when they did they had a very pretty ring of thirty minutes, and lost. They then found another, and kept on his line till darkness put a stop to the running. On the Friday, at Fisher's Pond, they had thirty minutes to ground, and the second fox was found in the Muswell coverts. They ran him for two hours and twenty minutes, and killed in one of the thickest coverts in the hunt; hounds did their work in a most wonderful manner. Verily, Lord Poulett left a good pack of hounds behind him! At present plenty of foxes have been found. Col. Bower, Charles Champion, the huntsman, and Jack Hollins, the whip, appear to know well what they are about. There has been a sad loss of one of the oldest members of the Hunt in Mr. Campbell Wyndham, and his cheery salutation and joyous laugh will long be remembered by

the *habitués* of the Hunt. There was one good scenting-day with Mr. Dear's 'merry harriers.' They had two twenty-five minutes' racing into both their hares. Squirea, a former huntsman of the Hambledon, used to say when he had a bad scent with the foxhounds, and heard of the harriers having had a run, that a hare was a much more stinking animal than a fox. There is no doubt that the hare is never so far before hounds as the fox. The Sport with all Yorkshire Packs, owing to the paucity of scent has been wretched; but there is a fair sprinkling of visitors, both in the Bramham and York countries. Thorparch seems to be the popular place of resort: Col. Reilly, Capts. Caryl and Henry Molyneux, Countess of Sefton, Lady Cecilia Molyneux, are among the arrivals. Capts. Gunter and R. Viner vie with each other in dispensing their hospitality to their numerous friends, and one of the prettiest sights to be seen at the cover-side is the fair and pretty hostess of Linton Spring, in her well-turned-out pony-chaise, which she so ably handles. On Friday the 13th of this month, all Yorkshire went to do honour to Prince Teck and Princess Mary, who were the guests of Lord Londesborough at a 'Lawn Meet' as Grimston. Mr. George Lane Fox, with his usual good-nature, changed his day to meet there; many hundreds arrived at the Meet, eager to see the Noble Owner and his Royal Guests, but, strange to say, his Lordship was nowhere to be seen, and on inquiry it was found that he, in company with Lords Huntingfield, Wharnccliffe, and De Grey, had started off at eight A.M. that morning to shoot (and were rewarded, we afterwards learnt, by killing twenty-three birds), leaving Prince Teck to his fate, on one of Capt. de Vere Hunt's horses; and the Prince certainly did not look at home or amused amongst four hundred Yorkshire farmers. Seldom has ever such a breach of hunting etiquette been observed towards a Master of Hounds in Yorkshire before; but Capt. Denison, who is an excellent Sportsman, appeared much annoyed, and did his best in replying to many inquiries after his brother. We have heard great accounts of the doings of the North Warwickshire: they are very neatly turned out, have a good show of foxes, and Pattle promises to be a good huntsman; but want of space compels us to omit them; we may, however, state that Mr. Sothern, who has been playing in the provinces, has been hunting with them also; and all who have seen him are as much delighted with him crossing a country as treading a stage. A more ingenious device for getting rid of the bad air he inhales every night he could not have hit upon; and his turn-out at the cover-side is just as neat and correct as it is at the Haymarket. In Buckinghamshire, Squire Lowndes had a rare day's sport on Tuesday last, Nov. 24th. He found a fox at High Havens, which he ran, with one slight check, for one hour and twenty minutes, without touching a ploughed field. The run only required a good finish to make it perfect, but that was wanting. The fox crawled into the road between Aston Abbots and Mentmore, and died in the middle of the road. A countryman pounced upon the body and carried it off, and when the hounds checked at the road, they were held on forward towards the fox cover at Mentmore.

There is not much Racing gossip afloat at the Clubs, which are absorbed by the Electioneers; however, there can be little doubt of the earnestness of Lord Stamford's retirement, and although he will not give his horses away, we believe Mr. Tattersall is empowered to take any reasonable offer that is made for them. His Lordship has been certainly far from fortunate since he has kept horses in training; and if he does not persevere few can blame him. The action brought by John Day against Admiral Rous, we understand, is certain to go into court; but it is very unlikely it will be run before February.

Both are understood at present to be fit and well ; and all we can say is, may the best win. We will not lend our pages to the circulation of the thousand and one reports that are current about the matter. The betting on the Derby is not mentioned at present ; and until the existing dispute between Mr. Studd and the Committee of the Grand Stand is adjusted, the race is not likely to resume its customary position in the quotations from Tattersall's. There is a talk, we hear, of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, who are *ex-officio* Stewards of Epsom, and therefore answerable for the stakes that are advertised, taking the matter up. And we really think, considering the importance of the question at issue, they should at once have the question set at rest whether we are to have a Derby or not. We can hardly believe, however, that the National Race of England would be suffered to be struck out of the Calendar for the sake of a few hundred pounds on landlord and tenant question. Betting Clubs are increasing in all directions, and their extension testifies at once to the increase of the love of racing among the million. And we envy not the fate of that individual who stops the Derby, if he is met in the vicinity of a horse-pond, by any of those wandering tribes who regard the Meeting as a means of adding considerably to their annual income. For certainly no Act of Parliament (of the new Parliament) could put it down ; nor, we contend, is there a single Member of the 658 within the walls of St. Stephens, bold enough to put a motion on the Journals to that effect ; so we trust to hear no more of the Derby dispute. Billingsgate has heard, with amazement and dismay, the immediate dissolution of Mr. Beadman's Stud, and henceforward tissues and wires will not be in so much request as they were wont to be in the markets. Mr. Chaplin, it is said, is going to sell off immediately nearly, if not the whole, of his Racing Stud, on the assumption of his senatorial duties ; and although his career has been short on the Turf it cannot but be admitted to have been brilliant. A great change is going to take place in 'Bell's Life in London,' which paper has hitherto been the means of delight to thousands of provincialists on a Sunday, for which day they always reserve its perusal : it is now going to appear twice a week, in accordance with the exigencies of the times. Nothing can speak more clearly than this fact ; the increased interest taken by the public in Sporting matters—and 'Nunquam Dormio' is quite right to take advantage of it. Admirably conducted as that paper is in every branch, it has hitherto been more a record of sport than an exponent of its own views on public matters. This for the future, we understand, is to be remedied, and 'Bell's Life' will have a policy of its own, thoroughly free and independent, to which the weight of its reputation will add considerably. From Danebury we hear that Law does not prevent Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and that Nature is not to be interfered with—Harry Day has turned steeple-chase rider, and promises to keep up the fame of the family in the pigskin. And those that thought old John would have to turn to that branch of the profession himself are likely to be disappointed in their expectations, for there are enough yearlings left at Danebury to keep the wolf from the door. We understand that Mr. Green's pictures of the Yard and Lawn at Tattersall's are in a forward course of preparation, and are certain to be exhibited at the commencement of the spring, when they will be readily welcomed by all the lovers of the Old Corner.

Our Obituary is somewhat of a lengthier nature than usual at this season of the year, and has been helped in some measure by the hardness of the ground, which has rendered hunting more hazardous than ever : still, as there are no changes in the rate of the Accidental Offices, we suppose they have not felt

the extent of its effects so seriously as might be imagined. The popular Lord Somerville was one of the first victims to it, and has caused much regret throughout Mr. Tailby's country, where he had rendered himself most agreeable. The sad affair was caused entirely by the state of the ground, which is now exactly the same as after a frost—hard below, and greasy at the top; and, as an old farmer says, it rattles like a barn floor. Lord Somerville riding his horse at a fence, the latter slipped some yards, struck the rail with his knees, and turned right over on him. Blood came out of his eyes, ears, and nose, and his death must have been instantaneous. Dick Webster said he had ridden the horse last, and that it was not his fault, but solely that of the ground. The New Forest has lost one of its oldest veterans, in the person of Major Gilbert, who, as Jimmy Gilbert, was known and respected far and wide throughout the country. He was quite one of the old school, contemporary with Billy Butler, Sam Nicoll, the Sheddens, and Morants, and the men of that school. He was a thorough good sportsman, and nothing came amiss to him; while in private life he was no less estimable. He knew the New Forest as well as Mr. Disraeli does the way to the House of Commons from the Treasury, and it was his boast that he could not be lost in it. In figure he was not quite so big as Buckstone; and his friends could always trace him out, shooting in the snow, by his footmarks—for they were of rather a peculiar order, and totally unlike those of any other person. He was very old when he died; and his red face, when surrounded with white hair and long white beard, gave him the resemblance of a dying lion. However, his memory will be long cherished by all his friends, with whom he was a universal favourite. In Mr. Campbell Wyndham, Hampshire has to mourn the loss of another good sportsman this month, and one as well known with the Hambledon as Major Gilbert was with the New Forest. In his earlier years, John Henry Campbell, as he was then called, was the best gentleman jockey the county could boast of, and invariably put on silk at Surbiton, Winchester, Southampton, and Bibury, at all of which places he cut a very good figure; and his defeat of Vivian and Beecher, on Captain Williamson's Bittern, was one of his best bits of riding, and on which he prided himself very much. He trained with Isaac Woolcot for some time, and had tolerable luck with him, as he won the July Stakes with Cynricus, besides three or four other races, and also ran second for the Two Thousand to Promised Land with him. Glenmasson, Sutherland, and Innellan, were perhaps the best horses he ever owned, and may be said to have paid their way. Mr. Wyndham was also a great fisherman; never missed a year in Scotland; and he may be described as being up to all in the Ring. He married a niece of Lord Clanricarde, a lady who, in her younger days, rode with the characteristic nerve of her family. His death arose as follows: He was coming home early from hunting on the 10th inst.; when near his home, his own keeper shot at a partridge on the other side of the hedge; his horse turning short round, threw him heavily on the hard road and broke three of his ribs; gout set in, and he lingered for several days, till he gradually sank under the effects of his accident. The death of Captain Buckley, of the Rifle Brigade, has deprived the country of a good soldier, and society of a most amusing member, for his capabilities as a companion could not be exceeded. The son of General Buckley, of New Hall, near Salisbury, he entered the army with the brightest promise of success, and had he been spared, the highest honours of his profession awaited him, for he was an equal favourite both at Sandringham and at every mess-room at home and abroad. The Press have made so much of the Marquis of Hastings, from 'The

'Times' to the 'Bethnal Green Observer,' that they have quite picked him clean, and not even left a poor dog a bone. Never was a man so misunderstood, or in whose affairs the public took so much interest. 'Vixerunt fortes aute Agamemnona.' And the annals of this country tell us that there have been extravagant noblemen before the Marquis of Hastings; and we could give names and instances in support of our remarks, but for the fear of giving pain to their surviving relatives. Lord Hastings, we grant, was not likely to have been sent for to Buckingham Palace, in the event of a Ministerial Crisis, but that is no reason why he should be deemed incapable of managing his own affairs. Generally a nobleman's horses, which he has paid for with his own money, are deemed his own property, and the right of control is vested in him; but with the Marquis of Hastings the case was different; the public considered The Earl to be their property, and insisted he should run him for the Derby, having a far greater opinion of his merits than he had. He differed from them, and exercised the rights of ownership, for which he was maligned for several months with cruel pertinacity; while, on the other hand, Sir Joseph Hawley was permitted to scratch Blue Gown for the Two Thousand, which he could not have lost, merely because his Commissioners would have been ruined had he been started: so what is one man's meat is another's poison. While he won, the public were contented with the plucky Marquis, as they called him, and he was followed by hundreds of cormorants: when there was a change in the weather, and fortune deserted him, the world turned suddenly moral, and discovered their idol was made of brass, and not of gold, and then turned him out in the cold. The same case has happened over and over again, and, until the race of spendthrifts is worn out, will continue till the end of the world. The Marquis of Hastings, however, cannot be accused of having deserted any of his friends, even when his own fortunes were diminished. He, no doubt, at the end of his career, saw his folly, and there was no time given to him to carry a Reform Bill, if he desired to do so. Now that he is gone to his last account, it is consolatory to his friends that, however outrageously foolish his career may have been, it was not sullied by any mean or dishonest act. In him the Turf and the Chase have lost a splendid supporter, and his friends have to regret the death of one who was always pleased to assist them. Thanks to Captain Barlow, his agent, his property was well managed, and every care was taken to protect his interest, so that the successor cannot say he was accused of having come in to a barren inheritance. In conclusion, if the life of the Marquis of Hastings does not exhibit the same bright features which characterize those of many of his order, at least it will be allowed that its most damaging part is only reckless extravagance; and until that is reckoned a crime against the State, the Public have no right to express an opinion upon it.





*F. B. Mayall, photo.*

*Joseph Brown, sc.*

*Algernon Peyton*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### SIR ALGERNON PEYTON, BART.

THE name of Peyton has been for so long a period a household word in the Sporting World, that we are quite certain a Portrait of the present representative of the family will not be unacceptable to our readers, especially those who are followers of the Chase and the Road, in and on which his ancestors have so distinguished themselves.

Sir Algernon Peyton is the eldest son of the late Sir Henry Peyton, Bart., who is described as being as near excellence as a horseman as human ability and physical energies could have placed him. Indeed Sir Henry Peyton and Lord Forester, when at Christchurch, were universally admitted to have been the two best men out of Oxford, and it was acknowledged they tried one way or another, each to eclipse his father's fame. He was also a first-rate Gentleman Jockey, both on the flat and across country, as olden records will show. With regard to his family, we may say he was an apt illustration of the old Latin saying, 'Fortes creantur fortibus;' for his father, Sir Henry Peyton, the grandfather of the subject of our Memoir, was quite as celebrated a performer in the pigskin and on the coach-box as his son, and was perhaps the strongest man in his saddle that was ever seen. His long experience in the hunting-field caused him to be held in the highest respect, and a wrinkle from Sir Henry was always treasured by those to whom it was addressed. One piece of advice he was in the habit of giving to young men whom he saw riding too hard at water is as applicable in the present day as in the time he flourished; and as it was based upon common sense, we cannot do better, we imagine, than give it currency in our pages. 'Whenever,' he was wont to say, 'you come to a brook too wide to jump over, but which you are obliged to jump into, and you suspect the bottom of it to be soft, do so as quietly as you can, if you wish to avoid a fall. It will enable your horse to get a fulcrum from his hinder legs before he springs to regain the opposite bank,



'and he has then a better chance of landing you than if he went 'boring headlong through it.' He was always well mounted, having an eye to strength as well as blood; for Oxfordshire is not the country in which 'weeds' have ever thriven, as old Tilbury, who always horsed Sir Henry, could have vouched for. As for his drag and his team of greys, they were notoriously the most perfectly-appointed in England, for a number of years, and it was 'good for 'sore eyes' to see him thread his way through Piccadilly or come off Epsom Downs on a Derby Day. As a shot, also, he scarcely had his equal in that day, although he seldom exhibited at the Red House. Descended, therefore, from so good a stock, if Sir Algernon Peyton had not turned out a Sportsman, doubts might have been thrown upon his legitimacy. He was born at Woodstock, on the 13th of April, 1833, was educated at Eton, and only quitted 'Blest Henry's shades' to enter the 1st regiment of Life Guards, of which he is now the senior captain. In 1861, the Bicester hounds being in the market, and his grandfather having hunted them, Sir Algernon's love of the Noble Science induced him to take them as a stop-gap, and he was assisted in the undertaking by Mr. Richardson, of the same regiment as himself. The joint Mastership did not last long; and after having enjoyed the honours of an M. F. H. for about a year and a half, he retired into private life, and the Bicester hounds were sold at the kennels at Stratton to Mr. Drake, who hunted the country until 1866, when he gave it up, and it is now hunted by Mr. North. Sir Algernon lays no claim to the riding properties of his father, although he is very fond of the sport; but the late Sir Henry has certainly bequeathed to him a great portion of his driving lore, as may be seen by the handy manner in which he works the scratch teams in the Life Guards' coach, on the box of which he is as well known as his father was wont to be in the good old days, when a popular song used to be sung:—

'Here's to the old ones, of four-in-hand fame;

Harrison, Peyton, and Ward, sir.

Here's to the young ones, that afterwards came;

Ford, and the Lancashire Lad, sir.'

In private life, Sir Algernon unites all those good qualities for which the Peytons were notorious; and if not as celebrated across country as his ancestors, he is just as much marked by the same love of sport and liberality as was their special attribute, as Oxfordshire can testify. Sir Algernon, we should also mention, is the patron of the celebrated Doddington living, which at one time was the richest in England, being computed to be worth 10,000*l.* per annum, but which now, by a special Act of Parliament, has been cut up into seven portions. In the distribution of his ecclesiastical patronage we should also observe Sir Algernon has been very discreet, always putting the right man in the right place. And we may sum up our description of him by stating, the Household Troops have rarely contained a better officer or a more popular member of society than Sir Algernon Peyton.

## NEWMARKET—OUT OF SEASON.

ELEVEN o'clock on a dull Friday morning. Scene, a large, well-lighted room looking on to a crowded London thoroughfare. Newspapers of all classes and all countries scattered about in profusion. Portraits of racehorses, of trotting horses, of famous jockeys, of crack pugilists, of redoubtable scullers, adorn the walls. 'Slips,' unread proofs, unexamined copy litter the tables. There is a constant hum of question and answer, a never-ceasing coming and going; writers and compositors, printers' devils, and men from over the way with pewter pots jostle each other on the stairs and in the passages, and telegraph lads rush in and out incessantly. A great wicker basket full of letters just opened is a conspicuous object in the apartment first alluded to. And such letters! Here are five-and-twenty demands for Kitchener's lowest riding weight, and a dozen more to know whether Chandler ever jumped thirty-nine feet. Some one is anxious to be told when Tibthorpe was re-christened Sir Tatton Sykes; another asks the number of acres in Yorkshire and letters in the Bible. Card queries, some complicated to a degree, some childish in their simplicity. Abusive epistles from people whose questions have not been answered, or have been answered unsatisfactorily. Complimentary letters (these very few and far between) from individuals who want something in return for their fair words. 'Flimsey' sent up from the country on the chance of lineage—'Important Trespass Case,' or 'Meeting of the River Brawl' 'Fishery Commission.' A fictitious account of a foot race at Wimbledon, a libellous attack on a Master of Hounds, a scheme for breaking the Ring, and another for breaking blood stock. A letter from a gentleman requesting the editor to procure for him a lucrative situation as clerk to a bookmaker, and to make haste about it; a letter from a lady desiring the *carte de visite* portrait of the newspaper's poetical prophet, to be forwarded to her by return of post. A letter from Germany from an enterprising breeder who wants a Stockwell stallion, sound, and a winner of good races—would not object to give forty pounds for him. A letter from a village in the Himalayas pointing out that a letter was turned upside down in a number of the paper five months back; a letter from Japan, with the postage unpaid, containing an account of a football match. A New York letter, dated The Bowery, in which the writer announces his intention of dropping in upon the editor at an early, but unmentioned date, and 'giving him goss.' Demands for temporary pecuniary assistance from people whose father had once known a man whose brother had written a letter to the paper; demands for money from folks whose copy has never been used, from folks whose copy has never been received, from folks whose copy very possibly never existed. Strange misspelt scrawls from the Sheffield, and Birmingham, and Pottery districts, the purport of which none but a necromancer could divine; scrawls, likewise

misspelt, from those who sit in high places, and wear fine linen, and should therefore know better.

The above form an infinitesimally small part of the incongruous mixture that the Friday morning's post has brought in. Is it to be wondered at that the narrator of this authentic record should lean back in his chair, gaze with a mournful and bewildered air on the mass of labour spread before him, and wish himself a negro in the Blue Mountains, a hansom cab-driver, a billiard marker, a baked-potato man, anything, in fact, but what he really is.

Well, there is no help for it, the work must be got through; so let us commence by knocking off thirty or forty of the easier questions. What is number one? Oh! 'Some twenty, or it may be five-and-twenty years ago, there appeared in your columns, amongst the answers to correspondents, one addressed to some one who signed himself A. B. It was to the effect that A. B. was an ass. You would greatly oblige me if you let me know what the subject of the query was, and who A. B. really—' Here we are interrupted by a sharp knocking at the door, and, unbidden, there enters the room an ex-prizefighter, bullet-headed, crop-eared, thick-set, truculent, brutal. The ex-pugilist carries a heavy bludgeon under his arm and smells of rum. The ex-pugilist appears to have caught cold, for his voice is thick and husky, and to have caught something else too, for there is a 'mouse' under his right eye. By a great effort the ex-pugilist contorts his face into what is meant for an affable smile, and asks if—let us say—Mr. Jones is in the way? We reply, affably also, that Mr. Jones is not in the way; on receipt of which intelligence the ex-pugilist throws off the mask, dismisses the 'affable smile' altogether, and says he wishes Mr. Jones was consigned to a place of endless torment, and that he is adjectived if he does not wait until he comes back. Warned that this cannot be permitted, he withdraws; but even as his footsteps die away there is a surliness of sound about them that induces us to think that he is still wishing that Mr. Jones may go to a warm place, and is inclined also to assign us to that gentleman as a travelling companion.

Now then for another turn at the questions. H'm—this choice little document appears to be from one of our friends of the Pottery districts alluded to above. 'i ham hask to right to you Deside a bet When a public house is shut up, and the master put a man in the house, will someone take of the master, hand is the man the house Won. Not in the man Name Landlord or Servant, my Name.—G. W.' Not very easy to decide off hand; let us try again. 'i ham hask—' Here the thread is again broken by a tremendous uproar in the adjoining room, where a select party of peds, who have been clearly convicted of a most barefaced 'barney,' are abusing the referee for having decided against their champion. Peace once more restored, things for a while go on swimmingly. Puer is told that upwards often means more than ten; and X. Y. Z. learns that Mr. Bright never fought a duel with Feargus O'Connor.

Altogether there is such a brilliant chance of getting through with this portion of our duty before one o'clock, that we are beginning to feel quite cheerful; when behold the door opens again, and the ex-pugilist once more lurches heavily into the room. The smell of rum is more pronounced than on the occasion of his previous visit, and his cold appears to have become worse. Propping himself against a chair, he demands, in the tone of a raven afflicted with quinsy, whether Mr. Jones is in the way. We tell him affably that he is not in the way. The E. P. stares fixedly, breathes stertorously, and screwing himself gradually round, as if he moved on a pivot, slowly staggers away. He is past the stage of imprecations now, and a dreadful longing seizes us, that in crossing the street for more rum, he may be knocked down by one of Pickford's vans, and taken—not seriously hurt, you know—to the Charing Cross Hospital.

The day is getting on so rapidly that assistance must be called in to finish the questions, for there are abundance of important matters to be attended to; and now the knocking has become so incessant, that the door might be taken for that hollow beech tree on which Mr. Moore's woodpecker committed those never-ending assaults. A small boy with a shrill voice ravenous in his demands for copy. A telegram. A message from below stairs that we are wanted immediately. A message from above stairs that we are wanted there at once. A message from room on the same floor that there is something wrong, and we must see to it without delay. More copy wanted. A man with a grievance who has made a mistake and come to the wrong office, and tries in consequence to pick a quarrel with us. Another with a red nose, who says that his business will not brook a moment's delay, and who, on being admitted, tries to sell us some newly-invented and very remarkable steel pens. More copy wanted. The voice of the ex-pugilist again; but we are too wary for him this time, and he is hustled down stairs amongst an avalanche of descending patrons of the road, the river, Hackney Wick grounds, and bearers of beer cans. A message from a contributor, who had been specially relied on for a 'column,' to say that his sister's nose has been bleeding, and that he cannot write the article. More copy wanted. A very dirty boy with three carrier pigeons confined in a brown-paper bag, against which they flap their poor wings unceasingly, cooing the while in such melancholy sort as to threaten distraction to all listeners. He says they are to be left till called for. A friend from the country, who wants us to procure him—we can do it so easily, he knows—a box at a newly-opened theatre; and he would be glad, too, if we could spare a few minutes to show him the working of the machinery in the printing room, and, by-the-by, there is a young friend of his who has quite a turn for sporting literature, and has written a little thing in the style of *Amphion*, which he will thank us to glance over. We decline to glance over it, so he remembers that he has no change, and, borrowing half-a-crown (cheerfully parted with) for cab-hire, he

vanishes, jerking back as he goes the Parthian shaft, that he will look us up again in the afternoon. A demand for more cop—No ! it can be borne no longer, so seizing our hat, breaking through a crowd of clamorous visitors, heedless of remonstrance, entreaty, reproach, we dart swiftly out and go over to see how they are betting at the Club.

So the day speeds on, a thousand and one worries, trifling enough in themselves, but right formidable taken *en masse*, combining to reduce the unfortunate sufferer from them to the lowest depths of exhaustion and misery. Some hours must yet elapse ere the welcome signal be given that 'all is right.' There are slips galore to be covered with comments on horses, and men, and things, written so hurriedly, that ere the ink is dry they are whipped away by anxious fingers and 'put in hand.' There is the dinner to be bolted, that taken in a picnicking and savage fashion always disagrees with us. There are the pleasant liquors to be avoided, lest they should play havoc with the brain ; there is the longing for just that one cigar to be wrestled with and overthrown. Gradually the needful work is accomplished, the last proof corrected, the last look round given to see that nothing has been forgotten, and then the writer sinks helplessly down in a chair, and tells his astonished chief that unless he has a run out of town, nature must inevitably succumb, and that come what will next morning's earliest train shall bear him to Newmarket.

Wearily the long flight of stairs is descended, a hansom hailed from the stand, a cigar lighted, the enjoyment of which has been so long delayed that all relish for the weed has departed, and we are whirled off home, nursing a dim conviction that a heavy, doubled-up figure reclining in a porch close by is that of the ex-pugilist, constant to the last in his search after Mr. Jones.

With the grey break of the morning we are up again, to enjoy the luxuries of dressing and of packing a portmanteau by gaslight, of rousing a household to wakefulness and fury by demanding hot water and breakfast at an unearthly hour ; and down we bowl once more along the familiar iron road that takes us to our loved Newmarket.

What need to speak of a journey so often described ? Like all journeys undertaken under similar circumstances, it is an uncomfortable one. We are tortured by the conviction of having left behind us something of importance (a conviction speedily realised), and sleepy and rather cross. People in the carriage bore us by wanting to talk, and when subsequently we try to talk to them, they are sullen and confine themselves to monosyllables.

It is a decided relief to reach Cambridge and catch a glimpse of the cheery face of Mr. Fisher, to whom we hereby, in the name of all turf *voyageurs*, wish every success in the new path of life on which he is about to enter ; and a greater relief still, when (how widely different from the fierce struggle on our last visit !\*) we

\* *Vide* 'Baily's Magazine' for November, 1868.

quietly take our seat in an omnibus at the door of Newmarket Station, and after sundry tackings, stoppages, and collisions, are eventually landed in the White Hart Yard.

What remembrance is it that comes back so suddenly as we gaze up and down the long street—as different in its aspect of to-day from what we have known before, as is light from darkness! Where have we previously seen the uneven pavement, the ill-shaped houses, the contracted shop fronts? What is it that we find so familiar in the almost solemn quiet, in the windows from which no faces gaze, in the air, the light, the whole being of the place? Back rush our thoughts, and before us rises a vision, so distinct and clear, of just such a November morning years and years ago, when we looked out upon just so deserted a street, where the silence was profound, and the grass grew between the paving stones. It is far away in the high Yorkshire land that the little hill town lies of which we speak, but the family resemblance is as striking as if they lay side by side; and though at such season a stranger might, as we do now, gaze forth in either of them and see the face of no man, an inspiration would not fail to tell him that each town was pre-eminently of the horse horsey.

Sherry? Certainly, an admirable thought; we will turn into the old-accustomed bar, so often visited when the midnight hour was at hand, and ‘the boys,’ somewhat in their cups, were beginning to be noisy and argumentative, and inclined to bet heavily, and occasionally a little at random. Bless and save us, we should scarcely have known the place again! There is no need to-day to effect an entrance by sheer force, elbowing a passage through a mob of bawling bookmakers and bemuddled backers. The little room that has so often rung with the stentorian voice of the Fairfield squire is to-day as still as a forest’s heart in summer time; and as we stoop to pat the pretty dog upon the hearthrug, there is, as we live, no sound to be heard save the ticking of the clock!

Out again into the quaint, straggling, old yard, and so for a stroll towards the Mill Hill. Heyday! what is all this; why, here we have come down to Newmarket for a couple of days’ quiet, and, behold, we have fallen upon the fag end of the fair! However, there is not much cause for disturbance, for the shows—those abominations in the sight of the thoughtful—have all gone. There is no clang of villanous brass bands to wake us from our day dreams, and no shrill voices from rickety platforms invite us to ‘walk up.’ A dozen years have elapsed since we last saw a fair. It was in the good Saxon land that we then wandered, amidst long rows of booths, and past shops teeming with buyers and sellers of all nations. It was in Leipzig market-place that we rubbed shoulders with Polish and Russian Jews, and crafty-faced Greeks, and grim-visaged Turks, and hard-headed Swedes when; the talk was of diamonds, and hides, of pipe-sticks and caviare, of Manchester prints, and Siberian ermine skins. Newmarket, it must be admitted, is a little behind Leipzig in the value of its merchandise, and the variety of its attractions.

Let us pause for a moment and look about us. The sight that presents itself is rather a dreary one. There are half-a-dozen dark green caravans, the thin wreath of smoke that issues from the tiny chimneys pressed down and scattered by the heavy atmosphere and drizzling rain of a November noon. Quantities of damp straw litter the muddy ground in all directions, and, what is much worse, there is an unmistakable smell of damp straw whichever way we turn. A couple of dingy wooden erections inscribed with legends written in chalk to the effect that Bury sausages may be had within. We peep cautiously through the half-opened doorway of one of them. The interior cannot be called inviting, as nothing is to be seen save a brazier of smouldering embers, and a broken wooden chair. It is clearly too late for Bury sausages. Let us proceed. The caravan of a wandering photographer, its front fairly hidden by dozens upon dozens of sixpenny portraits of the size that pedestrians in the Euston Road know full well. We recognize the lineaments of more than one Newmarket celebrity, and marvel at the courage they have displayed, firstly, in submitting themselves to the tender mercies of such an artist; and, secondly, in permitting their portraits to be hung side by side with those of the scores of obtuse, of brutal, and of idiotic faces that invariably form the overwhelming majority in displays of the kind. This stall is German enough in its character. There are the same clumsy wooden figures, the same shadowy dolls, the same cloudy, greasy mirrors in tawdry frames. Neither are the musical instruments of dismal tone lacking, nor the wooden firearms, which so speedily get out of order and leave their gallant bearers defenceless; and, as abroad, there is good store of pictures, scriptural and otherwise, alike questionable in taste, the saints gorgeous in crimson or yellow trousers, the ladies somewhat lavish, to our puritanical notions, in the display of their redundant charms. We have exhausted the sights of the fair, and turn away to seek amusement elsewhere; but anon the visit shall bring us into trouble, and voices and eyes will alike be lifted to reproach us for forgetfulness and want of gallantry in the matter of 'fairings.'

And now we may fairly say that we have told all we saw out of doors during our first afternoon at Newmarket. Stay, Martin Starling *without* a red coat should not pass unnoticed—the novelty, indeed, is of so startling a nature, that for a moment the well-known wielder of the whip almost escapes recognition; but save in the case of this worthy, not one face do we encounter in our frequent perambulation of the town, with which, as a race-goer, we are familiar. Where is everybody? what is everybody doing? There is no race meeting on to-day to take them from home, and yet they are not to be found on the heath, and the street knows them not. Is each Newmarket man's home emphatically his castle, in which he shuts himself up under lock and key, issuing forth during the meetings alone, to prey like an ogre of old upon defenceless strangers? Are they all engaged in some unhallowed amusement or pursuit that will not bear the light of day? It is true that from time to time

subtle rumours have reached us, that at Newmarket (appropriately enough) there still take place, once and again, those 'Battles of the Spurs,' which our forefathers loved so well. But enthralling as such combats may be, they cannot surely compel the attendance of every man the town contains. The problem is a curious one; we will smoke the calumet, and muse and sleep upon it.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Souvenir! she's that gray filly in front, and she has just come home from York Spring. Oh, yes! she beat Shafto easily enough; and they'll have to make haste to keep in front of her at Epsom. The brown Vatican colt has no name, but he looks like running a bit.' Halloo! where are we? and what's all this ringing in our ears about Souvenir and Shafto? Oh! to be sure, we are in bed at the White Hart at Newmarket, and it is Sunday morning, with the sun shining brightly in at the windows. But what in the world made us dream of those old Richmond horses that we used to watch crossing the roughly-paved street as they wended their way towards the Out Moor?

Tramp, tramp, tramp! the ring of hoofs surely enough, and hoofs of racehorses too. No doubt the once-familiar sound had caught our half-waking ear, and in an instant our mind was far away in the home of our youth. Need it be said, that, heedless of spectators 'over the way,' we dart to the window and feast our eyes upon the beauties as they walk past in long and well-kept file towards the heath? The youngsters look as youngsters in a crack stable should look, even at this trying time of year; and the boys on their backs are neatly clad, and, like their bearers, look as if they were well done by. Both are creditable alike to the trainer of Hermit, and Vespasian, and the bonny black Knight, who will himself depart to-morrow to do battle on classic Warwick ground.

Anon, breakfast despatched, we smoke the cigar of impiety, and determine that for once in a way we will set custom at defiance, make the most of our holiday, and decline to go to church. Surely he who breathes fresh air so seldom may be pardoned if he exchanges the air of a church (damp perhaps), and the sermon of a clergyman (it may be the best in the world) of whose abilities he knows nothing, for the great discourse preached by Nature—a discourse that makes no distinction of creed or sect, but ever tells a story of mercy and goodness, inculcates a faith and belief such as no mortal voice can possibly convey to thinking man? But first let us sit awhile in the coffee-room window, and inspect the groups of those who, in a better frame of mind than ourselves, pass up and down the high street.

Sunday morning in Newmarket appears to be pretty much the same as it is anywhere else. There are quiet, happy-looking family groups bent churchward. Papa, a trifle stiff and pompous, perhaps; mamma, a leetle too conscious, it may be, of the bonnet and of the sensation it creates (shall we say, of the anger it causes?) amongst beholders of the softer sex. The young ladies look conscious,



mince, and giggle gently—a laugh in Newmarket streets is strictly forbidden, as giving evidence of ‘fastness.’ The young gentlemen are as uncomfortable as young gentlemen always appear to be in country towns, when garbed in their best array. Under the eyes of the sweet sex they stiffen, and walk as if an enchanter’s wand had for the nonce conferred upon them wooden legs. Relieved from the inspection of such fair enslavers, and confronted with their fellow-men, they adopt that indescribable swagger seen only in the case of church-going and returning swains in country places, and bear themselves like the gay gallants they are.

Well, peace be with them all! Now that the bells have ceased tolling we will sally forth for a stroll, and, wrapped in the warm embraces of our trusty ‘Ulster,’ dare, for a time, the breezes of the heath at the top of the town. There, despite of a gale that would make the mast of a seventy-four-gun ship quiver, we will wonder and admire as the sun bursts through the rain-clouds, and holding hat to head, gaze on the long melancholy rows of white rails, never seen before by daylight save when they were lined with carriages and horsemen and *oi pallor* of the racecourse. What rudely-fashioned objects those telegraph-posts are, to be sure; and surely those boys playing at pitch-and-toss under the lee of the stables would be much better at church. Here a guilty qualm hints to us that the subject is not one that we can well venture to handle; so we struggle on, with the wind rumpling our flowing locks, and taking our breath, and ruffling our temper, until nature can bear such rude assaults no longer, and we hasten back again, wondering where all the dogs can be located that are howling so dreadfully; what the report of a gun on a Sunday morning means; whether the nursemaid with the two infant charges is not ashamed of herself for running the risk of their catching croup in such a tempest; and pitying the poor White Lion for the loss of his mane—the whole of the crop of leaves, namely, erst born by the shapely tree that fronts the portal of that well-known hostelry. Then the remainder of the day passes merrily in the company of pleasant people; and, ever anxious to view the town from different points of view, we walk up the middle road to the plantation just as the sun is setting behind Newmarket in the autumn afternoon. The smoke is hanging over the famous training town in a fleecy cloud; the lights and shadows are charming; the country round about picturesque enough; and we cannot but marvel that some enterprising photographer has not availed himself of such classic views as this and ‘The Bushes,’ advertised them well, and realised a little fortune by the sale.

Waning space warns us to hurry over this preliminary picture of Newmarket out of season. We avoid, therefore, more than a passing allusion to the pleasant hours of smoke and whiskey spent in the cheery White Hart apartment devoted to such evening joys, and the horsey talk of the Sunday-evening droppers-in there. A second morning sees us at our old point of vantage at the coffee-room window, watching the children hurrying at the last stroke of nine to

school, slate in hand, and we are bound to add, to the credit of the rising generation of Newmarket, apparently without reluctance. Then we drop in upon our old acquaintance the barber; and he tells us, as he exercises his craft, that so many of this, and so many of that trainer's team have departed for Warwick; and in justice to him let us add that his very straight tip about Pladda for the Nursery 'comes off.' The single spark of excitement running through the town is in connection with the elections, and the favour in which the father, the late Duke of Rutland, was held, seems to have been transferred to the son, for Lord George Manners is evidently a very hot favourite indeed, and one whose partizans are not disposed to hedge at any price. The allurements of the coming contest have apparently exercised an evil influence on the business of the Thespians at the Public Hall, and we fear that the 'houses' drawn by 'The Mother's Dying Child' and 'The Dead Hand' at that temple of the drama would not be sufficiently remunerative to recompense the company for their talented exertions.

If possible, Newmarket on Monday is more like a city of the dead than it was on Saturday. We stand at the entrance to the White Hart yard and puff a fragrant weed, glancing now up, now down the town, and ever, Sister Anne-like, murmuring to ourselves that there is nobody coming! Stay, here comes John Daley, trotting down the hill on a brown pony, with a saddle buckled behind him. It is not difficult to guess his business this fine morning. We gaze up and down, up and down, for ten minutes more, and, for all the life we see, might as well be in the middle of Salisbury Plain.

Then our thoughts and feet travel once more heathwards, and we wander out again, eagerly inhaling that pure bracing air, that is, to our fancy, ten times more invigorating, more cheering, more hunger-creating, and more quickening to body and brain, than all the seaside breezes that our shores can boast. We lounge quietly—quite alone, mind you, for here lies the great charm of the walk—along the well-remembered road between the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch finishes, oft traversed before, with feelings widely different to those which render everything about us to-day so bright and pleasant. There is ample time to moon as much as we please; to stop every ten yards or so and gaze around; to pick up stones and throw them at the saucy yellow buntings that flit before us, alighting every now and then to gaze curiously at the intruder, waiting until his footsteps are close upon them, then, like a coy maiden, flying his approach. A vast flight of chaffinches, a few linnets, too, amongst them, if our eyes deceive us not, are feeding by the wayside, filling the air with their pretty calls, pleasing the sight with their brisk movements and the flutterings of their tiny wings. As we approach the gate near the Cesarewitch finish, a hare, so large that at first sight we marvel somewhat as to what manner of beast may be emerging from the wilderness of the heath, comes cantering towards us, apparently heedless of danger, until, suddenly conscious of the presence of man, puss stops, pricks her ears, and turning, spins away down the

course with the speed of a racehorse. We wish her good deliverance if it so happen that next week she be called upon to seek safety from Ask Mamma, or Hecate, or Jewel.

What a peaceful, half-wild, half-pastoral scene it is! The Bushes rise up clear and distinct against the keen sky beyond; the stand, weather-beaten enough by this time, is so silent, and lonely, and deserted, that for all notion it gives of having ever been tenanted, it might as well be some gaunt rock in the heart of a pathless desert. Down in the direction where the ring hold their mart at race times there is a vast flock of sheep with their tender and his dog, the only living things in sight; and before, and behind, and around, spreads out the great heath, the Belgium of racing battle-grounds—that great heath, the love for which grows upon any one who loves horse-racing with his whole heart, as grows man's love for woman. Farewell, dear heath, until the pleasant sun of spring once more shall smile upon your charms, and we, a willing captive to your fascinations, shall once more press the springy turf that forms the Rowley Mile.

S.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE DERBY DIFFICULTY.

‘To be, or not to be.’

THE present aspect of affairs with regard to the question which serves just now to keep alive the usually dormant excitement among turfites during the ‘silly’ season, threatens, if protracted, to lead to such serious complications, and so thoroughly to upset the general order of things as they have existed for years past, that some discussion of the merits of the case, so far as the racing public are concerned, may not be considered out of place in these pages. For the sake of sentiment alone, there are but few among the great body of our countrymen, be they race-goers or not, who would not regret the suppression of a national race, such as we are wont to consider the Epsom Derby, putting aside the fact of its general influence on all classes, and the interest and attraction centred in its decision. But it cannot be expected that sentiment should prevail in an age of which utilitarianism is the most prominent characteristic; in which turf speculation has become a recognized calling, and the proprietors and controllers of racing schemes have risen from comparative obscurity to a position alike conspicuous and lucrative. Therefore in the discussion of the subject we must needs leave sentiment out of the question, and confine ourselves to bare facts and their probable issues; and we must also dismiss from our minds any bias which a perusal of the strictures of eager rival partisans in the sporting press may have led us to adopt. And although at the present time it seems hopeless to expect that any compromise can be effected before

the entries for the Spring Handicaps appear, it must be borne in mind that those events, important as they are, sink into utter insignificance in comparison with the great race of the year. And in some respects it might not be undesirable that the races at the Spring Meeting should be run over the new course, with a view to set at rest for ever the question of its capabilities, of which we can as yet form no real estimate, on account of that spirit of partisanship which we have before alluded to. Afterwards, when the opinion of the public, whether favourable or otherwise, shall have been taken on the subject, there will yet remain the problem to be solved as to how the Grand Stand Committee will be able to keep faith with the owners of horses entered for the Derby without in some way agreeing to terms which they have denounced as excessive and exorbitant. No one can question the perfect right of Mr. Studd to purchase what might naturally be considered remunerative property; and if the Grand Stand Committee had been permitted, through the indulgence of a former lord of the manor, to pay a mere nominal price for a portion of the land over which their races were held, they had no right to complain of being harshly treated if the new owner demanded a rate of payment consistent with the value of the land to the Committee, and proportionate to his outlay in its purchase. We do not pause here to inquire who was the ruling spirit in the councils of the Grand Stand Committee; it is the voice of the shareholders which comes to us, no matter who may be their spokesman, and we have no reason for assuming that the smallest as well as the largest proprietors had not full freedom of speech in their deliberations on a matter affecting the interests of all alike. But in advertising their races to be held over land which they had no guarantee would be at their disposal, they acted most indiscreetly; and nothing they could have done, except a forcible entrance upon and occupation of the forbidden ground, could possibly have been better calculated to rouse the indignation of its new owner. That the deed which they asserted gave them the right of user was invalid and useless they have clearly shown by their proceedings in the formation of a new course, instead of an appeal to the law, which, if sustained, might have left them masters of the situation. Obviously, then, some steps in the acknowledgment of their error should have been taken, and some apology tendered to Mr. Studd for the unwarrantable liberty they had taken in announcing their presumed ownership of the ground in question. Unfortunately matters were allowed to proceed until they assumed their present aspect, and, meanwhile, the bare possibility of there being 'no Derby' in 1869 has had its palpable effect in the slackness of speculation and general lack of interest taken in the great race of the year. And yet in the face of the impossibility of the race taking place over any other course than that originally advertised, the Grand Stand Committee are pursuing the aggravating and purblind policy of intimidation (for by no other name can it be called), and are most assuredly bringing down upon themselves worse consequences than they seem to be aware of. If, as the truth appears

to be, they are really liable to almost any amount of actions in the event of the Derby falling through, what can they hope to gain by the course which they are now pursuing but additional infliction of expenses, and severe humiliation, to say nothing of the loss of the confidence of the public? They surely are not flattering themselves that the terms once offered, and arrogantly rejected, will ultimately be reduced; nay, have they not reason to suppose that a still higher demand will probably be made, should they continue to endeavour to obtain by pressure what they might have secured long ago by diplomacy? We have no reason to doubt the accuracy of the statements in the public press as to the price given for the land in question; and, basing our estimate on those figures, we cannot see that the yearly rent demanded from the Grand Stand Committee is otherwise than a fairly remunerative one. And it is not surprising that, in the agitation of waters formerly so still and placid, other things have come to the surface; and claims not before enforced have risen like ghosts to make confusion worse confounded. There is every reason to suppose that such claims might have remained long dormant, had not a mere assertion of right in self-defence on the part of one owner led to a consideration of their interests by others, who might with equal justice demand a fair and reasonable compensation for liberties which heretofore have been enjoyed with immunity. Public opinion, too, which is mainly in the right, has gone against the Committee, whether from a sense of neglected public interests or nice distinctions of justice it is impossible to determine; and a further measure of indignation will be drawn down, should the abandonment of the Derby be added to the long list of grievances which are alleged against the Committee. And a feeling, too, of uncertainty and insecurity will be engendered, and the public, instead of taking alarm at the abolishment of a festival, which they look for as regularly as the recurrence of Easter or Christmas, will hear without apprehension rumours of the removal of the race to scenes where no interruption is likely to break in upon the untroubled future of its anniversaries. Murmurs have long been rife in the sporting world of the likelihood of some such step as this; but they have always been eagerly quelled by torrents of disapprobation from those who have long regarded it as the carnival of the racing season. That the present course is one of the very worst that could be selected for the decision of a great race has long been tacitly admitted; so that the only reason for its future use is mere matter of convenience to those desirous of attending, and of emolument to those who cater for the amusement of the million. The system of railroads has now brought places formerly unknown within the reach of all whose presence is profitable or desirable on a race-course; and an excellent provision for the annual saturnalia on Epsom Downs might be made under the present system of paltry plates; for few of the real revellers would miss the Derby race from the card. The 'Cup' races might be abstracted from Ascot or Goodwood without materially detracting from the character of the sport; but Epsom

depends solely upon the Derby and Oaks for its popularity, and equal, if not superior, plating form can be witnessed much nearer to home by those interested in an inferior class of sport. Seeing, therefore, that the Derby is to Epsom as the apple of its eye, it surely behoves the authorities to pause before taking a step which might end in their total discomfiture. The Jockey Club cannot long remain inactive, and as soon as their interference is called for they will be backed by the moral support of the many interested in a common cause. And it can hardly admit of doubt, that should the Grand Stand Committee, in their rejection of Mr. Studd's terms, go so far as to render void the great event of the year, that the goose that has hitherto laid the golden egg with such laudable punctuality will take her wings and flee away to some region where her home may be more securely fixed, and where a fairer course may be thronged with an assemblage of choicer tastes and more refined attributes than that which is dispersed by the A division on the Derby Day. Should the Committee be compelled at last to accede to Mr. Studd's demands, even only for the two succeeding years, they would do well to take thought and amend their present programme, which is hardly in keeping with the prestige of their Meeting. Let a more liberal policy inaugurate the opening of their new course, should it prove a successful venture; and let them model the arrangements of their Grand Stand after the *régime* so highly appreciated at Doncaster and elsewhere. Let them remember that the Briton, patient and long-suffering though he be, when once aroused to a sense of his position, is most persistent in his endeavours to abate grievances and clamour for his fair rights, and abominates intimidation and bad faith as much as he admires straightforward and honest dealing. Racing Committees can no longer expect to reign supreme, 'as gods 'together, careless of mankind.' Year by year, and day by day, the public take a keener interest in racing pursuits, and are becoming more truly alive to the manner in which affairs should be conducted; and a mean modus of added money or an objectionable line of conduct, though it may fail to keep them away from their favourite pastime, will nevertheless be potent to reconcile them to a removal of their sphere of enjoyment to a more distant, but perhaps more suitable locality. Our earnest wish, then, is that an early adjustment of the dispute in question may put an end to our doubts and fears, and the Derby Day may see us again upon the old track, watching the successor to Blue Gown as he creeps up the hill, sweeps round the 'Corner,' or steals along the 'upper ground,' on his road to victory.

AMPHION.

1869.

‘Orphan hours, the year is dead,  
Come and sigh, come and weep !  
Merry hours, smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep.  
See,—it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.’

SHELLEY.

*Laus Deo.*—One more year has been rung out, and the merry chimes have just ushered in another. Let us hope, to the readers of ‘Baily’ all round the Wrekin, that it may prove brighter than the last, gladsome as that may have been. The anniversary of an event ever appeals to feeling, and the nativity of our common Adam inaugurates a catholic rejoicing in cottage, mansion, and palace, with an identity of sensation experienced alike by all,—for the colour and rapid flow of blood wherewith the heart is gladdened by joyous pulsation is of the same quality in the eyes of an equal and kind Nature. ‘Le Roi boit’—a merry Christmas and a happy new year.—‘Altrettanto,’ responds the Lazzarone—the same to you, O king !—and they hob-nob in heart. Let us look at the Cotton Dives upstairs. Lazarus is still at the gate downstairs, and the dogs are still licking his sores. Then cometh the morrow—heigh presto—topsy turvy—hysteron, proteron,—and searching down, down, in the burning depth of the crater of Vesuvius,—behold ! Cotton Dives and working man Lazarus have changed places,—upstairs and downstairs,—the locations having varied marvellously to the distaste of the one. It is just the difference of the ministerial Ins and the ministerial Outs.

Fast friends of the covert side—take the qualifying adjective in any sense you like—we wish you a long life and a happy one. The duration of the first, however, is grateful only whilst running in couples with the last. Who would desire an existence prolonged as that of the well-known Countess of Desmond, unless possessed of the temper, health, means and appliances to make that existence enjoyable according to the diversity of taste ? We are disposed to dispute the precision of one of those homely sayings, full of point, albeit slightly deficient in grace, that the fun to which Lady Anser is prone, is always relished by Sir John. No such thing. Let them gang their own way, having the necessary wherewith ‘di cavare loro ‘capriccio.’ We do not intend to be brought to book literally and Saturdaywise for a free translation of this elastic maxim in the Decamerone of Boccaccio. Applied affirmatively in the prodigality of benevolence, it might make the genus Spurgeon to lift up their voices, and to sing one, if not all five, of the penitential psalms. But it is a truth—the son of Bathsheba proclaimed it himself, in defiance of education, doctrinal and corrective—‘Naturam expellas furcâ tamen ‘usque recurret.’ Horace said so—Plato before him, and it may be found even in a snug corner of the amiable Paley. Keate at

Eton did his best with the birch, and failed. Therefore to each, according to his fancy—black spirits and white, red spirits and grey—that mingle, mingle in the vortex of this charming world, we wish roseate happiness and stalwart health to enjoy it.

A word about that famous Countess of Desmond who lived over 140 years, having been born in the reign of Henry VI., married in that of Edward IV., and dying in the reign of the first James, 1620, or thereabouts. It has been satisfactorily proved that her maiden name was Katharine Fitzgerald of Dromana, in the county of Waterford. Sir Walter Raleigh, in his 'History of the World,' states having visited her on his homeward voyage from Portugal in 1589, at her castle of Inchiquin, in Munster; and Sir William Temple, in his work on 'Health and Long Life,' mentions 'that the late Robert, Earl of Leicester, a person of great observation and truth,' had known her 'at the court of King James, at the age of one hundred and forty, having come from Bristol to London to beg some relief from Court, having been very poor by reason of the ruin of that Irish family into which she had married.' It may be said also that a lady was living in this century who had been told by an aged person in her youth that she was the daughter of one who had been at court and conversed with the old Countess of Desmond; that the countess had been noted, in her young days, for riding and dancing; had hunted with Edward IV. at Windsor, and had danced with Richard III. in Crosby Hall; that she said the hump on his shoulder was barely visible, and that he was otherwise a very handsome man.

A portrait of the venerable Countess is in existence at the house of Mr. Herbert, at Mucross Abbey, Killarney. On the back is the following inscription: 'Katharine, Countesse of Desmonde, as she appeared at ye Court of our Sovraign Lord King James, in this present A.D. 1614, and in the 140th yeare of her age.' She must have wished and have been augured in return many and many years of a good fortune, that to her was granted in the case of longevity alone. Perchance the same was to her as a very dolour, unless she solaced herself with the idea of having hunted with the handsomest king, and danced with the greatest villain of that age.

There go the cathedral bells, Big Ben of Westminster, his fellow Tom of Oxford, and Bob Major of Exeter, with a crash, and in the infinitesimal subdivision of a second, 1868 belongs to 'Auld Lang Syne.' It strikes a chord of sadness—but bring quick 'the cup o' kindness,' prescribed by the genial Rab Burns as an antidote to the sorrow of his immortal lay, 'Man was made to mourn.' Nay, nay, —'we are na fou, but just a drappie in our e'e,' and we drain the Hayne bowl, with the wise caution perceived only when the bottom is reached—

'Drink fair,  
And don't swear.'



'locks,' scorning the barren past, and impatient of a fruitful future—

'I'm owre young, I'm owre young to tak' me from my mammie yet ;  
But if ye come this gate again  
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.'

'And that's a thruth, by the holy mass,' says Pathrick ; 'so on this  
'blessid opporthunity 'av 1869, Widow Mulligan, Cushla Macree,'

'Let us dance like divils till morning,  
And rowl to bed dead drunk with whisky.'

Now Tom of Lincoln, swinging out with an echo that should reach the grass grounds of Leicestershire and the Vale of Belvoir in the far distance, clangs away with his resonant and joyful voice. 'De-  
'functos ploro.'—Ta-ta, '68—good-bye, old fellow—going—gone—  
and away you must when Old Nick drives, and he is at my side this very instant, looking over the fens of Lincolnshire. 'Pestem fugo.' I forbid blank days in spite of the vagabond of Cole Overton: well, said, Tommy: 'Festa decoro,' away, away! forty minutes, best pace, up wind, with a good start from Ranksborough Gorse. Who would desire a more jubilant festival after a baptism in the Whissendnie? Is it not an advantage to have been at Eton with Ben Drury, and to have learnt the knack of construing Latin with the freedom of a Gladstone Spoliation Bill?

Throughout Europe, let it be said the world, from the first day of the mistletoe to Twelfth Night, reigns the Lord of Misrule, varying in his festivities according to the taste and genius of the people. In China it is the Feast of Lanthorns,—where Tsin-pater surrounds himself with materfamilias and her pledges, and invites his friends to feast with him in a huge lanthorn of thirty-five feet diameter, constructed for the occasion, resplendent in rainbow colours, and with a hospitable board profusely supplied with bird-nest soup, dogs 'en sauce poivrade,' and cats 'en rissoles.' But a stray spark will occasionally ignite the varnished fabric, during the jollification with the forbidden opium, and then there is lamentation and a fricandeau of Tsin piqué. In India, the dutiful son carries his dying parent to the banks of the Ganges, places him within reach of the rising river, and leaves him to be washed away by the holy stream on this fortunate day, whereby the venerable father becomes assured of eternal bliss. How filial! In antagonism to the water of the unbelieving Pagan, the believing Christian appeals to fire, and in Rome and Spain heretofore roasted his heretic, and would again if he dared, on this Catholic holiday, so that his soul might be purified from the crimson sin of free thought. In complimentary accord with the Roman Pontiff, the King of Dahomey, at this festival in Africa, sacrifices his prisoners in a communion of bloodshed.

'Le jour de l'an !'  
'Gai ! gai ! chantons amis,  
De ce qui se passe à minuit dans Paris—gai ! gai !'

But that is the province of What's What, The Boulevards team

with etrennes. From the Emperor to the gamin, from the jewelled bracelet to the simple ring of gold, the offerings come in profusion, borne by the lacqueys of aristocratic wealth to the respective altars of incense, or carried, *propriâ personâ*, in a more humble guise en sabot, to receive a beaming smile and a sweet salute. 'Mais oui—c'est de tout cœur—c'est ça.' Madame la Duchesse—la Grisette 'fraiche et appetissante,' has the best of the bargain.

The iced city of the Tsar demands a potent concoction to effect an interior thaw. Be that as it may, on paying the New Year's visit it is correct that, underneath the multitudinous wraps of fur, one should be clad in summer costume, out of compliment to the lady of the palace, in order to signify that her saloons have all the geniality of southern latitudes. This etrenne is at times expensive, and is not paid for in roubles or jewels,—but by the loss of the tip of a frost-bitten nose, or a finger, or eke a toe, or of any other prominent morsel of more or less value in physics.—'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle'—eh? And now we are truly in the sunny south, the 'lusinghiera Parte-' 'nope,' in the region of macaroni, where on the shore of the Chiaja, or at Santa Lucia, the Lazzarone revels in company of Arlecchino and Pulcinello. 'Viva Bacco e viva amore, l'uno e l'altro ci consola.' Let us pass by Rome—quick. The Pope and Antonelli usually provide one or two 'soggetti' for the guillotine at the Porta del Popolo, to inaugurate the New Year and to make it lively according to the benign notions of him of the Fisherman's ring. Via. Beautiful Florence!—Yes, Arno 'wins us to the fair white walls 'of the Etrurian Athens,' where 'Plenty leaps to laughing life :' Gay bands of singers go from house to house singing, as Italians only can sing, the popular melodies of the 'gran maestro Gioacchino Rossini, at whose obsequies, so lately performed, the mourning spirit of Mozart's Requiem mingled with that of his own incomparable Stabat Mater. On the Lung' Arno appear the first signs of the coming Carnival, with its masks and revelries, that are fast disappearing before the sager proprieties of a more masculine and deserving Italy. Wherewithal with their becoming advance in patriotic policies they still can prefer just claim to the eulogy of the Rossinian quatrain—

' L'Italiani sono cortesi  
Fatti sono per farsi amar.'

Leaving the marble palaces of the Medici, styled historically 'The 'Fathers of their Country,' whose New Year gifts alike to wives and concubines were the bowl, the dagger, and the noose, wend we northward to the Teuton homesteads, where sour kraut is manufactured after a fashion that shall be nameless, and where, by other peculiarities, the doughty Saxon obtained from Petrarch the appellation of 'la Tedesca rabbia.' But the Christmas-tree of that ilk, with its pendent appendages of glittering trifles, is pleasing to the sight, and yet more so are the happy faces of children devouring, with eager eyes, those tantalizing bon-bons, in anticipation of a coveted possession. Take it, kindlein—it is wrapped in silver paper, whereon

is written a wise saw. Ay, throw it away; it is all bosh, is it not? and let the bon-bon go slobbering down by the via Appia into the stomach, where to-morrow there shall be griping and gnashing of bowels. Yea, as the child is, so is the man Teuton—ever greedy, gothic, and greasy.

Farther North still, and we are once more in merrie England, on this New Year's Day, 1869. God save the Queen!—not the crownless one of an unfaithful democrat,—but a Majesty 'de jure et de facto,' reigning over loyal hearts as over sea and land. All happiness, health and wealth, long to live, to the best and kindest Sovereign that ever sat upon the throne of England—God save the Queen! Lo! the wassail bowl is steaming graciously and savourily,—whilst around are the bright garlands of Christmas with the mistletoe in the proper place. Where is that? it may be pertinent to ask—is it ever out of place? 'At York,' says an ancient author, quoted by Brand in his 'Popular Antiquities,' 'they carried the mistletoe to the high altar of the Cathedral, and proclaimed a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom, to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people.' And as these wicked people did under the mistletoe, in the Cathedral of York, receiving plenary indulgence therefor, let it be said to the readers of 'Baily' all round the Wrekin, Go ye and do likewise. Give us the Hayne bowl. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year,—e Viva!

'For men may come, and men may go,  
But years go on for ever.'

## BRITISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES.\*

BY THE 'GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

THERE is one person of considerable repute who has not scrupled to speak his mind in defiance of what we will call the national prejudice on the subject of manly exercise. That gentleman is the Lord Rector of Aberdeen. He has stated that 'Athletics have now assumed the dimensions of a national calamity;' and although we cannot go with him the whole length of his assertion, it really leaves in the mind much food for consideration whether we have not sacrificed something of our dignity to the pleasure of a very ephemeral notoriety. We should like to steer clear of the Lord Rector, holding, as we do, very orthodox notions on the benefits which are derived to Englishmen from the cultivation of sport; but we shall think twice before we endorse the modern suggestion that *all* games, exercises, and British pastimes are essential to our well-being, and that rowing and cricket are suggestive of the highest intelligence, or Alpine climbing of poetical cultivation.

But we ought not to confound under one name things that are so essentially different as sports, games, and athletics. Partaking each

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of a character which is always honoured in this country, and included necessarily under the head of pastimes or recreation, we would willingly defend or attack them *en masse*, but for the fact that our respect for each is widely different in kind and in extent. Nor can we imagine the indiscriminating stomach which pretends to digest the strong meats of racing, hunting, shooting, or cricket, with the properties which have made men famous at Copenhagen Fields or Beaufort House; unless, indeed, it be upon the principle that strong meat is none the worse for being accompanied by vegetable fare.

Sport, without respect to its etymology, has always been regarded in this country as a pastime in which man's intelligence has called in as his accessory the 'beasts of the field.' Games vary materially from one another. There are games of physical skill, as cricket and billiards; others are mere sedentary recreations, as chess and whist—differing, indeed, in their requirements from rouge et noir and blind hookey, but none the less games in the sense of recreation. Rowing, like athletics, is a manly exercise, and yachting is a gentlemanly amusement, demanding personal skill, or getting on equally well without it under the superintendence of a sailing-master and a steward. Where shall we put Alpine climbing, but in a category which, whatever its shortcomings, has the charm of belonging to those feats in which courage and endurance play a most conspicuous part.

We are well-nigh tired of the Olympic games. We hear of little else from those who apparently knew but little about them; and the names of Pindar and Pausanias are made to do duty for those who have few arguments of their own to adduce in support of their theories or assertions. It seldom occurs to those writers who are always drawing comparisons between Beaufort House and the 'pentathlum' or 'quintertium,' that the athletes of the most civilized of ancient peoples were the exact reverse of our own. They were the professional runners, throwers, and wrestlers, while the amateur element went by the name of 'agonistæ,' or competitors. To the victors were assigned indeed certain privileges and pecuniary advantages, among which was a freedom from taxation, clearly pointing to a pleasure which we do not enjoy, that of dipping their hands into the pockets of Government instead of into those of their friends. This should be of value to the Lord Rector of Aberdeen and his followers, as well as the fact that the arena exhibited a contest at least as intellectual as it was physical. We doubt, however, whether modern competition would be willing to exchange its pewter pots and gay attire for the *pura naturalia* and barren honour of the *kótiwos*, or wild olive of the classic conqueror.

With all our love for field sports and our admiration of their votaries, it seems difficult to regard them excepting in their proper ephemeral light. A heavy book on a subject manifestly better treated in sparkling articles in a serial is a terrible infliction. We scarcely stand in need of the wearisome repetitions of Messrs. Apperly or Carlton. Every week gives us the information we

require on the race meetings in the various parts of the kingdom; and it should be reserved for pages devoted to sport, and sport only, to enter into prolonged discussions on subjects with which outsiders can be but imperfectly acquainted. Mr. Trollope and his *confrères* have done their parts well, and Messrs. Virtue have presented the public with a book which is, at all events, a fair specimen of easy treatment of hackneyed subjects.

As it seems that racing, by common consent, is our national sport, we only ask, Where shall we begin? The Arab is well-nigh done up, and has become paradoxically slow, combining, as he does, pace and endurance. Besides this, we are none of us in accord on the Arab theory. Something undoubtedly we want, not for the race-course, which can take care of itself, but for ourselves. We want in our ordinary high-class hacks, hunters, and carriage-horses, that sublime combination of blood and bone, of quality and substance, which does not keep pace with the demand for it. We want it, too, at a more moderate price. Like the bread we eat, we should like to have the present fourpenny loaf at twopence; and our racing system is not going the right way to supply the article. We cannot do without the thoroughbred horse, and we cannot have him without the race-course. The well-being of the Turf therefore is every man's business. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*

When we get back to the question of a new infusion of Arab blood, we are asked too frequently to depend upon imperfect information. We hear much of the Imaum of Muscat and his presents, which came from India or Persia; of the Darley and Godolphin blood, which was not Arabian, but Barb; of the regions called Nejd, as the land of a horse unequalled in beauty, strength, pace, and endurance, even on Newmarket Heath, and almost unattainable by price. Did the Muscat prince cajole the English one? and have we really not yet had a first-class Arabian in our country? The worst of these questions is that we have no competent authority to answer them. The gentlemen who have been into Central Arabia are excellent travellers, but are they equally good judges of a horse? If they were credited by the majority of racing men, or breeders of high-class horses, would no one have been found with sufficient spirit and money to have become the purchaser of at least one or two of these priceless animals? We should like Admiral Rous's opinion upon the question, independently of Abd-el-Kader; but the halls of Westminster have fewer terrors for him than the sands of the Great Desert. Besides all this, is it certain that no care and assiduity nearer home will supply a want the existence of which we are fain to admit?

The race-course has a great public duty to perform which it utterly ignores, and a private one to which all its energies are directed. When racing men talk about their private property, and their rights, they forget the share the nation has in all public services, and in its own reputation; setting aside the mere pecuniary interest which pervades every Meeting, and which exercises a vast influence

on the sport. When Mr. A—— tells us that he has scratched his horse because he cannot get on; or Mr. B——, because he is in the hands of Mr. C.; or Mr. D——, because he chooses to do so, we tell Mr. A——, Mr. B——, or Mr. D——, that he is simply swindling the public. It is an unfortunate condition of the Turf that he puts his hands in his pockets and whistles. The same conduct towards a private individual would have forfeited him his place in society as a gentleman, and in the world as an honest man; and very little advance upon it would have put him in an awkward position at the Old Bailey. But the private interests of the Turf are best served by quantity, not quality; and as the same conduct obtains with a large majority, and is winked at by all, it will be useless to hope for a remedy.

But the public duty of the race-course is definite. It is the encouragement of the thoroughbred horse for the propagation of useful stock. Let us inquire how it performs it, and what is the result. It sanctions the excessive training and running of horses at two years old for the sake of quick returns, and to satisfy a gambling mania, which is considered so dangerous to society, that all other doors to it are legally closed. It sanctions the utter destruction or waste of *staying* capability, and the partial loss of stamina at five or six years old; a time of life when their early progenitors, to whom we owe our fading pre-eminence, were only beginning to run: for the confirmation of which fact we refer our readers to the statistical tables in the 'Sporting Gazette' of December 12th, 1868. It has caused the value of high-class horses to depend solely on their capacity for putting money into the pockets of their owners, closing its eyes to the nefarious practices by which this object is attained. And the results are such as might be expected. The marketable value of horses has risen far beyond the proportionate depreciation of money, to such an extent that the man of moderate means must forego the *pleasures* of riding altogether, and if compelled to mount must be satisfied to enjoy its *risks*. It is not too much to say that the horse useful for general purposes, the field or the road, has reached two-thirds more than its value of a quarter of a century ago. As to the increase of quantity we say nothing. The demand has to be met, but the manner in which it is met reflects discredit upon the source whence it comes, and is only tolerated by a widely-spread ignorance, or disregard of personal safety, not uncharacteristic of Englishmen in other matters. It is useless for the defence to urge that there are as many as, or more good horses to be met with now, than formerly, if it be true that bad and unsound ones predominate beyond all calculation. That they do so is admitted by every nobleman or gentleman who wants to get together a stud or to buy a couple of hacks; while the prices range to such an extent, that in these days of money-making, competition brings its powerful aid to necessity to make a market.

The fact is that we have lived to see the race-course turned from its original use to its worst abuse. We cannot even admit that it is

'the noblest gambling in existence,' but are inclined rather to regard it as the most culpable; for it has perverted one of the grandest pastimes and the most valuable of national customs into the most pettifogging of businesses, and reduced an honourable and generous sentiment of speculation to a degradation far below that of the 'Stand and deliver' of the highwayman of the eighteenth century. The race-course, in its secret interior life, is a spectacle over which honest men are weeping, and which gentlemen are leaving to its fate; which must vanish as a national pastime unless unexpected support come to its assistance. There are great exceptions to every case, and of course to this; but it is not too much to say that dukes, marquises, earls, noblemen, and gentlemen of every class, are struggling and fighting at the shrine of Mammon, and that they have set up their idol on Newmarket Heath. It is on the race-course, and nowhere else, that unlettered calculation, unrestrained self-indulgence, sordid avarice, and profligate venality, not confined to class, are only to be found. It is there that bankrupt nobility, runaway clerks, whitewashed tradesmen, and speculative counter-jumpers are to be found congregated—votaries of the same goddess, and worshipping her with an ardour only equalled at the ceremonies of the *Bona Dea*. Venus never was worshipped at Cythera as Mammon is at Newmarket.

And where is the Jockey Club all this time? It is either 'a scourge to the evil-doers,' or it is nothing. Since the days of George the Second it has increased in external weight and reputation; and certainly a body of gentlemen who have sufficient influence to direct the counsels of Parliament, which it did on Lord Redesdale's Bill, ought not to shrink from the responsibilities which its very name invites. Yet it declines to take cognizance of betting, and exercises no more moral influence over the members of the Turf than if it had no existence at all. Not many weeks back it rejected an opportunity of anticipating the courts of Westminster in pronouncing an opinion on the most remarkable case in the present Cause List. It would have exercised its functions in a most laudable manner could it have settled that mysterious question which agitates society, without dragging before the public the names and reputations of those directly or indirectly concerned in it. The revelations of no racing man, dragged out by the tortuous process of cross-examination, can add lustre to his own position or honour to our national repute. Such things are far better left to the decision of a conventional body like the Jockey Club. But it declined to act; and has thus acknowledged its incapability or disinclination, on an occasion as we think peculiarly adapted for the exercise of its powers. We venture to think that that decision has given satisfaction to no one with the well-being of the Turf at heart; though it may gratify the malice and serve the purpose of scandal-mongers, and those few members of the press who, like the *Saturday Reviewer*, exhibited a marked distinction between the education and the feelings of the gentleman, upon the melancholy

decease of a young nobleman closely and painfully allied to the subject before us. We were sorry to see that if the late Mr. J. D. Cooke carried away with him some of the brains, he has left all the malignity of that periodical behind him.

If it be pleasanter to write about the race-course than to meddle with it, the reverse of that is the case with hunting. It seems impossible to do too much, or to say too little about that glorious sport. There is not one single particle connected with it, from its antiquity, its nationality, its statistics (which are unfathomable), to its increased numbers, pace, and dangers (which are inappreciable), which has not been run to ground or worried to death by every writer who has been in the same parish with a pair of leathers and a pink. Surely Delmé Ratcliffe and Scrutator have written fully enough upon the noble science for those who want instruction. The breeding of hounds, the duties of huntsmen, the biting and riding of your horse, the varieties of countries and fences, and the way to negotiate them, have employed the leisure of every writer since Nimrod was honoured with a niche in the 'Quarterly Review.' And as if our pages had been mute on such a theme, as if Whyte Melville and the Gentleman in Black had never existed, here we are again, in the year of grace 1869, pursuing the same fox, and tossing him up and down for a fresh burst, as we have seen a sapling greyhound do with her first leveret.

However, we must do Mr. Trollope the justice to say that he does not move our bile by slang phrases or the vulgarity of conventionalities; and he makes, what we hope may prove a funeral sermon, as cheerful as it well can be. He surrounds us with old acquaintances, our prowess in the field, and the incapacity of any other nation to compete with us; with the national *bonhomie*, so charming on paper, the absence of jealousy and universal philanthropy, so really wide of the mark; and he claims for hunting the fox such an extent of influence, as, true or false, proves his unmitigated admiration for hounds, horses, masters, servants, railroads, foxes, fences (practicable or impracticable), sportsmen, riding men, flyers, funders, and everything, croppers inclusive, that has a *souppçon* of the science about it. We go with the author of the 'Essay on Hunting' in the 'St. Paul's Magazine' from find to finish; but we should have preferred it in practice rather than theory over Leicestershire, from John o' Gaunt to Gumley.

Hunting has not much changed in the last thirty years. It had changed materially in the previous half century; and those who have been indulged with the private memoranda of the great sporting houses from 1760 to 1814, such as exist in the library at Althorp, will understand what we mean. A few noblemen and country gentlemen took the air and a gallop over their own country, unmolested by rough-riding, pressure, and the hundred drawbacks which have since surrounded their favourite sport. The horses were excellent, the land undrained, and the runs good. Hunting, as *hunting*, not mere riding to hounds, was perfect. Then came



some decades of increased numbers and expense, laws, regulations, and establishments, which made it a rival to the national sport, and opened its arms to all that could afford it. We are obliged here to correct the mistaken idea that hounds and horses are so much faster than formerly. It must be remembered (and it very seldom is so) that scent makes pace. A good-scenting hound goes faster over a country in pursuit of game than a higher-bred hound with less nose. Sir Charles Knightley and the great Lord Althorp, in 1815, went as fast over Northamptonshire as Sir Rainald Knightley and Lord Spencer in the present day, and on horses as good and highly bred. It was the *οἱ πολλοί* who were less effectively mounted, because they had less money and fewer horses to choose from. In fact, there were fewer hunting men by one half. Lord Wilton, thirty years back, rode as *fast* as he does now, from Thorpe Trusells, but with no greater nerve and less experience; and twenty-five years back there were complaints in the Pytchley country of want of elbow room, from the number of London men who came down by the rail. The bitch packs of Lord Southampton and the Pytchley of those days have never been surpassed for pace; and the most competent authorities on hunting would admit that half a century has seen but little alteration, save in the numbers who hunt and the facilities afforded for doing so. In that period there always have been hallooers, thrusting riders, Manchester gentlemen, horsemen, sportsmen, and duffers, and there always will be; only possibly their numbers may increase, to the detriment of sport and the delight of the fox.

Shooting is a different matter altogether. It has destroyed its charms in a great measure by its progressive improvements. Gunning is better, but shooting is worse; and in inverse ratio to one another. The breech-loader is come in and dogs have gone out; and putting aside battue shooting for the present, the method of beating a turnip-field would astonish our grandfathers. An army of sportsmen and beaters annihilate time and space by never stopping to load, and by shooting with a severity of precision which would soon thin a country of grouse or partridges but for a corresponding severity of preservation. We are great admirers of well-organized preservation, as diminishing the temptation to crime; and if abundance brings, as it should, game at less price than formerly to the tables of the middle classes, it certainly is difficult to gainsay these positive advantages. Much game and no preservation encourages idleness and depredation. The same may be said for fishing, a sport for which, in its highest grade, its patrons claim, with some justice, the highest place on the list. English sportsmen have put to the rout the Horatian proverb that men praise only the occupations of others. '*Laudat diversa sequentes*' is not true of the advocates of any known pastime, each upholding his own with a pertinacity incomprehensible to outsiders. In this case, too, the tackle has been improved beyond all expectation; but it is affirmed of the ordinary methods, and with some justice, that a little gipsy, with a stick

and a bent pin, does, not unfrequently, more execution than the best-appointed angler. We do not believe that guns have become more efficient than before; but there are more good makers, and the people behind them know better how to use them. There are noblemen who have not yet taken to breech-loaders, excepting as a sort of speculative recreation, whose muzzle-loaders are carried by keepers, and who do not therefore dread the effects of dirt or the loss of time; and our own experience gives no decided preference to the one over the other. Of course more game is killed, less danger is incurred, and the pleasure of the weapon, where you load for yourself, is undeniable. Henceforth dogs need never be broken to 'down charge,' nor need your mediæval friend count upon catching his wind in a dirty stubble, while you reload; but, with all that, we miss the beauty of a day of old, when two-thirds of the pleasure resulted from seeing the work of dogs.

But for the much-abused battue-shooting, commend us to the quickness and cleanliness of a breech-loader. It is not every man who can afford an army of loaders; one man to each is as much as you have a right to expect, unless you are a millionaire or an old woman; and in a hot corner at Bradgate or Enville, and in a hundred other places, without four barrels at least in succession, a great many birds will go back. It must be remembered that a man does not shoot his cover every other week, and that it is an object with the master not only to make a good show, but to kill as much game as he stands in need of on given days. A very deaf ear should be turned to the old-fashioned stories about barn-door fowls and the tame bred pheasants, who first eat out of your hand and then get up to be shot at; and driving grouse or partridges is a criterion of skill which distinguishes the every-day shot from the most experienced and quickest gunners of England. If English youth is degenerating, which we are far from saying, it is not because science has introduced the breech-loader, nor because game preservation is so extensive that it requires advanced material to kill it. It may be unlimited smoking in early years, the substitution of occasional athletics for a general love of country pursuits, a preference of the race-course to the field, or the billiard table to either of them; but it is not the increase in the preservation of game or the easy means of killing it. Those who like wild shooting can get it still, and many a manor remains to be walked over with more prospect of exercise than of game. Of fishing, and of every other sport, the same may be said; and we can hardly endorse the opinion, that because there is a minority of the 'jeunesse dorée' which likes basking among breech-loaders and battues, that there is no more manhood left among them. It must not be forgotten by such writers that the ranks of the aristocracy continue to supply our best amateur horsemen, as well over Leicestershire as over the Grand National and the great metropolitan courses.

And here we are warned that space will be wanting to do justice to rowing, cricket, Alpine climbing, yachting, and those many

manly exercises which deserve more than a passing notice at our hands. We have dwelt long on sport, from a simple inability to shake off the subject. On rowing and cricket the world has pronounced a very decided opinion. They are mainly represented in England by the great matches; and the former has been too often disgraced by an indifference to fair dealing which ought not to characterise so great a school for the development of self-denial and skill. Instances are too well known to render details necessary in so sweeping an accusation; and the fact of poor men rowing (as formerly was the case with the prize-ring) for large sums of money, seems to show that they act only in these matters as the servants of less scrupulous masters. If we examine the question of health, we cannot endorse the opinion of Professor Skey and the paternal code of physics which accompanied his suggestions. That much injury might be done to naturally delicate oarsmen by over-exertion we can well understand, but the art of training in our universities and on our rivers is too well understood to make such cases anything but exceptional. The perfection of rowing, either in a crew or with a pair of sculls, is so beautiful, that we can forgive any amount of enthusiasm short of that which (we can hardly imagine seriously) places it amongst our *intellectual* employments.

Less cannot be said for cricket. It has its faults, but they are such as attach themselves entirely to infirmities apart from the game. It is a brilliant exhibition of nerve, temper, discipline, activity, and practice, and so characteristic of England, that it has no *pied-à-terre* worth mentioning in any part of the world, independently of our colonization. Miserable attempts have been made in France and Germany; in America its existence is precarious in the extreme; and what Australia has done for it, has been by the laborious 'coaching' of English teams. If we had space at our service we might be disposed to treat with some severity the professional element, which has been pampered unnaturally, till it has turned upon its patrons, like the artificially warmed viper in the fable; and we might offer the strongest recommendation to amateurs to throw over a graceless and ungrateful burden, and act for themselves in a game peculiarly adapted to gentlemen in its leading points. There will always be a sufficiency of well-conducted professional talent to serve our purpose, without buying services by any sacrifice of our own position.

Alpine climbing, apart from purposes of science, is an outburst of pent-up animal spirits among men who have not the usual resources of a country life. Mr. Alfred Wills and Mr. Kennedy, Professors Forbes and Tyndall, are not to be deterred from their mountain excursions on the Matterhorn or Wetterhorn, the Jungfrau or the Grindelwald, by any terrors arising from the misfortunes and fatal accidents of less experienced travellers. To the well-trained mountaineer there is in this exercise a maximum of pleasure at a minimum of risk; and when a Leicestershire man talks to them of the risks of avalanches and crevasses, of false steps and rolling boulders, they

may safely reply by a reference to bullfinches and double post and rails, with the chance of suffering from the carelessness or stupidity of others, when their own skill or their horse's capability is never at fault. Accidents will happen, but scarcely one has happened in the Alps which cannot be traced more or less to imprudence, inexperience, or want of nerve. As a rule, men deficient in physique do not usually become oarsmen or Alpine climbers, although neither requires that their natural forces should be supplemented by an extraordinary amount of strength. In both, training and practice, and a fair share of unimpaired health, will be found to set at nought the bugbears with which their professors have been lately threatened.

Yachting is a gentleman's amusement as pre-eminently English as the name is Dutch. It encourages seamanship and the spirit of enterprise. Its patrons have been, in heroic ages, 'founders of colonies, and pioneers of commerce and civilization;' and it is no small gratification to think that the English flag is carried at the mast-heads of about 1740 vessels, which are fitted out at the private expense of English gentlemen, without any purpose beyond that of agreeable occupation or manly pastime.

To enter now upon the round of athletics, or even to attempt any part of them, would be a dangerous task. They have their advocates, who would not fail to penetrate the joints of our harness wherever a weakness of attack or defence should show itself. We do not look upon them with the favour which we have always bestowed upon field sports, because we believe that they have been too frequently undertaken to further unworthy purposes. There is a spirit of gambling of a low class attached to them which militates much against them; and the professional element belonging to them generally is of a low class. In the sports of the field there may exist to some extent the same faults, and athletes may argue soundly that the example of the race-course has infected their amusements; but we should reply that such delinquencies were the separable accidents of sport, while athletics appear rather to have been coincident with, or to have sprung up simultaneously with them. We may be wrong, but such is our impression, and we would conclude by advising all the clubs—university, volunteer, civil service, or provincial—formed for the promotion of running, jumping, throwing, or other feats of strength and agility, to discourage that taste for low gambling, and that unennobling inclination for substantial rewards which is becoming well nigh universal. We have already said that books on the subjects we have dealt with are almost out of date. The process of writing them with any spirit of philosophical inquiry, and they are worthless without it, is something like breaking a fly upon the wheel; but we must say this for Mr. Trollope and his coadjutors, that they have preserved a tone and sentiment throughout which does them credit, and renders these reprints from 'St. Paul's Magazine' well worth a place on the shelves of every library.

## FOX-HUNTING, ITS FUTURE AND PROSPECTS.

HAS the chase deteriorated? is a question that forces itself often on the attention of those who have its best interest at heart. If so, what are the reasons, and can a remedy be found? Often we are assured by men who should know, that fox-hunting is not what it formerly was; and in some instances we are inclined to believe they are right, though far from agreeing with those who prophecy its total extinction. In the face of all that has been written, we find more hounds than ever, no countries of any consideration are given up, and though the boundaries of some are changed, it is only a concession to altered circumstances, and generally rather conduces to the increase of hunting than detracts from it. That long runs, such as tradition hands down to us as having been enjoyed by our forefathers, do not now take place so frequently as formerly, we admit. But what is the reason? We are not content to do as they did, and give the fox a fair start, but must gallop him down, either with or without hounds, as soon as he is found; consequently, burst as he is in the first ten minutes, he either yields up his life, or dodging short down some ditch, beats hounds that have never time allowed them to ascertain, by using their olfactory nerves, where he is gone. In those happy days so much regretted by many, sport was in the hands of, comparatively speaking, but few people. They had followed it from boyhood, and pursued its pleasures as sportsmen: the shooter went out, not for the sake of slaughter, but to exercise his own skill, both in using the gun and getting within fair shooting distance of birds naturally wild and shy; in fact, he pitted his knowledge and skill and the goodness of his dogs against the instinct of the game he was pursuing. We need not point out the contrast between this system and the one in vogue since battues and driving game have come into fashion. The same in hunting. Men go out now, not to see the hounds do their work, but to race against each other. It will, perhaps, be asked how has this change come about; and the only answer to the question is the immense increase in the numbers of those who call themselves sportsmen. This has been in a great measure brought about by the prosperity of the trade and manufactures of the country, and by the facilities that railroads offer to the dwellers in cities to get quickly into any part of the country they may wish. Formerly, when travelling was both slow and expensive, the tradesman who had made money was contented to spend it on those amusements which the town offered; but the cheap and easy transit offered by steam has entirely changed this. Muggins has made money, how or in what manner is nothing to the purpose, but money he has made. The first impulse to a man so situated is to enjoy his good fortune; and as sport is, we believe, deeply implanted in the very nature of every Englishman, to that he naturally turns. Being, probably, a middle-aged man, and not much used to equestrian exercise, he wisely eschews hunting—

it would bring his person into danger, and that forms no part of his proposed plan of enjoyment. But he can shoot. And here, though he may be in more real peril than on horseback, it is not so apparent to him; and if his own list of killed and wounded is not very extensive, he can always find some good-natured fellows with time on their hands who will knock his birds down for him and dine with him afterwards. But where is he to get shooting? Nothing more easy. He has money, and there are plenty of people who will give shooting in exchange for it, and his wants are soon accommodated. But Muggins is a man of pounds, shillings, and pence, and by no means cares to exchange his wealth without a sufficient return, or what he considers a sufficient return. Of the real beauties of the sport he has no appreciation, because he does not understand it; and a few brace of birds killed over a good day in November or December, after a scientific beat, when they are wild, would to him be tame work. Besides, he has no time for that sort of thing. When he does spare a day, he wants a certain amount of shooting, and either to kill or have killed a certain amount of game. The consequence is, he must preserve largely, and get up a great stock of game, to enable him to do this. Putting the best construction on it, and allowing that he will not have foxes killed at the same time, this very fact of game being extensively preserved is prejudicial to hunting, because foxes then come by their living so easily that they are fat and lazy, and have but little inducement held out to learn a scope of country. But the greater probability is that Muggins has found game to be a marketable commodity, and so, having seen that shooting is, after all, an expensive amusement, he lessens that expense by selling all he can. Most likely he argues in this manner: 'I am 'no hunting man; I neither know nor care anything about it. I pay 'a large sum for the right of killing the game on this manor, and if 'foxes take my game, why should I not kill them? And Plush says 'that they do kill the game.' A parlous case for the foxes this. We know these doings are not confined to those who rent shootings, as narrow-minded proprietors are often themselves guilty of fox murder; but it must be admitted the hirers of shootings swell the ranks considerably, and every one lessens the chance of sport. Then comes the question, Will this last? We fancy not, and sincerely hope the evil will work its own cure. It was only the other day a landlord publicly delivered his opinion on game preserving in a manner that shows there is a tendency amongst landlords to give up the battue system, and rely on a moderate stock of game for sport. During the past few years a great deal of attention has been directed to the question of over preserving, and farmers are beginning to take the matter into their own hands. In fact, what with the rinderpest, short crops, dry summers, and the price to which land in the present day has risen, they can stand no extra burdens; and where game is preserved to a great extent, the landlord will, ere many years, have to choose between his land tenant and his game tenant. When it comes to this, there is not much difficulty in predicting which party will go to

the wall. Be it not understood that we consider the farmers, as a class, averse to shooting : such is by no means the case. It is only the over preserving they cannot put up with. In fact, they are forced now to calculate much more shrewdly than was formerly the case, and have taken to the ugly custom, when they see a field covered with hares or rabbits, of trying experiments, and discovering how many sheep or oxen what they eat and destroy would keep. And small blame to them. Thus we fancy the evil will work its own cure, and one source of the decline of fox-hunting be removed. With regard to farmers, we think they are becoming far less prejudiced every day, and more inclined to open their eyes to the benefits they derive from the chase : at the same time, more enlightened ideas have shown them the very transient nature of the injury done to their crops. The example of the Midlands proves that where they use wire fences they are willing to remove them during the season ; and despite the angry feeling that the late election has engendered in the Shires, and the present dearth of foxes in those localities, we hope such a meritorious practice will continue. Of course some pig-headed curmudgeons there always will be in every county, but they are the exception to the rule. Thus far we may hope better things for the future. But there is another cause for the deterioration of the sport, and one far more difficult to remove. Though our friend Muggins does not hunt himself, he has, perhaps, two or three sons who do, for young men who have the means are nearly sure to take to the pigskin. Now these young fellows have the means to purchase good horses, and will have them. They can easily, also, learn how to ride hard, if not well, but as regards the science of hunting they are all at sea. They fancy hounds have nothing to do but to get out of their way, and they are quite right in going as hard as they can after them. They have no one to tell them better ; and if they go to books on the subject, with very few exceptions they see nothing but glowing accounts of men going away with two or three couple of hounds, and after doing unheard-of feats in the jumping line, distancing all but a chosen few. Naturally they try to emulate these grand performances, and hounds are altogether disregarded. Verily those who instituted the custom of recording and lauding this systematic over-riding of hounds have much to answer for. Men are always prone enough to this evil, and when fields were smaller, and composed only of those who may fairly be termed sportsmen, there was mischief enough done ; but now, when crowds upon crowds flock to every fashionable fixture, each with the determination to ride as hard and as fast as his horse can carry him, hounds have but little chance indeed, and it is no wonder that huntsmen have got into the custom of continually lifting hounds and making casts forward for miles at a gallop. The only comfort left the lover of hunting is, that when hounds can run for any time together the greater part of the crowd is lost sight of ; for few of this class can go beyond ten minutes, by which time their steeds are pumped out, and should the second horses not turn up,

there is some chance for the hounds. These crowds, the too thickly planting of gorse coverts, and turning down foreign foxes, who have deteriorated the breed, have caused a decline of sport in the fashionable counties. But this is by no means the case elsewhere, thank Heaven ! There are districts where wild foxes are still found, and good runs shown, and the goddess of the chase, driven from the fairer portion of her realms, yet smiles on many a rural district where as ardent followers of the sport greet each other as ever assembled at a Leicestershire fixture. Difficulties there certainly are, in the shape of the larger amount of stock kept now than formerly, and the extra work done in the fields, causing foxes to be oftener headed, but these are not insurmountable. The remedy that can restore the chase to its pristine vigour, and keep these large, unruly fields in order, and the only one that will achieve these desirable ends, is the accession to power of men who are thoroughly up to their business as masters of hounds—men who know how the thing should be done, and will have it carried out. These are few and far between, and their stern rule may for a time be unpopular, until its beneficial results become apparent. But if hunting is to become what it formerly was, it must be in the hands of such men as these ; and, moreover, it cannot be done in a year or two ; it requires the right man got into the right place, and that he should stick there. With masters who know what is what the wild galloping system of hunting hounds would soon be abandoned ; and when they are again allowed to exercise the faculty, we shall soon see our present race of foxhounds hunt as low a scent as their ancestors. Thanks to the hereditary packs, the blood still flows good and pure as ever, and with them hunting is still to be seen in all its beauty. While the Rallywood blood is yet to be seen on the Lincolnshire wolds, or the matching tans race their fox across the Belvoir pastures, while the badger pied ones rest on the Badminton tenches, or the grey Cromwells are seen amongst the live hunters at Berkeley Castle, we need not fear for our race of foxhounds. And have we not a Tailby and a Thomson, of standard fame in the Midlands as really scientific masters of hounds ? Has not the blood of Portsmouth and Poltimore become famous in the Far West ? and are not Lord H. Bentinck's old favourites fallen into hands that are sure to do them justice, and keep up the Burton prestige ? With numerous young ones, who have within this year or two taken to handle the horn themselves, and some very promising aspirants there are amongst them, we need fear no decline in the ranks of our gentlemen huntsmen. Altogether we may look forward hopefully, despite present drawbacks, and once get the battue system into disrepute, a great step to the advancement of fox-hunting would be gained. Like everything else, the chase has internal abuses, as well as external foes to contend with, and real sport, such as our fathers loved, will not be obtained until hounds are allowed to hunt, and men ride after them instead of the fox.

N.



## THE SHOEING OF HORSES.

‘*Populus vult humbuggi, et humbuggendus est* ;’ and perhaps in no branch of the veterinary art, rife as it is with deception and trickery, has more quackery been prevalent than in that little piece of handicraft known as ‘farriery,’ or ‘horse-shoeing.’ Every age has had its inventor, who, in nine cases out of ten, has turned out to be little better than a charlatan—a polite term for impostor. At first sight it would appear that the application of a suitable shoe to a horse’s foot was a feat not difficult of accomplishment, yet the contrary is the fact ; and until quackery or specialism in horse-shoeing is abolished, and common sense is allowed to prevail, there is little hope that the condition of horses’ feet will be ameliorated.

We are led to make these remarks in consequence of a pretended new system of shoeing having been foisted upon the gullible English public, and which system has met with much patronage and puffery, but which ‘system’ or ‘method’ is no new one at all, as we shall proceed to prove. It has been said that ‘there is nothing new under the sun ;’ but we believe we have seen a few novelties in horse-shoeing. We are old enough to remember Professor Coleman’s ‘method’ of shoeing horses. The ‘Professor’s’ shoe was a novelty, certainly, the like of which had never been seen on earth before ; if it had, all traces of such an implement had perished. It was a sioping shoe, and was three times as thick at the toe as at the heel, consequently the hoof of the animal had to be pared away to make room for the ‘Professor’s’ invention. The Professor’s reputation brought the shoe into considerable notice, and for some time the shoe was much used—more to its inventor’s profit than to his reputation. The poor horses suffered, but the Professor lined his pockets. Then that puritanical little prig, Mr. Bracy Clark, thought there was a good opening for him, and *he* invented a shoe, or claimed to have invented one ; for his enemies—and he had several—asserted that his hinge shoe was no invention at all, but was to be seen in every farrier’s forge before little Bracy was born. Mr. Clark first of all tried for several years, but unsuccessfully, to prove that shoes were not even necessary at all. It was all in vain. He then waged war against nails, and declared that shoes could be fixed on horses’ feet without nails. He contrived several plans for fixing shoes on without nailing. He did not meet with much success in that line. He then ‘invented’ the shoe which he wished to be known as the ‘Bracy Clark shoe,’ the invention of which he claimed as a ‘great discovery, which would form a basis for the repose of the profession.’ The shoe was a common-shaped one, with a hinge-joint at the toe. It went down for a while ; then a Mr. Rotch, not to be outdone, invented a shoe in *several pieces*, held together only by a piece of leather in the shape of a shoe, to which the bits of iron were riveted. There was almost a war—a very fierce *paper* war certainly took place—between the advocates of Mr. Rotch’s plan

and Mr. Clark's. Indeed, a sort of triangular duel took place; for there was a 'French system,' which had numerous advocates, and the partisans waxed very warm. Death to one of the parties or to one of the systems was impending, when Mr. Goodwin, the king's veterinary surgeon, very adroitly trailed a red herring across the path of the disputants, and *he* 'invented' a shoe entirely unlike any of the others, but with extraordinary merits of its own. The old antagonists forgot their quarrel, joined together, and made common cause against the interloper. Nor was Mr. Goodwin's 'method' invulnerable. Though admirable in many respects, its great objection lay in the fact that it was convex on the foot surface; still it was a vast improvement upon the other methods. It was subsequently brought into disrepute by *cast-iron* shoes on Mr. Goodwin's method being introduced, whether at Mr. Goodwin's suggestion or not we are unable to say with any confidence. But at any rate the cast-iron shoes were extensively used, and on the London pavement, as might have been expected, many horses came down, broke their knees or legs, and the shoes got the blame, and fell into bad odour. It would be wearying to trace the art of horse-shoeing through all its phases and grades for the last quarter of a century, and most of our readers must be familiar with innumerable innovations and so-called improvements. The last 'novelty' is a characteristic one, certainly. For the last month the Londoners have been edified by an exhibition in a shop-window in the Strand of a pair of shoes which were 'invented' and 'manufactured' by Professor Gamgee, for the express purpose of being applied to the famous stallion Newminster, who had suffered from crippled feet for years. There can be no doubt whatever of the originality of Professor Gamgee's invention; nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the shape, size, or weight of horse-shoes. At the very least they must weigh 2 lbs. each—an astounding amount of iron to apply to the foot of a permanent cripple! But their astonishing weight dwarfs into insignificance when we contemplate their unique shape! We dare not attempt to describe them; for an accurate description of them would appear so like a frenzied piece of hyperbole that it would be discredited. These shoes must be *seen* for their existence to be believed in. But this by the way of introduction to the most recent piece of quackery in horse-shoeing. The 'Goodenough horse-shoe' is now all the rage, and we are assured that it will very speedily become universal. We have no objection to the shoe itself; the question is, is it an invention or not?—and our opinion is that it is *not*. The 'Goodenough patent,' so far as we can make it out, consists in the fact that preservation of the crust of the foot and of the frog is essentially necessary. The one is not to be pared away till the sensitive frog is exposed, nor the other rasped off so as to weaken the hoof. But surely there is nothing new in all this, and most assuredly there is nothing new in the shoes themselves. In a book entitled 'Notes on the Shoeing of Horses, by Lieut.-Colonel Fitzwygram,' published by Smith, Elder, and Co., in 1861, the whole anatomy of the

hoof of the horse is fully discussed and displayed; and the author enlarged at considerable length upon the necessity of keeping the hoof as much as possible intact, and in one short sentence he denounced the prevalent practice of paring down the frog. He said (page 12), 'The frog must not be touched, except so far as to remove any decidedly ragged parts.' But the Colonel's book, which is only a small one, is so full of maxims, and is so pregnant with meaning and instruction that we commend it to the notice of our readers, or we might quote from every page of it in confutation of the notion that the Goodenough method is any novelty at all. There may be a trifling difference in detail between the Goodenough method and that named by Colonel Fitzwygram; but the principle is the same in both. The Colonel recommends shoes turned up at the toe, and the 'Company' make them with calkins, or what they call 'calks;' but the calks or protuberances on the ground surface of the shoe wear down in the course of a few days, and are of little or no value; indeed, on the shoes for the hind feet we deem them to be decidedly objectionable, more especially for hunters.

If we recollect rightly, a 'Mr. Goodenough' very kindly did the Barnum business for Rarey, when that celebrated charlatan was 'pursuing his calling' in this country. Goodenough 'farmed' Rarey, as Barnum farmed Tom Thumb; and he found the game a paying one. A 'Goodenough Company,' therefore, has been formed, not for the purpose of teaching their grandmother how to suck eggs, but to instruct John Bull in the 'humane method' of shoeing his horses. We have little doubt that the company will flourish; for England is full of flats, who will swallow anything that comes from 'across the Atlantic.'

J. H. S.

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#### PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

Most respected, and, I trust, respectable reader, I beg leave to wish you a very happy new year. May your shadow never grow less—unless, indeed, you are 'banting,' or wish to ride a steeple-chase—may you have good sport, and all of you have the 'best of it' in every 'best thing of the season' (this is, I think, usually had once a week, and with the 'very same fox you found 'last Wednesday was a fortnight'). May your horses stand sound at Melton, and training at Newmarket; may your 'book' afford a pleasant study; may your appetite be good, and your dinners better; may your champagne be as 'dry' as is the last edition of Pommery and Grenot, your claret acrid and plentiful; may you all take in 'Baily,' and, in a word, I say, I wish you many happy returns of the January number. In Paris, this same New Year's Day is not a thing on which to congratulate oneself. No! Wise people flee from the city of Lutetia on that festive occasion, and take refuge in England, or 'fly south,' like swallows. You see, you must give everybody you know something, from a brougham and pair (this to *Mlle. de la Cançanière*) down to a box of bon-bons. Nothing is too hot or too heavy to 'present' and 'receive' on the 'Jour de l'An.' With a large acquaintance this gets mono-

tonous at last! And then there are the other members of society, who are kind enough to pretend to attend to our wants for an annual stipend and their wine, each of them must be fee'd; also the tradespeople's boys, who never bring home anything when they say they will; also the tradesman, his wife, his children, and I really believe, if he had a stranger within his gates, you would have to give him five francs. Every waiter at every restaurant, the postman, who for eleven months out of the twelve has let your letters and papers deliver themselves, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-cleaner, all come together to get 'cent sous' on the first day of the New Year. Then you have to expend halfpence, till the gross sum is considerable, in five-sou stamps, which you put on small envelopes, into which you put cards, and send them off open to everybody you have ever seen, getting back in return bushels of pasteboard! It is the beginning of the 'season,' though, and so the Parisians put up with the present inconvenience, remembering the approaching rapture! Another season! Lord! how easily people are amused!

The shooting at Compiègne has been excellent this year, and every kind of game has increased since last year in a proportion which speaks up highly for the keepers. Poaching is not, however, very serious round Compiègne, and they have an army of watchers. They have shot about eight times, and killed about 16,000 head. The 'hunting' has been very much what it always is—a pretty sight, and the less said the better about sport. The last day was a regular 'lawn meet,' and a good many strangers went down. Among those best known in London was Mr. H. Poole, on one of the Emperor's horses. There was also present an 'Amazon,' who, when it comes to riding, can beat all the others into fits! Considering her recent death and burial, she looked and went well. It is all over now, unless any true sportsman likes to go down to Compiègne and see the Marquis de l'Aigle hunt the wild boar. The Court has returned to Paris, and so we may say, on we go again. As yet there is but little 'Life,' and for 'Sport' I fear we must wait till the spring.

I regret to say that there seems no chance of Captain William Barrow returning, as I hoped, for the beginning of the racing season. He is a great loss to the sport itself; and then we have horribly selfish regrets for lost *déjeûners*, long cigars, and the drive down behind the best coachman and the neatest team in Paris. Yes; we do regret Captain Barrow—ain't we good-hearted fellows? The Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Crawshaw (still with his arm in a sling) are gone yachting to the Mediterranean. Lord Charles Hamilton is going to winter here, and has just brought over a pair of phaeton horses, bought of Major Wombwell, in Ireland, which are the best things out. Apropos, we are leaving off horses, and taking to Velocipedes, which are very small feeders, and never lame. Every afternoon there is a regular tournament in the 'Street of John Gudgeon,' where a school for those who cannot run alone has been established. Among the most promising pupils are the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Charles, and Mr. Wombwell. They get on nicely. Mr. Sloane Stanley has also been in training, but in a private stable, taking his gallops by himself. His performance is perhaps rather (to borrow a phrase from the Bourse) *à la baisse*, and he has met with many reverses; but 'fidelis ad finem' ('I'll stick on at last'—free translation, if he will excuse it) is his motto, and so, Antæus-like, he gets up better after every fall, to the delight of everybody, for he is much too cheery a boy to be hurt. Paris begins to look lively; but now we are confined to our native liveliness and the very few English residents. Those great families which posted from

Calais in family coaches with twenty servants, took hotels in the Faubourg, caught the best cooks, and gave perpetual dinners—the ladies giving a ball a fortnight—existed, no doubt, in the days when Coningsby came over to stay with Lord Monmouth, but they do not exist now. The 'Bois' turns us out a great crowd, and one out of about fifty of the 'conveyances' (pardon, but I must use the word) is worth looking at, and ten to one that it comes from London, and I would take twenty to one that it came from 'Peters.' I do not say that the French coach-builders cannot design—they can; but their conceptions are heavy, and their colouring as a rule detestable. They are artists, perhaps, but their works would be condemned by the 'hanging' committee, for they run so heavily. We have no great celebrities in the 'Bois' as yet, and, indeed, are pervaded with the overwhelming weight of respectability. Never mind, the Carnival is coming; and see if we shall any of us be dull, or even respectable then! No! 'Evviva la Follia!' We have no stray strangers here either this year—fellows, you know, who come over for two days, 'don't you see,' and stay a month. Your Elections are one reason, and the weather is another. We have had a series of 'bad nights,' which would bring back Newmarket to many of your readers, and a succession of storms which would have burst the drum of 'some tall admiral'—let us say Fitzroy. About the middle of the month the Duke of Hamilton (who travels thousands of miles per week, and is not particular to a wave or two) went down to Calais with Major Byng Hall, our respected Queen's Messenger—who must have seen as much bad weather as any sailor in her Majesty's Navy—and the sea was so bad that they both—and, indeed, I may say the captain too—hesitated to start. Somewhere towards morning the despatch-bearing Major did effect his passage; but his description of it was indeed 'fit to make a dog sick.' Lord Charles Hamilton charged from the opposite shore, and was very nearly defeated. They were six hours from Dover to Calais, and all but lost; so it is no great wonder that we have no great crowd of here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow visitors. Well, I don't know how it is, but I do not like that 'treacherous element;' and I declare I would rather any day ride a first-class hunter through a good run—the run of the season, indeed (having, of course, a second horse out, both belonging to friends; and surely they would not forget the sandwich, and one glass of old brown sherry, to take before the second fox)—from Ranksborough Gorse or the Coplow than make the worst passage that ever was perpetrated in yacht or steamer. *Chacun à son goût*, and mine does not like water. One of the things to be seen in Paris just now is the inmate of a 'Kiosk'—that is to say, a place where newspapers are sold; and imagine that some of the same day's London papers are now sold in Paris before dinner-time—which is situated west of the Grand Hôtel, and south of Thorp's. She is an Andalusian, or says so, and if she is not she should be, and she sells evening papers to her admirers—and their name is legion—at the rate of three hundred per cent. profit. She is chased by all the second-rate 'golden youth'—let us call them the 'plated youth'—of Paris, but she is as chaste as Diana, and so does a good trade in 'Journeaux du Soir,' and, I have no doubt, 'supports an aged mother,' that is, I find, always the climax with people begging for charity, especially if they are orphans. But she is very pretty; and if 'Mabel Gray,' of whom we have heard such a 'lohengrin' here, was tried at even weights with her, I think it possible she might be beaten. It is a perfectly Spanish face, and backed up by the correct comb, and framed in the setting of her kiosk, is so attractive, that I do not wonder that towards six o'clock scores of fathers of families, Members of Parliament, nay, reverend divines, say, 'My dear, I think I will

'just step out and buy the evening paper.' I hear that the fair Gabrielle is going on the stage. As to her prospect of success there I am no judge; but if she appeared at a Spring Meeting at Paris or Chantilly as a 'Bouquetière,' there would be a Vesuvian eruption, and flowers would go off like gun-cotton. This brings us down to theatres and things theatrical. Mdlle. Patti has had an unheard-of season here, and has made the fortune of M. Bagier. As a proof of her powers of attraction, I can tell you that one night that she sang the receipts were 560*l*. The next night she did not sing, and they were under 30*l*. *La Divina* now goes to Russia, and will leave M. Bagier to darkness and to empty houses. We have two new young ones in training, Mdlle. Minnie Hauk, whom you have heard, and of whom a friend of mine observed, 'You will see that when the Hawk sings here there won't be a buz heard' (which we think an average jest), and a Mdlle. 'Gaetana,' also an American. They both fulfil the first duty of woman—though I cannot yet speak of their voices—and that is a great point. You know what that duty is? Domesticity—nursery—early to bed and early to rise, and that sort of thing, you say. Lord bless you, not at all. A great Frenchman has laid down the law. It is this: 'Le premier devoir d'une femme c'est d'être jolie.' The Grande Duchesse of Gerolstein has just got a tremendous engagement to go to Egypt. 'Ten thou.' is about the figure—of course with contingencies. She is to sing and play before the Viceroy for fifteen nights, and arrange the company, &c., &c. Poor Grande Duchesse, what changes she sees! She is for ever being driven from pillar to post, and again from post to pillar, and now she is sent from her German Duchy (and I can assure you she shines at a German Duchy) to the East. She is a clever Grande Duchesse too, anywhere, and here is a proof of it. A little while ago she said, 'You English are very droll. I went 'over to London when I was quite young and really good-looking, and nobody 'looked at me. I go back now that I am old—but how old! and plain—but 'how plain! and the whole city goes into fits about me.' Well, I am sure we shall wish her good journey and good luck there; and let us trust that she will not cause any daring admirer 'to get the sack.' Beaux in her string she naturally will have, but let us hope she will not cause any active use of the bowstring. But something too much of this; we are getting Oriental and must get back to Paris, where, thank goodness, or badness, there are no absurd jealousies. The only 'sac' used is the one in which the valet brings his master's 'things to dress' in the morning, and the only bowstring, or anything like it, is that which is pulled (at about the third time of asking) and which opens the gate at the cry of 'Concierge, cordon, s'il vous plait.' Valentine and Wright have set up a betting-house here, and are, I hear, doing good business; the other betting-houses ought to be doing well, if one can judge from the surrounding crowds. At the Rue Favard, close to L'Opéra Comique, there is an office where thousands of Parisians bet on the very mildest English steeple-chases. The other day one of them nearly had a fit. He had backed Bramah instead of Rama! The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle are in Paris, having come over on account of an operation which Nelaton, the first surgeon in Europe, had promised to perform on the little Lord Lincoln. The operation has, I believe, been perfectly satisfactory and successful, and the boy behaved like a hero, as I understand he has done throughout his suffering, which has been great. Excepting that Lord and Lady Abercorn passed through on their way to Nice, we have had none of those personages which the papers of a certain class delight to describe as 'the upper ten thousand' in Paris this month. Nice is, I hear, very full, though several fond familiar faces are missing, and 'Consquenet' has not, as

yet, set in with seasonable force. You have a railway now from Nice to Mentone, and you may be sure that the trains run so conveniently that you cannot get away between dinner and the closing of the 'bank.' At any rate, it is better than the old order of things; for even if 'cleaned out'—and such things have happened—it is pleasanter to go home on dry land in a train than to be sick as well as sorry in a stupid little steamer. All southern places are full; Florence is crowded 'al quarto piano,' and now as dear as Paris. Why, I remember when life at Florence cost nothing. I wonder if Lord Rendlesham, and some few others of your readers, remember a very pleasant dinner in the Borgo Agni-Santi, which, with every 'luxury of the 'season,' and dozens of 'fiaschi' of wine came to four and twopence a head. They have changed all that with a vengeance. Rome is full, and the 'hunting season' has commenced. Carriages and lunch form perhaps too great a part of this 'chasse;' but with pluck and a steady Irish timber-jumper, there is fun to be had in the Campagna di Roma. As for the extreme east it must be full of snipe-shooting; in fact, everywhere now is quite close to everywhere else, and a man may hunt at Harboro' on Monday and be stalking a tiger in Algeria on the next Sunday (after church, of course). This, however, affects Paris badly, for people do not stop here, but hurry on to the south or east at a pace which only a 'royal messenger' or a travelling Englishman can keep up. A Paris paper lately made a discovery which I am sure will amuse those whose names are mentioned. 'Le Sport,' I think, published the list of 'persons observed' at some English race-meeting, which list included 'Lord Carrington;' upon which another paper falls foul of the 'Sport' and says our contemporary really should know better. Every one is aware that Lord Carrington was the conqueror of Magdala—he would hardly be at races. Of course it was Lord Harrington! So intimate are we in Paris with 'Le Sport et le Highliff' of England! They are trying to get up an Anglo-French club here, to be carried on in the English fashion, but it will never succeed; the few English residents here belong to such different sets that they could never enter the same green-baize doors, and as for the French, they like their own way best. The French are not what Dr. Johnson called 'clubbable' men, and the interior of one of those institutions is as dull to the eyes of an English club-man as the inside of a theatre in the daytime. There is none of the news of the day, the last thing said 'over the way;' no story of how Peter So and So hired his own brougham and insisted on giving his servant something to drink when he got home; no anecdote of Percy Porter going home and asking for the partner (pro tem.) of his existence. 'Where is she?' 'Why, she be gone, she be.' 'Gone, and where?' 'Why, surely she be gone country-wise with that funny gentleman 'who used to drink your old Madeira.' No anecdote of the day, in fact. If you play whist and play WELL, or if you like games of chance and play high, then, I say, go in for all French clubs—*alioqui non*. As for the living at Paris clubs—*erreur, mon chère*. You can get a great 'bourgeois' dinner (and I hope, like Dr. Johnson, whom I quote for the second time, you love sauce) at a fixed hour—now I hate a bourgeois dinner much and a fixed hour more—but you cannot ask your friend to dine at your own hour; and then again—and that is fatal, as I have before remarked—you cannot look out of the windows 'point-blank' on to the pavement. Nonsense! Don't tell me; it is the essence, the 'vrai esprit,' of the club system. If White's, Brookes's, or Boodle's had looked on to a dead wall, or down from a second floor, they would have been 'chocolate houses' still, and chocolate has gone out of fashion.

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December Dottings.

DECEMBER, sacred to pantomimists and Racing Staticians, has dragged its slow length along, leaving nothing behind it very sensational, with the exception of 'the dismemberment of Turkey in Europe,' which did not provoke a word of remonstrance from the Member for Nineveh, as Mr. Layard has been so happily designated. The days have been as mild as mother's milk; but 'heavy wet' has been as great a favourite at night as with the coal-porters of Scotland Yard, and we have seen none of the attributes of Christmas save in the comic literature of the day. Neither have we experienced any of the good turns which happen to the heroes of Christmas books. We have gazed on the 'Guinea Coal Company's' fire by the hour, and never seen a beneficent fairy emerge therefrom, and put us in possession of an estate of twelve thousand per annum, with capital pheasant-shooting. Neither has the vacant crown of Spain been offered to us. And we cannot help thinking the public are getting somewhat tired of these creations of Christmas writers, and give the preference to Reality over Romance. With us Christmas has not the features which the 'Illustrated London News' bestows upon it, and which lead us to believe that the artists of that paper are singularly free from the cares and anxieties which beset the greater portion of humanity. For them the collector of income tax has no terrors; the County Courts are a fiction, and all is *coulour de rose*, which causes ill-natured critics to remark 'all is not gold 'that glitters.' And now to proceed to the doings of the month.

We have had a short Steeple-chase session, as well as a Parliamentary one, each being preliminary to the grand campaign in February; but the debates of the former greatly outweighed, in point of interest and excitement, those of the latter. The three great suburban meetings might have been supposed to have been held in April, so mild was the weather on each occasion, which induced the million to flock to them in wholesale numbers. We regret, however, the soft and genial air did not have a corresponding effect on the tempers of some of the parties concerned in them, as each was productive of a scene which was much to be regretted. At Croydon, Aurifera, who had been backed by her owner and friends to bring home a valuable freight, had apparently landed it; when she was objected to for having gone the wrong side of the course. The case was heard by Lord Poulett, who called in Captain W. H. Cooper to assist him in solving the knotty point. The evidence was somewhat conflicting, several parties maintaining that the mare went the correct course, and if she went wrong, as stated by the gentleman who objected to her, he must have had eyes in a peculiar part of his person where they are not usually found, and where they have not been hitherto discovered to exist, although he has been so many years before the public. The Stewards, thinking the evidence on the other side outweighed that for the defence, decided against Aurifera, and awarded the race to Chippenham, which decision, when questioned by the public, was endorsed by Lord Coventry, Sir F. Johnstone, and Mr. Arthur Sumner; and as all of them have since refused 'a motion for a new trial,' the case may be considered as complete.

Kingsbury, which promises to become the best of the metropolitan meetings, and on the establishment of which Mr. Topham may be fairly congratulated, produced another sensation, inasmuch as The Nun, the winner of the Great Steeplechase, had been declared the night before in all the papers to have been scratched. This was owing to Mr. Wright's clerk having misunderstood a message given him by the private secretary of Mr. Topham, who heard of it



at the same time as the owner of the mare, through 'the usual channels of information.' The consequences to the list men were very serious; the prophets also were damaged in reputation; but it is only fair to state that no blame attaches either to Mr. Green or Mr. Topham, and although Wright was wrong, for the first time, the whole affair was entirely attributable to the carelessness of his official. The Great Steeplechase turned out to be one of the most spirited events ever seen across country, and delighted the spectators. It was throughout a match between The Nun and The Lamb; and never, across the flat at Newmarket, have two animals ran more straight or determinedly, and the riding of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ede was so fine that it would even have reconciled Admiral Rous to steeplechasing. And it is lucky Mr. Johnson was in the box, as the decision of an amateur would surely have been questioned. As it was, Mr. Thomas got up in the last stride, and was declared the winner by a neck. The Lamb party attribute their defeat to the want of pace in the race; while the Nun division ascribe her victory in a great measure to her being ridden in a precisely different manner to what she was at Croydon, where too much use was made of her. We will not attempt to decide this question, but will merely remark that the Kingsbury Steeplechase will long be remembered—

'Both by those who were there,  
And those who were not,'

as being one of the best on record.

'The Epsom Difficulty' is not yet got over, but has a very legal aspect, and already adventurers are hoping, by the aid of sharp lawyers, to involve the Stewards of the Meeting in a sea of troubles if the Derby is suspended for two years, like a delinquent jockey, or dishonest trainer. How the Committee can be so penny wise and pound foolish in their calculations, we are at a loss to imagine, for they have already, by the line they have taken, caused the rent demanded for the use of the part of the course in question to be raised considerably above what Mr. Studd would have originally taken, had he been liberally dealt with in the first instance. And if the Committee fancy the Stewards of the Jockey Club are going to suffer themselves to be drawn into a series of actions by any of the two hundred and sixty-three subscribers to the race, we fancy they are very much mistaken. For it must be recollected they are the Trustees of the subscribers to the race, and are responsible for the stakes. And if they are exposed to any risk in consequence thereof, they may at once annul the meeting, by refusing to allow the use of any of their servants, such as the Starter, the Weigher, and the Judge, and declining to handicap any horses that run there. They would then show they were not 'Images,' but men capable of being equal to the occasion. But we do not think the Jockey Club will be compelled to go to this extreme, though they have been lamentably quiescent up to the present time, for they have only to hint to the Committee their wish to wash their hands of all the responsibility that attaches to them, to ensure a settlement of the affair in a few hours. The alterations in the three quarters of a mile course have been universally condemned, and have even brought into print Mr. George Hodgman, who says that, from having lived at Epsom so long a time, and having trained on the course, he is capable of giving an opinion about it, and he states, after a recent inspection of it, it is so dangerous, he should never ask a jockey to endanger his life by riding over it. Such an opinion is entitled to more consideration than that of most people, and will certainly have its effect on the minds of those members of the Jockey Club with whom Mr. Hodgman entertains friendly relations.

As to the Derby, it seems, according to appearances, to be reduced to Belladrum, Pero Gomez, Wild Oats, Pretender, and Cæthus. Of these Belladrum is the best favourite, and very naturally so too, for the public will always stick to a two-year old who has won ten races and 7,390*l.* in stakes, and who belongs to such a straight runner as Mr. Merry. At the latter end of the autumn he was stated to be a roarer; but according to our own impression of his merits, there will be more roaring about him after the Derby than before it. Pero Gomez is a colt worthy of Sir Joseph Hawley, and the public are to be congratulated on his being in such hands, as the most is certain to be made of him by owner, trainer, and jockey. His form may be said to be the same as that of Wild Oats, with whom he shared the Criterion; and between the two there is little to choose. Wild Oats is a horse that has been accused of showing cowardice and bad temper, and in his first race ran green and awkward with Norman; but some good horses before now have done the same,—West Australian, Teddington, and Hermit to wit; but we believe him now to be perfectly honest, and a pretty good horse. And in fact, if we could learn the innermost thoughts of Belladrum, we should be told that the latter would not shed tears at hearing Wild Oats had been scratched for the Two Thousand. Pretender is growing into a nice horse, and old Tom Dawson has great hopes of his distinguishing himself favourably at Epsom. Cæthus must be admitted to be a dangerous customer to the three favourites, although in the autumn he was not quite up to their form, but he is made and goes like a racehorse. Of the others, Ladas is certainly as good a public performer as the majority of two-year olds we have seen, as he won all his races clean and clever; he is a very resolute goer, and is doing well. There is a certain feeling amongst racing men that the Lambtons do not stay, but since Mercury distinguished himself at Doncaster and Newmarket that prejudice is wearing away. Certain of 'the educators of the people' object to Ladas, on account of his having curby hocks; such, however, does not happen to be the case, as they have been deformed from the time he was foaled, and therefore there is no reason why they should not remain sound as well as those of Victorious and many other horses have done. Ladas belongs to a highly respectable gentleman in the North of England, who though wishing to part with him, will not sell him to any one whose character is not a guarantee for his going straight with him in the Derby. The other Derby horses that we have seen are not worth the pen and ink that would be used in describing them.

The aspect of the Turf has of late been very much discussed in print; but all the critics seem to have lost sight of this fact, that it has entirely changed its nature within the last few years, and from being a pastime has now grown into a business. That it has more votaries than ever, we freely admit; but then it derives its chief support, not from the Nobility of England, but from the Million, who have found speculation upon its results more profitable than manual labour of a more domestic character. Formerly your tradesmen knew nothing about the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, and only thought of the Chester Cup when they saw its name in the bills at the newspaper offices. But now 'tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis,' and our butcher 'puts us 'on a rattling good thing' for the Eastern Counties; while our dairyman tells us 'of a promising outsider' for the Derby. This is a sign of the times not to be disregarded; and we should not be surprised if a few years hence a republic on the Turf was established, and a Ministry formed of the leading bookmakers of the time. It would not be difficult to conjecture of what

materials the Government would be formed, and what newspaper would constitute 'the Ministerial organ.' But we forbear to particularize more fully, save that Mr. J. B. Morris would be unanimously selected for the Presidency of the Board of Green Cloth. We cannot help thinking also that the policy of the Press, in raking up and exposing the follies and losses of the late Marquis of Hastings, was a wise one, as it had the effect of alarming Parents and Guardians, and of deterring young men from embarking on the Turf. And at present, therefore, it is not wonderful that we have no recruits from the Aristocracy, or the Squirearchy of the Land, who have been actually frightened off racecourses by the disclosures which have been made of the ruin occasioned thereon by those who have gone before them. The liberty also which the public presume to take with Noblemen and Gentlemen's horses who have once been backed is another evil, much to be complained of, and has had a very deterrent effect on owners of horses keeping on. For they argue, with great reason, that although they may have bought and paid for an animal, directly he is backed by the public he becomes their property, and they are not allowed to exercise that right of ownership, which properly belongs to them, without incurring a tirade of most unjustifiable language. Whether this state of things will continue, we cannot say, but we are of opinion that the present state of the Turf is anything but satisfactory to its best friends.

From the Turf we naturally turn to the Chase, and in doing so we may remark that December has been a good scenting month, and nearly all packs of hounds have shown good sport. Yet the atmosphere has been close, and the wind has come from the south-west—not generally supposed to be a quarter favourable for scent. On the other hand, the days have been still, and, as plenty of rain has fallen at nights, the ground has been moist and in excellent order. As far as riding is concerned, the grass lands, which in November had not half recovered from the effects of the drought in the summer, have been good going for horses; and if the ploughs have been occasionally too deep, that circumstance has prevented hounds from being unfairly pressed upon, and, thereby, has contributed to the general sport. Loyalty, as well as gallantry, of course induces us to give precedence to the Queen's Staghounds; and of them we may say, during the month of October, they had the best sport in the Forest that King can ever remember. For the first five or six weeks of regular hunting, the scent, as in other countries, was bad; but on the whole the Queen's have had as good sport as any hounds in England. They had three or four days in the Harrow country before Lord Colville was compelled to resign; and we are glad to hear that he had no difficulty with the farmers, but the bargain with them was that the hounds were not to go there after Christmas. A critic in the 'Field' wrote some weeks since that nothing could be better than the sport with the Queen's Hounds, till they came to a wood, for they did not understand drawing a covert. We think, however, if the writer had been out with them three or four times in the Forest this season, he would not have taken up his grey goosequill. We have heard it stated that it is the intention of the new Reform Cabinet to do away with this ancient appanage of the Court of England, but we cannot vouch for the authenticity of the rumour. But should the question be propounded in the present Cabinet, we would not answer for the result, as, if we mistake not, the Marquis of Hartington is the only fox-hunter to be found in it. From Yorkshire, the only county in England, where, during the recent elections, the poll was declared by gaslight, by a nobleman in hunting costume, we have good advices. We learn that the Bramham Moor establishment has of late years, through

bad luck, always had a new huntsman. Goddard Morgan has commenced by killing a good number of foxes, but the sport has been bad—only one or two fair scenting days during the month of November. The old sportsmen are much pleased with the condition of his hounds, and the young men with his style of riding, which is, like all Morgans, first rate. That well known and real, hard, quick, useful whip, Ned Johnson, after having lived for twenty-one years with Mr. Lane Fox, chose at a moment's notice, the week before cub-hunting commenced, to throw up his place, leaving his master and the huntsman at a time when nothing like a man was to be had. This was ungrateful as well as inconvenient. And though all miss his cheerful halloo away, nobody can imagine how he could be so absurd. Thorp Arch, that pretty little village, so well situated for six days a week, has a few strangers, with moderate-sized, useful studs, staying there. And if scent fails they often forget their disappointment, when dining at 'The Grove,' where after a few minutes upon politics—younger brothers backing Gladstone, hoping he will enable them to scramble for their elder brothers' estates—elder brothers looking to Disraeli to enable them to hold their own and hunt—'Bramham Moor 'and five and twenty couple!' exclaims the most hospitable man in the Hunt (our host of 'The Grove'). And '54' flows into the room and down the throats of all sorts of politicians. Now all is serene. The next meet at Harewood Bridge; the good fox from Riffa; the next Baily. Such was 'the order of the day' in November; but December brought about a better order of things.

The York and Ainsty have had some good sport lately, and Sir Charles Slingsby has tired horses, foxes, and men in the 'Ainsty' every week. He and his hounds go home smiling, but others think it beyond a joke. Dec. 8.—A very good run from Colton Hag to Asham, Bilbro', Swann's Whin, back to Catterton; here the scent failed. Sir Charles trotted back to Swann's Whin, got on his beaten fox, and killed. Dec. 15.—Again Colton Hag gave a capital run to Grange Wood and back, 1 hour, fast enough, then away by Bilbro' to Ashham, and got to ground in Steam Plough Preston's garden. Dec. 18.—A very fast 40 minutes from Ripley Castle, to ground near Swarcliffe. Dec. 22.—A fast ring from Swann's Whin, and killed. Found at Stutton, and after the most severe run of the season by Catterton, Shircoates, Angram Bottoms, and Nova Scotia, killed him in the open, near Marston, 1 hour 40 mins. The state of the country was awful. How Sir Charles managed to get to his hounds your floundering friend cannot say. The country was under water, but a rare day for hounds, and the dog pack proved themselves good. Nearly the whole of this run was over the Bramham country—nuts for Charley! The Bramham Moor Hounds continued to have bad sport, and the Master was getting quite low; at last 'the old dog' had his day. On the 9th of Dec. a famous Riffa fox gave them a capital run of 2 hours and 30 mins., getting to ground in Ahmscliff Rock, after three large rings, over a fine country. The first hour was fast, the rest a good hunting pace. Amongst the very large field we saw some good men, who were delighted with the runs. The Army was well represented by that excellent sportsman and pattern horseman Capt. Molyneux, 10th Hussars, his brother, 'Sailor Mull,' or the 'Lancashire 'Lad,' going full sail at all impediments. 'Little Tim,' the gunner, made a good fight, and, considering his weight, was in a good place, and astonished the natives by his quickness in getting to hounds over this by no means easy country. The bad scent in the early part of the season has given Morgan, the new huntsman, no opportunity of getting up a name. 'Looks the character,'

says Tag.—'Splendid 'orseman!' says Rag.—'More like a piping bullfinch 'than a huntsman,' says Bobtail. Dec. 12.—Towton the meet. A very pretty ring with the first fox, and lost; ran the two next to ground, found our fourth fox at Haylewood at 3h. 5m., and after a real good run killed at Sawwoods at 4h. 5m., finishing the week well. The work done by old Beeswing and the 'leetle buff dawg' Blossom in this good run will long be remembered by those who saw it. Select, indeed, was the field, when the Master's whoop was to be heard for miles. 'Come and dine at Chestnut 'Grove,' said the most hospitable, high-spirited, cheery fellow in the Hunt. Alas! no such luck for the printers' devil; no '54—a glass of gin, and an account of the run from the Man in the Moon—who will not say how often they drank 'Bramham Moor and five-and-twenty couple' that night, but tells us he saw a famous day on the 16th. Meet, 'The Boot and Shoe; found the first fox at Newfield, raced into him in 15 mins. Found the second fox at Micklefield Wood, and killed at Barnbow Wood, 2 hours 15 mins., a fine hunting run. One and all agree that Morgan turns out his hounds the picture of condition; and if sport continues, and scent assists him, he will be considered a fair Huntsman. Dec. 23.—After drawing Gateforth and Byram blank, found in Huddlestone Wood; got a bad start with a fox from the Wood, hunted him to South Milford, left Sherburn on the left, got on better terms with him, rattling him along towards Patefield; his heart failed, he turned short back into Scarthingwell Park, and was killed handsomely—1 hour 30 mins. The once famous Bedale country has come to a dead lock—there is not a fox in it—consequently, Mr. Booth, the Master, called a meeting of landowners, &c. It is a fact that on large estates belonging to the Duchess of Leeds, the Marquis of Ailesbury, the Earl de Grey and Ripon, Messrs. Hutton, Milbank, Coore, &c., there are no foxes. At the Meeting the usual nonsense was talked by those who were not in earnest; but no one had the pluck to declare he would oppose fox-hunting. Mr. Milbank, of Thorpe Porrow, many years Master of the Hounds, who gave up foxes when he gave up hounds, took the chair. This is what little boys call 'cheek.' He was much opposed to any foxes being turned down—old Mark Milbank knew well that ten brace of lean Scotch foxes, or bull-headed Norwegians, put into his covers, would rattle into his sickly, hand-fed pheasants, and would forget to call and leave him six shillings a brace before they went on to see De Grey and Ripon. The Badsworth have had an average season, but have been unhappy about Lord Hawke, who got a nasty fall in a sheep-net, and though not hurt at the time, was seized a few days afterwards with alarming illness; he is now better, and hopes to be at work soon. The 'Ancient City' was very full and gay this month, and Blanchet never did such strong work for years. The York Fat Cattle Show, with Sir George Wombwell for its President, was a great success, and bids fair to rival in time its great opponent at Islington. This, coupled with the Christmas York Horse Show, the following week, drew a large attendance of country gentlemen and farmers. All the leading dealers were present, and exhibited the cream of their yards. Murray, of Manchester, was in immense force, having 'ordered up' no less than sixteen weight-carrying hunters. One of these, an extraordinary high-stepper, who kept his knee in constant communication with his nose, whenever he took his walks abroad, had the effect of drawing a cheque from Sir George Wombwell, who was heard to declare he would astonish the natives in the Park next season with this extraordinary animal. During the Show Weeks nothing was discussed so much as the Bedale Case, and Mr. Booth was as much commiserated as the conduct of his noble neighbours was condemned.

The North Riding has lost one of its best sportsmen in Jack Healy, at a very advanced age, as may be supposed when he lost his arm at the battle of Albuera, where he served in the 87th Fusileers. Though deprived of one wing, he was a first-rate man to hounds, and could stay like old Fisherman on 'the Claret Course' afterwards, and was altogether a fine character. He was own brother to Mr. George Healy 'the Smasher,' now eighty-six years of age, whose riding over gates on Hookey Walker is still talked of with wonder by old Yorkshire sportsmen, who recollect the grand manner in which he used to ride across country. The people about Darlington say that Mr. Cradock is not supported, and he will not go on with his hounds unless landowners behave. Alas! the Duke of Cleveland and others are not the sort of men Yorkshire formerly delighted in. Our accounts of the Rufford are tolerably good, and they had more or less sport in November, nearly every day they were out; but the best things they had were on the 17th and 19th. On the 17th from Warsop Wood, killing their fox in the open, and on the latter, from Hockerton Toll-bar, where they had one of the best scents ever seen in the country (not noted, by the way, for that very essential article), and ran their fox hard for an hour, when he went to ground in view of the pack, who were, however, soon rewarded for their excellent work by the aid of a terrier and spade. December was not nearly such a good scenting month as November. Saturday, 19th, from Harlow Wood, with a second fox (after a good morning, chiefly in the South Notts country), and losing him near Python Hill, was only wanting in a kill to make it perfection. But we are sorry to hear that from the forest side of the country and some parts of Derbyshire being so short of foxes, Mr. Bayly has been obliged to send in his resignation, to the universal regret of the country. Indeed, a requisition, most numerous signed, has been presented to Mr. Bayly to beg that he will reconsider his determination; but it is not known what will be done until the meeting, which has been called early in the new year. Worcestershire had plenty of sport, and the natives of the Faithful country will not cease to talk for some time of the famous run with Mr. Heathcote's hounds, which will make their Master as proud of them as the immortal Jorrocks was in days of yore. On Dec. 10th, Squire Heathcote's staghounds, which will long be recollected in Worcestershire, met at the Northwick Arms, Evesham, by the invitation of the Duc d'Aumale, who was anxious to show his Worcestershire neighbours the pack with which he had often enjoyed such capital runs in Surrey. Horses in the neighbourhood were in great request, and Cheltenham, Worcester, and Birmingham contributed to swell the numbers at the meet. Some of the turns-out might have offended the critical eye of poor Jim Mason, and some of the horses might have been a trifle underbred; but every one is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and we dare say their owners, some of whom never saw a hound during the day, enjoyed themselves after their fashion. The Duc d'Aumale gave a capital breakfast at the Northwick Arms. His Royal Highness, who is so universally popular, received an ovation, and his health was enthusiastically and freely drunk in bumpers of champagne. And then a long procession, headed by the hounds, threaded its way to Wickhamford, where the stag, or rather hind, the celebrated Beeswing, the heroine of many a long day, was enlarged. By some mischance two or three couple of hounds slipped away only a few fields behind the deer; the rest of the pack soon joined them, and thus they managed to get a long start of the field, who had been expecting the usual ten minutes' law. They streamed away over the fine vale for fifteen minutes as hard as they could race, and it was catch them who can, Lord

Coventry, Jimmy Adams, and the Huntsman being the nearest. The Broadway Brook crossed the line, and proved a disastrous obstacle to many. The hounds ran up to the deer at Willensay Village, were whipped off, and after ten minutes' breathing time laid on again. Now the scene changed from the vale to the hills, and stone walls were the order of the day. And although this description of fence startled the Surrey gentlemen at first, still they negotiated them as gallantly as they had done the bullfinches in the vale. Running by Middle Hill, and Spring Hill, the hounds got up to the deer again at the Jockey Stables, and another 'ten minutes for refreshment' followed. Beeswing had evidently had enough of the hills, so leaving Batsford Park on the right, she made the vale, and set her head straight over a fine grass country to Ditchford, where she was taken after a brilliant run of 2 hours and 30 mins. Falls were numerous, for the country was deep, and the fences large, and poor David Hughes, who, with Jim Bentley, had gone uncommonly well throughout the day, had the misfortune to break his thigh, through his mare's putting her foot in a drain and rolling over him. He was taken to the White Hart, Moreton-in-Marsh, where he is going on well; and in such capital quarters, with the genial society of Weever and Jimmy Adams close at hand, the time will pass as pleasantly for him as it can be expected to do under the circumstances. Lord Coventry's, the North Cotswold, hounds had a capital day on the 17th. The meet was Hinchwick House, and finding a fox, as usual, immediately on putting into Sezincot Warren, the hounds raced him over the walls as if for Broadway Wood, but being headed, the fox altered his point, and leaving Spring Hill on the right, reached Bourton Wood, a noted stronghold of foxes in the Haythorp country, and a terrible place to bring a beaten fox to. The hounds, however, stuck staunchly to the line, and pushing him merrily through the entire length of the wood, forced him out into the open, and bowled him over on Weever's training ground, close to his house, after a run of 1 hour and 40 minutes. The weather was warm, the pace had been good throughout, and every one was thirsty, so Weever's cellar was highly tried. But the Bourton Hill trainer was equal to the occasion, and dispensed his hospitality with the courteous attention of a Tod Heatley, and the hearty welcome which is invariably to be met with on the Cotswold Hills. On arriving at Hensting Farm, where Mr. Blunden hospitably refreshed all, watches were examined, and proved the run to have been two hours.

From the Far West we have news of what Lord Portsmouth has been doing this month, and it is of the most favourable character. On the 12th his Lordship had one of the hardest days he ever had since he kept hounds. They found a fox at twelve o'clock in a patch of gorse two miles from Eggesford, and ran very fast for ten minutes. Then they had a long check, caused by the fox being coursed by a sheep-dog, and hunted on slowly an hour and a half, in a wide ring back to his old quarters, where the fox was found. He stopped, waited to be fresh found, and then ran straight (almost) down wind, crossing a river which was unfordable from flood, right into the heart of Mr. Rolle's country, to a point fourteen miles by the Ordnance Map from where he was found. He then turned back, and, luckily for the few of the field left, was run into in the open, after giving the noble Master and those who stuck to him a run of 2 hours and 30 minutes from start to finish, and during which they travelled over twelve miles of country. These hounds also had another capital day on the 17th of December, when they found instantly in a large plantation, and after a very brilliant 55 minutes they rolled him over; a capital run of eight miles, which must have been seen to be appre-

ciated. In short, to give a specimen of the average sport Lord Portsmouth has had, we may state that up to this time, hunting four days a week, he has already killed forty-four brace, which is a very large number in such a wild and rough country.

In the Midland Counties, during the last month, we do not think there have been twenty-four hours together without rain either night or day, but mostly at night, which has suited the hunting; as for wind, there has been more than we generally have in the whole twelve months; yet there have been a great many still, good hunting days, and there has been some fair sport. At length the ground is soft enough—the ploughed land too much so for the horses, and, indeed, some of the grass; but the upland in Leicestershire is only just wet through, and rides like velvet. The Quorn had a fine hunting run at the end of last month. They found a fox late in the day in a small cover near Nottingham, and ran him into the vale of Belvoir, getting as far as Croxton Park, but he beat them. They had also, about that time, a capital twenty minutes late in the afternoon, from the Foxholes, near Quenby, skirting the Coplow, and running to Norton Gorse in Mr. Tailby's country. Perhaps the best thing they have had this season was on Wednesday, 16th inst., when they met at Asfordby for the purpose of finding two outlying foxes which had been seen near that place, but which, as usual, they did not succeed in doing. After drawing all the covers in the neighbourhood without finding, they began to think they were in for a blank day, when at half-past three they found in Copington Gorse, and ran very hard without the slightest check by Walton Thorns and Thrusington, for thirty minutes, losing their fox at Shoby Lane End, entirely through that curse to hunting, a halloo which got the hounds' heads up, which in fact they had never been before during the run. It was just getting too dark to ride. The horses had quite enough to do to keep with the hounds in this run, as most of the country they went over was very deep. They have had a good hunting run since this from the Curates Gorse into the Belvoir Vale, when Mr. Musters hunted them himself. They have had some difficulty in finding foxes in some part of their country on the Melton side. No doubt this part was worked too hard last season; but it is in a great measure to be attributed to the habit foxes have had this year of lying out, particularly in the late-sown turnip fields, of which there were an unusual number this autumn. Mr. Tailby's men say they have had no reason to be dissatisfied with the sport they have had with his hounds up to this time. Among the best runs, the following are the most worthy of notice. A fifty minutes' from Ranksborough, towards the end of November, into the Quorn country; and a blazing fifteen minutes, very late in the afternoon, from Owston Wood. The hounds got away close to their fox, and ran as if they were tied to him, and only ten men got away with the hounds. Captain Arkwright, I believe, was best man; but Lord Wilton rode surprisingly in both these things. If an instance were wanting of the bracing effect of light claret on the human nerve, his lordship would afford a very good one, as this has been his principal beverage for years. The sequel of this good burst was not altogether satisfactory, as the fox ran into a drain under the Knossington and Oakham Road, in which he was drowned, and one of the hounds with him; he was a two-season hunter, and of course was one of the best in the pack; another dog narrowly escaped the same fate. Another fine run with Mr. Tailby was from Prior Coppice, across the Uppingham Turnpike-road, by Alleston to Stockersen Wood, where they changed foxes; fifty minutes over a fine and strong line. It is not in nature to command success, but if perseverance will insure it, Mr. Tailby certainly deserves it; as a proof, I



will instance the 17th inst., when he met at Rolleston; after running two foxes in the early part of the day, and losing them, he found a third in Glooston Wood, and killed him in a plantation at Keythorpe, after a pretty twenty minutes. It was exactly three o'clock when the hounds swallowed the last morsel of him. But this was not work enough for hounds and horses. Shangton Holt is the word, to which he trotted, a distance of some four miles; here three foxes were in front in a minute; and after stopping the hounds from the first, who went away to Nosely Plantations (not the right line at that time of day), Goodale cleverly got away with the third at half-past three, and was rewarded by his taking one of the finest lines in the country, leaving Nosely to the right, pointing for the Coplow. But the shades of evening coming on apace, they gave him up near Houghton-on-the-Hill.

The North Warwickshire have had first-rate sport during the past month: on Thursday, the 3rd, they met at Dunchurch, found at Bilton Grange, where foxes are now well looked after by Mr. Lancaster, and had a fine hunting run by Barby, back to Bilton, and killed by Col. Fitzroy's house in Rugby. On the next day they met at Tanworth, and had another fine run; and we doubt if Mr. Milne ever had a better forty-five minutes since he has had the country. On the 17th they met at Rugby Station, and found at Hilmorton Gorse a rare good fox, who went well away over the Hillmorton Meadows, then through Lilburne, Clay Coton, and Yelvertoft to Cold Ashby, where he was killed after a fine hunting run of one hour and a quarter, which was entirely over the Pytchley country after ten minutes of the find. Pattle hunted his hounds, which were shamefully pressed and overridden, with great patience and perseverance; but Capt. Thomson, who was out for a holiday, and who knows the line of the fox, once or twice kindly and quietly did him a good turn. The Pytchley, since the rain, have had some very good runs. On Monday the 7th, from Boughton Green, they had a very hard day, but we cannot give the geography. On the 7th a capital day's sport from Stanford Hall. On the 12th a grand day from Sibbertoft—they found at Hothorpe, ran over the Laughton Hills by John Ball to Wistow, when, as a native said, 'the gentlemen were squandered all over the country.' This very fine run was at least nine miles from point to point.

The Wednesdays' meets, since the rain and the elections, are now nearly as large as ever; but we are sorry to say there seems a scarcity of foxes in that country, as Yelvertoft, Lilburne, and Crick have already been drawn blank more than once, so that there is every prospect of having to fall back on the never-failing Hemplow, and paying that excellent sportsman, Mr. Topham, a weekly visit, and who, if the hounds drew his coverts blank, would not sleep for a week. As we are always glad to say a good word for the farmers who support fox-hunting, and as we do not like to see their kindness abused, we give the following story: Late one afternoon the Pytchley had a fine run, and crossed the deep bottom by Elkington. The shades of evening were rapidly drawing on, when Mr. Sharman, who lives there, saw something in the brook, and on going up to it found it was a horse lying on his back, and a gentleman under him, who must have been in that very cheerful position nearly half an hour. Mr. Sharman immediately went to his rescue, drew out the horse, took the owner to his house, rubbed his benumbed limbs, and, like the good Samaritan of old, poured in his wine. When recovered, the gentleman, before starting, made a neat and appropriate speech, called Mr. Sharman his preserver, said he could never forget his kindness, and begged that he would accept a quarter-cask of sherry, which he promised to send him directly; but—now comes the marrow of the story—although many years have elapsed, the sherry has not yet arrived. We hope

that this will meet the *gentleman's* eye, and that he will recollect that the old Latin Grammar used to say, 'The way to good manners is never too late.'

In Hampshire the scent has been very variable, as may be supposed from the stormy weather. The H. H. met at Avington Park on December 1st,—a new meet. After every one had been most hospitably entertained, Mr. Deacon began drawing, and, after some time, a fox was hallooed out of a hedgerow, which took a ring round the Park, ran close to the house, and was lost, no one knows how. Mr. Deacon had one of the best runs he has seen since he has been in Hampshire, on Saturday the 12th, from Upton Gray to Herriard Common, Preston Oakhills to Kempshot Park, where three or four foxes got on foot, which caused them to miss their fox. On Thursday, December 3rd, Mr. Dear had a screaming run from Mr. Pitters, at Norton Farm. The hare, which was a very strong one, gave them an extra good gallop, and Lord Gardner went home delighted. The Hambledon have had some very long and hard days, both for horses and hounds. At the end of November they had a very quick and good run, which is deserving of notice. They met at the Kennels, Droxford, trotted away to the Osier bed at Warnford, where a brace of foxes were found; one went away over the Warnford Flat, Meonstoke Down, leaving Stoke Woods on the right, then by Chidden Farm to Highden, where he went to ground in a rabbit-hole, and the hounds scratched him out directly; time 55 minutes. Only about five men got away with them, as a fox was hallooed the other side of the Osier bed, which most of the field went to, and as the hounds were coming to the halloo, they took the other fox up short. The first four miles they had a clipping pace, they then had fallows, which they hunted over beautifully, and when they came to a lay-field they raced over it; in short, it was perfection to see the hounds working. The field got up when they got to the fallows. Mr. Ben Land was one of the lucky ones in getting a start, and he can ride as well to hounds as he can train a steeple-chaser for the Grand National, and Mr. Haslar was the only scarlet coat that got away. One of the long days with the Hambledon was from Fair Oak Park, when they found in Park Hills, had a very bad scent, and lost. They did not find again till five minutes past three, in Deepes, one of the Maswelt coverts, when they run through Deepes and Upham Copse twice, then broke away to Slatfords, then through Coney Copse, and Horshams, when the fox laid down in a hedgerow, jumped up, and over the backs of two hounds, through Horshams, and over two fields back through Horshams. He then took them away by Hensting by the Hursley Kennels (which, strange to tell to sportsmen, are in the Hambledon country), to Twyford Park, and away the other side, when Champion, the Huntsman, being on low ground, viewed the fox against the horizon on the hill above him. In the next field, the hounds were evidently coursing him from their twisting and turning, but the fox contrived to turn short under the hedge on Twyford Down, and got back into the covert, when hounds were obliged to be stopped. It was quite dark (the sun set on that day at 3.49, so the last hour was dark). Coming away from Twyford Park, which is a covert so called, a gentleman rode his horse at a trifling ditch; the animal could not see it, and purred over like a shot rabbit, and there he laid as if he was dead. One said his neck was broken, another his back; after a minute or two he got up all right, but it looked very like food for the kennel. Col. Bower, the Huntsman, and the Whip, Capt. Eccles, Hon. A. Hood, Mr. S. S. Taylor, and Mr. Robert Stares, were the only ones left. Well did Somerville say,—

'A few alone the sport enjoy.'

The Hursley are having better sport than they have had for the last two or three seasons. They have two-and-twenty couple of new hounds, with some devil in them; and they have had several fairly good runs, and killed some foxes. Mr. Deacon has, we hear, up to the present time, killed about thirty brace of foxes—the largest score we have ever known with the H.H. before Christmas.

Diana seems to have been as kind to Mr. Chaplin as the constituents of Mid-Lincolnshire, for as yet he has had the very best beginning of a season that he can recollect; foxes certainly might have gone a little straighter, but he has killed up to the present time upwards of fifty brace. Charles Hawtin, who was laid up the greater part of last season, is now quite recovered and able to resume his duties. Perhaps his best days were December 16th, when they met at Wickenby, when they found an afternoon fox, who took them straight into Lord Scarborough's country, where he went to ground after a fine run of 2 hours and 10 minutes. On the 24th, meeting at Scopwick, from Digby Gorse they ran right into the Belvoir country, but he turned back, and they eventually killed in the Fens, a villainous country, which they rarely cross, after 2 hours and 15 minutes. On the 26th, when Mr. Chaplin hunted the hounds himself, from the new covert made by Lord Scarborough at Glentworth, they had a good 55 minutes to ground, when they bolted and killed him. It was best pace all the way, and most of the horses were completely cooked. In Hertfordshire Mr. Gerard Leigh's hounds are having excellent sport, and accounting well for their foxes. On Wednesday, the 23rd, the Duke of Rutland had a fine fifty minutes from Stapleford to the Punch Bowl at Little Dalby, in Mr. Tailby's country, the last thirty minutes of which were first-rate, and only four men were really with hounds, and they were Captain Boyce, Mr. Creyke, Mr. Coupland, of Sysonby, and Custance, the jockey. Melton never was fuller, and they say that there are 250 hunters in it.

Of breeding news we have but little to give, but the owners of the different Stud Farms are busy making preparations for the ensuing campaign. The principal movements in change of quarters have been in regard to Beadsman, The Duke, The Earl, and Sydmonton. The first-named, from his being the sire of Blue Gown, has been stationed at Hurstbourne Park, and such is the rage of breeders to send mares to him, that his subscription is all but full. Among the latest fashionable arrivals we notice Achievement and Regalia. Sydmonton has been hired by Lord Fitzwilliam and by Lord Portsmouth vice Warlock retired; and we learn that he has grown into one of the best-looking stallions in England, for to his wonderful quality which he always possessed he unites immense power. His foals are very good-looking, we learn by those who have seen them; and as last year Lord Portsmouth gave him a lot of his best mares, own sister to Buccaneer among the number, Sydmonton has a rare chance of making his name known in future Racing Calendars. The Duke has joined the Yardley Stud, and Mr. Cookson, who was only beaten a head from him by Mr. Graham, to make sure of the blood has wisely secured his half-brother The Earl. So Measham looks capable of holding its own, with Lord Lyon, against all rival establishments. A short visit the other day to the Yardley Stud Farm gave us an opportunity of inspecting that rising establishment. We found The Duke a different style of horse to the one sold at Tattersall's, previous to arrival at which place he had been fed on grown barley, and crammed up, without apparently having had any exercise. Now he is exercised daily, and will soon furnish into a very different style of horse. We understand that Messrs. Graham intend putting fifteen of their best mares

to him, with about the same number of 'foreigners;' and as Mat. Dawson took the first subscription, we expect he will fill as rapidly as the Gaiety Theatre; and take him altogether, since Stockwell was knocked down at Burleigh, he is the best horse that ever faced a Tattersall. We next came across Oxford, to whom all the best mares in the paddocks are in foal this season; he looked quite cherry ripe, and by reference to the 'Stud Book' it will be seen he has made dams of winners mares that never before produced anything worth notice. Knight of the Crescent has grown into a long, low, muscular-framed horse, and must be a success at the stud if appearances go for anything; and a foal of his, own brother to Moslem and Tenedos, struck us to be as near perfection as any animal we had ever seen under twelve months old, and we are not surprised how much Messrs. Graham are prepossessed in favour of the family. Our own opinion is, that Knight of the Crescent is just the horse that is calculated to improve weedy, narrow-framed, high-legged mares. The Yardley mares are about thirty in number, and all looked well and healthy at the date of our visit, and the owners may think themselves fortunate in having only one barren among them. Storm King's dam has slipped twin foals to Knight of the Crescent, which was so far fortunate, as mares with twins, unless they slip them, might themselves be in danger. The foals are particularly large and healthy, and the young 'Oxonians' are very good-looking and clever. They have also some fine young mares coming on, among which may be mentioned Mineral, The Jewel, Mellona, Thalia, Sister to Julius, and Sister to the Mariner, as well as some Stockwell and Newminster mares. The whole establishment at Yardley is well worth a visit; and as Messrs. Graham are convinced that formation with action and substance must succeed, they bid fair to attain the object of their ambition, which is to breed racehorses. As regards the young sires whose stock have come out this season, they do not appear to have left their mark behind them, and, therefore, we will not particularise them, as it would be invidious so to do; besides, it is not fair to condemn a young horse because his stock are not successful the first season. At the same time we cannot help thinking that many horses are put very much too high, and we imagine their owners will be lucky men if they get their subscriptions filled at the quoted prices. However time will show who is right, those who advertise at forty and fifty guineas, or those who offer their sires at a more moderate figure.

The death of Orlando recalls to our memory the stately Lord George Bentinck, Mr. Greville, in his green coat, white hat, and pepper-and-salt trousers, as well as the quaint old Ransom, and other celebrities with whom he was associated, and who will long live in the annals of the Turf. Orlando was perhaps the best-bred horse in the Stud Book, for he combined Camel and Master Henry on his sire's side, and Langar and Bustard on that of his dam. Even as a foal he was renowned, for Mr. Worley, the stud groom at Hampton Court, took Mr. Hill into his paddock and showed him Orlando, a few hours after he was dropped, saying to him as he entered the field, 'I'm now going to show you a wonder; if I mistake not he is the nicest foal I ever saw in my life.' This estimate was fully verified by Orlando's performances when in training and subsequent success at the stud. The Sporting Journals have furnished such lengthy notices of him that our task is rendered very simple, and we think we need not say more than he was the best horse of modern times, and he stood out from ordinary sires as Murske, Snap, King Herod, and Eclipse did from the horses of their day. All his produce showed terrific speed, as his long list of winners will demonstrate; and he did

best with Emilius and Catton mares. He was not a good-tempered horse when in training ; and although he was credited with Running Rein's Derby, there is some reason to believe that Ionian beat him in his trial. When General Peel disposed of his stud to Lord Ribblesdale, Orlando was included in the lot, and subsequently became the property of Mr. Greville, who was as fond of him as a hen of one chick, and was never tired of leaning on his stick and gazing on him. Although enormous sums were offered for him, the old gentleman would never hear of selling him, but at last he made a present of him to the Queen. He had long been worn out, and died at last from sheer exhaustion. It is almost too early to speak of stud prospects for next year, but we are given to understand that at Hampton Court the subscription to Young Melbourne is full ; that St. Albans has very few vacancies ; and from the rush on Cambuscan, the public seem to recognise him as the legitimate successor to Newminster. The Scottish Chief, as Mr. Donald of Acton is facetiously called in the Sporting World, has hired Exchequer, by Stockwell, out of Stamp, and as we may designate him a very useful stamp of horse, a good many mares are likely to be 'exchequered' this season.

Racing gossip is very scarce, and the Sporting Papers during the month have been singularly barren. Each organ of public opinion has overwhelmed its readers with statistics, divided and subdivided into every possible shape and form, as if they were all Jedediah Buxtons ; but we have not heard of any of them having taken the trouble to go through the mass of figures for the purpose of testing their correctness. Indeed, editors have been pushed to the most dreadful extremes to fill up their columns, for want of matter. Notices of races and steeple-chases some months distant have been turned into quotable pars., and the naming of a racehorse has been hailed as a perfect godsend ; and it is reported that one editor was so hard up for copy, that, having picked Mr. Padwick and Lord Hastings quite clean, he resolved in his despair to name his Trapper, who happened to have a pedigree that would have delighted the College of Arms, in order that he might chronicle the fact in his columns. Neither Drury Lane nor Covent Garden on Boxing Night have ever been half so filled as Tattersall's on the afternoon when Lady Elizabeth and The Duke were sold ; and we would earnestly recommend the lessees of both those theatres, in the event of their Christmas pantomimes failing to draw, to engage both the horse and the mare for the remainder of the season, as they would be sure to bring large sums to the treasury.

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*S. E. Mayall, photo*

*Joseph Brown, sculp*

*John Chaworth Musler*

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# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### MR. JOHN CHAWORTH MUSTERS.

MR. JOHN CHAWORTH MUSTERS, the present Master of the Quorn, was born in the year 1838, at Wiverton Manor, near Bingham, a convenient hunting-box, still used by himself and his relations, on the south side of the Trent. His father, Mr. John Musters, was an officer in the 10th Hussars, and died in the year 1842. The subject of our Memoir was the grandson of the celebrated sportsman and athlete Mr. John Musters, of Colwich Hall, near Nottingham, of whose performances no student of sporting literature can be ignorant. He could fish, shoot, ride, hunt hounds, dance, fight, leap, swim, play tennis or cricket, against the best professors or amateurs in such performances. Though standing about six feet in height, he walked erect under a cord in the drawing-room of Belvoir Castle and then leapt over it. His power over hounds was unrivalled. The scene in which his route to a neighbouring house, where he was to sleep, was discovered by the hounds as they were being travelled thither has been the subject of many pictures; and a thousand amusing anecdotes, still current in Nottinghamshire, preserve the memory of his skill, not only in hunting the hounds but in satisfying the ignorant criticism of the field, adapting to fox-hunting purposes the celebrated dictum, '*Populus vult decipi decifiat.*' His grandson, the present Mr. Musters, was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where, in 1857, he began to keep a pack of beagles, not forgetting to pay due attention to the practical instructions of Anstruther Thompson in the noble science, who was then hunting the Bicester country, and whose genial appeals to all that was sportsmanlike in an undergraduate field, did more to preserve order than the violent language sometimes employed, to check the untempered zeal of the rising generation of fox-hunters. Some will remember the spare youth, very unlike the present portly Master of the Quorn, more distinguished for his resolute riding, than for the grandeur of sporting get up, so much affected at the University. Retiring early from the intellectual excitement of Christ Church and



Canterbury Quad, he soon became Master of a pack of foxhounds. These were bought of Ambrose Philip, Esq., of Leicestershire; and on November 30th, 1861, he killed his first fox, after a good fifty minutes, in the neighbourhood of his own residence, Annesley Park. Next season, having engaged the veteran Ben Boultrold as first whip, and having drafted the dwarf fox-hounds, he began afresh with hounds purchased at Mr. Drake's sale, and some drafts from Mr. Parry, and the Puckeridge, and some young hounds from the Holderness; since which time the entry has been chiefly composed of hounds bred by himself.

Were a visitor at Annesley or Colwich to inspect the pictures which preserve the style of hunting as it was, not only in Mr. Musters' grandfather's, but even his great-grandfather's time,—for he, too, was a Master of Hounds—they might discover a wide interval between the fox-hunting of the last century and modern parades at Kirkby Gate, in the nineteenth century; but we will venture to assert, that those who are privileged to enjoy a winter at Melton will find as genuine a sportsman in Mr. John Chaworth Musters, as ever delighted a Nimrod, a Beckford, or a Somerville, and one equally well calculated to teach the trade to any who may visit the metropolis of fox-hunting, with a view to becoming, in due course of time, useful Masters of Hounds on their own estates in the provinces.

Mr. Musters is the grandson of the Miss Chaworth, the admired of the poet Lord Byron; and for further particulars respecting Mr. Musters, and The Quorns, we refer our readers to the following article in our Magazine.

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## THE QUORN AND ITS NEW MASTER.

AT last, it appears that there is 'the right man in the right place'—a Master at the head of the Quorn establishment who knows how to handle his own hounds. Great as this desideratum is, it is not, however, likely to be appreciated by the majority of Meltonians, who hunt only for the sake of riding, utterly regardless of what hounds may be doing, so long as they are kept going; but the advantages of a Master thoroughly acquainted with the business part of his profession, over an inexperienced man, are very obvious, as one stands in the position of a tutor, the other as pupil, to be initiated into the science of fox-hunting. The first is, *de jure et de facto*, commander-in-chief over his whole staff. He can say, *sic volo sic jubeo*; the other, although ostensibly Master, is in reality the servant of servants—fearful of issuing orders which may be disregarded or ridiculed. With the field also, the Master who can hunt his own hounds carries more weight, and exercises greater control over them than any professional huntsman, however talented. As an instance of this, on the first public meeting of the Quorn

hounds this season, when the world and his wife were out, a very large assemblage of equestrians of all kinds, and from all places within a certain time by rail or road, the Master placed his field—not a very easy one to manage—on the brow of Gartree Hill, above the first covert to be drawn, leaving the lower side open for the fox to have a fair start; neither would he throw his hounds into it until his requirements had been complied with. Could any professional huntsman have exercised such authority? We trow not.

Unfortunately for himself and the country, the preceding Master of the Quorn knew little, and cared less about the business part of fox-hunting, the management of his establishment having been intrusted to one for his last season who went with the tide, and possessed not the knowledge or inclination to swim against it. We allude, of course, to the late Marquis of Hastings, now so recently cut down, as a fair flower nipped in the bud, and over whose untimely fate every man who has a heart to feel must shed a tear. That accursed mania for betting on racing events has consigned him, when entering upon life, to the narrow confines of the grave. A youth of fairer promise, or of brighter prospects, never entered upon this terrestrial scene. God grant that he has changed it for a brighter one! There are very few young men of moderate means ever ruined by keeping foxhounds only; and if they should be, the process must be gradual; but thousands there have been, and we fear still will be, bereft of all they possessed in one or two seasons by betting transactions on the Turf, and maintaining an expensive racing establishment; besides which, the two amusements are utterly at variance as to health-giving occupation: the first imparting strength and vigour to mind and body; the last rife with the most depressing influences upon both. An old friend of ours, who flourished for many years upon the Turf, being a cautious and careful book-maker, used to say that, 'save for his hunting, his racing would soon have run him to ground.' The cheery meets at the covert-side seemed to make amends for the cheerless, anxious meetings on Newmarket Heath, Epsom, Ascot, and Doncaster, as he entered *con amore* into the spirit of the chase, and no man could beat him across country in the most trying run with foxhounds. So far all went well for several successive seasons; but at last the mania for betting and racing superseded his love for hunting, and the wear and tear of mind upon a constitution never physically strong told their oft-repeated tale—his head gave way before continual excitement, and his last days were spent in a lunatic asylum. A short time before this calamity occurred, I met him, looking haggard and careworn, and remarking upon his altered appearance, he said, 'How can I look well, old fellow? I never go to bed like you do; and if I did, 'I could not sleep.'

'Never go to bed! then how do you spend the night?'

'At parties of some kind—from one to the other until dawn of day; then home for a shave and cup of coffee; lounge on the sofa an hour or two to read my letters and papers; off again on the pig-

‘skin or wheels, for racing or hunting fixtures ; dine at my club or ‘elsewhere ; night spent as usual.’

Such was the closing scene of a man of rank, formed for society, and one of the most agreeable, cheerful companions we ever knew. More than that, he had a heart to feel for others’ woes, since a more kind and compassionate being never existed. Had the late lamented young nobleman stuck to his hunters instead of his racers, he might still have been in the land of the living. Whatever may be asserted as the immediate cause of death, it is quite conclusive than an overstrained brain will destroy the powers of the corporeal system.

There are, in every hunting-field, some genuine sportsmen who will support and assist the Huntsman in his praiseworthy attempts to show sport ; but their number is small—very insignificant in comparison with the nonconformists, who are only looking out for a good start, apparently utterly indifferent whether they head back the fox or not ; clamorous against the Huntsman if he fails to give them the run they are so industriously, though perhaps ignorantly, adopting the most certain means to prevent. Fox-hunting has become the most fashionable of all winter recreations and pastimes—the game of all games for country-houses, from the first of November to the last day in April ; but notwithstanding its deserved popularity, everybody appears to think that fox-hunting is the only game which is as natural to mankind as whooping to owl-kind ; and they plume themselves upon their imitation of this bird of wisdom, by uttering the most discordant shrieks when a fox presents himself to their view. Owls have more sense than to scream when they behold their prey. We have been, and are still, called a nation of fox-hunters, because the hunting of the fox is almost, I might say, peculiarly a British sport—no other country on the face of the earth can lay claim to such a distinction. There have of late years been fox-hunting establishments set going in France, Italy, and other continental states—even in Russia, that coldest of all European climates ; but fox-hunting is not the passion, or national amusement of these people. It has been introduced by Britishers—English, Irish, or Scotch ; and when unsupported by them, generally falls to the ground. Our Gallic neighbours over the water seem to understand something about horse-racing ; it suits their excitable natures, and they adopt it as an agreeable amusement *pour passer le temps* ; but I should like to see a veritable Frenchman hunting a pack of foxhounds, with French assistants only.

From this digression, we will return to the first Quorn fixture of this season, with their new Master, who soon convinced his Field that the precautionary measures he had adopted would result in a beneficial manner to themselves. A fox was found in the lower end of the covert, and seeing no impediment to his course, broke away, with the pack in close attendance, and gave them the coveted burst, quite fast enough for all, and too fast for many horses—without, however, losing his brush. Their second fox afforded them a good run, going over a splendid line of country, abounding in large grass

fields, across which the hounds raced away, taking the lead of the horsemen—which is not invariably permitted in this flying district; and after a slight check, which brought down their noses to hunting, No. 2 was marked to ground near Gaddesby. All seemed satisfied with this first appearance in public of the new Master and his establishment; and if he keeps *his* place, and can induce the Field to keep *theirs*, the days of the Old Squires may be revived in this most renowned and highly favoured of all fox-hunting countries. To hunt Leicestershire successfully, the Master who handles his own hounds must be possessed of adamantine nerves, and indomitable courage, like the late Assheton Smith. No other can long hold his ground there. We ought to have added, also, that he must be above dictation, with means of his own sufficient, to treat as of little importance the assistance of others.

As usual, complaints have been made of the failure of scent, even in the month of November, from hardness of ground; in contravention of which, reports reached us from all quarters nearly that the potato crop has been entirely destroyed by heavy rain. We can call to mind many sunshiny, dry Novembers, but this last, of '68, has not certainly been one of the number. In August and September the heat and state of the ground proved as adverse to cub-hunting as to partridge-shooting; but in October and November there was sufficient distillation from the clouds to keep it in a moist state, and one not unfavourable to scent. Huntsmen, like farmers, are notoriously grumblers, unless they can have everything their own way, and even with this they would not be satisfied; yet notwithstanding all this grumbling about hard ground, and bad scenting weather, in the earlier months of the season, the noses or scalps of cubs pinned to the kennel-door proved that the generality of packs had had a bit of luck anyway. In short, adopting the old adage of 'making hay while the sun shines,' our enlightened huntsmen of the present age catch them whilst they can, and when they have not the strength or knowledge to escape their enemies. As to cub-hunting, therefore, an old hare Huntsman with his blue mottles would readily account for a whole litter, without the trouble of riding over a fence; so there is no merit in reckoning cubs' noses as equal to those of old foxes. Upon the whole, Squire Musters, as he is called, has had his full share of sport in his new country; and although knowledge of country and the run of foxes have been considered an indispensable, he and his Huntsman appear to have overcome this difficulty. In cub-hunting they could, and would make themselves acquainted with the ins and outs of all, or the principal portion of the coverts within their dominion; but cubs are not likely to contribute much to knowledge of country, in which they are as deficient as their pursuers. An old fox might occasionally lead them some distance into the *terrum incognitum*, yet, up to the end of October, the best staff of huntsmen and whips cannot be supposed to know any great deal about the line of foxes in a new country, except that imparted to them by those better versed in its geography. There is,

however, one thing greatly in favour of hounds in a new country—the Huntsman must trust more to their noses than to his own brains. He cannot take those liberties with the pack which men will do who have hunted a country for several years; and, we rather think, better sport is often afforded from the want of this knowledge than the possession of it. Sad mistakes are made by taking it for granted that one fox will, as a rule, take the same line of country as others found in the same covert have adopted on several occasions, and perhaps in successive seasons. No general rule can be laid down as absolute in this case. Foxes, like human beings, are very fanciful, and one may have good reasons for declining to follow his brother or sister in the beaten track. Vulpines are swayed by a variety of little circumstances, which may not enter into our calculation. Rude Boreas exercises a decided influence over their actions. A fox which, with wind and weather in his favour, would stretch his course over some ten or twelve miles of country to reach a certain asylum underground, is obliged, when stem and tide are against him, to shorten sail and turn down wind for some less secure hiding-place, or trust to his own devices, by short turnings and backslidings, to ease him of his enemies. In dry autumns, such as the past, drains afford good lodging-room, when this greatly persecuted race of animals are barred out from their legitimate homes in the bowels of the earth—since foxes will not *lay* (as some slip-slops say) above ground when they can lie under it. Leicestershire abounds in this percolating medium for carrying off the superfluity of rain-water from the surface of the soil; and therefore, when the coverts are disturbed too frequently, foxes become shy of visiting them, and prefer lying undisturbed among the tiles, or out in the hedge-rows or turnip-fields, when sufficient rain has fallen to fill the drains with water.

Small pet coverts ought not to be drawn more often than once in the month to insure a find; and although the Field—particularly one composed of Quornites—set their affections upon certain little patches of gorse and spinnies, from which they expect to get their burst or gallop of twenty minutes' best pace, yet to an experienced Master it must occur that such indulgences cannot be accorded without the risk of blank days. One thing is quite self-evident, that when foxes prefer lying anywhere outside their natural kennelling-ground that they have been disturbed too often. Masters of foxhounds who desire to show sport should hunt their country equally, taking the rough parts and the smooth in regular succession, and not think too much upon their mince-pies. Another drawback upon pet places is, the misfortune of killing a fox in them. It is impossible to prevent such a *contretemps* occurring sometimes; but when it does occur, foxes will naturally avoid the place which has been the scene of a family bereavement. The Quorn is a peculiar fox-hunting country, not blessed—or, as the fast men say, cursed—with an over-abundance of big woods; and therefore requiring a great deal of judicious management. Hitherto Mr. Musters in his new country has done well; and, when better acquainted

with it, he is certainly a Master of whom we expect great things—the great qualification to our recommendation being, his steady perseverance in making his hounds hunt through difficulties, which will as much contribute to the efficiency of his pack as to his own success. A huntsman who will trust to his hounds without undue interference, never need feel apprehension of their appreciating the confidence placed in them. Complaints were made in November of the ground being still as hard as a brick: that complaint cannot be made through December and the beginning of January '69, when the rain has been coming down in torrents, and rivers running in dry places. The temperature of the air, however, notwithstanding hurricanes of wind, has been mild, and favourable to scent in almost all hunting countries, and foxes, upon the whole, plentiful enough.

Whether fox-hunting is to prevail in every county over pheasant-shooting, is a question more easily asked than answered, since preserving is carried on to an extent ruinous to foxes, and keepers will kill them, notwithstanding all they may say to the contrary; and the practice of renting shootings (as they are called) by money-made sporting men is still increasing. With these oppositions, it is of rare occurrence to find any one fox-hunting country *undique tutus*. Even in the great Shires there are parts unsafe to foxes, and forbidden ground to pink jackets; and it is astonishing what mischief may be caused to a whole Hunt by a surly, ill-favoured occupier of a favourite fox-covert, kept quiet for the sake of game. We have before suggested to Masters of foxhounds the absolute necessity of drawing every covert within their province regularly and methodically, whether large or small. The latter may lay claim to their forbearance sometimes; the former never: and the neglect of this duty—since duty it is—tends as certainly to the destruction of their sport, by calling too often upon pet places—and this is a crying evil in Leicestershire—foxes will fly to more remote and less often disturbed coverts, or to homes of refuge under the sod. We believe ourselves within compass when we say that the whole of the Quorndon country, now so designated, and Mr. Tailby's, ought, for four or five days a week, to be consolidated under one Master, as in bygone times. The two packs are now continually running into, and disturbing each other's coverts, at most inopportune moments; and in our opinion, founded upon experience, neutral coverts are a great nuisance, and productive of jealous feelings. There are enemies enough to fox-hunting without the camp; let not fox-hunters create dissensions within it: they have difficulties sufficient to obtain a fair field without much favour.

We are sorry to find the Rufford and Bedale countries going down in the sporting world, and to read in a provincial paper that war has been declared, by a nobleman in that county, against the East Sussex foxhounds. This does not look promising for the future of fox-hunting in these districts. But, on the other hand, the South Staffordshire—hunted some years since by a very enthusiastic friend of ours—has been revived under the auspicious management

of Lord Henry Paget, whose family have considerable influence in that part of the country. Another new pack of foxhounds, called the Forest Vale Hounds, has also been set going by Major St. John, in the country lately hunted by Captain Dighton's harriers; and having some little knowledge of the woodlands in that locality, we must give the new M. F. H. *kudos*, and something more than that, for the resolution with which he has undertaken so hazardous an experiment.

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'A RUM 'UN TO FOLLOW—A BAD 'UN TO BEAT.'

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

COME, I'll give you the health of a man we all know,

Of a man we all swear by—a friend of our own.

With the hounds running hardest, he's safest to go.

And he's always in front, and he's often alone.

A rider unequalled, a sportsman complete,

A rum 'un to follow—a bad 'un to beat.

As he sits in the saddle, a baby could tell

He can hustle a sticker, a flyer can spare;

He has science, and nerve, and decision as well;

He knows where he's going, and *means* to be there.

The first day I saw him, they said at the Meet,

'That's a rum 'un to follow—a bad 'un to beat!'

We threw off at the Castle, we found in the Holt,

Like wildfire the beauties went streaming away!

From the rest of the Field he came out like a bolt,

And he tackled to work like a schoolboy to play,

As he crammed on his hat, and got down in his seat,

This rum 'un to follow—this bad 'un to beat.

'Twas a caution, I vow; but to see the man ride!

O'er the rough and the smooth he went sailing along;

And what Providence sent him he took in his stride,

Though the ditches were deep, and the fences were strong.

And I thought, 'If he leads me, I'm in for a treat,

With this rum 'un to follow—this bad 'un to beat!'

Ere we'd run for a mile, there was room in the front;

Such a scatter and squander I never did see!

And I honestly own, I'd been out of the hunt,

But the broad of his back was the beacon for me.

So I kept him in sight, and was proud of the feat,

This rum 'un to follow—this bad 'un to beat—

Till we came to a rasper, as black as your hat,

You couldn't see over—you couldn't see through.

So he made for the gate, knowing what he was at,

And the chain being round it—why—over he flew!

While I swore a round oath that I needn't repeat,

At this rum 'un to follow—this bad 'un to beat.

For a place I liked better I hastened to seek;  
But the place I liked better I sought for in vain;  
And I freely confess, if the truth I must speak,  
That I never set eyes on my leader again.  
But I thought I'd give something to have the receipt  
Of this rum 'un to follow—this bad 'un to beat.

They told me that night, he went best through the run;  
They said that he 'hung up' a dozen 'to dry,'  
When the brook in the bottom stopped most of their fun.  
But I know that I never went near it—not I!  
For I found it a fruitless attempt to compete  
With this rum 'un to follow—this bad 'un to beat.

So we'll fill him a bumper, as deep as you please,  
And we'll give him a cheer; for, deny it who can!  
When the run is severest, he's most at his ease,  
When the country is roughest he rides like a man.  
And the pace cannot stop, nor the fences defeat,  
This rum 'un to follow—this bad 'un to beat.

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### STUD PROSPECTS.

BREEDING establishments are now in full swing, and the columns of Births and Marriages in the pages of the Sporting Press will soon be full to overflowing. Many worthless weeds will be suckled, and the births of many nonentities duly chronicled, during the next quarter of a year, and the death-rate will include many from whose judicious breeding men might justly anticipate a promise of good things to come. The names of some fathers of the Stud, whose success has shone so prominently during the past year, may haply be consigned to comparative oblivion in the ensuing season, and some hitherto unnoticed and unknown may so leave their mark that men may hasten from the setting to fall down before the rising sun, and to bask indiscriminately in his beams, not knowing that they may be blinded by excess of light, or how diversely the powerful rays of the luminary they adore may affect the various currents of the blood of his worshippers. The announcement of the progeny of many an illustrious matron will be anxiously looked for, and their misfortunes lamented as national calamities; while the owners of untried horses will be unceasing in their endeavours to obtain for their young sires that 'chance,' which fashion often denies to the stoutest, and confers on the flashiest of the young aspirants to Turf honours. Breeders will yearn in vain for the services of Buccaneer; and Mr. Cookson will gaze ruefully at that Gem, albeit 'of purest ray serene,' for which he exchanged him; while the scions of many a departed hero may bid their progenitors live again in our memories, as we gaze regretfully on the 'last fruit from an old tree.' Full of years and honours,



Orlando has not tarried long after the death of his faithful custodian; the handsome 'quality' Newminster no longer drags out a painful existence; and Colsterdale has ceased to connect 'Sir Tatton' and the old breeding-school with the new and more exact system of modern days. Weatherbit, too, has gone; but has left Beadsman to 'take up the wondrous tale' of his success, at a moment when the excellence of his blood began to be doubted, and the good staying qualities of most of his stock well-nigh overlooked. Kings such as these were in the days of their renown, they leave behind them no patent of succession; many rival claimants have sprung up to dispute their thrones, some branches of the old stock and some pretenders; to each of whom time will assign his native worth, and decide the question of superiority, according to the fulfilment of their high promise. Many dames, too, whose Turf victories will live unforgotten for ages to come, will join the glorious band of nursing mothers, and hazard the chances of Fortune, in conferring upon them a progeny worthy of their parentage; and other maidens, whose reputations as racers have scarcely requited the care bestowed upon them, may wake to find themselves placed higher on the scroll of fame than their more jealously-regarded and carefully-mated compeers. The *mésalliances* among Stud matrons have been many and serious; but in this allusion we fear to tread on delicate ground, so thoroughly has the matter been taken in hand by the highest authority on breeding in modern times. And in the following pages we shall not attempt to discuss the merits or demerits of the sires of the day on breeding grounds: our object being simply to argue from successes, however unexpectedly obtained, as well as from failures which have resulted from the most sanguine expectations. That 'little learning,' which is so dangerous in the exposition of any scientific principles, is more particularly so where the science of breeding is concerned, inasmuch as its combinations are more varied, and less reducible to axioms than the most interested and zealous students of its mysteries could anticipate. To us, who have sat at the feet of Gamaliel for several years past, the science is still almost a *terra incognita*, so slightly have we penetrated its outworks, and so important and intricate are the defences we must needs surmount, before the key of the position is gained. The mastery of the details is no light and easy task; and when, after having generalized from facts, we have to construct thereupon a comprehensive theory, which, if not unassailable, shall at least be rational and consistent, it is plain that a long course of study and reflection is necessary to mature the crude notions, and dispel the unwarrantable conclusions in which, at the outset, we are so liable to indulge. To the observant it must have been long since evident, that *chance* has no more effect in breeding operations than in the result of the fusion of well-known chemical components; and the striking success which has uniformly attended certain crosses of blood is a proof of the efficacy of science in the combination of certain physical elements towards a successful issue. Not daring to trust ourselves, therefore, in paths we know not, let us proceed along

the beaten way, and endeavour, from the facts and figures of the past year, to conjecture of the future.

Adventurer is a young sire, whose credentials on the Turf cannot be considered of the highest character, but as a descendant of Newminster, he is always likely to be moderately successful, even provided his stock turn out no better than his youngsters who have already made their *début*. Pretender is doubtless a smart horse, but we have yet to see what another season will bring forth in him before we can give him our entire allegiance. Beadsman flashed upon us like a meteor last year, when his two-year-olds carried all before them, and the star of his success was at its zenith when Blue Gown—certainly the best horse in England, over all distances—repeated his sire's Derby triumph. The handsome Palmer, in his two-year-old days, gave promise of what was to come after, and was the first of that strikingly aristocratic family which have made Sir Joseph's name more famous than ever. Whether another Derby is in store for the 'cherry and black' it is not our province to inquire; but we may be allowed to remark, that, in all probability, the judicious restrictions of Beadsman's amours in his first years of sirehood have operated immensely in his favour; and a slight anxiety for his future may not unreasonably be entertained, now that his services have been thrown open to the public, high as the figure is which his past successes so amply merit. But the good judgment of his owner, and straightforward policy of the nobleman to whose care he has been entrusted, will never allow him to be abused; and he is so essentially *faber fortunæ suæ*, that we cannot but anticipate for him a brilliant career at the Stud. We pause at the name of Blair Athol, merely because, to our thinking (and we are by no means singular in our opinion), his early efforts at the Stud have been unsuccessful mainly on account of the very different tactics which have been adopted with his management to those which his owner pursued in the case of Beadsman. Coming from the Turf with a very high reputation, he at once became a great popular favourite, and, for so young a sire, was overwhelmed with favours, which his late owner deemed it either inexpedient or impolitic to refuse: hence the disappointment which the performances of his progeny have engendered after their first year's appearance in public. Ethus and Scottish Queen are undoubtedly smart animals, but so far they cannot be considered deserving of first-class certificates; although it is remarkable, as further illustrating our previous remarks on the science of breeding, that both animals are out of Touchstone mares, a cross which has resulted, in Stockwell's case, with some first-class horses. Now that Blair Athol has passed into Mr. Blenkiron's possession, he will have a chance such as few animals have acquired; and it will be hard indeed if, out of his owner's collection of mares, he cannot be suited with one or two at least of the various strains of blood which they possess. The name of the 'illustrious exile,' Buccaneer, next claims our attention; and although he will no longer figure in the Calendar or the advertisements of the Sporting Press,

yet we cannot pass him by without some notice, however meagre, of the descendants which he had left behind him in the mother-country. Formosa, Paul Jones, and See-Saw will keep his name green for many a day, and his stock, as a rule, are as handsome as they are good. Brigantine, as a two-year old, bids fair to follow in the steps of Formosa, but the staying powers of the family will require some more crucial test before we can be persuaded of the existence of that quality in the stock of a horse whose own stamina were never once in public put to the test of a distance. Cape Fly-away has begotten some fair second-class animals; but Caractus, like his relative Ely, has sadly disappointed us in the quality and size of his stock, which, springing from so handsome and compact a horse, present an anomaly which we so often encounter in the reverse of the axiom that 'like begets like.' Claret, a Touchstone horse, cannot reckon anything above the rank of a plater among his numerous winners, but in Silenus he is credited with a useful trial horse and the winner of a good proportion of races. Lecturer shines the solitary star in the firmament of Turf nonentities which acknowledged Colsterdale for their sire, although the parentage of the celebrated Dalby has been attributed, and with no small show of reason, to the deceased son of Lanercost. Cramond lays claim to that useful horse Orion, and now that he has emerged from his obscurity, we look for great things from his scions: while the defunct Cure has shone more as a sire of successful steeple-chasers than winners on the flat. Dundee has sadly fallen from that pride of place which more than one good judge had assigned him, and can reckon nothing approaching to the form of Marksman from among his many foals. The ungainly Fazzoletto leaves King Victor behind him to show that out of the proper material he can get race-horses, and makes us regret the more that the ill-fated Blue Riband had not stood up to confound his enemies and found the fortunes of his pluckiest and most devoted supporter. Gemma di Vergy has not repaid the attachment of his spirited owner in the Far West; while Glenmasson, whose merits have been too long condemned to the cold shade of oblivion, shows boldly as compared with many others whose opportunities of signalizing themselves have been more frequent. Gunboat, and his brother Lifeboat, shine prominently in the 'plating' line: Ivan may be placed in the same category; while Kettledrum shows no better than his ancient rival Dundee in the honours of successful sirehood. King of Kent may perhaps be proud of his 'one string' Paganini, and King of Trumps is again pretty well to the fore with his 'half-milers.' The gigantic King Tom founds his fame on the exploits of Hippia, King Alfred, and Restitution, but his two-year olds have turned out exceedingly moderate, while the whole tribe, whether from conformation, constitution, or stable connections, have proved themselves over and over again merely the horses 'of a day.' The 'mammoth Knight of Kars,' as Dr. Shorthouse delights to call him, does not seem to have transmitted to his progeny that amplitude of 'girth' for which he

is so conspicuous, and can reckon nothing beyond the commonest plating form in his numerous but not select list of winners. Knight of St. Patrick, whom the Sister Isle has appropriately claimed, is another son of the renowned Pocahontas; but Tenedos and Moslem, the pair who have swelled his winning figures to such a respectable amount, must surely be considered more lucky than deserving, considering that the one never beat a really first-class animal, and that the other, except on one occasion, has shown little more than plating form. Lord of the Isles has had no Dundee or Scottish Chief to make his name a household word, though Mr. Merry still continues a limited patronage to his old favourite; but we hope for something yet, perchance in his old age, to remind us of his palmy days. Melody and Martinique are the names which will catch the eye of breeders in looking over the performances of Macaroni's offspring, and his schoolfellow Carnival shows well with his coterie of winners, of whom Badsworth shines the 'bright particular star.' The Marquis must rest his fame on that arch-impostor Viscount, and Satyr and Gomera have in some measure kept up the reputation of Marsyas, who, as a son of Orlando, is likely to enjoy a successful career. Monarque cuts but a despicable figure with his three winners, and no more of his old-fashioned two-year olds have as yet burst upon the eyes of the racing world since the advent of the mighty Gladiateur, to whom Jennings has yet found no successor, faithfully as the public have backed and believed in the French favourites of later years. Wroughton recalls the name of another Derby winner, Musjid, who might perchance, had he lived, have been no unworthy substitute for his sire; and Newcastle, another Newminster horse, but built on a far different scale to the Derby victor of 1859, can show Charnwood and Abstinence as pledges of the speed of his offspring. The 'quality' Newminster himself is dead, but he will live long in the exploits of Chanoinesse, Chatelherault, Laneret, Leonie, Strathconan, and Vespasian, though it is worthy of remark that Hermit, his Derby hero, has not one race credited to him during the past year. Literally speaking, we hope that no son of his will be condemned to stand 'in his shoes,' which have lately afforded endless amusement to the loungers in the Strand; but from what fame has whispered about the merits of Lord Clifden, whose stock have not yet appeared, we feel inclined to anticipate his promotion to the vacant 'step.' Saunterer, no longer expatriated, will have a chance next year of regaining the fame which his two-year olds so justly acquired for him in former years; and Skirmisher, undoubtedly the best bred son of Voltigeur, has got two useful ones for Mr. Savile in Rhysworth and Blueskin. The promise of the former was once high indeed, but overwork, and lately an ugly temper, have left a mark which even time may fail to eradicate. North Lincoln lays claim to the shifty Suffolk, while Lumley and Cocoa-Nut will perchance cause the 'Sussex chesnut' to be once more unearthed, and Greeks and Trojans to fight over his body with all their ancient acrimony; and as 'Cedric the Saxon'

and the erudite 'Doctor' strip for the coming fray, the world will look on in amaze, and Nutbourne once more shine conspicuously in the annals of the Turf. Ladas will be the sheet-anchor of Lambton during the ensuing season, but Lictor and Mercury, who are the next most conspicuous among a host of winners, bear ample merits to the success of their sire in his 'quiet sort of way.' Of all the animals who boast their descent from Stockwell, no one for symmetry, quality, and all other attributes of the genuine racer can be compared to Belladrum : and putting aside his performances, concerning the merits of which so many have 'agreed to differ,' no more complete *beau-idéal* of a Derby horse has ever comforted the eyes of those whose sight has been gladdened by his gallant bearing. Over short courses the handsome Athena has held her own, and Heather Bell, more lucky than great, has brought grist to the Fyfield coffers. That famous trial horse, Lord Ronald, has taken leave of the flat for the flagged course; Naivete's performances have enhanced the fame of Blue Gown, while Robespierre, in the latter part of the season, gave evidence of such improvement on his early form, that were it not for his unfortunate disqualification, his name would surely have been on many a tongue in connection with the great race of the year. Sir Oliver having won eleven times out of twenty-six starts must rank as a plating king, and Vale Royal, in spite of his untoward temper, has shown, that in 'racing as in other pursuits, where there is a will there is a way. Orlando with Flower Girl and Miss Foote has left unsullied his reputation for begetting speedy two-year olds; and Oulston's name will be kept alive by means of Atonement and Pladda. Oxford is sadly in need of another Student to revivify his waning fame, and we rejoice that the whilom Derby favourite, whose two-year old form was as brilliant as his decline and fall were disastrous, has fallen into the hands of one who, while he will court the patronage of the highest born and noblest of their sex, will never consent to overtax his powers, or admit to his favours those of questionable lineage. Parmesan has hardly kept up the high promise which attached to the fretful D'Estournel; Plum Pudding, another Sweetmeat horse, lays claim to Indigestion and Cecil, the alpha and omega of handicap celebrities, and Prime Minister, with Hilda and Knight of the Garter, shows as bold a front as Palmerston. Promised Land, whose Turf career savoured more of milk than honey, must rely, like some fair forsaken, upon Breach of Promise, as a recompense for his neglect; Rataplan will never retire into obscurity as long as he can boast himself the sire of animals like Blinkhoolie, Tabouret, and Minaret, though the uncertain temperament of animals like Taraban and the Corporal may deter many from their patronage of the Tickhill hero. St. Albans has a goodly array of winners to his name, of which De Vere, Julius, and Martyrdom, are the most conspicuous, although we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the market position of the latter in the Derby quotations is warranted by his public form; and if the stock of the Leger winner of 1860 have inherited the speed of

their sire, they have also, as a rule, been cursed with that unequal temper, which has on so many occasions militated against their success. Thormanby must 'rest' his fame on Crocus and Thorwaldsen, although Ironmaster may yet confer further celebrity on his sire, whose prestige has been sadly damaged by overwork in the labours of love during his first season. Windhound and Hobbie Noble were most unquestionably uncertain foal-getters, nor do the stock of Pantaloon, as a rule, show that aptitude for the increase and multiplication of their species which is so desirable in horses serving at a high figure. Therefore we are inclined to hope for greater things from Thormanby's produce, when some judicious limit shall have been placed on his amours, which have hitherto been too free and promiscuous, as in the case of Blair Athol and others. Thormanby's old rival, Thunderbolt, has begotten something out of the common in the speedy Electricity, and others of his stock have shown such form, as to cause a further requisition for his services during the present season. The Hermione colt must make or mar the fortunes of Tim Whiffler; while Trumpeter's largest winner, the Duke of Beaufort, is but a poor successor to the notorious Lady Elizabeth, and the long list of celebrities which placed Mr. Hill's horse so high up on the list of successful sires last season. Beyond his Grace, there is nothing in Trumpeter's list of winners above plating form, and no horse can be expected to keep up his patent of reputation on such unstable grounds as those upon which the son of Orlando found his claims. Underhand's winnings are somewhat unduly swelled by the rather inglorious victories of The Spy, and Van Galen shows no scion to rival the deeds of his 'single swallow,' Tim Whiffler. Vedette is the sire of many winners of small races, but for action, quality, and neatness, he has never begotten anything half so good as Speculum, whose racing qualifications were of no mean order in the early part of the season. Vex was more fortunate than deserving, and the deeds of the remainder are not worth recording. Fortunio and Géant de Batailles have signalled themselves above the other descendants of Voltigeur, that 'high priest of the Blacklock blood,' although rumour is rife about Brennus, who will indeed have to throw his sword into the scale which now kicks the beam against the dead weight of public opinion and the persistent invectives of a relentless foe. Fairwind, Mandrake, and Typhon, are the best of the progeny of the defunct Weatherbit, whose stock have been mostly of the hardy and honest sort; and of these Mandrake is clearly entitled to a certificate of first-class order, as few better horses over a distance of ground are to be found in these so-called degenerate and declining days of the Turf. Wild Oats and Romping Girl are good advertisements for Wild Dayrell, but prejudice has been engendered against the staying powers of his stock by the almost universal failure of his scions as three-year olds. After brilliant two-year old careers, misfortune or mismanagement have attended them in after life, and the memory of The Rake will be fresh in the recollection of all.

Young Melbourne is slowly, but not the less surely, working himself towards the top of the tree as a sire, and to have begotten such a horse as The Earl, is, in itself, a sufficient recommendation for breeders to keep his list full for many a year to come. Kingsland, Poinsettia, Prince Imperial, and Lord Glasgow's promising three-year old fillies, are more illustrious scions than it falls to the lot of every horse to beget; and no sire has fought his way more determinedly, or under greater disappointments to the front rank than Young Melbourne. And we most heartily concur in the judicious choice which has selected him 'on Her Majesty's Service' at Hampton Court, where he will be found no unworthy successor to the grand old horse who has so lately passed away.

Thus have we hastily glanced at the list of successful sires which the labours of the statistician have presented to us, and have endeavoured briefly to call attention to the most illustrious of their progeny, upon whose past deeds so great a share of future patronage for their progenitors will depend. Every tree must be judged by its fruits: consequently we have refrained from commenting on the prospects of those late aspirants to fame who have as yet had no opportunity of showing their worth as fathers of our 'kings to be.' Nor have we gone out of our way to bestow even a passing notice upon some whose efforts at the Stud have belied the reputations they gained upon the Turf; nor upon others whose ignoble career as racers may perchance hereafter be forgotten in the brilliancy of their successes as sires. Breeders must learn and study for themselves the interesting results of crosses in all their various permutations and combinations. Chance may occasionally produce a favourable issue, but in the long run he will be the most successful, who can supply the garnered teachings of his experience to sound theoretical reasoning, and whose knowledge of the secrets of nature, acquired by diligent care and observation, is brought to bear upon problems which others are content to leave unsolved, or to resign their solution to those charlatans and sophists who lay claim to omniscience, and to the unwary are a delusion and a snare. Despite of a great Turf crisis, the effects of which are slowly passing away, and in the face of Sir Joseph Hawley's propositions relative to the early running of two-year olds, Stud Prospects were never brighter than at present; nor as long as so many and valuable strains of blood and in such infinite variety are left to us, need we fear the deterioration of the thoroughbred horse or the decline of our national pastime.

AMPHION.

## SPORTING PICTURES.

THE power of realizing the pleasures of the past with all the keenness of present enjoyment, is a rare and enviable one; and believing as we do that the pleasures of the Chase are amongst the most enjoyable that fall to the lot of mortal man, we feel grateful to the poet or the artist when he enables us by some vivid creation of his own to recal past delights—

‘ And live the bright days of our youth o’er again.’

Who can forget the delight of the November morning, with the southerly wind and cloudy sky—sure heralds of a scent; when—

‘ The Hunt meet around the lee covert afar,  
And awaiting the burst, smoke their silent cigar ?’

or who can recal that burst, the rattling joyousness of the scene, without feeling again the blood tingling to the very tips of his fingers? In casting our eyes backwards, the features of some particular runs—few, indeed, we admit—seemed carved in indestructible characters on the memory. Here was the dip we reached only just in time to see the sternmost hound crossing the opposite ridge, as he slipped, as it were, out of sight. Here was the stream where, with panting flank and almost glazing eyeball, Skylark,\* pure in blood and gentlest of her race, and yet withal with a spirit so high and free, that she would go till she dropped, gave the first warnings of distress as she picked her way across the water; and here was the finish witnessed only by some choice few out of the 150 who met for that run. These and such-like recollections are intensely enjoyable by those who can realize them, and it is this quality that has made the sporting picture so popular in England; and yet, to tell the truth, neither the poet nor the artist has hitherto been very successful with the subject. How very few really good descriptions of the horse can be found in the whole range of ancient and modern poetry! The description in the Book of Job is commonly referred to as complete, while Homer and Shakespeare are admitted to have known and appreciated him: but these apart, how few have succeeded in their efforts to give the true character of the horse! Burns, in his address to his old mare Maggie, draws the horse of his country with his usual power, but she was but a Scotch galloway, and he knew of none other. Somerville, again, describes the old-fashioned hunter of a hundred years ago, such as Sartorius delighted to paint him, but all the higher qualities of the noble animal are scarcely touched by either; and if this be so in the poet, how much more in the artist! There are many who have been able to take an excellent likeness of the racer in his box or paddock, but they fail when they try to invest him with all his attributes in the field. Landseer has idealized

\* Skylark was a celebrated hunter of the late accomplished sportsman, George Templer, of Stover.



the dog, and Rosa Bonheur the ox, but both alike fail with the horse, the 'Horse Fair' of the latter, and the 'Queen's Pony' of the former, to the contrary notwithstanding. His fiery impatience at the meet—his boundless form and strength in the first burst—his quiet settling down to his work as the pace quickens and the distance extends, and then his distress and gameness as the long run draws to a close—all these are subjects for the highest art, and yet rarely, very rarely, attained by artists of the greatest professional eminence. We have been led to these reflections by the contemplation of some Sporting pictures by Mr. Shayer; and with the full sense of the great difficulty of accomplishing in verse, what we think he has been so successful in with the pencil, we venture to annex as a pendant the following description, taken from the life, by an excellent Sportsman, now, alas! no more, of

### 'THE LITTLE BLOOD HACK.'

- ' Old Herod's rich blood in the veins of his sire,  
From the desert Kochlain drew vigour and fire;  
His dam a New Forester, active and wild,  
From glorious Marske drew her line undefiled.  
With free action, high-mettled, and starting each vein,  
O'er his glossy bay coat, with black legs, tail, and mane,  
High-withered, long-reached, and a broad span his back,  
He was foaled for a pet—was The Little Blood Hack.
- ' With his taper brown muzzle, hawk's eye, and swan neck,  
And a star in his forehead, the only white speck,  
Round foot, clear flat legs, swelling arm, and deep chest,  
Low fillets, square hocks, and his temper the best.  
When fleet across country the merry pack go,  
And the welkin resounds with the loud Tally Ho!  
With the Squire's eldest son—a mere boy—on his back,  
Close up to their sterns went The Little Blood Hack.
- ' But years had gone by, and the boy a young man,  
To prepare for the world has at Oxford began;  
Still his favourite is with him, unblemished no more,  
There's a splint swelling high on the near leg before,  
And the iron has left its deep seams on his hocks,  
Still a picture to look at, he stands in his box;  
Or with terrets all covered, and harness jet black,  
He leads in a tandem, The Little Blood Hack.
- ' Grown aged and withered, a favourite still,  
Fat, lazy, and left to do just as he will,  
The Little Blood Hack in a paddock now thrives,  
Or draws the old lady about the green drives,  
Or the children upon him will get up astride,  
Teazing Robert, the old groom, to teach them to ride,  
Till his life he resigns to old age's attack,  
And sleeps 'neath the chestnut, The Little Blood Hack.'

## SADLER v. SMITH.

THE judgment in *Sadler v. Smith* is only what might have been expected from the proceedings at the trial. The Lord Chief Justice, as is his wont, allowed his feelings to overbear his judgment; and the plaintiff was fortunate enough to have him, in consequence, as advocate as well as judge. We have no doubt that Sir. A. Cockburn in this matter thinks he has been on the side of justice and true sport. But in truth a greater blow could hardly have been dealt against them both. Unfortunately the stakes, in cases like the present, are seldom sufficient to allow of a case being carried into a Court of Appeal; the present judgment, therefore, will probably be allowed to stand, and no referee will be safe. There can be no question but that the decision would be reversed in a higher Court; but meanwhile, what are referees to do? We say unhesitatingly, ignore the judgment entirely. As a legal judgment, there is not a lawyer who would not pronounce it worthless. As a decision upon the facts, it has only to be examined a little to show its complete absurdity. Now, what is the law, and what are the facts of the case? Kelley and Sadler make a match to scull from Putney to Mortlake, upon the usual terms, and with the usual proviso that the decision of the referee is to be *final*—the meaning of such an arrangement being thoroughly understood among sportsmen to be, that the referee is to be sole judge of the rules and laws applicable, as well as of the facts; and that his decision cannot be impugned unless *mala fides* could be shown. We are by no means sure even, in this last case, whether *mala fides* in the referee alone would be sufficient. We are rather inclined to think that the party claiming the stakes would have to be connected with the fraud, in order to defeat his claim. It is difficult to discover the precise grounds of the Chief Justice's decision. There is a jumble of the law and the facts which is very distressing; and which forms an appropriate sequel to the trial. It is really quite astounding to think that so much ignorance could exist upon such a point as this in these days. The Judge, the Counsel, and the Jury seem to have known nothing about such a matter as racing. Indeed, Serjeant Ballantine admitted that he knew nothing of the subject, and is perfectly innocent of the slightest notion as to which is the handle and which the blade of an oar. What a pity it is that more of those connected with the trial were not not equally frank! We believe at last Mr. Brickwood was taken in on one side; but with that exception there was a most refreshing absence of all prejudice upon the matter. The Chief Justice seemed to look upon it as the first race ever rowed from Putney to Mortlake. The fact is, that no one ever dreamed of doubting the law, until the halting judgment in the present case. And now to examine the so-called decision a little further. Sir A. Cockburn says there was no start, and no race. Now, we think it will help us to a right conclusion if we remember

that there was *no starter* appointed by the Articles; and next, that the men *had* started for the race on the preceding day, and that the race on the occasion in question was only a continuation of that previously begun. Well, then; there being no starter, the men were as usual to start themselves. The Chief Justice says that if one of them, from illness or any other cause, chose to take out his pipe when he got to his station, instead of starting, the referee would have no jurisdiction. And of course, if Sadler had knocked Kelley on the head with a scull, and disabled him, the referee would have been equally precluded from giving a decision, in consequence of the race not having begun. On the argument the other day, this was eventually given up, and it was at length conceded, that, under such circumstances, the Referee would have the power to order the other man to row over the course. Still, the Judges don't seem to have got the idea out of their heads, and the spectre still haunts them to the end of their judgment. The cases cited on behalf of the plaintiff showed the most hopeless ignorance. In the first place, it has been decided in *Parr v. Winteringham*, and other cases, that stewards of a race meeting do not hold the position of arbitrators, but have much larger powers; and in the next place, one of the cases cited was that of a race where a starter was appointed by the articles; which fact, to any one of ordinary understanding, we should have thought would have made a sufficient distinction. We need hardly say that a referee at a private match is very much in the same position as stewards at a race meeting, and has much the same powers. Therefore, upon the ground that the second meeting was but a continuation of the first, and that even had this not been so, a referee has power under the circumstances to award the stakes, we are, of opinion that the referee was right in claiming and exercising the power which he did. But then it is said, assuming all this, he did not do it properly. Now this is exactly the very case intended to be met by the clause in the Articles: 'The decision of the referee is to be final.' There is not a word in the judgment which does not impugn the *discretion* of the referee. It all resolves itself into this: We think the referee should have given Sadler another chance. We say that the referee was under no obligation whatever to give Sadler notice of what he was going to do. It was not imperative upon him to do so. If he thought that Sadler wanted to prevent the race being properly decided, in order to save his backers' money, it was quite enough justification for what he did. Of course the referee in the abstract is bound to give the men a fair chance. But whether he has done so or not is for him to decide. Had one more chance been given, why not another, and another? Then, again, it is said the referee's message was not conveyed to Sadler, and so it was no fair decision; or, rather, it was a conditional order which was inoperative because the conditions had not been performed. Had this been the only decision, and had the referee afterwards revoked it, there might have been something in the objection. But it was, in fact, only a step

towards giving the final decision. Had Kelley not gone the distance, through an attack of illness, or anything of that kind, the referee probably would not have awarded the race to him. But it was the subsequent decision upon which the stakeholder acted, and how it was arrived at was no business of his—his duty was simply to pay over the money according to the referee's decision. If allowed to challenge one step leading to a decision, why not all? Where can you stop? And in such case every match would have to be decided by a court of law, the especial object intended to be provided against. It would not be difficult to get any number of unsuccessful backers to swear that Citizen Q was in such a position that it was impossible the referee could have seen. In these cases it must be left to the referee to decline, if necessary, to give a decision at all. And in any case in which he did not see any honourable referee would do so. But it must be left to him, if sport is to be carried on as sport. For however plausible it may seem to step in in one particular case on the plea of preventing injustice, the evil done to true sport by throwing doubt upon the decisions of a referee is incalculable. Upon this point a remark of the Chief Justice is altogether conclusive against his own judgment. He is reported to have remarked: 'Supposing an umpire at a cricket match were to turn 'his back to the play, he could not be in a position to decide.' This is perfectly true and obvious; but, nevertheless, *if* he *did* decide, his decision would be binding. We all know that if an umpire gave a man as *bowled* out by a 'no ball,' the decision could not be disputed. We look upon this case as most unfortunate. It was a case of the first impression with the Chief Justice, and he seems to have communicated his own feelings to those about him. Not a little remarkable was it to find Harry Kelley in the position of the unpopular candidate. He has done more for the honour of the Thames than any rowing man who ever lived. He has always gone straight and never lost his pluck. But may there not be a very good reason for such a state of feeling? On the occasion when the foul occurred, Kelley was ahead. It was known which was the better man—there was no other way for people to save their money than to endeavour to have the match declared void. But fortunately they have met again; the former decision of the referee has been amply confirmed, and, though beaten in the action, Kelley on his merits is without doubt the better man, and, in justice and law, was entitled to the stakes.

Since the above was written, we hear that the case is to be appealed. If this be so, we may hope that the crude impressions of the Queen's Bench may be set aside by a legal judgment.

## OBSERVATIONS ON SCENT.\*

THE ground has become settled after the late rains, the clouds are high, and the day is so still that, were it not for a feeling of nip in the air, as Mr. Jorrocks looks out of his window, he could not tell that the wind was in the east. Upon consulting the barometer, and finding it on the rise, Mr. J. vows that 'he must either fly or die to-day.' But alas! for the experience of even such an authority as Mr. Jorrocks, there turns out to be not a particle of scent. On some other occasion he sees old Priestess rolling on the grass, or he notes the dewdrops hanging on the thorn, or the grass covered with gossamer, or some other equally infallible sign, and predicts no scent, and the hounds are tied to their fox. Mr. J. observes that he must have been a very stinking one.

No one can say to a certainty whether hounds can run or not until they have had the chance of settling to a scent, and even then scent frequently changes in the course of a day without any apparent cause. Beckford writes very diffidently upon the subject of scent, 'for scent is, I believe, what we sportsmen know least about.' He further adds, 'I believe that scent depends chiefly on two things—the condition the ground is in, and the temperature of the air.' We take it that of these two requirements the former is the most important. A dry season is always a bad one, but when there has been 'a nice splash of rain,' as Charles Payne calls it, and the country has been thoroughly saturated with wet, you may expect good runs and tired horses. We have been strengthened in this opinion by reading an interesting little book, lately published by Mr. Ridge of Grantham, entitled 'The Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds, from their Earliest Records to the Present Day.' It has been compiled from accounts of each day's sport, written at the time, by practical sportsmen connected with the hounds, of which we give the following extracts:—

'Season 1809, 1810.—Shaw, huntsman. There was a deal of sport this season, as the ground was very wet, and they hunted till May.

'1811, 1812.—An excellent season for sport. Weather favourable, and country wet.

'1814, 1815.—A very wet season. November showed good sport, though the hounds were unsuccessful in killing foxes: from February 1st excellent sport.'

'1820, 1821.—Goosey, huntsman. Up to Christmas the sport was brilliant; after Christmas-day not one day's sport perfect in all respects took place. February was the driest month on record. From January 10th to February 18th not a drop of rain fell.

'1821, 1822.—An extraordinary season for good sport. The wind never veered, except for one week from south and west points. The country was always in excellent state, occasionally too deep.

'1826, 1827.—This was not a good season for sport. The ground, before Christmas, was too hard.

'1849, 1850.—Goodall, huntsman. The season was a satisfactory one for sport. A deal of rain during the season.

'1850, 1851.—Good sport the beginning of the season, though the ground was dry.

'1852, 1853.—Very much rain fell in November, and throughout the season. There was a deal of sport, and some excellent runs.

\* 'Memoirs of the Belvoir Hounds.' Ridge, High Street, Grantham.

' 1853, 1854.—After a very wet summer and autumn, a succession of high winds prevailed, and spoiled the first part of the season; then followed the long and severe frost, and almost immediately after dry weather commenced, and lasted to the end of the season. It was a bad season for sport.

' 1854, 1855.—It was a bad season for sport, for the ground, owing to the dry summer of 1854, was hard, and the scent was bad.

' 1855, 1856.—The summer of 1855 was very dry. Then came a deal of rain through the season, which was first-rate in quality of sport.

' 1856, 1857.—This season was very wet, and an excellent one for sport. Many of the runs will challenge comparison with those of any previous season. The wind was seldom in the east.

' 1857, 1858.—This was on the whole a bad season. Sport was pretty good in November and December; then came frost, never severe, dry winds, and no scent.

' 1860, 1861.—Cooper, huntsman. The season was above an average for sport; the country very wet and deep, and rain perpetual.

' 1861, 1862.—The early part of the season was dry, and there was no sport. In the latter part an unusual quantity of rain fell, and the sport was good.

' 1862, 1863.—From the third week in December till 2nd of February the country was very wet, and the sport excellent. After that very dry weather set in, and though the hounds ran well in the evenings, there were few runs.

' 1863, 1864.—The rainfall in England was small. Sport on the whole was bad.

' 1864, 1865.—This was the worst season for sport for many years. All November the ground was dry, and too hard to ride. Scarcely one good scenting day throughout the season.

' 1865, 1866.—This season was far above the average for sport. The country was very wet.'

From these extracts, and from other parts of Mr. Ridge's book, to which we refer our readers, may be gathered the experience of more than half a century, showing the paramount influence that the state of the ground exercises upon scent.

What was it that gave the Shires, and a few other favoured localities, a superiority over the rural countries but that their soil naturally carries a more lasting scent? Strong clay lands, where the blackthorn knows how to grow, and where the brooks and ditches are broad and deep, to carry the water off, these were the countries for sport, until they were spoiled by excessive drainage, and every field became stained by cattle at all seasons.

In light, shallow soils a holding scent is rare, if we except the maiden turf of the Downs, where hounds can generally run. In the fern and heather of the New Forest, where a fox brushes as he goes along, a body scent, and not only a pad scent, is retained, which hounds can hunt with a fox a long way ahead: hounds cannot, however, carry a good head there, as the sheep tracks, which the foxes use, will only admit of their going in Indian file. In woodland countries the fallen and rotting leaves are a great impediment to scent, and save many a fox's life. When the March winds set in, and have parched up the land, it is time for Masters of Hounds to fall back upon their moist woodlands, for there is no longer any fun to be had in the open.

Although we believe that scent depends chiefly upon the condition of the ground, it depends upon the air also. There is no such enemy to sport as a boisterous wind which blows the scent about, and breaks the continuity of the line. Falling rain, unless very violent, affects scent but little; but rain

in the air is fatal. A white catch frost is prejudicial, inasmuch as it makes the ploughs carry; but an old-fashioned black frost, for about ten days at Christmas-time, cleanses the soil, settles the weather, and makes a good scent both before and after. Just as such a frost sets in there is generally a famous scent. In Mr. Meynell's historical run from Billesdon Coplow to Enderby Hall, 'the wind was north-east forbiddingly keen,' and it froze hard the whole day. Lord Southampton's hounds had a burning scent with a fox which had gone through water, and it had frozen upon his coat in icicles. Bob Ward declared that he could hear them rattle as he went along!

In fact, hounds have run in nearly every conceivable state of the atmosphere, but what carries them on, and kills the fox, is a steady, uniform scent. There cannot be an uniform scent where there are frequent variations of soil; and hounds, after revelling in a scent that requires no stooping for, become too impatient to hunt an inferior one. But this leads to the consideration of difference of scent, another part of the question, and much more difficult to treat.

## LIFE AMONGST THE BEDOUINS OF TÔR.

BY 'THE OLD SHEKARRY.'

### CHAPTER I.

THE PENINSULA OF SINAI—ITS HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY COMPARED—OUR PREPARATIONS AND DEPARTURE FROM SUEZ—INSUBORDINATION NIPPED IN THE BUD—TÔR AND ITS INHABITANTS—OUR MARCH AND ENCAMPMENT—THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE—JEBEL MOUSA—MOUNT CATHERINE—'THE ASAMER,' AND A BEDOUIN SOIRÉE.

BETWEEN the gulfs of Suez and Akaba lies the peninsula of Sinai, one of the most remarkable regions on the face of the earth, not only on account of its interesting associations with the earliest history of the world, but also for its peculiar natural physical features.

Its history may be said to commence and end with the tradition of the wanderings of the Israelites, as described in the Pentateuch; and from the earliest records it appears that the grand object of every traveller visiting these parts has been to connect the marvellous events recorded with the scene of action. *In this none have succeeded.* The route of the twelve tribes has never been satisfactorily determined; the site where they are said to have passed through the Red Sea is unknown; and it is still an open question whether Mount Serbâl, Jebel-Mousa, Mount Catherine, Ras-Safsafeh, or Jebel Monéjah is the Sinai of the Exodus, where it is alleged 'the Law' was given to Moses.' On each of these subjects the most learned explorers either disagree on all material points, or decline to give any decisive opinion, which latter course is perhaps the wisest, as at the present day there is no conclusive evidence to identify the history of the earliest ages with the locality.

It is now over 3,400 years ago since the Israelites are said to have passed from Rameses, in Egypt, to Jericho beyond Jordan; and

although the line of march is described with wonderful precision in the tradition, and the names of *forty-two* halting-places are recorded, not a single place mentioned tallies, either in name or description, with any locality known in the present day, with the exception of the point of starting and the ultimate destination. Thirty-four centuries is a great gap even in the history of the world, and during that period the natural features of the country which served as ancient landmarks must have been entirely changed by the action of water and volcanic agency, so that the present topography serves but little to identify events that occurred at such a remote period.

It was not for the purpose of 'treading in the footsteps of Moses,' or 'walking in the paths of the chosen people,' that I found my way to these regions; for I confess being much more interested in the doings of Disraeli and his party in the present day, than in following up the track of his ancestors, *where the 'trail' is cold, and all 'sign' obliterated.*

I had on several occasions passed the arid-looking mountains of Tôr on my passages up and down the Red Sea, and each time resolved to make an expedition into the interior whenever an opportunity should occur. In the autumn of last year, whilst staying at Suez, I had the good fortune to fall in with M. Allard, an engineer, who was engaged in the construction of the greatest work of the age—the Suez Canal—and we determined to cruise along the coast to the port of Tôr, and there hiring camels, to visit the so-called 'holy places,' and shoot a few ibex on the adjacent mountains. My old friend Colonel Kenedy, who was at Cairo, got me a *teskere* or firman from one of the ministers, which was thought necessary to insure us a safe conduct amongst the tribes, and M. Allard obtained a letter of introduction to the Prior of the Convent of Mount Sinai from the head of some branch establishment.

As we only intended to be away three weeks, our preparations and establishment were not very large, and three camels were accounted sufficient to carry the whole of our gear. One of Edgington's 'Wigwam' tents, waterproof sheets, bedding, and clothes formed the first load; our armament, stores, comestibles, cooking utensils, and servants' rugs the second; whilst three large bullock-leather water-skins were the destined load for the third.

Our stores consisted of a bag of rice, curry stuff, a case or two of wine, and condiments, a dozen tins of *pâte de fois gras*, two dozen two-pound tins of soups, a goat-skin full of coffee, another of tobacco, a stock of onions, limes, and charcoal, six sheep, and two dozen fowls.

I had three of my own special followers. First, my henchman, Achmed, an Arnaout, who had served in the Bashi-Bazouks, and whom I seduced out of the Land Transport Train; a strong, active fellow, who could hold his own against any three ordinary Egyptians; secondly, a Frenchman, Le Sage [who ought rather to have been named 'Le Sou,' for he always got tight when he had a chance], a first-rate cook, and an honest, well-meaning fellow, *mais un blagueur de premier force*; and last, but not least, a huge Seedee, a *ci-devant*



fireman in one of the steamers from Aden, who had been out with me on two trips to Jebel Ataka, a high range to the south-west of Suez.

M. Allard had two Egyptian servants, both very fair specimens of the country, who could turn their hands to anything, and he also engaged as guides two young Bedouins, who had come into Suez with loads of charcoal, and knew the country. We took no dragoman with us, as both Allard and myself had a fair knowledge of the vernacular, and could make ourselves perfectly understood.

One of Allard's friends in the Consulate lent us a large half-decked boat of about twelve tons, with two masts, and large lateen sails, which afforded more than ample accommodation for all our party, so we offered a free passage to an Arab merchant and his servant, who was going to Tôr with an assortment of 'knickknacs' and cloth for sale or barter, and he in return gave us a good deal of valuable information as to the country, and promised to procure us camels at a moderate rate of hire, upon our arrival at that port.

All being ready, we started at daylight on Sunday morning with a fair wind, which sent our craft along merrily until ten o'clock, when it grew light, and gradually died away.—I forgot to mention that we hired two Suez boatmen to assist in working the boat, both sturdy, strong-looking fellows, but with anything but prepossessing physiognomies; in fact, one of them was as sullen and morose a looking cur as I ever saw—such a one 'whose face would hang 'him.' When the calm came on I ordered our people to get out the oars and pull ashore; for although we had every convenience for making a fire on board, I preferred to have the cooking done on land. The boatmen protested against pulling, and not only refused to take an oar, but were cheeky to Allard, who had engaged them. Knowing the danger of allowing even the appearance of insubordination in an expedition like ours, I determined to nip it in the bud, and make a severe example of the first offenders; so taking up one of the rhinoceros-hide coorbatches used in camel driving, I gave the sullen-looking party a couple of stinging cuts across the shoulders, at the same time bidding him turn to at the oars. Instead of doing this he attempted to draw his knife, but before he could get it out I gave him a right and left, straight from the shoulder, between the eyes, and dropped him into the bottom of the boat almost senseless. When he came round he began blubbering and calling on Allah; but as he was still sulky, and refused to take an oar, at a signal from me my fellows laid him on his face along a thwart, and whilst Achmed sat on his head, and the Seedee on his legs, I gave him a couple of dozen, well laid on, which brought out the hallelujah chorus with every variation. I then made the second boatman take his place, and, whilst my hand was in, administered a dose of the same regimen, giving him only half the quantity, which he took without howling, simply grunting out 'Taiheeb! Taiheeb!' ('Good!' 'Good!') at every cut. This sharp treatment effected a complete cure, and was not again required; it taught both parties their true position; they turned

to at once, and afterwards did as they were told without a murmur. With this class of people expostulation and reasoning is useless, and so much waste of time and breath. Blows are the only effective argument they can understand, and without their aid there is no getting on amongst the Egyptians, who are a stubborn race.

We landed on the Asiatic side, about ten miles south of Ain Mousa, 'the wells of Moses;' and whilst our people were engaged in cooking, I strolled along the beach, and shot two brace and a half of curlew, and a couple of grey teal, to the intense astonishment and delight of the Bedouins, who had never seen birds shot flying before. Having dined we re-embarked at about two in the afternoon, and a fresh breeze springing up we carried on all night, being favoured by the moon, and at eleven the next morning found ourselves abreast of the scarped cliff of Jebel Hummam. Here we landed and visited the hot springs, and caves of Faraoun, or Pharaoh, near which place I killed a gazelle with No. 5 shot, as it started up from a bit of cover close under my feet. We performed our ablutions in the stream, close to the embouchure, where the water is tepid, and excited the intense surprise of the Bedouins, who watched me lather my head and beard in mute amazement, and after we had dined returned to the boat, hoisted up sail, and were again speeding through the green waters of the Red Sea. Keeping well away from the lee of the high land, a stiff breeze carried us along at a spanking rate, and the white foam in our wake, and the hissing of the water at the bow told me that our little craft was going the pace. With the exception of Achmed—who had implicit confidence in my navigation—as the wind freshened and the sea got up, the faces of my companions grew longer, and more grimly pale with fear; one after another remonstrated against my carrying on, and urged my making for the shore, and waiting until the gale subsided; but I laughed at their terrors, for the boat rode over the water like a bird, and I knew that we should be in smooth water after weathering Cape Ras Jehan, besides, it was impossible to land with such a sea running, as the boat would have been dashed to pieces against the scarped rocks that rose precipitately from the water's edge. I had the helm myself, and by keeping the craft in proper trim, with the exception of a little spray breaking over her half deck, she scarcely made any water, and after a time my people began to regain their equanimity, and amused themselves with spinning yarns. The next morning we arrived at Tôr, our port of destination, a miserable-looking place, inhabited by a few Arab shopkeepers and a heterogeneous breed of Greek Christians, who appeared to be anything but a desirable community to dwell amongst. On landing, Allard and I, preceded by our fellow-voyager, went to the head official of the village, a Hadji, who upon our exhibiting the *teskere*, was extremely civil, giving us coffee and pipes, and at once procured us four camels with their drivers and three hygeens or trotting camels, two of which were for our own riding, and the third for Le Sage, as in long journeys I always make it a practice to mount the *chef de cuisine*, lest he

should be too fatigued to cook the dinner on arrival. I gave the Hadji a liberal bucksheech for the trouble he had taken, and he promised to look after our boat, and the two boatmen we were leaving behind to keep it in order.

He did not give us a very encouraging account of the game to be found in this district, but told us that on the mountain of Oom Shomar there were plenty of wild goats, and he procured us four Bedouins to serve as guides who knew their haunts. We encamped about two miles from the village, in a fine date tope close to the tepid springs of Ain Mousa, which are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and occupied ourselves in getting our gear into marching order. Achmet, who considered himself a judge of camel-flesh, chose our animals, and assured us that they were in famous marching condition, as they had plenty of fat on the hump, clean sinewy legs, and good feet.

The next morning soon after daylight we were *en route* for the interior, and passing in a north-easterly direction over a sandy plain, which extended between the mountains and the sea, entered the Ouadi Hebron, a gorge between two lofty ranges. Halting during the intense heat of the day under the grateful shade of some overhanging rocks, we continued our route in the afternoon until we came to a stream, where we encamped for the night. Dinner over, and all our animals being securely tethered and fed, our people made a fire of camels' dung and brushwood, round which we all sat to hold a consultation, and Achmet, by distributing a liberal allowance of coffee and tobacco to each of our followers, opened their hearts and made them glad. All Islam, whether Osmanlee or Arab, have an innate love of the narcotic berry, and although it is a luxury rarely to be met with in the desert, there is nothing more grateful to a Bedouin. With coffee and tobacco he is a happy mortal.

After my lengthened sojourn amidst the unnatural restraints ever attendant upon civilization, varied only by such transient excitements as '*the little village*' can give, a confirmed wanderer like myself finds it a relief to be once more in the wilds, unfettered and untrammelled by laws and customs, and free to follow the impulses of his nature. At such a time I always feel that the bivouac watch-fire is my true home, and that I have led a roving life too long, and loved its freedom too well ever again to relish a monotonous existence passed between four walls. The scene of our camp that night was one that Salvator Rosa would have delighted to picture. In the far west a blood-red African sun was setting in gorgeous splendour, and his radiance still lighted up the higher peaks and crests that rose above the sombre-coloured cliffs on either side the valley, and caused the ripples on the pool to glisten like burnished silver as they refracted back the light of departing day. Here and there the dark foliage of the wide-spreading carob was interspersed with clumps of fan-leaved palms, or the lighter verdure of the feathery tamarisk, and sensitive mimosa, which droops its leaves even when too roughly shaken by the wind. In the foreground was our

tent, and near it our camels were lazily dozing, whilst all around were picturesque groups of swarthy figures reclining in all attitudes. As daylight faded, and the grey shadows deepened and gathered rapidly round, the flickering blaze of the watchfire gave a mystic and almost weird-like appearance to the scene, and the shrill cry of the cicadi, the low melancholy sighing of the wind, the rippling murmurs of the stream as it winds its way unseen amid the sedges, the mysterious breathings or pulsations of Nature, and the wild music of the night seemed to shed a magic-like influence upon the mind, and it is at such an hour the sons of Ishmael love to gather together and relate their wild tales. Their thoughts veer back upon the past, and memory awakens, with almost supernatural vividness, scenes of old joys and sorrows that long since slept, and would have been forgotten in the ordinary routine and bustle of an every-day life. Then old traditions are told that have been passed down from generation to generation, and in this manner the earliest history of the world and the greater part of the mysterious events therein recorded have been handed down from the days of the patriarchs until the age when writing was discovered. Can we wonder, then, at the apparent incongruities of a record, the events of which extend over a period of nearly six thousand years?

The next morning we started up the valley at daylight, and following the water-course, on each side of which was a narrow belt of date palms, tamarisk, and mimosa, after a four hours' march along a very well marked-out track we crossed a pass 'the Nagb Hebron,' descended into a long winding valley, the Ouadi Es Slav, and again ascended the pass Nagb el Deira, and encamped on the Ouadi el Racha, 'the valley of repose.' The next morning we were in sight of Jebel Mousa, and a short march brought us to the convent which, with its lofty embattled walls, square bastioned angles, and deserted watch-tower, looks more like a fortress of feudal times than an abode of priests; and the resemblance is somewhat kept up by the entrance being situated some thirty feet from the ground. We, however, entered by the garden gate, which is strongly plated with iron, and after waiting a few minutes in an open balcony on which the chambers devoted to guests open, the superior and several of his brethren entered. He offered us accommodation in the convent, but for several reasons we preferred to encamp outside; and after thanking him for his proffered hospitality, we simply asked permission to look over the convent, which was immediately granted. We presented the letter of introduction we had brought with us, which the prior opened, and glanced at the signature, but passed on to an attendant priest without reading, and we then adjourned to the refectory, where coffee, raki made from dates, and different kinds of fruits were offered us.

We then were conducted round the building, which consists of a large quadrangle divided into several courts, containing the Church of the Transfiguration, about a score of neglected-looking chapels dedicated to different saints, a library, cloisters for the monks, and a

more modern-looking building for guests. The church is divided into nave and aisles by granite columns; the roof is blue, spangled with stars; and there is the usual priestly paraphernalia, consisting of gaudily-decorated images, pictures of saints and martyrs, silver lamps, gilt candlesticks, and such-like gear. We had to take off our boots before entering the chapel of the Burning Bush, which is considered 'the Holy of Holies,' as it is pretended that here the Lord appeared to Moses. We were also shown a sarcophagus of white marble containing relics said to have belonged to St. Catherine, and the charnel-house, which was anything but an agreeable sight. Not being much interested even in live monks, I certainly cared less about dead ones, and was heartily glad to breathe the fresh air once more and get into the garden, which is kept in very tolerable order, and contains a good many fruit trees of different descriptions. Having had sight-seeing enough, I tipped '*a quid*' to our cicerone, which I thought was doing the thing handsomely, when, to my surprise, he contemptuously turned the coin over in his hand—as a London cabby would on receiving a sixpence—and had the cheek to lift up his fingers and demand three more. 'The next time we 'come to Sinai,' was my reply, as I buttoned up my pocket; and *the thing* in petticoats, with a ghastly grin, opened the gates, and we returned to our people, who had prepared us an excellent breakfast.

After doing ample justice to the good cheer, accompanied by four of our own people carrying our guns, lunch, water-skins, &c., and guided by a couple of Bedouin boys in the service of the convent, we set off to explore Jebel Mousa.

Passing behind the convent, we began to ascend by a zigzag path in which steps were cut, which greatly facilitated our route. In a quarter of an hour we came to a spring of clear sweet water, delightfully situated under an overhanging rock, called by the Arabs Ain Jebel—'the well of the mountain.' Further on we came across the ruins of two chapels, one dedicated to the Madonna, and the other to Elijah, who was said to have lived in a cave underneath. Then passing under two archways between the rocks, we arrived on the plateau, where there is a paved pool to collect the rain water, and an old cypress, called by the monks—for what reason I know not—'Elijah's tree.' Nine hundred feet higher than this plateau is the summit which, by tradition, is the spot where the Law was given to Moses. Here we found the ruins of a Christian church and a Mahomedan mosque—the cross and the crescent in close proximity—but little else worth seeing except an extensive view over the surrounding country, which is well described by Jeremiah, who calls it 'a land of desert and of pits, a land where no man 'passed through, and where no man dwells'—a howling wilderness where there was no water. Imagination cannot picture such a scene of endless desolation. On all sides rose range after range of bare and rugged mountains sufficiently high to cast deep shadows over the sterile and dreary-looking valleys that intersect them, which, with their sandy or stony beds, look like rivers without water.

The slopes were furrowed by dark fissures and chasms that at one time might have been the beds of mountain torrents, but that they were not relieved by any trace of vegetation. Here were no variegated woods of pine, birch, and oak; no ferns, bracken, pasture land, moss, or living verdure to take away from the utter lifelessness of the scene. Save the dismal moaning of the wind as it swept past the scorched rocks and precipices, a death-like silence ever reigned. Here are heard no murmuring purling streams, no sounds of falling waters. All Nature appears dead, for nothing grows, nothing stirs, nothing changes. All seasons are alike in this land of utter desolation, which may be likened to a hideous chaos before the germ of life was awakened.

We were glad to get away from this scene of eternal barrenness, and returned along the road made by order of Abbas Pacha when he conceived the idea of building a palace on the mountain. On arrival in camp, we were somewhat disgusted to find that there were no signs of preparation for dinner, as Le Sage, our cook, and one of the padres, had been fraternizing, and were both in a maudlin state. I very unceremoniously started the monastic party back to his convent, and a few buckets of nearly ice-cold water from the well soon brought Le Sage to his senses, and enabled him to carry on his culinary arrangements. This little *contretemps*, which delayed our dinner a couple of hours, however trying to our patience at the time, turned out lucky in the end, for just as we were about commencing operations, two American gentlemen, somewhat knocked up after a long march, rode up on camels and did us the honour of joining our party.

We had neither table nor chairs, but in the centre of the carpet a tablecloth was spread, on which the viands were placed, and our mattresses being stowed round, we dined like the noble Romans we have all read about, and our cook, to make up for his delinquency, had bestowed extra care upon his cuisine, which was voted the best in the desert by long chalks. A case of Bordeaux was cracked, a brew of 'Blue Ruin,' such as Vickers only can distil, was concocted, and I never remember passing a more jolly evening. Long after the old monks had finished their 'Kyrie Eliesen,' 'Annie Laurie,' 'Le Vieux Drapeau,' 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' and such-like chants were borne on the night winds, and I dare say somewhat astonished a neighbouring camp of Egyptian soldiers.

Our guests had travelled from Suez by land, and were going to Petra *via* Akabah, and they tried hard to persuade us to accompany them, but unfortunately we could not spare the time. The next day we visited the block of isolated rock from which—by tradition—Moses caused water to flow, and ascended to the summit of Mount Catherine, from whence we had a splendid view of the surrounding country. The panorama embraced the Serbal, with its five peaks, El Shomar, Jebel Mousa, Um Shaumer, the groves of Tôr, and the Red Sea, with the high mountains of El Yareeb, and El Zet, on

the African shore. *En route* I shot a brace of red-legged partridges and a couple of 'conies,' animals of the same colour as a hare, and much resembling a very large guinea-pig. They have a very strong smell, and can scarcely be good to eat, notwithstanding the Arabs told me that some Europeans had eaten them. We all passed the evening together, and gave our followers and people a feast, at which our Bedouins were joined by a Towara Sheikh and several of his tribe, so that we had to double their allowance of sheep and rice. After our own dinner we sat in state, and were visited by the whole tribe then present, to whom I distributed coffee and tobacco, for which they appeared very grateful. Later on in the evening, the Binbashi, and several officers of the Egyptian detachment, came to see us, so our family circle began to assume rather gigantic proportions. Sending a score of youngsters to collect fuel, a cheerful fire was made, round which we all sat, and copious brews of coffee and sherbet were handed round by our people, who prided themselves upon the hospitality of their masters. Several Bedouin women having got over their shyness, joined our circle, and after some little hesitation—perhaps caused by the presence of the Pacha's officer—at the request of the Sheikh, they commenced 'the Asamer,' their national dance. The younger girls joining hands, sang and kept time to a measure, whilst the men clapped their hands and joined in the chorus. In the beginning the performers were coy, and the movement was very slow; but warming up by degrees, they became extremely animated, their eyes sparkled with excitement, and the scene became very interesting. With the exception of an old party who regulated the time, the dancers seemed between the ages of thirteen and fifteen, and five or six of their number were very good-looking, having extremely white, even teeth with olive complexions tinged with the ruddy glow of health. Although their only garment consisted of the ordinary blue chemise, open from the throat to the waist, which scarcely concealed the outlines of their lithesome figures, there was no immodesty or indelicacy in the whole performance; on the contrary, several of the dances were very graceful. To the best dancers I distributed gilt bracelets and silver rings, of which I brought a quantity for presents, and great was the rejoicing thereupon.

On the strength of my long beard, weather-worn phiz, general get-up, and knowledge of the language, Achmed had dubbed me 'a 'Hadji,' and in the extemporary songs that followed I was welcomed by the tribe 'as one who had been long away,' and it was evident that my party had gained greatly in the esteem of the Bedouins by not putting up in the convent. The festivities were kept up until a late hour, as long after we had retired I heard them chattering.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE OLD OAK TABLE.

## CHAPTER XV.

'How blest should we be, have I often conceived,  
 Had we really achieved what we nearly achieved !  
 We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,  
 And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.  
 O Horace ! the rustic still rests by the river,  
 But the river flows on, and flows past him for ever !  
 Who can sit down and say, "What I will be, I will ?"  
 Who stand up and affirm, "What I was, I am still ?"'

LUCILLE.

POSTING to Gretna Green from the centre of England, even with the speediest horses, must have been a tedious affair for many an impatient lover in former times ; but, as the fugitives who quitted Lovelstone so hurriedly were in no fear of pursuit, Evelyn did not think it necessary to bribe the postboys with five-pound notes in order to increase the pace at which they travelled towards that classic land. Accordingly they did not reach Carlisle until the evening of the fifth day ; and as already the lanterns, in poor illustration of the once 'merrie city,' were dimly burning, few and far between, in the half-deserted streets, the ceremony anticipated by crossing the border was postponed to the following day. Evelyn's nature, like that of many impulsive men, was as fickle as the winds ; and as from his earliest years he had been an out-of-door man, devoting his mornings invariably to whatever sport the season and the country supplied, the five days of close confinement to a rumbling post-chaise and the perpetual excitement created by the journey had, by the time he reached Carlisle, somewhat disturbed his thoughts and shaken his faith in the prudence of the step he was now about to take. And the man who had felt so few scruples in the plot he had so successfully designed against his old college friend (albeit to him he proved to be a true benefactor), would he be likely to be more scrupulous in his treatment of the fair woman now so wholly in his power and helpless as a kid in the coils of a python ?—would the wild love she had so confidently evinced for him, and which, as he knew, she had so readily transferred from another in order to gratify him—would the personal attractions she possessed, though they were those of Cleopatra, carry a feather's weight to the balance in her favour, against the interests he was now casting into the opposite scale ? I trow not. Self-interest weighs heavy with all men ; Cæsar found it so, when, at the call of ambition, the fascination of the beautiful queen lost its power, and the chain that bound him to her side fell asunder like a rope of sand. 'Rome and duty' was the conqueror's watchword ; but self-interest the real motive that governed his soul.



After a comfortable dinner together at the principal posting-house of the old town, Evelyn, having discovered a copy of 'Blackwood's Magazine' on a side-table in the dining-room, handed it to Grace, and then strolled out to smoke a cigar in the almost dark and desolate streets. Forethought and reflection as yet had never troubled Evelyn, nor robbed him of a moment's sleep: indeed, his motto was 'never to suffer the past nor the future to obtrude on his enjoyment of the present time:' but it might have been the sedative influence of the grateful weed, which is said to encourage contemplation, that now made him ponder gravely on the irrevocable step he was about to take on the following morn.

As thought after thought crowded upon his mind, the ever-recurring one that again and again would rise, like a spectre to scare him from his present purpose, was the disparity in their social position; proletarian on one side, patrician on the other,—and this reflection harassed him as a thorn rankles in a wound. Then the question followed, and he said to himself, 'I should have thought of this before; but is it now too late?—is extrication impossible?—are there no means of evading a ceremony that I feel will inflict a stain on my family and a life-long regret on myself?'—and as he reasoned thus, the little rill of legal formality that separated him from Grace grew wider and wider, till soon a gulf yawned between them, deep, broad, and impassable! So true is the French proverb,—'*Quand un homme commence à raisonner il cesse de sentir*:' and if there be no sentiment, God help the woman!

When Evelyn had lighted a second cigar he walked straight, as if with a purpose, to the inn stables; where stood not only the post-horses of the establishment, but the teams of the stage coaches that changed at the hotel. The strappers and boys were *doing-up* for the night, and, if he had not been accustomed to such scenes, from the hissing and blowing that prevailed he might have thought he was intruding into a den of snakes; the rattling of the night-halters, the noise of the horses picking up their beans and dragging the unwilling hay through the close bars of their racks, the chronic coughs, the din of the pike-heads and bucket-handles created such a clatter that it was some time before Evelyn could make himself heard by the nearest of those busy men.

'Hark ye, my man,' he said; 'can you tell me where to find a well-seasoned postboy; one, for instance, who has been so often to Gretna Green that he could drive there blindfolded?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' said the man, 'we have a many such; there's old Josey in yon stall has been oop forty year in ta yard, and a kens every stane and bracken 'twixt this and Gretna.'

'Then he'll do,' replied Evelyn, dropping half a crown into the postboy's hand: 'tell him to step out and speak to me for a minute or two.'

Josey, scenting a job and a handsome fee on the morrow, hobbled forth as he was, with his shirt-sleeves turned up, his leather breeches

unbuttoned at the knee, the loins scantily covered, and his braces hanging in festoons around his meagre shanks.

‘At your sarvice, your honour,’ he said, respectfully pulling his forelock and advancing into the dark stable-yard to confer with Evelyn. ‘If it’s for Gretna ye’d be ganging, there’s nae lad kens the road better than mysenn.’

‘You know it well, then?’ inquired Evelyn.

‘Oi owt,’ replied the other. ‘Oi’ve bin oop forty year ’pon th’ roäð; and carried oop foive hoonderd coople to th’ All in moy toime; ay, an’ boockled oop soom on ’em mysenn, when Parson Lang didn’t coom to th’ scratch quick enow—Squoire Sheridan was one on ’em; thof, in his haste, he forgot to pay ma.’

‘Well, Josey, you’re exactly the man I want,’ said Evelyn, bringing him under the light of a lantern, that he might scan his features, as he revealed the scheme now uppermost in his thoughts. ‘I won’t forget to fee you well: you shall have a handful of gold if you follow my orders to the letter. Now listen. I don’t intend to cross the border at all; but I mean to be married on this side of it, a mile or two short of Gretna; and you shall be the parson, Josey. Can you borrow a black coat and a smith’s apron, think you?’

‘A dizzen, if there was need: but there’s nae ca’ for the apurn,’ said the man, whose avarice was now keenly whetted by the promised reward. ‘Oi niver knaw’d a blacksmith, sin’ oi comed to th’ plaâce. Auld Lang’s bin parson sin’ oi moind; an’ oi larn’d o’ him, an’ can weld a coople amais sae weel, aif oi ’m nobbut sae weel paäd.’

‘Well, then, I’ll give you twenty pounds for yourself,’ said Evelyn, ‘and five pounds apiece to the two boys; but mind, on condition you do your work well and keep it all dark.’

‘Niver fear: oi’ll square that; but ye’ll paay aforehand, I reckon, that’s all’ays th’ rule?’ inquired Josey, mindful of the haste from which he had suffered on former occasions.

But Evelyn demurred: without a scrap of honesty himself he gave no human being credit for its possession; though, in the case of this postboy, who for a certain sum was quite ready to commit a serious act of felony at the behest of a mere stranger, he could only expect to secure the fulfilment of his conditions from him by the prospective hope of further emolument.

‘No, Josey,’ he said, ‘that won’t do; büt say half now, and the other half when the job is done and I’ll close with you at once.’

‘Verra weel, so be ut;’ and, as he extended his open hand, Evelyn put three five-pound notes into it and then proceeded to give him full orders for the following morning. Those were that, at break of day, he was to travel on horseback to the secluded hamlet of Greendale, a mile at least off the main road and on the Carlisle side of the brook that divides the county of Cumberland from that of Dumfries, and there to await, at the little inn, the arrival of the post-chaise contain-

ing the party at whose nuptials he would be called upon to officiate. He was also, at the conclusion of the ceremony, to be prepared with a written form of a marriage certificate, the names for which Evelyn would himself supply at the proper time.

All these arrangements Josey undertook to perform without fail; and having folded up his notes and deposited them carefully in his leathern breeches he bustled back to the reeking stable to finish off his work and confer with his accomplices on the more hopeful work of the morrow.

Dark as Erebus was the night as Evelyn, under its ebon wings, groped his way through the stable-yard back to the hotel and took a parting pull at the end of his cigar, ere he cast it away. The fire, however, had ceased to burn; and instead of inhaling the grateful vapour he drew from it a drop of essential oil that almost blistered his throat with its bitter and acrid poison. Had he been disposed to moralise on the trifling circumstance he might have said: 'Ah me! not even a cigar without its penalty! the indulgence first, and then the bitter drop!'—but no such sentiment crossed his mind; nor, if it had done so, would he have paused to extend the analogy to the graver self-gratification on which he was so madly bent, nor to the stinging lash he was thus preparing so surely for his own back.

'I have just made all the arrangements for to-morrow morning,' said Evelyn, as he entered the warm apartment in which Grace, seated at the tea-table, was awaiting his return: 'and if all goes right I hope the job will be well over by twelve o'clock.'

A beam of unmixed pleasure shot from Grace's eyes at this announcement; and when, with soft, low, earnest voice, she said, 'I hope so,' it was quite clear that this aspiration emanated from her very soul, and that her happiness for life would be either made or marred by the cast of the morrow's die. The stakes were heavy, and the game hazardous; still other women had played it out successfully, and she too was on the eve of doing so now: one day more and the game, she believed, would be fairly won.

Poor Grace! was there no watchful sylph, no friendly Ariel to hover near and rouse her from the dream of joy in which she was indulging—to warn her of the danger and dash from her lips the poisoned cup ere she quaffed it to the dregs?

No: it was too late now: Passion was at the helm and the frail skiff in which Grace had embarked, borne away by the wild mid-stream, must shoot the rapids and sink or swim,—be lost or saved, under the guidance of those ruthless hands.

The paths of pleasure, as well as those of glory, "lead but to the grave;" but how often does the desert intervene between them and it, ere life's long journey is brought to a close?—and alas! what thorny tracks are they, over which we are so often compelled to travel, way-worn, broken-down, and racked with pain, ere we reach that quiet home.

The next day a yellow bounder, drawn by four well-bred greys, dashed out of the high road between Carlisle and the border down a miry, narrow lane leading to Greendale; and, as it halted in front of a smithy, the first building in the village, Evelyn sprung from the carriage and giving his hand to Grace, led her at once into the grimy shed, where stood Josey, dressed in a black coat and white throat-lash, awaiting their arrival.

‘Oi ken ye’re come to be coopled oop,’ he said, pulling his forelock, and taking a long, inquisitive look at the beautiful woman before him; ‘and gin ye’re both o’ the same moind, oi’ll mak ye fast ‘as a link in a pole-chän.’

‘Then your reverence will be good enough to lose no time about ‘it,’ said Evelyn, with mock solemnity and impatience, while Grace, who nodded her assent, exhibited no outward emotion whatever, except that she appeared to be somewhat bewildered by Josey’s northern jargon.

The ceremony was soon over; and, when the blank spaces in the certificate had been filled up according to Evelyn’s directions, Grace took possession of the document, meaning to forward it to her father, by which he would learn the object of her flight from Lovelstone, and, as she expected, be reconciled to it by its happy result. The following is a literal copy of the document, as it was drawn out and witnessed by the parties present:—

*‘Parish of Greendale, by Gretna.*

‘These are to certify to all to whom these Presents may come, ‘that Launcelot Evelyn, from the Parish of Coedmawr, in the ‘County of Cardigan, and Grace Lampern, from the Parish of ‘Minster Lovel, in the County of Oxford, being now present, and ‘having declared themselves single persons, were this day married ‘agreeable to the usage at Gretna.

‘Greendale, this 16th day of November, 18—.’

*Witnesses {*

‘You’ll be loik to paäy me, noo,’ said Josey, with a half-mistrustful look at Evelyn, who was now moving towards the carriage.

‘Yes,’ he said; ‘you have earned your money fairly, and there it ‘is;’ and, as Josey clutched the notes, and crammed them into an interior breast-pocket, the exertion brought out a fit of nature that all but unmasked him; the old stable habit suddenly seized him, and he commenced hissing and sputtering, as if he was hand-rubbing the back-sinews of a horse, in utter forgetfulness of the sacred character he had assumed. The sound, so familiar to Grace’s ear, attracted her instant attention, and, as the horses dashed away from the smithy door, she said, half in jest and half in earnest, ‘Surely that

'man must have been reared in a stable; he has the regular groom's hiss when he blows away the dust from his lips and teeth! And then, his allusion to the pole-chain! Oh, I really believe he was nothing but a stable-man dressed in clerical attire.'

'Or a wolf in sheep's clothing,' added Evelyn, with a laugh; 'or rather, a kind of hybrid creature—a combination of the sacred and profane, Jew and Gentile, all in one.'

But the jest fell heavily as a death-knell on Grace's spirits, and utterly failed to efface the impression it was intended to remove; yet, as in a moment, her heart foreshadowed all evil, happily for her the form of the calamity was indefinable, and whence, how, or when it should come was mercifully hidden from her view; so hope soon revived, the ominous hiss was forgotten for the present, and the ugly phantom faded from her memory as the gloom of night fades before the morning sun.

Paris was their destination; but, although they travelled with considerable expedition for those days, they did not reach their hotel in the Rue St. Honoré, in that city, under a whole week. Here then, in the full enjoyment of the honeymoon, and the endless attractions provided for the votaries of 'pleasure in that gayest of capitals, let us leave them for the present, and take a peep at the Cornish pack as, up wind, they are drawing the Vicar's cover, and feathering freely on a scent.

'We shall find him in two minutes,' says Bob Cross, the huntsman, feeling for his horn, but keeping his ears and eyes open on the work of his hounds.

In half a minute a hound called Vulcan speaks; Bob holds his breath: that hound he knows needs no cheer, and in another second a crash follows that sends the squirrels flying through the trees.

'That's the Vicar's tongue,' says John Ball, as a ringing view-halloa from the far end of the cover told the field the fox was gone. The Vicar had made a private signal to Stoford, and quietly stationed himself under the lee of a hedge in the vale below, judging if 'the Hero' was at home, he would break at that point, and go for the moor.

'I hope those wild fellows will give the hounds time to settle,' continues the old Squire, who, nevertheless, is shaking up his horse into a sharp gallop and cramming for the front. But ere he reaches the wood-end every hound has broken cover, and the chase is blazing away three fields ahead; a distance that, in spite of some angry digs with his off-heel, the Squire never recovers for the rest of the run.

Within a bow-shot of Fox-tor House, and under the eyes of Blanche Crocker and her father, the long, lanky fox, the Vicar's Hero, speeds over the lawn with a rapid and even stride, his brush level with his back, and his nose straight for the moor; and behind him, not five hundred yards apart, is the Cornish pack carrying a fine head, and dashing forward like demons in close array. Even now

the field is nowhere ; and three men alone are living with the chase, Bob Cross, the Vicar, and Harry Stoford.

And now Blanche's heart again flutters to its core, as Stoford, down-seated in his saddle, puts Harlequin's head straight for the boundary fence, an oak-paling big enough to stop a red-deer ; but, as the brave old horse sweeps over it like a bird, and lands him safely on the open moor, the palpitation soon subsides, and a gleam of pride and delight glistens in her blue eye, as she turns to enter the house.

'Well done, horse and man,' shouts Crocker, at the top of his voice ; while he gathers his reins together, and, quick as lightning, follows Cross and the Vicar through a bridle-gate in pursuit of the pack.

Clear of all covers the fox is fairly away ; not a fence nor an earth in front short of Holne, nine miles distant as the crow would fly ; the grassy moor carries a killing scent ; the tongue gets less and less ; now only an occasional chop, now not even a whimper,—dead silence,—the pace at its highest. Oh ! thrilling moments are they, when no sound is heard but the sobbing of your horse on the open moor ; for then, and then only, the pace of the pack is right !—ay, moments of enjoyment,—manly, pure, and unselfish ; the remembrance of which will bring out the sun on the cloudiest day of after life !

Thirty-five minutes in all,—the last fifteen over the open moor, and the struggle ends ! The Vicar's fox, the hero of many a run, the wild, the crafty and the swift, the fox that, found in the old-fashioned style, no hounds could kill, bites the dust ; and if laurels crowned not the victors, at least one and all rejoiced in the triumph of the Cornish hounds.

But perfect, glorious as the sport was, it was seriously marred by an accident that occurred to John Ball ; in his endeavour to recover the chase, he had urged his horse beyond his power of speed, and the pumped-out beast rolling, like a ship in distress, through some soft ground, at length floundered heavily into it ; and, kicking the old Squire in the chest and ribs, left him half smothered in the black mud, and more dead than alive. So injured was he, that it was found necessary to send to Fox-tor for a carriage to convey him thither without delay.

'He must lose a pint of blood at once, sir,' said the leech to Crocker, in a decisive tone ; 'and then, with hot fomentations, and 'rest, we may possibly keep down the inflammation.'

His pulse was high ; and, as old Host the surgeon well knew the Squire had lived freely for many years past, drinking at least a bottle of port wine daily, and three or four tumblers of hot brandy and water ere he retired for the night ; so active measures were at once necessary to counteract the danger already imminent.

For some hours the Squire tossed and rolled on his bed apparently in great agony ; but at length a short interval of ease enabled him to inquire for Stoford, and express a wish to see him at his bed-side.

‘Tell him,’ he said, ‘I have a word to say to him; something that no one but myself can say. He’s a fine honest fellow, is Harry, and dearer to me than my own flesh and blood.’

‘He left for Exeter three hours ago,’ announced Crocker, ‘and as he mounted a fresh hack, he must be there or thereabouts by this time.’

‘Then stop him,’ he said, ‘stop him; tell Jack to put a saddle on Dryad, and ride for his life to overtake him; if he gets into Oxfordshire it will be too late, too late.’

The exertion and impatience of the speaker brought on renewed spasms, and he sank back on his pillow writhing with pain. But again, as he gradually rallied, he went on in a subdued under-tone to his friend John Crocker; ‘Fulbert tells me that Stoford has been fool enough to sign a bond by which he undertakes to marry this horse-dealer’s daughter within a given period, or pay a sum of ten thousand pounds; and that in seven days the period will expire and the bond become forfeited. Now, lest that consideration—and I don’t believe it does—should weigh one scruple with Stoford, I propose advancing the money and saving him, if I can, from this ruinous marriage. But it must be done orally, or I know what answer his pride will dictate to such a proposition.’

Crocker shook his head, as much as to say it was of no use; and that, as Stoford had made it a point of honour to marry the girl, in spite of the far heavier penalty that awaited him by the loss of his paternal property, no argument would now avail to make him change his mind and abandon the mistaken act of justice he was about to perpetrate.

Although Jack rode with the speed of a wild horseman to Exeter, he was too late; Stoford had gone on by the Bath Mail, an hour before, and never knew the intentions of the kindly old Squire till it was ‘too late’ to thank him for them.

The next time Stoford saw him he was wrapped in his shroud; the struggle had been a short and a fierce one; but at every interval of rest, after praying fervently for mercy, his thoughts reverted to Stoford, and in broken accents he lamented his inability to save him. ‘Crocker,’ he said, ‘I meant that good lad to have married Blanche; they are attached to each other; I know they are; and as I have given my estate to her, they would have had enough for themselves and something over to keep on the hounds; but it was too late; too late.’

These were the old Squire’s last words; and calling for Blanche Crocker, whom for the sake of her mother, his first and his only love, he had always regarded with a tender, loving affection, even as his own child, he bid her kiss him, blessed her, and died.

## 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jottings.

JANUARY, the month which is sacred to Handicappers, Theatrical Managers, and Dividend recipients, has consumed its allotted period of time in a manner congenial to its nature. The first-named have turned out 'their vehicles for 'gambling' in the form of the statute in that case made and provided. The second have appealed to the public through the means of pantomime and burlesque, and found them as attractive as in the days of Grimaldi and Vestris; and the third have prevented the Clerks of the Bank of England from spending many hours of idleness in the Palace of Bank-notes. Sir Joseph Hawley has sounded the key note of a Turf Reform Bill, and cast terror and consternation among Clerks of Courses in the provinces, whose programmes he promises to make as much havoc among as Mr. Gladstone among the temporalities of the Church of Ireland, and the sympathy which Sir Joseph has received from pretty nearly all classes of the racing community speaks well for the success of his measures; for the last season has shown us, beyond a doubt, how fatal to three-year olds has been the policy of running them as two-year olds, before their strength had been properly developed; and if the system of racing this class of animal from February to November is persevered in, the Turf will be overrun with weeds, and a live six-year old in training will be exhibited as a curiosity at the Crystal Palace, or at the Horse Show at Islington. As regards Sir Joseph Hawley's Resolutions we are of opinion that they are eminently calculated to effect the object they have in view, which is the improvement in the breed of horses, for which purpose racing was established. Everything is now sacrificed to speed, and the nimble sixpence is held in greater estimation than the slow shilling. Sir Joseph contends, with great truth, that if the Turf is rendered a gambling institution, the suppression of the West-End gambling-houses is a cruel wrong, for which compensation ought to be rendered. But July, we fear, is too late a date to commence two-year old racing; and to fix June would make it appear as if the Jockey Club wished to favour Ascot at the expense of Epsom, which we are certain is not their wish. The only objection we have to Two Year Old Handicaps is the premium they offer for fiddling, and the almost absolute impossibility for any person to handicap a lot of youngsters on fair terms. The Epsom difficulty is as far off being settled as the dispute between Greece and Turkey, and the press seems to have as much influence in settling the matter as a Paris Conference in dealing with the Cretans. To the bookmakers Mr. Studd has been as inimical as Mr. Knox to the night-house keepers of the Haymarket, for he has completely destroyed all their trade. Still he has public sympathy on his side, for it is generally felt he is only exercising his due rights as a landlord, and the question in dispute is solely that of the soil. In Ireland some friendly bullet would probably soon have laid him low, but we manage these things better in Surrey than in Tipperary. Be it as it may, we are confident the Derby will not be abolished this year, for it carries with it too potent a spell to be resisted by man born of woman. Regarding the new course considerable discrepancy of opinion exists. 'Hotspur' is inclined to think well of



it, and maintains that it is perfectly safe to ride over; and his estimate of its fitness is coincided in by Judge Clarke, and Messrs. Brayley, Gideon, Head, and Verrall, of which batch the latter has alone been seen on horseback. The opposition critics, which include the representatives of 'Bell's Life,' the 'Sporting Gazette,' the 'Sportsman,' and the 'Sporting Times,' unanimously maintain that it will be suicidal to start a parcel of jockeys over it, and do not hesitate to predict a disastrous result in the first great race in which they figure. Whether these prophetic visions will be realised time alone will show; but Custance, who is equally at home over Leicestershire as at Newmarket, it has been stated has positively refused to risk his neck on the new course, and his example, it is said, will be followed by many of his brethren of the pigskin, whose voices on such an occasion must be almost omnipotent. In justice, however, to the Epsom Committee, we must observe they are somewhat hampered by their inability to procure a lease from Mr. Briscoe on account of his advanced age; for as nothing is known regarding his successor, who might not have any racing tendency, all the money which the Committee might lay out on the Course, or the Stand, might be thrown away if the former was abolished, and let out on building leases. Knowing, therefore, the insufficiency of their own tenure, they should have been more guarded in their conduct towards Mr. Studd, and given him no cause for offence, when they would have found their dealings with him infinitely less embarrassing than they are at the present moment. Still the price asked for rent was so very moderate and so reasonable, considering the accommodation afforded, to say nothing of the fact that the half-mile of the course over Mr. Studd's ground was absolutely indispensable, that the public will have no difficulty in attributing the discredit where it is solely due. A friend of ours, who has lately been over the ground, says the new course is impracticable, and the old one so neglected—not having been rolled, brushed, harrowed, or any care whatever taken of it all the season—that the conduct of the authorities cannot be considered as otherwise than very reprehensible. Immediate steps ought to be taken, if it is intended to run the Derby and Oaks at all, otherwise the course will not be in a fit state to run over, even if permission be granted. The Grand Stand Committee very tardily offered to purchase the property belonging to Mr. Studd on Epsom Downs, including the famous 'Six Mile Hill,' but not until Mr. Studd's steward had agreed to let the training ground to the Epsom trainers at a merely nominal rent, and therefore that gentleman, even had he been disposed to sell the Downs, could not have done so without breaking faith with the trainers, and therefore the delay in this case has been dangerous, and the offer was peremptorily declined. While all these discussions have been going on, the Ring have been obliged to say, like Hamlet in the play, 'Let us 'to billiards,' and by means of handicaps, constructed with all the ability of a Topham or a Merry, have contrived to pass the slow hours away until the cry of 'What on the field?' awakes them to the call of duty. The 'Daily Telegraph,' having devoted upwards of a fortnight to the discussion of 'The Young Men of the Day, their Manners, Sayings and Doings,' with a view, no doubt, to their reform, and having omitted in their sketches the Sporting Young Man of the Period, we will endeavour, in a humble manner, to supply the vacancy. Well, then, 'The Sporting Young Man of the Present Day' is a beardless youth, still in his teens, and trussed like a fowl, from the nature of his dress, and with a moustache like thistledown across his face. His hat is of the Gideon style, and his neckcloth is of that scarlet hue that would excite

the tamest bull in Madrid. His trousers are so tight that he impresses one with the idea he has come into the world with them on; while his cane is hardly stout enough for a lady's parasol handle. Of horses he has a profound acquaintance, and he does not quite like the forelegs of one 'Derby' favourite, or the hocks of another, which he imagines have a tendency to curbs. He has a great admiration for Wells and Fordham, and once he knew a man who spoke to them. He can tell a friend what is best in the 'Cesarewitch' or 'Cam-bridgeshire,' and whether a certain favourite for one of these races is going to try, or be shunted. He subscribes to *Judex*, *Locket*, and *Paul Walmealey*, and is a constant reader of all the sporting papers. When his fancy is defeated he is sure to have been stopped by his jockey or trainer, and he hints mysteriously that, if he were permitted, he could a tale unfold that would astound the world; for he had heard from the first cousin of Lord Westmorland's valet that his Lordship had been heard to say that the animal in question had no chance, and that he would not take a thousand pounds to sixpence about him. His disquisitions about trainers, and their systems, are equally as learned as his acquaintance with the style of jockeys. John Scott, he maintains, is quite gone by, and his horses are as fat as the bullocks he keeps at his farm; while those of John Day are galloped to death. Mat Dawson, he owns, can get a horse ready, but he thinks his sanguine disposition renders it dangerous to follow his opinion. He is a devoted admirer of Joe Dawson over short courses, but insists upon it he cannot get a horse to stay. His income depends upon circumstances, but handicaps diminish one half of it, and generally, after a couple of years, his retirement is announced, and he is reported by his friends to be so broken that he cannot be repaired. Such, we submit, is not an over-charged picture of 'The Sporting Young Man of the Period,' and it cannot be denied that every year witnesses his entrance on the Turf, as well as his exit, without a feeling of regret. The Overend and Gurney affair is not strictly within our limits, and we only venture to say that, had the Directors engaged the services of Mr. E. R. Clarke instead of Mr. Edwards, which they might have done on precisely the same terms, the crisis might have been avoided, for with his vast connexion 'the little E. R.' could have found a far better channel for the investment of the countless thousands that were at his disposal than a parcel of Greek adventurers with a fleet of steamboats which could not even raise their own steam, and the City people would then have seen the cheques of The Firm printed in the favourite colours of Mr. Clarke, viz., red and blue. Fortunately for the Turf, not a single Director belonged to Tattersall's, which they regarded as a species of earthly Pandemonium, so that in all human probability Thomas will not have to ask them for their two guineas when they walk into the Subscription Room. The war at Newmarket between the touts and the trainers still flourishes, and at present the former may be said to have gained a slight advantage. Otherwise this country may be said to be at peace with all the world. So we think there have been enough sensational subjects this month to fill the columns of the sporting papers without compelling their conductors to take refuge in the pages of the *Old Masters* for the instruction and amusement of their readers.

As regards Hunting the same remarks that we made as to the scent on the Home Circuit in the month of December are applicable to January. Since the rain came down in the middle of November there has scarcely been one bad scenting day, and the season 1868—1869 must be chronicled as one of the best scenting seasons on record. The wind has remained steady in the south and

south-west, and the glass has been high. Amongst the numerous good days with the Duke of Grafton's hounds, the following are worthy of note. Saturday, Jan. 2nd, met at Radstone, found in Gooseholm Gorse, out towards Farthinghoe, into the Bicester country, and killed him near the railway at Brackley; this was a ring, but very fast, about 25 min. Found again in a stubble field near Whitfield, and raced him into into a drain near Brackley town, bolted him; away over the railway and brook into Bicester country, through Evenley Park to Mixbury, and thence to Barton Village, and lost him. Friday, Jan. 8th, Plumpton Wood.—Found directly; fox being headed on all sides, they ran for forty minutes in covert and killed him. Found again in Sywell Wood, leaving Litchboro' to the right, through Hen Wood, where the fox was viewed dead beat, into Knightley's Wood, not twenty yards before the hounds, and here changing they went away to Preston Capes, back through Little Preston to Knightley's Wood, where they again got on to their hunted fox and killed him. Wednesday, Jan. 13, Preston Park.—Found at once, and away over the brook by Preston Deanery, through the Delapre plantations, across Northampton Road, over the Lady Bridge Brook, pointing for Courteen Hall, but bearing to the right they ran him from scent to view, and killed him within one field of Milton Village; this was over a capital country, and was a rare gallop. Friday, Jan. 15th, Whistley Wood.—Found several foxes; settled to one that went away leaving Falcote to the right, as if for the Magpie, turned however to the right, between Sulgrave and Colonel Hutchinson's covert, through the covert at Allithorne, through the Bradden Spinnies, and ran into him between Greens-Norton and Towcester. The Duke of Grafton is indeed to be envied, for his hounds are as nearly as possible perfection, and the style in which they are turned out, handled, and ridden to by that *beau-idéal* of a huntsman, Frank Beers, is worth seeing. This has been the best season they have ever had, as they have never failed to have a gallop of some sort, and generally a kill in the open to finish with. Lord Listowel is at Badby with a stud of hunters; Lord Ellesmere has Turweston House, Brackley, for the season; Sir Algernon Peyton is located at Sholebrook Lodge, Whittlebury, with a large string; Col. Farquharson at Park View, Towcester, and has just added the four hundred guinea chesnut Mosstrooper to his stud from Lord Spencer's sale.

In Leicestershire the last few days of the year were remarkable for the quantity of rain which fell, particularly on Monday 28th, and Tuesday 29th, on which days it not only poured with rain but snowed, and on Tuesday Mr. Tailby was stopped hunting at Launde by the snow, which in that high district lay thick on the ground. On Monday, Dec. 28, the Quorn met at Gaddesby, and though it never ceased raining in torrents and then snowing the whole time, they had a good hunting run from Ashby Pasture across the Burton flat, and over the brook swollen almost into a river; this, Gillard, the huntsman, boldly charged and of course got in, but getting out on the right side himself he was obliged to leave his horse and follow his hounds on foot. Mr. Greaves, however, coming to his assistance, put him on his horse, and he was enabled to catch his hounds again. The first day of the new year set in with frost, enough to stop hunting in some places, but at night a steady rain came on, and since then up to this date when frost has appeared again, we have had the finest hunting January, perhaps, ever remembered by the oldest sportsman. Monday, Jan. 4th.—The Quorn met at Thurnby, which is within four miles of Leicester, and on Mr. Tailby's side of the Uppingham Road. After

having partaken of Mr. Miles's well-known hospitality, they proceeded to draw Scraftoft plantations and Gorse blank; and having chopped a fox not much bigger than a hare, in a turnip field, they trotted on to the Coplow, which also proving empty, a move was quickly made to John of Gaunt's cover, when a brace of foxes were on foot in a minute, one coming out with the hounds close at him, and with a scent more like a drag, which quickly made the old hounds see they were in for something ticklish (as a sporting parson, well known in Gloucestershire, now dead and gone, used to express it). In the first two fields were open gateways, followed by a road, and nothing to stop the horsemen, who, to do them justice, tried their very best to ride the hounds off the line, but in vain, so good was the scent; however, it was quite a different story when they came to the Twyford Brook, which they soon did, and then they were no longer pressed. This was brimming full, and being always bad to get over unless you are lucky in finding a good place, caused more than the usual quantity of grief. Messrs. William and Ernest Chaplin were quickly over, but unfortunately mistaking the tail for the leading hounds as they turned under a hedge they lost their accustomed place. So good was the pace that Capt. Coventry, Mr. Corbett Holland, and Capt. Boyce were left alone in their glory with the hounds, who continuing over that fine grass country under Burrough Hill, ran this good fox to death in 33 min., without a check, in the gardens at Little Dalby, where he lay down dead beat. This, undoubtedly, taking the fine grass country crossed, and all other things into account, must be considered the run of the season; for the hounds had decidedly the best of the horses most of the way, as the three men who were nearest to them I believe are fain to confess, and of whose capability of crossing this country it is quite unnecessary to say anything, as those who have had the pleasure of seeing them do it will readily admit. The only drawback to this good thing was the absence of the master, Mr. Musters, who was confined to his bed with a bad cold. After this they found again in Gartree Hill, and to show the uncertainty of scent could not run a yard! Wednesday, Jan. 13th.—The Belvoir were at Stonesby and had a fine day's sport, and a very hard one for the horses, as the country was so deep. Friday, 15th.—The day after the gay ball given by the Master at Loughborough, the Quorn met at Wymeswold, and had a very brilliant thing from Willoughby Gorse, running in the direction of Nottingham, and finishing near Edwalton. The hounds got away by themselves and the huntsman had to race to get to them, and was with them alone for some time. Mr. Musters was one of the first to catch them, going particularly well on this occasion. Tuesday, 19th.—Mr. Tailby was at Owston Village. Leaving the wood alone, he trotted off at a great pace, pointing for Little Dalby, evidently having heard of a wild fox in the Punchbowl who could not wait to be found, and sure enough he was off before the hounds were in the covert, fortunately not so long gone but they could hunt him, and a pretty dance he led them by Little Dalby, across Barton flat, through Burbridge's covert, and on over Croston Park race course, to within view of Belvoir Castle. Goodall, the huntsman, having unfortunately sprained his knee so severely during the run that he could not continue with his hounds, Mr. Tailby took his place, and would most certainly have killed his fox in Croston Village but for the mad shouting of the rustics. This was a very long run, if not particularly fast, and the Harboro' contingent had over thirty miles home, and the hounds, about twenty, to their kennels. Thursday, 21st.—Mr. Tailby at Houghton-on-the-Hill, hunting his hounds himself, and from information he

had received he trotted off two miles, then he was successful in finding another cunning one in a ploughed field, close to Thurnby, and getting away close at him. It was apparently one of the most beautiful of the many good hunting days we have had lately, but the scent did not prove equally good. Running this fox by Evington, he turned pointing for Houghton, and skirting Norton Gorse, on through Rolleston to Keythorpe, the fox turned again by Staunton Wood, and Mr. Tailby succeeded in killing him at Nosely, after a run of 2 hours and 20 min., over a very fine country, and all it wanted was a little more pace.

Those who have been doomed all their lives to hunt on plough and in woodlands should really have a few days with Captain Thomson, in the Buxworth or Harborough country, for our proverb is, better is one good day with the Pytchley, and pleasure therein, than one whole season of blind-man's buff in a lot of big woods. The Neapolitan says (but why we don't know) 'See 'Naples, and die;' but we advise our provincial friends to go and see the Pytchley find a fox in Waterloo Gorse, and live. But a sad rumour has reached us that it is the intention of Captain Thomson to resign the Mastership of the Pytchley at the end of this season; and if this should be so, let us hope that the members of the hunt may subscribe to have a picture, by Sir Francis Grant, of this excellent sportsman on his well-known horse Iris. A man may have some good fun, and see a fair lot of hunting in Northamptonshire without being very venturesome; but when hounds run, he must keep galloping on somehow as well as he can, or he will soon lose them. We have heard a story of a gentleman residing in this country who, not long ago, asked a friend, a member of a very mild hunt to stay with him and have a few days over the Elysian fields. The gentleman came, and he saw, but he did not conquer, for before the very first fence he stopped, shuddered, and then went straight home. His host missed him, and looked for him everywhere in vain. On his return the friend, who had been back some time, said, 'In my country the fences are very small and easy, and as I was not going to run the risk of breaking my neck at the place I came to this morning, I came home quietly.' This gentleman should have known that only the few who have both good nags and good nerves can go in front, and that a Pytchley field has a very long tail. The North Warwickshire have had a continuance of good sport, and their doings have been duly chronicled in 'Bell's Life' by an 'affable' correspondent. Should a steady provincial Paterfamilias visit this pack, we strongly advise him not to pick out Lord Craven as his pilot, unless he is insured in the 'Accidental' to the fullest amount, his Lordship being the hardest heavy weight we have ever seen. We are not aware who is his hatter, but we are quite sure that he must be a capital customer. The Atherstone had a very good day's sport on the 8th from Bitteswell, finding directly, and going away very fast straight over the brook at the back of Lutterworth, which was well cleared by Mr. Mills, of Bosworth, and Mr. Hepwell, of Lutterworth, but where several were re-baptized; then by Misterton to Shawell Wood, where they lost, and they afterwards had a first-rate run from Burbage Wood. We hear that the Rugbeians complain that Stephen Dickens too often sings 'Home, Sweet Home' about one o'clock when on their side of the country, save when he goes to Lord Craven's; but we quite agree with an old farmer, who said to us that he would as soon go rat-hunting as go to Combe. Although not yet up to the form of the Travellers, the Windham, or the York Club, the cuisine of the hotel at Rugby, we hear, has somewhat improved

since our last notice of it. With a really good cook and an active manager, and wines at fair prices, this house ought always to be full during the hunting season; but at present Young England prefers the living of Leamington, and keeps his horses only at Rugby. For it would really seem at some hotels that we could mention, that the landlords had joined with the Temperance Society in a conspiracy to put down drinking. Good sport and long days have been the order of things in the North Cotswold, and the sporting farmers are talking of raising a subscription to provide the hunt with lanterns. The last day of the old year will long be recollected, and the run with the Buckland Wood fox talked off for years to come in the Cotswold hills. The meet was on Lygon Downs, Broadway, a large tract of country; in the vale was Claude, and it was past two o'clock when a fox was halloo'd from the Lazar brakes: 25 minutes and a kill in the open settled him. And then Buckland Wood was drawn, at the bottom of which there was a line which the hounds carried out by the second whip, who had been there 6 or 7 minutes, so it is known that the fox had at least that start; but the scent was good, and they raced up the hill through Broadway Wood and Middle Hill, as if they had a view of him. On they went over the Stow and Broadway road, as if for Campden, but he was headed, and turning back, passed through Springhill, and the hounds flew over the walls by the slate pits, and on to Charnel Bank. But here there is no pause, and they are fleeting up the bottom at undiminished speed. Rooho Pool—then the plantations of Eyford appear, but the gallant fox seeks no shelter, and leaving the coverts on the right, keeps his course over the open, and passing through Sevell Clumps, crosses the brook and sinks the vale, pointing straight for Stow-on-the-Wold. As he rises the hill he is seen for the first time during the run, close before the hounds. The Master, with a scream or two, gets their heads up—they catch a view. Liberty, Roman, and Shiner are straining after him. Liberty catches him on the top of a wall, and the pack roll over with him on the other side. Whoo-hoop! Mr. Algernon Rushout helps Lord Coventry to cut him up; and watches being consulted, give the time as 1 hour and 22 minutes—twelve miles from point to point, and in which fourteen only, out of a large field, saw the finish of this fine run. The hounds ran as hard at the end as at the beginning, and their condition does credit to Tom Squires. The Heythrop hounds had a good day on the 20th from Addlestrop Gate, killing their fox, after a capital run, at Ganboro'. The Cheshire men have no cause to complain of their share of sport this season, but we regret to announce that on the 18th of December, when the meet was at Cholmondeley Castle, an unfortunate accident occurred to the Master, which resulted in a fracture of the small bone of his right leg. However, we are glad to say that he has again appeared in the saddle, after a lapse of a little more than three weeks, and otherwise than being unable to wear a boot on the injured leg. Jan. 2nd.—Met at Ridley's toll-bar. A good day's sport, and the second fox from Spurstow was killed on Peckgorton Hills by seven couples of hounds, which divided from the body of the pack in Peckgorton Wood. Jan. 5th.—Tattan Park was the meet. The first fox was soon disposed of; the second, from Booth's Obelisk, went to ground in Bomersk Wood, after a capital 25 minutes without a check. Jan. 6th.—Met at Highway side. Found in Calneley New Gorse a brace of foxes. The hounds soon settled to one, which took them nearly up to Crewe, where he turned back in the direction of Church Minshull, and was eventually killed near Winsford. Time, nearly 2 hours, over a vast extent of country.

Friday, Jan. 8th, was a good day, from Norley's Hall. Jan. 9th.—Met at Manor House. Had a capital gallop from Whatcroft Gorse to Tabley, where we changed foxes. Jan. 12th.—Vale Royal. Ran the first fox to ground; in a few minutes found a second in Petty Pool covert, which took us at a great pace up to Darnhall: here we had a slight check, then on to Weaver Hall, over the river to Manor House, and lost him; 11 miles from point to point. Friday, Jan. 15th.—A good day's sport from Appleton. Thursday, Jan. 21st.—Met at Wrenburg. The first fox was found within two hundred yards of the Station; the scent not being good, the hounds hunted him only slowly into Combermere Park. A brace of foxes were then found in Baddely New Gorse; one which the hounds got away with soon went to ground. Hurleston Gorse was next tried, where, as usual, the animal is always to be found. This fox also got to ground after a nice gallop. It being then near four o'clock, the bulk of the field turned homeward, there being nothing else to draw except a small spinney, which lay in the way to the kennels. Here a fifth fox was found, which rewarded those who were fortunate enough to remain with the hounds. A splendid 55 minutes, over the finest part of Cheshire. It having become too dark to persevere, the hounds were whipped off a few minutes before five o'clock. Saturday, Jan. 23rd.—Met at Brereton Hall. Had a sharp 25 minutes to ground with the first fox. Found a second fox in Brereton Gorse, which was soon lost, the scent failing. A third fox was found in Union Gorse, which was lost at Manor House after a good 25 minutes. The sport up to the present time has been extremely good, and we can only hope the frost now threatening will not put a stop to it for any length of time.

Sir Watkin has had good average sport, but nothing extraordinary; still they have killed a great many more foxes than usual, as since the second of November sixteen brace have been killed, and eight and a half brace run to ground, which is by no means a bad return list, particularly when he has been very unlucky with his kennel servants, as Henry Tocock, the first whip, dislocated his ankle during cub hunting, and has not been on a horse since.

It is reported also that Mr. Rowland Hill has determined to give up the Shropshire; this will give any gentleman in the want of a huntsman the chance of the services of McBride, who is quite a gentleman's servant, a quick, fine horseman, easy to mount, and one who takes great care of his horses.

The doom of the Rufford is sealed, and the horses will be sold in the middle of April. As far as sport is concerned they may be said to have had a very bad scenting month, and they have consequently done nothing worthy particular notice.

The York and Ainsty have done right well, and so lucky is Sir Charles considered that hunting men are flocking into the 'ancient city' from all parts to have a gallop over the Ainsty. At Thomas's hotel there are now staying Lord Downe, Sir George Wombwell, Sir Samuel Hayes, Mr. Christopher Sykes, and France also sends a representative in the person of Monsieur de Bontus, who is astonishing the 'Tykes' by his feats of horsemanship. But unfortunately for Mossos he took it into his head to single out Sir George Wombwell and Mr. Robinson for his pilots, two men as difficult to get rid of as an unsquared sheriff's officer, and one day last month he came, as might be expected, to condign grief, and on reading the Riot Act to his second horseman, for not coming up sooner, he was coolly answered by the man, who was 'a

Frenchman, that he ought to think himself lucky in getting only one fall as he had thrown a main of five.

The Bedale hounds in their palmy day were for many years hunted by Mr. Milbank, of Thorpe Perrow, a good sportsman, and capital man to hounds as long as his health permitted him to ride. We regret having named him as one of the landowners in the country without foxes. We are informed that the hounds have frequently found a fox in Mr. Milbank's covers, and the day after the Bedale ball, a brace. Still a brace of foxes will not keep a pack of hounds alive. The landowners ought to speak out, if they do not choose the grand old sport to exist; and if they will repent of their illiberal practice of injuring the amusement of the majority, let them try to procure fifty brace of foxes from the Highlands of Scotland and turn them into their best covers without loss of another week, then a few litters of cubs might turn up by next autumn; or let them get up a pack of stag hounds for a year, until the foxes have increased in number.

The Bramham Moor hounds have had very little sport, only a fairish day now and then. On Saturday, 23rd, we hear of a long hunt of nearly five hours in the snow after everybody had gone home. We do not believe it. Masters of hounds always yarn so about what happened after you left us.

The York and Ainsty continue to have sport, real old-fashioned toiling days. The city has been very gay. On Wednesday, the 20th, a very good ball, numerous hunting men bringing their horses to hunt the following day at Acaster. The morn looked bad, and there was a wet fog. The hounds were thrown into Stubb Wood, about 11.5, and went away at once for Appleton Village, turned to the right for Copmanthorpe Wood; left Acaster village on the right, made a bend to the left, running back to Copmanthorpe Wood, hustled him round the wood twice, forced him away, and killed him in the open, 2 hours and 15 min. When we think of the manner in which Sir Charles Slingsby hunted and killed his fox (a twisting traveller), in a thick fog, a large field of men pressing him too much for safety or comfort, a strong, deep country, his pack always requiring his close attention, the fox constantly flirting with the Copmanthorpe drain or the railroad, we must say it was a most masterly performance. To the dismay of many, Sir Charles quietly trotted on to draw the famous Askham Bog. Found and away in a moment, very fast for a couple of miles; luckily for the horses the fox ran to ground. Many of the strangers, choice spirits of the period, were dressed in black coats and white neckcloths. What an absurd costume! Sir George Wombwell was heard to address one of these first-water swells by name, many thought he called him 'Doctor Johnson,' and the simple Yorkshiremen marvelled at the sparkling manners of the youthful and learned divine.

The Craven have been doing well this month, having had a run most days; though the best things have been on the 4th, an afternoon run of one and a half hours from Bull Copse, by Eastwick and Faccombe, and lost on Pill Heath at dark. On the 9th a very fine run from Field Copse, the last part all over the downs, killing at Lamborne with only about six men up. These hounds have killed thirty and a half brace of foxes up to now; the usual number for a season being about twenty-four brace.

In Lincolnshire, Mr. Chaplin has had plenty of average sport, killing a great quantity of foxes, of which there appear to be more than usual in his county. This may perhaps be accounted for by the floods and quantity of rain having washed them out of all the drains and places they had taken to



in the summer. Mr. Chaplin, however, has not been out with them during the month, in consequence of a severe attack of inflammation of the throat, caught at Enville, where he went to shoot in the beginning of January. But he has now, we hear, left his straw bed, and is doing gentle work, so as to go to the post at St. Stephens's fresh and well. Turning our way to the Far West, we find that Lord Portsmouth has had a wonderful succession of hard days with his hounds up to the setting in of the frost. The 13th and 16th gave them two very good things. But their 'screamer' was on the 9th, and will not be forgotten during the season; for they forced their fox out of a chain of woodlands to an interminable chain of woodlands in Mr. Rolles' country, seven miles from where they found. They then swam across an unfordable river, five times at flood, and forcing their fox out and over the open, killed him at the end of 3 hrs. and 20 min. This is as good a certificate of the stoutness of Lord Portsmouth's foxes and hounds as he could furnish. And some of the visitors to the swell countries would do well to take a turn in 'The Land of the West,' when they would find it perhaps 'The land they love best.'

The Cambridgeshire have had the worst month they have had this season, although their 'Champion' of a huntsman has done all that man can do to insure sport, which the Master has always been most desirous to show to his subscribers. Below is a slight sketch of their Return List for January. Jan. 2nd.—Met at Childerley Gate, and had a good 35 min. from Madingley in the afternoon. 11th.—Paxton Wood. Found there; had a capital hunting run of two hours, through Diddington nearly to Brampton Wood, then down to Brampton Park, and along the river side to Offord, up to Buckden, where a fresh fox got up, and the hounds divided, and through a mistake both packs were stopped, and the fox lost. In the afternoon found at Megree, and had the quickest forty minutes that we have had this season—through Diddington Wood, round by Graffham village, up to Perry Wood, through that and away towards Staughton, where he beat us by going over some meadows lately flooded. 21st.—Caxton Gibbet. Very quick thirty-five minutes from Papworth, round by Yelling village to Croxton, and killed. In the afternoon a good hunting run of 1 hour 50 min. from the South Lodge at Croxton, by Caxton to Stowe, from there to Haley, and on to Croydon Wilds, where he fairly run us out of scent. 12th.—After drawing all Dunscombe coverts blank, *as usual*, found a fox in Gransden Wood in the evening, and ran him by Abbotsley down to the river at Eynesbury, when we stopped the hounds at dark. Scent during the month has, to say the least, been indifferent.

There is little to notice this month in the way of good runs. At the beginning of the month there was nothing but rain and hurricanes, and the wind has been a good deal to the west, which is always unfavourable to Hampshire hunting. The H.H. have had some long hunting runs, also some quick things, but nothing sufficiently *piquante* for the pages of 'Baily.' If there is anything of a run, Col. George Greenwood is unequalled as ever; the way he sends his horse over a drop into a lane is perfection. In doing this one day in a quick thing, there was a small bank on the opposite side of the lane, with some of those rascally wires on the top: the horse jumped the bank, but was turned over by the wires, and Col. Greenwood rolled over. Knowing, as Assheton Smith said, how to fall, he was up directly, ran after his horse, caught him, and jumped on him like a boy of sixteen. It was a sight to behold. The Hambledon have had some fast bursts of twenty-five and thirty-five minutes,

but nothing very brilliant, and have not accounted for many foxes during the month. Mr. Dean's harriers running a hare, a fox jumped up before them in a turnip-field; they went after the fox a little distance, when the hare got up: they immediately left the fox, and stuck to their own game.

All is bustle and activity at the Stud farms throughout the country, and breeders now expose their hands and play their game. Lady Elizabeth, we hear, is going to Young Melbourne, Lord Glasgow having kindly given her one of his own nominations. So great has been the rush upon The Earl that his subscription has been enlarged, and the fare raised for him. Beadsman has been evidently made by Blue Gown; and Mr. Cookson, with a mine of wealth in Lord Lyon and The Earl, at home is going to send to him. Adventurer fills like the Gaiety Theatre, and Messrs. Graham are fast getting interest for their purchase-money of The Duke, which they deserve, for it requires somewhat more than pluck to pull out over two thousand guineas for an untried stallion. John Day has patronised him liberally, and the Duke of Beaufort has not forgotten his performances when at Danebury. Cambuscan is still regarded at Hampton Court as the legitimate heir to Newminster, and he is patronised accordingly.

Of Mr. Savile's stud horses we hear that The Ranger is going to Barrow's at Newmarket, and Parmesan and D'Estournel are at Rufford. The latter is grown into a very well-shaped, handsome horse, while his temper is like that of a lamb, and never has a horse been so maligned. Of the Middle Park squadron we have heard nothing; but, judging from the tone of Mr. Blenkiron's countenance the other day, we should imagine he could report 'a clean bill of health.'

From Mamhead we have excellent accounts of the stud, and Sir Lydston Newman, we are given to understand, is more sanguine than ever of Sundeelah making a stallion. And certainly if undeniable blood, make, and shape, and racing performances go for anything in a sire, he may be said to possess these qualities in an eminent degree. Of Man at Arms, who is in the somewhat remote quarter of Alvediston, men who really know a horse from a hand-saw, speak most highly, and they say his young things are extraordinarily fine animals—which is no more than is to be expected, when we consider the blood that flows in his veins. Beadsman has done wonders for the Hurstbourne Paddocks, and there are only a few vacancies left in his list for this season. Among the 'Court Beauties' we see parading about there are Achievement, Fairwater, Regalia, and Palm. Lord Portsmouth has also done a clever thing, in our opinion, in trying once more that strangely-neglected horse Lord of the Isles, who, it will be remembered, is the sire of Dundee and Scottish Chief, both good racehorses in their day. And if he is well mated, which he is likely to be at Hurstbourne, he is certain again to become a fashionable stallion, for there are very few horses at the stud so rich in good blood as himself.

Our Obituary is not a lengthy one this month, although it includes three well-known names, two of them good sportsmen, another belonging to a spurious sort. First in order we come to Lord Hawke, of whose recovery we expressed serious apprehensions in our last, which unhappily were too soon realised—with one exception, we believe, the oldest Master of Fox-hounds, and certainly the most respected. His funeral was an undeniable testimonial to his merits, for all hunting Yorkshire assisted at it. The successor to the country is not yet named, but the two candidates that are mentioned as having the greatest chance are Lord Fitzwilliam, who will take it without a subscription, and Mr. Barton, of Stapylton Park, the former a native, and the latter a

new-comer into the country. Which will succeed at the present moment is unknown, but there is a latent fear of politics being introduced into the discussion of the merits of both parties, which is to be regretted, for they have found their way into other parts of the county, and produced very disagreeable results. Of the present Lord Hawke we are happy to say we hear better accounts than prevailed in the beginning of the month.

Next on the list stands that well-known and extraordinary sportsman, Mr. A. Campbell, of Monzrie. He was a compound of many curious qualities, and knew nothing about fear, except how to spell it. Of grouse he was the most devoted enemy, and he made heavier bags than any Scotchman, his good days bringing him in frequently over a couple of hundred grouse, while others of his friends would be proud of ten brace. He was likewise a first-rate deerstalker, and initiated the late Prince Consort into the mysteries of the sport. In all manly exercises he was a great proficient, and, moreover, he was a capital dancer, and was the only subject of her Majesty who was praised in print by her for his saltatory exercises when he took possession of the floor, as they say in Ireland. He was well known in Warwickshire, where he resided for some time, and his jumping the river Leam at Grandborough, a few years back, is still spoken of with wonder and admiration by those who witnessed it; while across a country he had few equals, and his memory will long be preserved among his friends for the many estimable qualities he possessed, and which endeared him to them. One of his most extraordinary customs, when in Scotland, was to have a prayer meeting in the mountains, which concluded with a symposium, frequently ending with a fight, in which heads were cracked like walnuts. Taken altogether he was an extraordinary man, and will not be readily forgotten. We now come to a different character altogether, Mr. Jackson, of Fairfield, who on the eve of our going to press has been happily relieved from the sufferings with which he had been afflicted for so long a period. The son of a small Catterick farmer, Jackson was a natural sportsman, and one that from small degrees became not only a wealthy man, but a great breeder of horses. The foundation of his fortune was laid when old Robert Hill had charge of Lord Zetland's horses, and they were in great force. General Peel was a great friend to him, as well as Voltigeur; but the bulk of his money he won over Ellington for the Derby. He afterwards kept a stud of horses, and was very lucky with it, winning among other things the Chester Cup with Tim Whiffler. Of Blair Athol he was always a strong supporter, and he must have put many thousands into his pocket. He afterwards purchased the horse for his stud at Fairfield, which he bought of Mr. Henry Thompson, and where he had some extraordinarily fine mares. About four years since, his health began to decline, so much so as to induce him to give up racing, and two years afterwards the state of his mind could not bear the anxiety of so large a stud as he possessed, and he disposed of it by public auction, Blair Athol fetching six thousand guineas, at which sum he was knocked down to Mr. Blenkiron. After his sale he settled down quietly at Fairfield, but his constitution had been so shaken that it was visible he could not last long; and it was only a wonder he survived up to the present time. He died a wealthy man, and he may be fairly reckoned up to have been a fair sportsman, a good bettor, a good settler, and a first-rate judge of horseflesh. He was chiefly associated with Thomas Dawson's stable, and may be said to have shared its fortunes.

Last but not least in importance comes a man of a very different stamp, one who was known far and wide for his infamy, and from whose designs on our

pockets we are now happily free. We allude, of course, to the late Johnny O'Brien, who died at Nenagh, in Ireland, on the 29th of September last, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He was the son of an Irish attorney, and his real name was Nalder, which was that of his mother. But O'Brien, being more aristocratic than Nalder, he adopted it, and retained it to his death. His father sent him to Trinity College, where his native effrontery introduced him into far better society than he was entitled to mix in, and he subsequently went over to Paris, where he got acquainted with Mr. Beaumont, of the Terrace, Piccadilly. From that gentleman, by a process which deserved 'a long cord and a short shrive,' he extracted a large sum of money, with which he went upon the Turf, joining Dawson's stable. At first fortune favoured him, for he won the Goodwood Stakes with Jonathan Wild, and the Cup the next day with Grimston, by which events he landed a large stake. Having thus broken his eggshell, he came out in tremendous force at the West End, figuring at Stevens', while his costume looked like a show-card of a tailor and jeweller, and for a time he flitted about as a man of fashion. At last he lost all his ready money, sold his racehorses, and betting more money than he could pay, became a defaulter. His feathers then moulted, and he began to exist on the contributions of his friends. These failed in due time, as might be imagined, and after that he may be almost said to have become a professional mendicant, and many a nobleman and gentleman gave him assistance from the very horror which his name inspired. His career in London was much marred by the Bishop of Bond Street, whom he had attempted to injure very much, and who consequently resolved to devote the remainder of his life, to rid the world of one he considered such a disgrace to it. And the life he led the unfortunate Johnny was frightful to contemplate; for he hunted him from pillar to post, like a terrier after a rat, nor was he content until he had driven him from this country to Nenagh, the place of his birth, and from the registrar of births, deaths, and marriages he procured his burial certificate. In conclusion, we may remark that he was the first winner of the Goodwood Cup that ever knew the stepper of a prison, and that of a horse, and that society is to be congratulated upon his removal from it.

The action brought by John Day against Admiral Rous, and from which so many revelations were expected, has, we rejoice to say, been settled, each party paying his own costs. By the adoption of this step, a heavy blow and great discouragement was given to scandal, for, had the trial proceeded, both Plaintiff and Defendant would have had to complain of the license accorded to counsel learned in the law. Now we trust that Admiral Rous will write no more letters to the newspapers, and John Day bring no more such favourites to the post as Lady Elizabeth for the Derby.

In Dramatic circles the great feature is the Gaiety Theatre, which seems to have been erected with the absurd intention of making its occupiers gay, pleasant, and comfortable, and giving them an opportunity of seeing the plot of the piece that is represented, and hearing the dialogue, without being pressed as in a City omnibus, or straining one's neck like gaping at a conjuror. Then you achieve a happy deliverance from those dramatic man-traps which are set so abundantly in every other theatre, and who suck their victim as dry as a school-boy sucks an orange, and waylaying him with the adroitness of a Saffron Hill garotter. In fact, once within the portals of the Gaiety, one feels among friends, and not, like at other places we could mention, among a den of thieves. Of the elegant decorations of the house it does not become us to speak, but we must chronicle the astonishing fact of there being one theatre in London where

the audience are treated like ladies and gentlemen, the friends of the lessee, and not as beings from which as large an amount of coin is to be extracted as their pockets will yield.

Want of space prevents our noticing several literary works that have been sent us for review, particularly Major Byng Hall's charming book on 'Bric-à-brac.' We must, however, give a few words of commendation to the 'Era Almanac,' which no Theatrical Racing Man should be without, for it is a complete 'Dramatic Weatherby,' and an admirable book of reference in case of a Thespian dispute arising in sporting circles.

Excellent accounts have reached us from reliable sources relative to the cattle condiments manufactured by the North British Cattle Food Company, who have established branches in London, Dublin, and Glasgow. The article is a *bonâ fide* one, being made from pure cocoa, notoriously a flesh-creating vegetable, and its effects have been most marked in numerous cases that have been brought under our notice. Horses, calves, and pigs that had fallen into poor condition, have alike benefited by the use of the 'Nutritious Cocoa 'Extract,' which is so palatable, that animals eat it greedily, when ordinary food would be rejected, or, at best, only trifled with. The last item of information respecting the food is by no means the least important—the ridiculously cheap price, namely, at which it is sold places it within the reach of the smallest farmer or cottage proprietor of cow or pig, each feed costing but a single halfpenny.

The Westminster Palace Hotel, which is a sort of colony for Members of Parliament, has during the month been the scene of many festive meetings, such as that of the London Yacht Club, which, under the presidentship of its popular Commodore, sat down to attack a baron of beef, and, it is needless to add, they were successful in their undertaking. On another occasion the the 'Old 'Shekarry' was 'at home,' and five-and-twenty real sportsmen assembled 'to fight their battles o'er again,' and narrate their wonderful escapes 'by flood and field.' And we are assured by those who assisted at the 'feast of reason 'and flow of soul,' that a series of startling romances might have been constructed out of the stirring adventures thereat detailed.

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BEDALE HUNT.

January 25th, 1860.

DEAR 'BAILY,'—In 'Our Van,' in this month's number of your valuable Magazine there is a statement that 'on the estate of Messrs. Milbank and 'Corn (among others) there are no foxes.' I am glad to say, sir, that this statement is entirely without foundation, as you will perceive when I tell you that since the commencement of last season I have drawn Mr. Milbank's covers at Thorp with the hounds on eight occasions, on *seven* of which I have found foxes (and having had as many as three brace of foxes on foot there in one day), and only on Thursday last there were *three* went away from one cover (Low Park Wood). On Mr. Corn's estate at Scruton I have also found a very fair show of foxes, and I only wish that every other landowner in the Hunt would use the same endeavours to preserve foxes which I know Mr. Corn has done. Knowing that you are always fond of fair play, I shall feel obliged if you will 'invoice this news to your readers,' and send it forth in 'Our Van' on 1st February next.

I remain, dear 'Baily,'

Yours truly,

To the Editor of 'Baily's Magazine.'

JOHN B. BOOTH.





*W. H. Wood*

*Joseph H. Wood*

*St. Peter's.*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

### THE EARL OF HOPETOUN.

JOHN ALEXANDER HOPE, Earl of Hopetoun, was born at Edinburgh, 1831. He was educated at Harrow, and at Christchurch, Oxford, and was gazetted to a cornetcy in the 1st Life Guards in 1851. But he did not join; and, taking the Pytchley Country in 1852, retired from the service.

It is not too much to say that the subject of our present notice is a brilliant example of those noblemen and gentlemen who render a most essential service to the noblest of our sports by the support they give to fox-hunting. In the present instance it is peculiarly the case. Lord Hopetoun took the Pytchley Country when a very young man; and for four seasons no country could have been more efficiently or liberally hunted. The material he brought into the field was as good as could be: great care was taken in strengthening the kennel and the stud; an extra day was always given for the more effectual hunting of remote or unfashionable districts; and the names of Charles Payne and Jack Woodcock will always be associated with the sport which was shown under the management of Lord Hopetoun. For four seasons, without subscription, entirely at his own expense, his Lordship hunted one of the best but most expensive countries in England; and, notwithstanding the popular Masters which the Pytchley can boast—from the Squire Osbaldeston and Mr. George Payne to the present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—the manner in which Northamptonshire was hunted from 1852 to 1856 will not lose by comparison with any other period. He succeeded a very good sportsman, and one of the best men over a country, the Hon. Frederick Villiers of Selby; and was, at the end of his tenure of office, again succeeded by the same gentleman, in connection with the Hon. Charles Cust, who continued to hunt the country with the same servants. The hounds are the property of the country.

Lord Hopetoun doubtless gained experience during the four years he was at the head of affairs; but very few men could have made better use of their opportunity than he. He became a good judge of horse and hound, the latter a far rarer accomplishment than is usually supposed; and when his stud was disposed of after his last season, to the number (if we recollect



rightly) of about sixty horses, we were told by the late Mr. Tattersall, that it was the best stud for its extent that he had ever seen in the yard. It was great praise coming from such an authority, and says much for the judgment that had been displayed in the selection. Lord Hopetoun himself went very well during that time; and among his favourites were a chesnut horse, called First Flight, and a remarkably clever grey mare, which would follow or lead over stiff timber like a dog. The Master never interfered with the business of hunting. He expected his servants to do their duty; but beyond directions for drawing, and returning home, he might have been one of the field, so conscientious was his conduct in this respect. His love of Sport was unbounded; no day was too long for him, nor could he go to hounds too often, as may be readily conceived, when we remember that he was always to be seen with the Quorn on the one occasion in the week on which his own hounds did not go out. That love of hunting has clung to Lord Hopetoun, and clings to him to the present day with a tenacity almost unparalleled. When living at Lubenham, before his voyage to Egypt, which he undertook for Lady Hopetoun's health, he usually hunted every day; and distance and weather (excepting frost) held out no perils to him. We have known him desert a good pack of hounds in a bad country, only six miles distant from his house, in torrents of rain, to meet Mr. Tailby in a good country twenty-three miles off; being fully rewarded for his perseverance by a good run. In fact, without multiplying instances, as a genuine lover of foxhunting, and wedded to it in spite of any obstacle, we believe Lord Hopetoun to be *facile princeps*.

We have already said that Lord Hopetoun was well horsed during his Mastership of the Pytchley. He has always been so, for two reasons. He is himself an excellent judge of a hunter, and he is indifferent to price when he finds what he wants. He is a very dangerous competitor to meet at the hammer. Perhaps the best stud he ever had at one time was the one he broke up when he went to the East. He once left a commission with a friend to purchase four horses at Tattersall's, leaving with him a cheque for sixteen hundred guineas, six hundred and thirty of which went to purchase Brown Stout. This horse was sold at the time we have mentioned, and passed into Lord Spencer's hands, but Lord Hopetoun has bought him back again, and delights in him as much as ever. He is probably the best hunter in England for a certain weight, and won the prize at the Agricultural Show when the property of Lord Spencer. At the sale of the last-mentioned nobleman three weeks ago, Lord Hopetoun bought Darius, giving three hundred and twenty guineas for him. He was, if not the best, certainly very close upon it; and as he must have known most of them Lord Hopetoun could scarcely have made a mistake.

Since his return from the East Lord Hopetoun has purchased some land in the neighbourhood of Market Harborough, on which he has built a house and stabling. He has been long in that part of the

country, and it would be difficult to find a situation possessing greater facilities for his favourite sport. In everything connected with it his management is excellent, and his liberality is governed by a personal supervision, worthy of imitation.

For racing, Lord Hopetoun has no taste whatever. The only Meetings he ever attends are those of Ascot or Goodwood, and then only as a matter of pleasure. It is no small praise to say that having been young in the worst times of plunging, and standing by fortune and position in the middle of temptation, he has imbibed no inclination for the pleasures of gambling. He regards the horse as fitted for a nobler purpose than that of frittering away an estate; and though he never spares him, he never puts him to baser uses than that of following the hounds.

He is also, like many men devoted to sport, a good scholar and an excellent modern linguist, having been much in Paris and various parts of the Continent; and on most subjects is possessed of more than an average amount of information.

He married Etheldred Anne, eldest daughter of Charles Thomas Samuel Birch Reynardson, Esq., of Holywell Hall, Lincolnshire, a gentleman well known to the driving world as an amateur coachman of no mean reputation, by whom he has four children. The heir to the title, Lord Hope, has already begun his sporting career on a clever pony; may he follow in the footsteps of the subject of our notice!

## HUNTING SONG.

*(For the Ladies.)*

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

WHEN the early light is stealing  
O'er the moorland edge, revealing  
All the tender tints of morning, ere she flushes into day.  
Then, beneath her window, shaking,  
Bit and bridle, while she's waking,  
Stands a bonny steed, caparisoned, to bear my love away.  
By hill andholt to follow  
Hound and horn and huntsman's holloa,  
Follow, follow where they lure us, follow, follow as we may!

When the chase is onward speeding,  
With its boldest spirits leading,  
When the red is on the rowel, and the foam is on the rein,  
Far in front her form is fleeting,  
And her gentle heart is beating,  
With the rapture of the revel, as it sweeps across the plain.  
Then I press, by dint of riding,  
Where my beacon-star is guiding,  
And the laggard, spurting fiercely, labours after us in vain.

O'er the open, still carcering,  
 Fence and furrow freely clearing,  
 Like the wind of heaven leaving little trace of where we pass,  
 With that merry music ringing.  
 Father Time is surely flinging  
 Golden sand about the moments, as he shakes them from the glass,  
 Horn and hound are chiming gladly,  
 Man and horse are vieing madly,  
 In the glory of the gallop—forty minutes on the grass!  
 Till by yonder group dismounted,  
 Group that's quickly told and counted,  
 Hark! the pack are baying fiercely round their quarry lying dead.  
 But from eyes that shine so brightly  
 Such a spectacle unsightly  
 Must be hidden, as we hide each thing of sorrow and of dread.  
 So she gathers up her tresses,  
 And with tender hand caresses  
 Neck and shoulder of the bonny steed, and homeward turns his head.  
 Every sweet must have its bitter,  
 And the time has come to quit her;  
 Oh! the night is all the darker for the happy day that's done.  
 Now I wish I were the bridle  
 In the fingers of mine idol,  
 Now I wish I were the bonny steed that bore her through the run!  
 For I fain would still be nearest  
 To my loveliest and dearest,  
 And I fain would be the truest slave that ever worshipped One!

## THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

'Fas est et ab hoste doceri.'

If an announcement were to appear in the pages of the Sporting Press to the effect that Matt Dawson had been specially retained to put the last finishing touches on Belladrum's preparation for the Two Thousand Guineas, or that Porter had consented to superintend the final 'winding up' of Wild Oats for the Derby, to the neglect of his own chick, Pero Gomez, the intelligence would be received with incredulity, or even if thoroughly substantiated would not fail to excite that storm of insinuation and abuse which is apt to burst over any questionable act of Turf policy. To our mind, therefore, nothing goes further to prove the honesty of purpose which characterises every phase of the greatest aquatic contest of the year, than the spirit in which the services of Mr. Morrison have been dispensed with by his own University, and accepted by Cambridge, and the circumstances of the case reflect the highest honour on all parties. It was chivalrously honourable to Oxford to have waived any claim

on the services of their old and well-tried Mentor in the interest of reviving that public enthusiasm in the race which the eight successive defeats of the Light Blue had tended to depress. It was honourable to Cambridge that she did not allow any false pride to stand between her and the acceptance of an offer made in all sincerity by one with whom the general interests of the aquatic world weighed more than the uniform success of that section of it with which he had been so long and intimately associated. It was honourable in the highest degree to Mr. Morrison to have put aside old associations and strong predilections for the purpose of setting at rest the question so long and fruitlessly agitated, as to whether Cambridge owed her disheartening series of defeats to any causes other than her own shortcomings, and as to whether the physique of her champions, or her style, or want of buoyancy in her waters, or training *régime* could sufficiently account for a state of things abnormal if not paradoxical. To suppose that an University boasting of larger numbers, if possessed of less eligible training water than her sister on the Isis, should, after long years of alternate successes, so far decline as at last almost to despair of victory, argues something eminently rotten in the state of affairs, for which natural causes could hardly be held accountable. No such deterioration has been observable in other University contests, where Cambridge has always held her own; and this is a further proof, if any were needed, that the whole body has suffered no gradual decline, though one of its members has been paralyzed for a time. And should the efforts of Mr. Morrison, whether sooner or later, succeed in stemming the tide of fortune which has so long set in against the sons of the Cam, men will not hesitate to ascribe their success to the changes which the counsels of their disinterested instructor have brought about, as well as to that change of luck which must come in time to those who can wait. The number of formerly distinguished oarsmen is not so small as Mr. Skey would lead us to imagine; but, as in other parts of learning, the high gift of imparting knowledge is not conceded to all in like proportion, and to its possessors, perchance, the will, energy, perseverance, and above all, the leisure, are denied, so necessary for the thorough prosecution of their labour of love. And although in the multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, yet how far more potent for good that exalted confidence in one, and implicit obedience to his commands, which, in our opinion, has so materially aided the Dark Blue cause during the past decade. For the present they have lost his guidance and advice, but the good which he has done has lived after him, and will doubtless furnish its results in the formation of a crew worthy of the palmiest Oxford days. And public interest and enthusiasm will be kindled into a fiercer blaze of excitement now that the premier of rowing has taken his seat for a while on the benches of the opposition.

The crews have commenced their training, as usual, at the most inclement season of the year; and although King Frost has not as yet asserted his dominion, yet drenching rains and pitiless winds have

swept over the face of our isle for weeks past, making its valleys lakes, and roaring through its leafless groves, as if determined to leave no brown withered pledges of last year's crown to the approaching spring. Notwithstanding the commencement of a Turf season which has been inaugurated under auspices more than usually brilliant and encouraging, the doings of the crews are as anxiously looked for and discussed as the 'reports from training quarters;' and after their appearance on the London waters, speculation on the race will become fast and furious up to the morn of the eventful day. At Oxford the floods have greatly interfered with coaching from the bank, and on more than one occasion the weather has been so boisterous as to stop the practice altogether. An excellent nucleus of the victorious crew of last year remain to do battle for their University on the 20th of March, and report speaks favourably of the fresh accessions to their strength. Mr. Tottenham will no longer hold the yoke-lines, and his place will be a difficult one to fill, for his experience equalled his ability, and perhaps contributed more to the long succession of Oxford triumphs than many would be led to imagine. And, as might be expected, betting is at present in their favour, although it will be impossible to form even a vague estimate of their merits until they have been before the public on the Putney water, and in direct comparison with their rivals. At Cambridge the work of river purification is proceeding rapidly, though not sufficiently so as even remotely to affect the issue of the race by improving the entire course; and 'willowy Camus' is daily yielding up tons of the accumulated filth of centuries to the persuasive dredger. Ere long naiads may disport themselves in Barnwell Pool, and nymphs fairer than the houris of 'The Plough' see their forms reflected in the translucent 'Grassy' wave. The floods here, though less violent than at Oxford, have seriously retarded training operations, and the old-established practice of long, steady work has taken the place of the rather desultory methods of getting the crew into condition adopted of late years. But few of last year's crew remain, and considering the difficulty of eradicating old faults, and the desirability of entirely new material to work upon for their experienced tutor, it cannot be much for their disadvantage to have to unlearn as little as possible, should any radical alteration of style be deemed expedient. The new stroke-oar is, by all accounts, eminently fitted for that responsible position, and his style and strength leave nothing to be desired, so that he will only be required to be well backed up to break that spell of disaster which has so long hung over the fortunes of Granta.

There is something which appeals especially to true British feeling in the annual celebration of the University boat race. As a people devoted to out-door amusements, we are readily attracted to the scenes of our national sports and pastimes; but on hardly any other occasion is there such a remarkable degree of interest excited among all classes, commencing from the day on which the crews take their preliminaries over the course, and culminating during that anxious twenty minutes, when the river is churned into foam by struggling,

rolling, crowded craft, and from the four miles of densely-packed spectators a shout goes up such as arises 'when a mighty people 'rejoice,' and the 'tumult of their acclaim' comes to the ear of the listener afar off like the distant voice of a torrent fall. The Eton and Harrow Cricket Match may perhaps, in point of interest, bear comparison with the great aquatic tourney of the year; but under what different conditions are the two contests brought to a decision! A bleak, blowy half-hour in windy March, when the dusky waves of Father Thames dance along under leaden skies; early in the day, perchance, ere the languid beams of the sun have had time to assert a weak supremacy; when the lithe boughs of the willow are gleaming white beneath rudely-sweeping blasts, and the rooks seem to despair of making head against the storm. The other picture shows a struggle, prolonged for two days under the sweet influence of a July sun, when, during the long, delicious afternoons, a bright bevy of fair women and brave men have met to lounge around that gay circle, when never a breeze stirs through the massive foliage of summer's pride, and high in air the almost viewless swallow is ceaselessly gyrating. Such are the different aspects which characterise the two greatest festivals of our British Olympian Games; and the irresistible charm which invests their celebration owes its origin mainly to the fact, that honour alone is the competitors' incentive to action, and no proffered guerdon of fabulous worth could tempt them for one moment to forget that their highest reward hangs on the approving voice of the bodies they represent—no personal considerations, however powerful, could avail to overcome their endeavour to uphold, at all risks, the common cause of which they are the sworn defenders. And we would that something of this spirit would animate those who are at present dragging the noblest sports of our land through the mire, and whose enterprises, undertaken in the name of sport and dignified by titles of 'Championship' (which have become a shame and a rebuke), are in reality nothing better than impudent attempts at public robbery, and threaten at no distant period to bring rowing into the same state of disrepute which now characterises the proceedings of the prize ring and its infamous devotees. For the next few weeks the 'battle of the blues' will rage fiercely, and chiefly among those whose interest in the coming race is limited to a mild bet upon its result; omnibus drivers and cabbies will ostentatiously display their favourite shades, and seedy swells, 'equal to either fortune,' will change their colours with the betting, or hang on the words of the prophet who has 'selected' Oxford to win, and Cambridge for a cockboat.

Greatly as the British public delights in exhibitions of rowing skill, and deservedly popular as the exercise has become among all classes, it is not given to many to be judges of the art; and the *dicta* of celebrated oarsmen, and solemn judgments of watermen are sought for with an avidity only equalled by the credulity with which they are received. The gathering of the clans on the all-important

day renews for the moment many an ancient college friendship, recalls the memory of many a past day, and establishes a temporary freemasonry between members of the same University, which, though it may terminate when the smoky craft disgorges its excited freight after all is over, is nevertheless potent for good, as keeping up that interest in the sojourning-places of our youth, which is the surest pledge of our attachment to those ancient institutions. And it is a grateful reflection, looking back upon the long unbroken series of Inter-University boat-races, to remember how honourably and in what an exemplary spirit of chivalry they have been conducted, and to remark the total absence of disputes, bickerings, and ill-feeling which other contests of the kind have so frequently engendered. And who can doubt the good effects upon men, in after-life, of that discipline to which it is most fitting and wholesome they should be subjected during the ordeal of training? Impressed with its teachings, the soldier stands steady to his post under the galling fire to which his orders will not allow him to reply; the sailor in desperate calmness awaits the final plunge of the sinking ship; the pastor of his flock, in some great city, dies in harness from toil and anxiety; and each one in every grade of life braced to the 'uses of adversity' by the great lesson of self-denial taught him in early days, plies his task self-reliant and watches patiently for his reward. They know this, who, with their foemen leading them in defiant pride, are content to hold the tenor of their way, undaunted, unmoved, biding their time, confident in their own strength, and above all in the judgment of the master mind which regulates the stroke-oar.

Much curiosity will be excited upon the appearance of the boats at Putney, to examine the styles of the rival crews. Will the Light Blues have utterly shaken off their old traditions, and will the skilled hand of their Mentor have entirely dissipated that flashy glitter which has often so fondly deluded their friends during the last few years? And will Oxford have lost in any degree that solid style which has brought her triumphantly through an octave of races? For the sake of all who delight to watch the 'doings of the cracks' each day, let us hope that brighter weather will favour their fortnight of practice, and that skies may be genial and gales propitious on the day of the race. And as regards that *bête noir* of Thames boat racing, the inevitable steamers, may some more stringent code of regulations be issued than on former anniversaries to control the vagaries of that eccentric fleet. Last year the arrangements were altogether for the better; cannot the system be perfected this year? And has not the general experience of spectators yet taught them how more than doubtful is the possibility of seeing anything of the race from the 'Citizen' decks? Like with horses in a half-mile spin, everything depends upon the start, and the skippers, like jockeys anxious to get a good place, are continually manœuvring to obtain undue advantage. The umpire, we suppose, must of necessity take his post in a steamer; but how often on former occasions has it happened that he has been completely shut out from any view of the race by a con-

fused crowd of smoky rivals? and though, fortunately, his decision on any point has not of late years been required, yet all must admit the possibility of a case arising for his arbitration, and acknowledge the desirability of securing a fair and open course for the 'white flag.'

The *prestige* of Oxford will gain for her crew a vast following, and those who 'like to be on the right side' will don the Dark Blue, as an omen of past, and earnest of future victories. Should they again come triumphantly through the ordeal, men will imagine that the Isis holds the patent of invincibility, and go further afield than they have yet done to inquire into the causes of such persistent success. Yet not the less shall we be led to admire the good feeling which would not begrudge to a generous foe the advantages they had so long acquired and so steadily maintained, a policy which consulted rather the interests of sport than the selfishness of private advantage, and prompted perhaps the feeling that, while victory would be more than ever creditable, a possible defeat might lose some of its sting when inflicted by their own weapon. And if the public voice should declare for Oxford, public sympathy will be for Cambridge. Right nobly has she borne her successive defeats, and with true British pluck has she come up again and again to an apparently hopeless fight, and the reports of her policy of despair and unwillingness again to face her triumphant foe, which year by year are industriously promulgated, are but weak inventions of the enemy, if indeed any but a braggart section of the mere outside public can be found inimical to bold aspirations, however likely to be unrealized, or to endurance and perseverance under difficulties, however remote may be the possibility of their reward. The sweets of victory will be doubly cherished after the bitter lessons which defeat has imparted; and when the day of retribution comes, as it most assuredly will, to those who have so hopefully awaited its dawn, no truer, more hearty, or more generous shout will arise to greet the long-deferred triumph of the Light Blue than from their victors in former years; an ovation, which, from their abundance of ancient renown, they can well afford to confer, and which in their 'dearth of fame' their undaunted rivals will gracefully accept.

AMPHION.

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### A LEAP IN THE DARK.

ONE 'Derby difficulty' is over, and we *are* to have a Derby; we say *one* advisedly, for the more formidable difficulty, 'what is to 'win it,' has yet to be decided. For the last four months and more the Sporting Press generally has been speculating, not what the probable winner would be, but whether there would be a race at all, either this year or next. Speculation on the race, it was said, had fallen off in consequence of the doubts expressed about its being run. These 'doubts' have always appeared to us most childish, for no



sane man for a moment believed in the possibility of 'no Derby.' Without going into the merits of the question between Messrs. Dorling and Studd, we firmly believe those gentlemen's lives would not have been worth an hour's purchase after the 26th of May, and the Grand Stand would most assuredly have been rased to the ground by the British public, if they had been deprived of their national holiday; we say deprived, for very few would have taken a day out to have seen any race at Epsom, in whatever form it might have been veiled, other than *the* Derby. So we think it was wise those gentlemen came to terms. A great deal of 'besting' was attempted during the negotiations that were carried on by all parties concerned, but both gentlemen have done very well, Mr. Dorling in still being lucky enough to be allowed to pay Mr. Briscoe little or nothing for the greater part of the Downs and Mr. Heathcote nothing at all for the use of his paddock; and Mr. Studd in having obtained perhaps but a little less in the way of interest for his money than he expected when he made his purchase of the land.

It having been decided, therefore, that we are to have a Derby, our next concern is to find out the winner; that is now what we hope to do in our 'leap in the dark.' We have borrowed for our title Lord Derby's famous interpretation of his Reform Bill. 'Punch' is of opinion that his lordship came to great grief in his leap, but many doubtless are not of that way of thinking. It is to be hoped, however, we shall not lose *our* seat by our 'leap;' we mean business, and shall go straight to the mark, and trust to find ourselves on firm ground on the 26th of May next. The darkness that surrounds the Derby favourites is almost impenetrable, and would defy the penetration even of Sam Weller's 'patent double million magnifyin' 'gas microscope.' Each of the four favourites at one time or another since the last Newmarket Houghton Meeting has, according to the report of the man in the street, had something amiss with him; and what with Belladrum's 'roaring,' Pero Gomez's 'coughing,' Wild Oats' 'growing,' and Pretender's 'kicking,' their backers must have had a most uncomfortable time of it. The old saying, 'There is no smoke without fire,' would effectually dispose of these four candidates for Epsom honours, but we can remember that only last year Blue Gown, like Pero Gomez, suffered from coughing; that in 1866 Hermit, like Wild Oats, was 'growing all the wrong way;' and 'roaring' and 'kicking' are such old devices of the enemy that no old soldier would regard them for a moment as reliable. We remember an instance of a horse losing his temper entirely and running very fairly afterwards; when we say fairly, we mean he won the Guineas, missed the Derby by a head, and won the St. Leger; it was The Marquis, trained by John Scott, who we are told was followed daily in his gallops with a thick stick. Horses that according to report do badly during the winter, in one way or another generally win the Derby, or obtain a situation, and we therefore shall treat the reports of 'coughing,' 'roaring,' 'growing,' and 'kicking' as they deserve, by paying no heed to them. The

enemies of Belladrum are having a far more *merry* time of it now than his backers, and from 5 to 1 taken, he has declined to 8 to 1 offered, a circumstance calculated to make his friends far more uneasy than his alleged roaring; we firmly believe the horse is as well as he ever was, and as to roaring, we fancy he could not hold a candle to John Bright's late performance in that line at Fishmongers' Hall. As a two-year old he was a grand performer; two of his defeats certainly require some explanation, but his triumphs were undeniable; still we think his performances were inferior to those of Pero Gomez and Wild Oats, and that on his merits 'the Duke' and the 'lucky Baronet' will both show him the way. It may be Waugh is beginning to find out his horse is not so good as the prophets have made him out, and Mr. Merry may be adopting the wise maxim of hedging his money. This is far more likely to be the case than 'roaring,' but as so many writers went for him in capitals when at 5 to 1, it is necessary for them to attribute a failing to the horse that will save their reputations, and enable them to write after the race, 'But for his roaring, he no doubt would have fulfilled our anticipations.' To back a horse at 5 to 1 in January, seems to us the act of a lunatic, and we will go further than that, and say we should be sorry to take less than that price a month before the race even about the winner of the Guineas. The 'lucky Baronet' is no doubt calculating on winning a fourth Derby, and his horse has risen in the quotations as steadily as Belladrum has declined. Sir Joseph considers the Derby as easy to win as a 50% plate, and his three victories give him certainly some cause to think so. However, good horse as Pero Gomez is, 4 to 1 is not a tempting price for the first week in March, and we think he will keep until the early strawberries are ripe, without seeing a much shorter figure. Opinions differ as to whether he or Belladrum defeated Scottish Queen in her two races with the greater ease, and although John Day gives the 'Drum' the benefit of the doubt, we shall be bold enough to go for Sir Joseph in opposition to Mr. Merry, and prefer the 'cherry' to the 'orange.'

We should regard the chance of the Duke of Hamilton's horse to be a better one than we do, if we could believe there would be no Grand Prix this year; but knowing how fond this nobleman is of winning a great race on the other side of the Channel, we should certainly hesitate before we took 6 to 1 about his horse, especially as he has first the trying ordeal of an examination at Newmarket to get through. We fancy Mr. Merry will fight very shy of throwing down the gauntlet to the Duke of Hamilton for the Guineas; and if our impression becomes a fact, the 'wild oats' will not only be ready for the sickle in April, but if successfully gathered in then, the Duke will secure a second crop in France some six weeks later, allowing perhaps a stable companion to do battle for him at Epsom, unless 'Mat' believes his horse good enough to win the three events, in which case of course he will appear at Epsom. Wild Oats will most assuredly run for the Guineas and the Grand Prix; his running

for the Derby is not such a certainty, and although we think him the best of the three favourites, he will carry no money of ours at 6 to 1.

It is almost time for another Derby to go North, for since 1856 it has only been taken there thrice. The strength of the northern stables this year is represented by Pretender and Ladas, two formidable champions, who will not, we think, bring disgrace on them. Pretender's reputation is founded more on what it is said he can do than on what he has done, but until very lately the money that was entrusted to him said a great deal more in his favour than anything else. We should think, up to the end of January, this son of Adventurer was backed for more money than any horse in the race, and seven-eighths of it at least was not attributable to public favour. Lately, however, rumours of a bad temper have been abroad, and the horse has suffered in consequence in the quotations. We believe the 'kicking' of Pretender as much as we do the 'roaring' of Belladrum, and shall believe the report to be but a device of the enemy. Pretender, from all we can hear, will belie his name, and make his enemies shake with fear when they see him, and in the race itself will prove he is not an *adventurer*. Ladas, the unbeaten as a two-year old, is another string of the northern bow, and will prove a worthy substitute in the improbable event of the first one snapping. The strongest recommendation we can give him is the fact that he carries Lord Westmorland's money, and that was not entrusted to him without a sufficient reason. Ethus, the best representative of Blair Athol, was never fit last year, and yet his running was more than creditable. The fact that his owner refused three thousand guineas for him last year, and has declined four thousand guineas within the last month, together with his rising tendency in the market, as they say on the Stock Exchange, speaks volumes in his favour. The relations of his owner with Mat Dawson's stable make it probable that before the Derby Day Ethus and Wild Oats will have tried conclusions in private, and with what result the market will soon let us know: 20 to 1 about him now is a better investment than 6 to 1 about Wild Oats, considering the chance that exists that the Duke of Hamilton will reserve his horse for the Grand Prix. The intentions of the two owners are of course unfathomable at present, but it may be taken as most probable that Mr. Padwick's horse will see 12 to 1 before he sees Epsom. With such a margin for profit, therefore, there cannot be a doubt which is the better investment of the two. Both horses have improved greatly since last year, in spite of assertions made elsewhere to the contrary; but as the Lewes horse has come from 40 to 20, whilst Wild Oats has only improved two points, it would appear that Ethus is even now the better one to follow. Shall we go further into the list of Derby candidates? We think not, for on public form nothing remains in the extensive lists published by the great commission agents likely to interfere with the success of the six we have enumerated. Moderate performers like Martyrdom, Rhysworth, Thorwaldsen, and the Duke of Beaufort,

can only be successful in the improbable event of *all* the others going amiss. Of dark ones only Brother to General Peel and Boulogne are spoken of, and from what we can hear of them they are very unlikely to follow in Blair Athol's footsteps. We shall therefore take our leap, Ducrow fashion, on the backs of Pretender, Ethus, and Ladas, with every reason to hope for success; and when the bell rings with its monotonous twang on the eventful 26th of May, we doubt not, that although our leap has been made in the dark, the issue will land the readers of 'Baily' in the sunshine of a happy result.

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## THE OLD OAK TABLE.

### CHAPTER XVI.

THE sun was gradually withdrawing his cheerless face behind the cold grey walls of the Gloucestershire hills, and here and there a cock partridge, sounding the family roll-call, mustered his scattered brood from the turnip and stubble fields of the dreary wold, when Will Long, the huntsman of the Beaufort Hounds, reined up his horse to pay toll at the turnpike gate on the high road between Burford and Minster Lovel. Behind him were the pack, jaded and leg-weary, jogging slowly along, and trailing rather than carrying their sterns after them, as if dispirited by a long and fruitless chase. Will Long, however, whose seat on horseback was as perfect as man, horse, and saddle could make it, seemed little the worse for his hard day's work; and, being then in the full vigour of his manhood, the many miles between him and his home, between the toll-bar and the Heythrop kennels, were a matter of small moment to Will in those days.

While he was in the act of paying toll for himself and fellow-servants, the carriage conveying Stoford on his journey to Lovelstone pulled up at the gate; and, as the post-boy drew on one side to let the hounds pass on, the huntsman touched his cap, and the recognition between him and Stoford was hearty and instantaneous as an electric flash.

'Very glad to see you again, sir,' said Will, in his pleasant, cheery way. 'Why, it's odd enough, but we're close to the ground where you was all but killed; and yonder, in the trees there, is the very house to which you were carried after the accident.'

'Of course it is, Will, and that's my point now. Don't you know I'm going to be married to the lady that nursed me on that occasion? The wedding will take place, I believe, on Thursday next; and, if that isn't hunting day, you had better ride over and see us turned off, Will.'

Now the rumour of Grace Lampern's flight with Lord Evelyn had already been discussed freely in the hunting field; but as the day had been a distressing one for hounds, Will's time had been so occupied, that it had not reached his ears; so he said heartily, 'I should like it uncommonly, sir, if his grace can spare me. I know the

‘ lady well, and I can only say if she’s as good at home as she is in the saddle, she’ll make you a rare wife.’

At that moment Grace Lampern’s groom approaching the carriage window with a letter in his hand, Will Long touched his cap, and trotted on with the hounds. The letter, a somewhat curt one for the occasion, ran thus :—

‘ DEAR MR. STOFORD,—I hope this will reach you in time to prevent your coming on to Lovelstone, as the house is now closed, and will be tenantless till my father returns from York. I have waited long years for you ; but your visits of late have been so few and far between, that had you been a very angel I could not have waited another hour ; and if love grows cold *before* matrimony, what might be expected *after* it ?

‘ You will now, I am happy to feel, escape the penalty of disinheritance on my account ; and as I believe the severance of our tie will bring you immediate as well as future relief, you must not be surprised if, under these circumstances, I decline the honour of becoming your wife.

‘ But, with every good wish for your future happiness, permit me to subscribe myself still

‘ Your best friend,

‘ GRACE LAMPERN.’

Had an unseen bandit buried his knife under his fifth rib, Stoford could scarcely have been more astounded than he was by the contents of that letter ; and, while the carriage still remained stationary at the toll-bar, though he read it over a second time, it was not until the groom volunteered particulars that he understood its full meaning.

‘ You see, sir,’ said the man, who, being an old ally of Stoford’s, looked upon him as cruelly injured by the step his young mistress had taken, ‘ it’s all of that fishing after dark : I always thought he was up to no good, coming by night a-sniggling after Miss Grace ; and now he’s a-bolted with her nobody knows where. He may be a lord, but he’s not a gentleman to rob his friend in that fashion.’

The groom’s account was sufficiently explanatory to render it needless for Stoford to inquire the fisherman’s name ; so he merely said, in an excited tone—

‘ When and how did they leave, Paynter ?’

‘ At ten o’clock this morning, sir ; in a coach-and-four as I ordered from Staple Hall : but I’m sure I’d a-chucked the note into the Windrush if I’d a-know’d what was wrote upon it : and master from home and all : oh dear, it’s a bad job, for he’s safe to think as I’d got a hand in it.’

Stoford, having further ascertained that Lampern’s return to Lovelstone was not expected for some days, then proceeded to Oxford, changing horses at Witney and posting over the last twelve miles of his journey through the dark gloom of a November night, illumined by no ray beyond the flickering flame of his carriage lamps.

It was a short space—that hour of solitude on the road—for the

consideration of the various impulses that now rushed on his mind ; when thoughts, countless as the waves of a troubled sea, crowded in and gave him no time to settle one, before another was upon him. Above all, a vague self-accusation would ever recur, as the words of Grace's letter reminded him that she ' had waited long years for ' him ; that his visits of late had been few and far between, and that ' she could wait no longer.' Had he, then, been so remiss in his attention, so cold a lover, and so wanting in right feeling, that his conduct could only have impressed her with the conviction that he was driven to fulfil his promise of marriage, not because he was bound to her by ties of honest and ardent affection, but solely as a matter of conscience and a point of honour ?—would any woman, who was worth having, be likely to take a man on such terms ? What ! marry him when she had discovered he had already grown indifferent to charms that had once swayed every thought of his heart and every action of his life ? Never ! Did not the letter say, ' If love ' grows cold *before* matrimony, what might be expected *after* it ? ' Then this elopement of hers was all his doing ; he had been the chief cause of it ; and she was now in the hands of a wild, reckless steersman, who would probably soon bring her to grief and then abandon the wreck in order to secure his own safety.

Thus, assuming that he alone was to blame in the matter, shame, sorrow, and remorse, the whips of the Eumenides, by turns lashed him to the quick ; and, as the carriage drew up at the Mitre door, it was with a sense of inexpressible relief that he found himself accosted by a smart, voluble waiter, who popped in his head and said, invitingly—

' Stop the night, sir ? well-aired bed, sir ; fish, flesh, and game in ' the larder ; and the best of everything at the Mitre : too late for ' Hall, sir.'

This last was a clencher, as it was meant to be ; so Stoford, who had eaten nothing for ten hours, and was hungry as a foxhound after his day's work, responded with a ready acceptance, and at once ordered dinner and a bed for the night.

However terrible may be the sufferings of a disturbed mental conscience, those of indigestion, ' the conscience of the stomach,' are at least equally unendurable, and certainly bear a strong affinity to the pangs of purgatory ; besides, how few are they, the chivalrous, the finely-susceptible, and the thorough, who alone feel the full force of the former ? while the wretches who endure the gnawing aches and torture of an ill-used stomach, are a legion countless as the locusts of Libya. Doth not the poet truly say—

' We may live without poetry, music, and art ;  
We may live without conscience, and live without heart ;  
We may live without friends ; we may live without books ;  
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.  
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving ?  
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving ?  
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining ?  
But where is the man that can live without dining ?'

After a good dinner and a beaker of well-brewed bishop, in the comfortable old coffee-room at the Mitre, the cloud that had hung so heavily on Stoford's brow cleared gradually away; and when Watkin and Prettyman, to whom he had sent intimation of his arrival, joined him, and another beaker or two was brewed, it would have been difficult to have found, apparently, a jollier trio within the walls of that University.

'You're a deuced lucky fellow, let me tell you,' said Prettyman (for Stoford had told them all), 'to be so well served by your friend; why, your head was in a noose; and, but for Evelyn, you would have been hanged to a dead certainty. Do you remember what a well-known Master of Hounds did when he wanted to get rid of his pack, and had failed to sell them at Tattersall's? Well, one fine morning he rode fifty miles with them into a strange country, found his fox, and, as they settled to the scent, he turned his horse's head and rode straight home. Now that's what I should do by this blessed couple—leave them running, and thank your stars that you are well rid of the lot.'

'Quite right,' chimed in Watkin; 'the man is certainly not worth powder and shot: still, to save his companion, I should like to serve him as, you say, John Robins once served a runaway horse that was carrying him, at a hundred miles an hour, straight to the Bigbury cliffs. In the very field, and within forty yards of the edge, the old huntsman stood up in his stirrups, and, swinging his iron-headed whip high in air, he struck the brute a tremendous blow between the ears and felled him to the ground: a rough mode of stopping him, it is true; but still it saved the rider's life.'

'I see no ground for interfering,' said Stoford, seriously; 'and, moreover, no use in it, if I did: I can only hope that Evelyn will not prove to be the villain you both suspect him to be.'

'He never did go straight with men, women, or hounds,' replied Watkin; 'and if he acts like a man in this case it will very much surprise me.'

Then, as the genial influence of pleasant company, old associations, and generous wine more or less affected their spirits, the conversation, hitherto held in a suppressed tone, gradually waxed livelier and turned exclusively on their late experience and future prospects in the hunting field; a subject so attractive that all appeared to be equally eloquent upon it and no one to grow weary.

The 'never-ending, still-beginning' theme, however, greatly astonished, if it did not weary a grave elderly clergyman who, with his son, a stripling of eighteen, sat at an adjoining table and could ill suppress his wonderment at the hound-language and sporting incidents so ardently described by each speaker. A refinement, resulting from high intellectual studies, illumined his whole face and bespoke little, if any, affinity with the hardy unbleached visage of a country clergyman. He was evidently either a pedagogue or the minister of some metropolitan parish, whose acquaintance with rural sports had been confined to an early rat-hunt, or to the game of hare and hounds

played at school. The matriculation of his son had brought him to Oxford; and if, as the youth's raw personal appearance very strongly suggested, his had been a home-education, it was no wonder the father looked alarmed and disconcerted at the style of life and companionship into which his son was likely to be thrown in the very outset of his university career.

'What a preparation for the sacred duties of the ministry!' thought he, as he observed his son listening, with mouth agape, to Prettyman's description of his last steeple-chase and the heavy stakes he had won in the Christ Church drag. 'What an outrage on the 'pious founder's object!' And as Prettyman proposed to lay five to four in ponies that Fortescue's Toby would carry seven pounds more than Teddy-the-Tinker and lick his head off over the Bicester Vale, the old gentleman's endurance could go no further, and he said, emphatically—

'Surely, gentlemen, the sporting practices you speak of can't be known to the university authorities: verily they savour of New-market rather than Oxford, and tend directly to the subversion of that moral and religious culture one has a right to expect from this ancient seat of learning.'

'I am happy to say, sir,' said Prettyman, with imperturbable gravity, 'that our Dons do not discourage manly pastimes; on the contrary, some of them are first-flight men across a country; nor are they the worse Christians nor the less able scholars on that account. We come here, sir, to improve our knowledge of civilization and to gain enlarged views of life; not merely for book-learning, which, however well you may be crammed with it, is not necessarily wisdom, neither is it sound judgment.'

'But, sir,' answered the old clergyman, warmly, 'without learning you would lack the materials for thought and right conclusions; and without the aid of such materials there can be nothing but blind prejudice and uninformed judgment. No, sir, you come here "ad capendum ingenii cultum," and not to indulge your passion for sport at the expense of your moral and intellectual culture.'

Having delivered this lecture he rang for his candle; and, taking his son under his wing, as if he dreaded the effects of further contamination, retired at once to his chamber.

The ovation Stoford met with on all sides from his old friends at Oxford rendered it impossible for him to turn his thoughts to business for some days; at length, after a consultation with Mr. Butler, the tutor, who had already so often befriended him with his kindly counsel, and who now so warmly congratulated him on the fortunate termination of his engagement with Grace Lampern, he paid a reluctant but necessary visit to Mr. Hunter, the attorney in Holywell Road.

The little man's eyes, as Stoford entered his den, looked wicked as those of a badger at bay; he had been informed of Grace's flight with Evelyn, and was well aware that the bond for ten thousand pounds, which by the instructions of his friend Lampern he had so



carefully drawn up, was now nothing more than so much waste paper; and the fact that, in ten days from that date, the bond would have become due, added not a little to the vexation he so keenly felt in the matter. That he and his client should have been so foiled was gall and wormwood to him; and he looked on the failure with the same kind of shame and disgust that a tiger is said to feel when he misses his spring.

‘I have been advised to call on you,’ said Stoford, looking the lawyer straight in the face, ‘respecting the bond your client Mr. Lampern holds against me; and which, as you are doubtless aware, has been cancelled by his daughter’s elopement with Lord Evelyn.’

The eyebrows of the little man rose almost to the roots of his hair, as with an expression of intense surprise he coolly said, ‘Never heard a word of it, and don’t believe it now; and, as to the bond, that is Lampern’s business, not mine; you must settle that with him.’

The man’s name had scarcely escaped his lips, when Lampern himself, in top-boot attire, his dress soiled and his face flushed with liquor and excitement, reeled into the room. ‘Curse my luck!’ he exclaimed aloud, ere his eye had caught sight of Stoford, who was sitting in the shade of a dark corner. ‘Curse my luck! that fellow has done us after all: here’s the bond; it’s not worth the paper it is written on.’ And, proceeding at once to drag it out of his coat-pocket, he threw it, with a tremendous oath, into the flames of the fire.

‘Hold, man!’ shrieked the lawyer, jumping to the rescue, and making a frantic dash at the burning document. ‘Are you mad?’

‘Let it alone,’ shouted Lampern; ‘it’s only waste paper, I tell you;’ at the same time, seizing the little man firmly by the collar, he dragged him savagely back; and in a few moments the document was reduced to ashes. Then, as he relaxed his hold, and was in the act of fishing out a smaller paper from a side pocket, he discovered Stoford; and instantaneously recovering his self-command, as if sobered by the sight of the man whom he had sought to injure, and whom he now consequently regarded with a more intense hatred than ever, he held out the certificate of marriage between Lord Evelyn and his daughter, and read it deliberately aloud, adding, with a malicious air of triumph, ‘The girl might have done worse, Hunter: she at least will now have a home and a title into the bargain.’

But the insinuation touched not Stoford; he could afford to be calm, and generous too, as a man who has escaped a great danger; and when he had expressed a hope to Lampern that the marriage might prove a happy one for all parties, he said to the little attorney, ‘Then, sir, my business with both of you is now at an end;’ and bowing hastily to the two rascals, he quitted the den.

The rest of the story is soon told: Stoford, who, struggle against it as he would, had long been deeply attached to Blanche Crocker,

now returned to Devonshire without delay; and, as the reader is already aware, the sentiment between them was a mutual one, there was no longer the ghost of an objection, either on the part of his own conscience or that of his trustees, to scare him from the object that now occupied the very core of his heart.

'Twin-bound, both souls,' and drawn irresistibly together by the yearnings of a kindred love, a separate existence would have been a state of exile to both: so when Stoford, winding his arm tenderly round her waist, and supporting her head, with its mass of golden locks rippling on his breast, tremulously put the question on which the happiness of both depended, the gentle pressure of Blanche's hand told him far better than words could have done it that in him would her spirit find its home, and be linked, one with his, for evermore.

Thus, after his death, the hope of honest John Ball's life was fulfilled to the letter. Stoford, by his marriage with Blanche, the daughter of the only woman the old Squire had ever loved, succeeded to all his property: and as, in deference to his wife's wish, they settled at Foxtor, whose broad lands, adorned with grand timber, silvery brooks, and picturesque dingles, abutted on the Moor, the wild hunting-ground of the West, a situation more attractive to both of them could scarcely have been found.

Every building on the estate was in perfect repair; not a cottage requiring the touch of a trowel or an ounce of paint: but the kennels were cramped and old-fashioned; and as Stoford had signified his intention of hunting the country three instead of two days a week, his first work in stone and mortar was to build a new and commodious set of kennels on a sheltered and well-favoured site: nor did he forget to stock them with fresh blood from the stoutest hounds that England could produce. Robins, the huntsman, was in raptures, and only wished 'the old maister could see them now: 'twould bring un to life again, if anything could.'

To the interior of the mansion, already replete with every comfort that a country-house could require, was added yet one gift more, from John Crocker—'The Old Oak Table,' now burnished and bright as a mirror; and if haply here and there indented by the recoil of shivered glasses and heavy whacks from the old Squire's signet ring, yet reflecting in its honest face the remembrance of many a pleasant tale, welcome guests, and a happy home.

The reader will anticipate the fate of poor Grace Lampern (for the mock-marriage ceremony gave her no right to another name), and will further conclude, from the false start she made and the ruthless hands into which she fell, that her future course would inevitably bring her to grief and ruin: and so it proved: the whirl of pleasure and dissipation into which Evelyn and she plunged, night after night, in the gayest salons of Paris, and the heavy losses he sustained from play, so soured his temper, that, long before the period of the honeymoon had expired, his conduct to Grace had become not only cold and heartless, but almost brutal. The high-

spirited woman, however, was not one to submit tamely to such treatment: and scenes and recriminations ensued which ended at length in his telling her, point blank, that she was 'no wife of his;' adding a cowardly threat that he would 'cut her adrift, if he had 'any more trouble with her.'

This terrible discovery drove her to the verge of madness; and conceiving in a paroxysm of rage, humiliation, and despair the bitterest hatred and contempt for the man who had so deceived her, she rushed forth from his presence and flung herself on the pitiless world, downwards to drift for evermore, a waif and stray on its wildest stream.

Once more, and once only, did she ever see Evelyn again, and that was at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, when he was married to a lady in his own rank of life, a peer's daughter, bright and beautiful as the morning star. When the officiating minister (it was the Bishop of London himself) asked the question, 'Wilt thou have this woman 'to thy wedded wife?' a scream, piercing and wild as that of a maniac, burst from Grace's lips, and every soul in the church shuddered as she said, 'That man is my husband; and I am his wedded 'wife, as God is my witness. Now marry him, if you dare.' She then fainted away, and, being removed by the hands of the police, the ceremony proceeded without further interruption: but that scream and apparition haunted Evelyn's dreams to the day of his death; and even in the gayest moments of his life, the words of the guilty Æneas, when he met poor Dido's ghost in the shades of Tartarus, would oft recur to his mind:—

'Funeris heu tibi causa fui.'

## FOR AND AGAINST.

BY B. T. C.

OH a villain is he, of no common degree,  
 Always a murderer, often a thief,  
 Yet though strange it is true, he's so popular too,  
 To defend the old rogue not a few would take brief.  
 But, alas, for the shame that must cover our name,  
 Did ever such knavery stain counsel's shelves?  
 While doing our best in our client's behest,  
 We but save him from others to hunt him ourselves!  
 Had he only a voice he would tell you his choice  
 Would be to be rid of such base friends as these;  
 While to plead his own case with all cunning and grace,  
 You might back him against the most polished Q. C.'s.  
 Come, put him in dock, let us take a fair stock  
 Of all that he does, good, indifferent, or bad;  
 A handsomer face never smiled in disgrace,  
 Nor could eyes with that twinkle be made to look sad.

'Tis a long tale of harm that comes up from the farm,  
The poultry are killed and the 'grey goose is gone ;'  
Feathers strewing the field must their evidence yield,  
A man might drop feathers, he'd never leave bone.  
Gates smashed, hedges broken, on all sides betoken  
The wanton advance of a galloping host ;  
Meadow, turnips, and wheat, torn by fifty score feet,  
And wherever 'tis wettest men seem to ride most.

We must frankly admit 'tis a very hard hit,  
'This closes the case,' says the judge with a frown,  
'An easy task here, where the guilt is so clear,  
'You'll agree on a verdict without going down ;  
'But before passing sentence we'll ask the defendants,  
'If haply an outlet their cunning may twig ;  
'Perhaps they will rise to suggest compromise,  
'And spare us the trouble of "*dishing their wig*."'

We may yet break a lance, 'tis indeed the last chance,  
A question in season has oft saved the day ;  
When the scent is so cold, of your beauties catch hold,  
Nor to puzzle through every meuse faltering stay.  
No use in denial, 'twill not gain the trial,  
Nor whiten the charges already so black ;  
Yet unlucky the debt that has not an asset,  
Or a bill without ever a name to its back.

So we boldly declare that our gay client there,  
For good must have credit, though guilty of ill ;  
Paradoxical thief, let it not pass belief,  
While taking his measure, brings grist to the mill :  
For where would the sale be, with Thompson or Tailby,  
Were markets deserted by all the red coats,  
The plaintiff may swell, but he knows very well,  
That the field eats his mutton, the horses his oats !

And are there not others, both cousins and brothers,  
Whose livelihood wholly by hunting is made ?  
Boots, saddles, hats, breeches, must all have their niches,  
And loudly bear witness how good 'tis for trade.  
Still, Heaven forbid we attempt to get rid,  
By senseless contention, of damages done,  
And by making amends we may hope to make friends,  
And forward the chance of a find and a run.

So round him we'll rally and give him a tally,  
The whole covert side, whether first-flight or tail ;  
With such surety at hand, the worst foe will look bland,  
And willingly counsel admittance to bail !  
Oh happy the county where forthcoming bounty  
Commands, in due measure, the *populi vox*,  
Where in warm grassy lying no enemy spying,  
There kennels in safety the gallant dog fox !

## OUTDOOR SERVANTS.—No. I., THE GAMEKEEPER.

‘BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.’

Not every man that wears a fustian shooting jacket and leather gaiters, that carries a gun under his arm and a billycock hat on his head is a gamekeeper. The symbols and signs of authority do not always cloak the requisite powers for its confirmation; and although majesty without its externals has been facetiously termed ‘a jest,’ there is more truth in the saying when applied to many of our ordinary occupations. We have all of us seen, under the most sporting exterior among amateurs, an ignorance of everything connected with it, perfectly astounding; indeed I have sometimes begun to think, heterodoxically perhaps, that a very close and formal attention to externals exists in a corresponding ratio to the absence of internal qualifications; and if this be the case sometimes with the master, it need not astonish us that it is so occasionally with the man.

A really good gamekeeper is not made in a day; and the occupation is sure to have many candidates from among the poorer classes for very obvious reasons. There is the great and universal prestige in favour of sport, singularly attractive to the idle English mind. Anything connected with horses and dogs, without reference to capability for dealing with them, is sure to attract. It reveals a life full of healthful exercise; of contact with superior classes; and of a certain position. Above all things, it is pecuniarily profitable beyond wages; and holds out to the enterprising a very large field of operations in selfish interests. Of course it is desirable that this last motive should be discouraged, but it is impossible to ignore its power in bringing a vast number of improper candidates into the field.

A high-class keeper is not every man’s servant, like a cook or a maid of all work; and there are consequently among the middle classes of sportsmen many very bad specimens of this out-door servant. The most ordinary requirements at first sight are physical strength and capability of endurance. He should also be a man of cool determination, great activity, and undaunted courage. It is also desirable that he should be a *good shot*, though this is a secondary consideration in comparison with the rest of the qualities which go to form a good keeper. A perfectly good *trapper* (I do not mean a buggy horse) is far better.

In disposition he should be a man of equable temper, and although taken not unfrequently from the lower or less educated classes, he should be a man of good manners, as dealing essentially with gentlemen, and that in moments when their own manner and conversation are likely to be less under restraint than usual. A keeper, such as we mean, should have a power of bearing and forbearing; for he will meet with many disappointments in showing sport, and will have to submit to criticism, sometimes unmerited, and from very ignorant critics. The less he swears the better; he will only add strength to the chorus, without improving the tune. Men, not altogether

ignorant, but zealous and jealous promoters of sport expect a great deal from their keepers : sometimes too much. They will have everything, foxes and pheasants (which, indeed, they have a right to expect), and abundance of game on all sorts of soils, and with all sorts of liberties (which they have no right to expect); and unless a man has temper to put up with these disappointments, and to make allowance for unjustifiable expectations on the part of his patrons, who will not make allowance for him, he had better turn to some other occupation than that of a gamekeeper.

These are dispositions and qualities, not duties, with which we have been dealing. We come to speak of the latter now, and in doing so to point out a mistaken idea which has prevailed, and does prevail among the numerous classes who have adopted sport rather than have been born to it. Their commonest idea of a keeper was that he should be able to *shoot game*; and the boast we have heard has been not unfrequently on the prowess of the keeper with his gun. Now the first duty of a keeper is to *preserve* game, not to destroy it. The excellence of the servant will be shown by the heads of game he can exhibit in his covers, and on his manor. And this is to be done by the destruction of vermin, and all enemies to those *feræ naturæ* which are especially under his charge.

We shall say nothing about trapping foxes, excepting this : that the keeper who has been once guilty of such a thing in a fox-hunting country should never be employed again in the same capacity ; and the master who would allow a servant to do so unneighbourly an action is about on a par with the man. His ingenuity, on the other hand, may be well and fully employed against the polecat, the stoat, the weasel, and enemies of a like nature. He must literally be wide awake early in the morning to catch the weasel asleep. If he be not an early riser he is nothing at all. Knowledge too of their habits is as needful as industry ; for it must not be taken for granted that they are alike in their ways. They are very different, require different traps and baits ; and for their effective destruction a gamekeeper should be little short of a Red Indian.

His skill as a shot, but even more as a wood-craftsman, will be put into requisition against buzzards (if he can find one left), kites, hawks, and such wary and powerful foes. Their destruction is a paramount obligation ; and it is the truest and most honourable use of *craft* which we can recommend for practice.

Another grand mistake in the presumed qualities of a keeper we will endeavour to rectify, while we are upon the subject. 'Set a thief to catch a thief,' is one of those proverbial expressions which have little truth in them when fairly examined ; but it has been applied to the servant on whose character we are now employed, until it has really established itself in minds not accustomed to analyse closely the motives of action. It has been said that the greatest poacher makes the best keeper. Yes, if you can believe that a trust requiring honesty and moral courage, and the responsibilities of which are connected with property more easily disposed of

than any other, is best served by a scoundrel, regardless of morals or law, of course your best keeper will be the late leader of a desperate gang. Never was a greater absurdity; or one on which it would be more dangerous to act. Let your keeper have all knowledge of a poacher's ways, of his haunts, his companions, his resources, and his implements. It is his duty frequently to resort to methods for acquiring information which under other circumstances he might be slow to employ; he is the sporting policeman of the neighbourhood, bound to keep his eye on the rascals of the parish, and if need be to learn their manœuvres by some means or other. But he is not bound to compromise his own character or self-respect—a quality which some are apt to think no poor man ever has—nor to act with any sort of conciliation towards a poacher. He should be his greatest enemy; and the reproach of having belonged to a gang would, in the eyes of an honest and conscientious person, go far to rob him of any character at all.

Another duty, and an equally indispensable one, is a knowledge of dogs. It is true that, with the exception of Scotland, the fashion of shooting to pointers and setters has given place to a system of walking up birds, and seeking the wounded and slaughtered with the aid of a retriever. Scotland is a noble exception. On the moors the keeper's chief pride exists in full force. There he sees his dogs work, stand, back, and down charge, as of yore. There he still feels a pleasure in showing how much may be done by his care, his temper, his knowledge, and the value of high breeding, shape, courage, and obedience in the dog himself. But in England we have less of it every day. It is true that the breaking of a retriever is a harder task than either; I at least have found it so; but there was always the magnificent exhibition of a team of dogs at work, which repaid a man for any trouble he had been at in their teaching. And not only is it the breaking of your dogs, which should form part of your keeper's occupation, but in many cases their breeding, their selection, their treatment in or out of health is entirely his own. Few men who shoot now-a-days have the taste or the time to devote to its more delicate, and, to us, more interesting details, but have enough to do to kill their game, and to arrange their battues, fully satisfied that the rest is being done for them at so much per annum, or week, as the case may be. If, in addition therefore to these qualities and employments, your keeper be a shrewd, clever man, with sufficient education to keep the accounts of the game, the outlay in feed, the number of eggs hatched under hens and brought out; to judge of the value of his underkeepers, and a good judge of character generally as to the men he employs, you will have got all you can desire, and as much as you have a right to expect; nor is there any reason why he should not have some acquaintance with the game-laws as far as his own business is concerned; as it may save his master some trouble and expense if he ascertain beforehand his own powers of shooting other people's dogs or of taking other people's guns. This knowledge may be easily acquired, but it is not every keeper that is possessed of it.

A gamekeeper should be a sober man—(not that intemperance is a virtue in any of us)—for there is no right performance of matutinal duty if the night be spent in the village public; nor is there any fault which lays a man open so easily to the aspersions to which a keeper is always more or less liable in his own neighbourhood. In the field he should be *silent*, it is his greatest virtue. All teaching should have preceded his appearance with his master and his guests. That eternal shouting of ‘mark’ upon every occasion, as if nobody could see birds but himself, and the rating of dogs, and directions to underlings, is one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of a good servant. Eager to show his zeal, he is always making a noise; and forgets that his duty there is not only to show zeal and birds, but to bring the sportsman as near to his game as circumstances will permit. This can only be done by quiet; and when the first blush of the season is gone by, and birds have become wild, the nuisance of a talkative keeper is beyond all conception. If his master has sent him into the field to scare the birds, and to give his friend a day’s shooting at as little expense of game as possible, we can conceive no means so effective for the purpose. But I have no acquaintance with friends of that kind, and am willing to believe that there are no such persons. Therefore we recommend silence as golden in a gamekeeper on beat above all things.

There are certain gun-room duties which we need not here touch upon; they have reference only to the necessity for care and cleanliness in the materials of shooting, and are the result of good places and natural good manners. They will not be found in perfection in any keepers but those who have had a good apprenticeship; and, as the increase of preservation, the number of rented manors, the scores of men who shoot, go on from year to year, so that the demand far exceeds the supply, we must do as well as we can with what we can get, and supply a little of the teaching ourselves. Nothing looks worse than to see a keeper giving his guns a final polish as the party is waiting for him to proceed. The arms should be in readiness, and the ammunition to each apportioned off, and placed in the hands of that subordinate to whom you are told off for the day.

The wages of keepers, as you may see from these remarks, must vary very considerably. They depend altogether on the extent of the manor, the number and extent of covers, the difficulties of the situation, and its perquisites. An ordinary keeper would receive now perhaps, for a moderate manor, about thirty shillings a week, with a comfortable cottage and some advantages of wood or coal. In higher situations the wages are much higher; and the work is not unfrequently done by subordinates. We know of one large estate of a separate keeper to each beat, where the work is most admirably performed. Some considerable difference too exists in the prospect of fees, which are sufficiently heavy to make them a material consideration. This is the wrong end of our article to begin an important part of a subject. I can only assure our readers, that of all the nonsense that has appeared in the papers of late years, none has equalled that which we read last autumn on the subject of game-



keepers' fees. Those letters must for the most part have been written by persons utterly unacquainted with the usual character of the men of whom they wrote, or so maliciously set upon saving their own pockets as to have meditated a crusade against a civil and hard-working class. The whole question apparently arose from a facetious picture in our *Van* (by that eminent *farceur*, the author,) of a keeper who never took anything but paper; and as it is a delightful sensation to see oneself in print (until you become thoroughly used to it, and get nothing for it), the question of gamekeepers' fees remains much where it was, and will remain there until gentlemen take to abusing a system which the lords of the soil inaugurated, and which is nearly as old as the hills, and older than the trees on and among which they shoot. That exorbitant payment is not the rule, one instance may serve to show; and if snobs with more money than brains, or with more brains than respect for the conventionalities of society, err on either side of the happy and virtuous medium, it is not fair to tax the gamekeepers with avaricious impertinence.

At one of the best houses in England, where the shooting is of the very highest class, and in which several thousand head are counted at the end of the four days, two sovereigns is considered a sufficient honorarium to the head keeper. The whole conduct of the affair, from the placing of the guns to the ordering of the beaters, is of the very highest class; and if there be one house in England above another where extreme liberality of fees might be expected to reign, that is the one. But I suppose the greatest skinflint, or the most highly-principled stickler for economy, would find fault with so fair an arrangement. If men cannot afford to do as others, the remedy is in their own hands; and having once had experience of a gentleman's gentleman who was above gold, and only dealt in paper, I should advise them to avoid so dangerous a locality for the future. As to incivility, I never have met with it, and do not believe in it. One thing at least would check that favouritism which is sure to follow a free hand and a full pocket, which is that the proprietor himself should follow the example of my friend, and place his guns himself.

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## THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

XI.—PATRICK RYAN, HORSEDEALER AND HANDICAPPER EXTRAORDINARY, WRITES MR. ESSOM A LETTER, WHICH PECULIAR DOCUMENT ELICITS SOME REMARKS OF A SWEEPING NATURE FROM THE DOCTOR AND CRISP. THEREAFTER THE CURTAIN RISES UPON WHAT THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER AFTERWARDS VERY PROPERLY, AND WITH CHARMING FRESHNESS, TERMED 'THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY SPORTING EVENT THAT HAD OCCURRED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD WITHIN THE MEMORY OF THE OLDEST INHABITANT.'

THE day for the meeting on the moor drew near apace, and yet 'the indefatigable and courteous clerk of the course' (indefatigable and courteous *is* the phrase for a clerk of a course we believe, just

as 'intelligent and active' is the proper designation for a police officer) had not received a line from recalcitrant Mr. Ryan. As the horse-dealer's eccentric wanderings from Dan to Beersheba were not regularly chronicled by the 'Morning Post,' Mr. Essom knew not whither to address an epistle in search of him. According to a careful calculation he had made of the fairs Ryan would probably take on his way from Heatherthorp to Holyhead, and the exact proportion of the horse-buying multitude he could, and therefore would during that journey comfortably take—in, the Milesian was, about the time when the present portion of these veracious Chronicles opens, performing a series of experiments of an alcoholic character with a view to taking the chill off his own native Erin. A desperate notion regarding the transmission of four closely-written pages of clerkly indignation addressed 'Mr. Patrick Ryan, Horse-dealer, 'Ireland—immediate!' flashed across Essom's mind, but on mature consideration he arrived at the conclusion that the post-office employés on the other side St. George's Channel might experience some difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of the wanderer, so he abandoned the idea and—fumed. Yes, fumed; hourly to his sporting customers, who condoled with him; periodically in deprecatory notes to Sir Harry (a steward), who replied in starchy notes of thirty syllables each—as different from a natural note as a good shake of the hand is different from the languid presentation of two whalebony aristocratic fingers and one rigid aristocratic thumb; and nightly in the committee room—at Sillery's, to the profound edification of the other members of the committee—who fumed in unison.

At length, Essom having waited for Ryan until his patience was quite worn out, the order was given for the majestic posters, in red and blue and black ink (Heatherthorp's solitary printer's most Titanic effort, these posters), to appear. Gorgeously emblazoned upon the broad sheet appeared 'the heads' of the events that were to form the two days' programme; but the great match, baldly announced,— 'Match, 50 each, p. p., owners up, steeplechase course,' was enigmatical enough as an announcement to all but the initiated. Crisp wanted Essom to leave it out of the bill altogether, but he said, 'No, sir. It's a line in the bill. Remember that—a line in the 'bill. You will excuse me, Crisp, but this is a subject I *do* know 'something about. Those who were at the dinner will understand 'what it means. But whether they do or not,' he added, with an air of rueful resignation, 'there's no help for it. What *can* we say? 'Nothing. We must wait until that Irish blackguard, Ryan, takes 'it into his blundering head to write.'

The expected missive came at last, bearing many outward and visible signs, in various regulation colours, of the devious route it had travelled, and the perils through which it had passed. Ryan wrote what might be termed a national hand, and as he conducted his spelling on somewhat phonetic principles, it was not surprising, when you came to think of it (only Essom was too angry to make

Christian-like allowances), that the superscription of the letter should, first of all, have robbed the Blind Department at the General Post Office of a night's rest, and then nearly driven two provincial postmasters, one provincial postmistress of an irascible turn of mind, and a group of underpaid letter-carriers to the verge of distraction. There are three Heatherthorps in this land of the brave and the free, and one Heatherley. The letter had been sent to each, but as only one Heatherthorp—ours—contains a Daniel Essom, who under one *chapeau* possesses brains necessary to a hairdresser, a hatter, and a clerk of the course, and, as the mysterious superscription could, by a violent stretch of the vivid imagination of a Heatherthorpien expert, be made to express some of Mr. Essom and a portion of his functions, he broke the seal, and read slowly and haltingly as follows :—

‘Misther Essom, Sir when i tell yees the imminse throuble this handycapn as been aafter given me the days Ive pondhered Over it an the noits Ive dramed upon et shure, an as for slape there has bin none o’ that for the loikes av me with et an my Consence.’

[‘The lying, hypocritical vagabond!’ muttered Essom, by way of comment.]

‘The First thing i did an dye moind Ill be hanest in the mather wid ye when you see the Barn’t long life to him and glory be his grave ye’ll tell him, was to rite a bit av a letter to Misther Hector O’Halloran an as ye’re a sporting man yeve may be heard av him he’s clerk av the coorse to the Hunt Meeting av the Blundher-skull Blazers an be this an that sthraitier ridin’ boys than the Blazers or boulder at a pailfull of red-hot punch haven’t the hanour o’ my friendship. Ses I to him ye remimber Hecthor me boy a steeplechase over the new coorse beyant whin my bay gelding Shamrock and a beautiful field was claned out by a blayguard bay mare wid a white face an dishin’ action, the toime ses i to bring it to his moind d’ye see whin white headed Mike the Blazers whip presented ye wid several black eyes to take to bed wid ye—not that he did take them there for it was myself helped to carry him an its lively as a bag of sand he was whin i tuk compassion an him ses i in my letter’—

[‘What is the idiot driving at?’ murmured Essom, in tones of distress. By this time he was lost in a melancholy state of bewilderment.]

‘ses i in my letter an i had to be partickler in remindin’ him av the circumstance for he’s postmaster at the town convanient to the Kennels of the blazers and has a good dale to occupy his attintion an there’s not many postmasters in the 3 kingdoms aquil to him an its meself that wishes he was here now to put me right about your direction Mr. Essom the half of et has gone out of my head intirely. You remimber Hecthor—’

[‘Oh dear—dear me! when is he coming to the point?’ moaned the distressed official.]

‘You remimber Hecthor me boy that I bawt a chesn’t mare av

'the owner of the wan that bate mine—an a purtier rider across a stiff stone wall country I niver wish to see, he caught his death of cowl'd through putting too much wather in his whiskey poor darlin. Supposin ses I to Hecthor you had the ould mare wid the white face and Shamrock and the chesn't mare I bawt av the same party and another about six pounds worse nor Shamrock a moile on the flat how would ye put em together over three moiles av country?'

['So this is how Mr. Pat Ryan sets about handicapping the pair?'] remarked Essom bitterly. 'I wonder if any of our handicappers work on his principles.'

'I'll be hanest wid ye, dye moind that now, O'Halloran an me have been in wan or two hanorable swindles they wor hanorable ye see bekase they wor nivir found out and as i always helped him wid his handicaps for a partickler raison he knew what my cattle could do. Well thin he wrote and sed. But let me come to the point Shamrock is the Doctor's horse he now calls him Kelpie and the chesn't mare belongs to Mr. Woodridge and O'Halloran an me have come to the conclusion that the anly way to put em together to make a match av et would be the mare eleven Stone and Shamrock Eleven stone Ten. Dye moind now.'

['Do I mind, you two-faced dealer in horse-flesh? Yes, I do. But stop, what's this—a postscript?'] He read :

'An ould frind of mine wan Michael Macarthy is most likely comin your way about the time of the races. If you should see him inthrouce him to Misther Woodridge for my sake.'

'Exactly. With much pleasure, Mr. Ryan. Indeed I will step out of my way to discover your old friend, rather than any one else should have the honour of putting him and Mr. Woodridge together. And further, Mr. Ryan, I will not leave Mr. Macarthy during the meeting—if he should come, of course, and yet further, my dear sir, some of my money goes the way his does, or I know the reason why. You are clever sir, very; but some of us in Yorkshire were not born yesterday. And now to inform the victim of this beautiful handicapping—and Sir Harry—of the result of Mr. Ryan's learned investigations.'

It soon got wind that the Doctor had to give his opponent ten pounds, and this bit of news, coupled with the rumour of a flattering private trial of Woodridge's nag with a well-known cross-country performer, had the effect of making the iron-master's champion favourite in Heatherthorp circles. Not that there was much betting yet. There was plenty of money for the Doctor, but his friends were content to wait before investing in his favour. Ten pounds was a good deal to give away if the nags were anything like equal, and the owners about alike in point of horsemanship.

Meanwhile one of the principal parties to the contract, who had received early intimation of the conditions under which he was to meet his opponent, had not scrupled to express his feelings, and that in unmeasured terms. For the first time since his arrival in the town the Doctor had spoken his mind freely to Mr. Essom, and that

functionary was now in possession of what might turn out to be a piece of highly useful knowledge. He knew the length of the Doctor's tongue. 'And him so mild, too,' said Essom that night in the committee room, elevating his eyebrows as he said it. 'Still 'waters do run deep, and no mistake. He said it was a swindle, and 'a piece of collusion, and then, setting his teeth, he said he'd be 'd—d if he didn't defeat them yet! These were his very words, as 'I'm a living man.'

To tell the truth, the Doctor had exhibited temper when Essom placed the letter in his hands; but he cooled down directly afterwards. His was by no means a sulky nature, mind you. Essom, who was afraid the very significant postscript to Ryan's epistle might attract his attention, was delighted when he turned his back on the shop. The remarkably wide-awake clerk of the course was more than ever resolved to back Woodridge. As for the Doctor, he walked moodily homewards to talk the matter over with Crisp. He found Matthew in the yard fresh from a serious interview with Kelpie. Mat had also heard the news.

'Well, Mat; we are sold, eh?'

'N—o; I won't go as far as that, sir. It takes a wonderful 'deal of cleverness to win a race now-a-days. More fowk than 't' judge can shove a word in.'

'Ten pounds is a lump to give him. That rascally Irishman as 'much as said the form was equal.'

'So he tell'd me, Mr. Arthur.'

'Offered to take sixty to fifty either way,' said the Doctor, gloomily.

'He did?'

'Yes, that was at the dinner; and I stood him, Mat.'

'I had a better opinion of you, Mr. Arthur. I hardly thowt a 'hunderhanded run-the-country Irishman like that could ha' got 'ower ye. Besides you knew he was a coper: you knew how 'durably he tried to get thirteenpence for his shilling out of us about 'Kelpie.—Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur!'

'I deserve all your reproaches, Mat; every one. I was an awful 'flat to stand very clever Mr. Patrick Ryan. Now, I should not 'wonder but what he's sent out a quiet commission to back 'Woodridge?'

'It's goodish odds on *that*, sir,—oh, yes! it's goodish odds on 'that. Trust the vagabond to help hissel.'

'Ah—just so!' said the Doctor, meditatively. 'Although, 'mind you, I cannot blame him, Mat. It serves me jolly well 'right. I ought to have known better. But I must go on with 'the match; it would be disgraceful of me to give it up now.'

'Mr. Arthur, if I thowt you were goin' to show t' white feather 'to that yap, Woodridge, I'd leave, sir,—and I did hope to stop wi' 'you as lang as I was yabble tee put yaw leg afoor t'other. Give 'up the match! Niver i' this world. Niver mind the ten pund, 'sir. A good jockey is worth at least seven pund ower a bad un

'ony day it year, and we'se hope Kelp can mak up for t'other three. Give up the match! It ud brek my heart.—Then look here,' he added, coming to business; 'the country wants doing, and doing well. It isn't big, nor is it out of the common, but it wants a rider that can go straight, nae matter whether it's bank, or timber, or watter. Mr. Arthur, you mun win this match onyhow. Kelpie's blooming, think o' that,—and he's no cocktail.'

'No more am I!' replied the Doctor, vehemently, as the remembrance of Kate's graceful gift flashed through his mind. He was about to fight under *her* colours. 'Win I will, if I can. And now we must hasten with our final arrangements. You have not forgotten my orders?'

'I have not, Mr. Arthur.'

'I must leave Heatherthorp this afternoon. I have been again called away to an important consultation—you understand?' And the Doctor bestowed a meaning glance on his faithful servitor, who responded with a conspicuous wink. 'Robson knows the nature of the case, and if any of my friends are particularly anxious for information, refer them to him. Very well: you must follow with the nag to-morrow. By leaving early in the morning and coming to me by road, you will be able to return to Heatherthorp in the evening by the express. It isn't that I care a pin for the Pharisees; but if you are seen about as usual, Mat, the Woodridge lot won't suspect the nature of the consultation I have been asked to attend. Meanwhile, before my return, you can try the line yourself with the mare, and when I come back we can do it together. They think they have got me in a nice tangle with their Irish handicapping, but they'll find I mean to die hard. I need say no more, Matthew; I am sure you are quite awake to what I want.'

'Leave that to me, sir.'

'Oh! by the way, if there's any of Woodridge's money about, and they are anxious to lay anything like seven to four, or two to one on him—it can hardly be that, you know, Crisp, in a match across country—accept it, and I will take the bets off your hands.'

'All right, sir.'

'And now let's have a look at the old chap before I pack up for this consultation. I know you have done your best by him—for if ever man loved horse you love him, I am sure, Mat—but I have been so much engaged lately, I have not had an opportunity of doing your polishing justice.'

Nothing could have given Mat greater delight than this request, and the Doctor put it in such a way as to reach the old man's heart of hearts. Crisp might have been the poet of Andersen's charming piece of extravagance, and Kelpie Pegasus himself, and from the exultant manner in which he hastened to gratify the Doctor's whim, the pair might have crewhile held Olympian converse. Kelpie was a rich bay with black points, and no moment could have been more propitious than this for showing his beautiful colour to the

best advantage. As the warm light of the setting sun fell upon his shining coat, the Doctor thought of another sunset, earlier in the year, when that coat glistened more gloriously—as the gallant creature was urged along the steep bank of the Wimple to save Kate Wilson from being dashed to death.

‘My word, Mat, but you *have* done your duty!’ ejaculated the Doctor, as he walked round Kelpie admiringly.

‘Well, sir, if they can put a better polish on theirs, I’ll give in,’ replied Crisp, in the seventh heaven of delight at the compliment—which, let it be said, was really deserved. ‘He’s not exactly right ‘yet, but we’s fettle him up afore the day; won’t we, old boy, ‘then?’

And yet Kelpie was a long way better than he looked. Not quite fifteen two in height, the truth of symmetry throughout made him look less than he really was. His light, intelligent head, full eye, and muscular though straight neck—which filled the hand as you grasped his crest—was well placed on long, oblique shoulders, which combined with wonderful depth of girth to throw the saddle far back upon what seemed therefore, and by reason of his great spreading hips, a rather light loin, although really it was anything but that. A drooping goose-rump also detracted from his appearance, but in no way interfered with the grand length from hip to hock—the power of quarter and second thigh he displayed. Good all over when you took him to pieces, especially good was the bonny bay ‘to follow.’ Not a point escaped the Doctor. Never since he had become the proud possessor of Kelpie *alias* Shamrock had he run the rule over him so anxiously as now. Kate was with him in spirit the while!

‘Old fellow!’ said he, affectionately, as he patted Kelpie’s neck; ‘you are made of the right kind of stuff, and if between us we can’t do it—why I think I shall never wear silk or scarlet more.’

‘Hoot, hoot, Mr. Arthur! That wadn’t be doing him justice. ‘See how he turns his hēad as if he knew what you were saying. ‘If Woodridge’s mare—and she’s a viewly thing, and can gallop—‘beats Kelp at ten pund, an’ they’re both of an age, she’s a clinker, ‘that’s all. But we’s not be bēaten, Kelp, will we, owd lad? ‘they’ll not find such big, clean hocks as thine, Kelp; such a lady’s ‘mouth as thine, Kelp; such sweet creepin’ action as thine, Kelp! ‘If Woodridge mear is cleverer than thee, and has a better heart ‘iv her belly, why, then we’s be bēaten. But we are not bēaten ‘yet, owd varmint-hēad!’

‘Faith like yours should be rewarded, Matthew,’ said the Doctor, laughingly, as he turned to enter the surgery. ‘I shall see you ‘to-morrow? good-bye till then.’ The Doctor departed on that important consultation; Matthew Crisp joined him next morning with Kelpie; Matthew Crisp returned to Heatherthorp *without* Kelpie, and Heatherthorp was none the wiser.

Few events so completely rouse the dormice of a country town as a race meeting. A bazaar, no matter what high and noble object in

martyrdom, missions, or monastic furniture the Berlin wool-workers and their masculine—just masculine—coadjutors have in view, does little more than stir in its sleep a borough like Heatherthorp. An eruption of bazaars, extending over a season of three or four months, might perchance induce the burgesses to yawn and stretch themselves and ask what it all meant; might possibly exhaust the sweet facetiousness of the youthful brethren who come out so strongly as amateur Cheap Johns (spare us the necessity of writing ‘Jacks’) and counterfeit auctioneers; but no such eruption ever afflicted our borough. We could not have borne it. We keep our pulse at the proper mean by partaking of a judiciously-blended course of mild dissipation within doors, and an occasional indulgence in games and field sports without. Here are the principal events of a year: one flower-show; one bazaar in aid of the Establishment; one great game at bowls for a dinner and a handsome piece of plate—electro-plate; three presentations of testimonials; one bazaar in aid of the Primitive Ranters; one alcoholic municipal election; one teetotal festival, in festivity limited; ten teetotal ‘experience meetings,’ in talk unlimited; five home-and-home cricket matches; one lecture on the horrors of American slavery, by an African prince who manifested his love for this land of liberty at a remarkably early period by arranging to be born in Whitechapel; one uproarious otter-hunt; occasional symptoms of ‘scarlet fever’ in the hunting season; a band contest; and the races.

It is, however, given to the races to fully develop the latent commercial, social, and—shall it be said?—polemical virtues of the borough. To begin with—in order that the most succulent aliment shall be preserved unto the use of their regular customers—those purveyors of what are euphemistically denominated viands take special care to put before the visitor to the races nothing but antiquities in the shape of edibles. Can one sufficiently applaud such consideration? But if the purveyor is considerate to his customers in respect of ordinary victual, his considerateness rises to a pitch of patriotism with regard to poultry! As an illustration take the domestic goose. ’Tis a noble bird and a toothsome! but no sweet savour born of sage and onions and the heat of a Wallsend fire—no Michaelmas incense can appease his disappointment who discovers, firstly, that his knife has a round edge; and, secondly, that the lively bird before him has not been cut down in the flower of its youth and fatness. The goose—many times repeated—that smoketh so temptingly upon the typical table at Heatherthorp races was the previous week (how touching the reflection!) the patriarch of his flock—the cackling mother of incalculable goslings. As with the solids of the race time commissariat, so with the fluids. Armagnac and best British take the place of rare old Cognac; and every ale-cellar in the town is scientifically ‘dressed’ for the occasion. To board is a great pecuniary undertaking in Heatherthorp during the reign of Mr. Daniel Essom, but to bed is a greater. This is owing to the saints. Not content with flooding the borough with awakening



tracts distributed by able-bodied missionaries (who take their stand where they can obtain a good view of every race), the devout flee from Heatherthorp; the virtuous let their habitations to the vicious for 'a consideration'; the Israelites despoil the Egyptians of their precious metals and paper. The sportsman who has been similarly entertained at Chester, Chichester, and Doncaster, can readily discover that he has lodged beneath the roof of an absent Heatherthorp saint; he remembers the moral precepts in a black frame that frowned on his waking hour; he recollects the aged domestic whose face it would have been a flight of fancy to term plain; he shudders at the memories of her Puritanic cookery; and he well knows the length of his bill. In good sooth the person whose hobby is a horse, and a racehorse—who is 'fond of a bit of racing'—pays dearly for his whistle; with which delightful confusion of images I pull up.

Up at Wimpledale Place they felt quite as much interest in the forthcoming Meeting as down in the town; and, maybe, rather more interest in the match between Arthur Basinghall Sutton, Esq., M.D., and Reginald Woodridge, Esq., ironmaster, Shipley. After Squire Wilson had been cajoled into consenting 'to having some people' (a delightfully vague way of putting it) during the race week, the girls let him rest, but the time had now arrived for the necessary arrangements on their part to be made. It was Saturday, two days subsequently to the morning Essom had his mind eased by Ryan's letter. Mr. Wilson was making his accustomed after-breakfast round amongst the live stock, and Kate and Miss Vandervelde were laying their heads together—figuratively, of course—in company with the local paper, which Sylvia held in her hand and lazily pretended to read. The breakfast-room at the Place was as cosy an apartment as one need wish to put slipper into, and just now all a-glow with a North country coal fire, and animated in the most delightful sense of the word by the presence of two pretty girls, it looked its brightest. Kate was herself again; the careworn expression was quite gone; and Sylvia, thanks to some of that out-door exercise which in country quarters is inevitable, had lost that peculiar resemblance to a natty little figure of Sèvres which distinguished her when we first made her acquaintance in the summer.

'There is nothing in this stupid paper that I can see, Kate; there never is anything except accounts of ploughing-matches, parish meetings, and serious accidents to persons who cannot drive. Yes, there is sporting intelligence. I almost wonder why you take such a paper, Kate; but I suppose you must. It is expected of you, like subscriptions for soup, and coals, and blankets for the poor.'

'You must not be severe, Syl; I am sure the paper is very good of its kind.'

'And extremely kind of you to say so, Kate; not that I intended a joke. But that is not much in its favour, "Good of its kind;" why, you agree with me.'

'Try the sporting news, then; there is sure to be something about our races.—Let me see the paper.' And Kate laughingly

attempted to snatch the journal out of Sylvia's hand. That young lady, retreating with mock gravity, observed—

'No, mademoiselle, you have dared to impugn my opinion of provincial newspapers—your newspaper; I will show you that the sporting is just as stupid as the rest of its dreary contents. Listen. "Heatherthorp Autumn Races—Applications for sites for booths and stands to be made on or before Wednesday next, the twenty-second inst., to Mr. Daniel Essom, Clerk of the Course." There, Miss Wilson, that is something about our races; and a most interesting piece of news it is. Here is something else: "Sporting Match across Country. We"—what a dreadful person the we with a large W is, Kate!—"We" (with a large W) "are in a position to state that the sporting match "between Dr. Sutton's"—Kate, this *is* interesting!—"bay horse "Kelpie, and Mr. Woodridge's chesnut mare, Blouzelinda,"—what an odd name!—"about which we informed our readers in our last impression, has been finally arranged. An eminent Irish handicapper has apportioned the weights,"—what's apportioning the weights, Kate?—"but some dissatisfaction has been expressed "by the friends of Dr. Sutton, because the handicapper has decided "for him to give his antagonist ten pounds." What a shame! "why *should* Dr. Sutton give Mr. Reginald Woodridge such a sum "of money?"

'You have not finished,' observed Kate, who had listened with a surprising amount of attention.

'No, here is some more of it: "As will be observed in another column, the weights are, Kelpie, eleven seven; and Blouzelinda, eleven stone. Our Shipley correspondent reports great excitement in that town over the match; and there is also great interest felt with regard to the affair at Heatherthorp, where Dr. Sutton is exceedingly popular. There has, thus far, been little betting; but Mr. Woodridge's mare may fairly be pronounced favourite, six to four having been laid on her several times in Heatherthorp "as soon as the weights were known." Well, Kate, one sometimes reads with the eye and not with the brain, when the wits are wandering; but I have been trying to read with both, and with my wits, such as they are, too, but—I am bewildered. Dr. Sutton has given Mr. Woodridge ten pounds—they have laid six to four on the mare—what *does* it all mean?"

Kate looked remarkably serious, and did not reply.

'Why, my dear, one would imagine, by your dear melancholy face, that something very distressing had happened. If Dr. Sutton chooses to let them take his money, what is it to you? When you are married you will cure him of his folly. Why, I do believe you are going to cry!'

'It is very silly, I know; but—but—but I can't help it!' sobbed Kate, fairly breaking down. 'You d—d—don't understand these things, Syl—via.'

'My darling,' said Sylvia, gravely, 'you must not give way like

'this. Come to my room and tell me all about it. What would your papa think if he came in now, and saw you sobbing fit to break your heart?'

'It's over now,' replied Kate, drying her tears, and heaving a remarkably heavy sigh. 'Don't laugh at me, Sylvia,' she added, kissing her friend; 'I never was so weak before, and I never will be again, depend upon it.'

'Very well, my dear; that is a sensible resolution: and now your face is something like its original length, and you appear capable of speaking without making mincemeat of your words, please help me to be as wise and as miserable as yourself. What were you crying for?'

'Why, Sylvia, as I told you before, you don't understand racing. I don't much; but last year at Scarboro', before I knew Arthur,'—and she blushed quite prettily; if he could only have seen *his colours* in her sweet face!—'we used to see a good deal of a Captain Masters. He was very fond of horse-racing. Indeed, I don't mind telling you, Sylvia,'—and her eyes twinkled merrily—'that (we flirted desperately) he used to make love to me in the language of the Turf. It was so funny!'

'I have no doubt of it, Kate; I think I would have cured him of his passion for sporting idioms, though. And?—'

'He told me all about racing; and although I have forgotten nearly everything he said, I know that Arthur has been shamefully used in this match!' And she spoke with energy.

'How, my dear?'

'That ten pounds which puzzled you means weight, not money. Kelpie has to carry that amount of weight more than Reginald's horse; and as the horses are the same age, Reginald may win—and I don't want him to win!'

There was the least suspicion of tremulousness about the corners of her lovely lips, and Sylvia, fearing another shower, hastened to interpose.

'Why, Kate, you are as weak as a reader of penny romances. *He* would be ashamed of you if he saw you now; I am sure he would. Sooner than that hateful Woodridge triumph a second time, I would do something very improper and unladylike myself. Go and frighten his horse, or get the groom to poison it, or—he shan't win; I have said it!' She uttered the last phrase in a tragic tone and manner perfectly irresistible. Kate laughed outright.

The Squire re-entered the apartment at that moment, and the conversation came to an abrupt termination. He was unusually good-tempered. A porker of his own breeding, the elasticity of whose cuticle he had been for some weeks testing by means of a peculiar condimental food of his own inventing, had been despatched to the happy grunting-grounds the day before. Mr. Wilson had just seen the over-larded monster weighed; and as the weight had much exceeded his expectations, he was happy. Kate saw that he was in a promising mood; and having interchanged glances with Sylvia,

at once broached the subject of the festivities of the race-week. Miss Vandervelde artfully followed suit, and presently Mr. Timothy Wilson found himself consenting to everything they asked—and their demands were rather exorbitant. To preserve appearances he felt he must suggest an obstacle or so, and accordingly, stiffening himself in his chair, he exclaimed—

‘Stop, stop, stop! not so fast, young ladies, if you please. We must draw the line somewhere. You can do what you like with the guests when they arrive here—dine them, dance them, or what you please. Only take all the trouble off my hands; and don’t ask too many.’

‘You are such a kind papa!’ said Kate, kissing him.

‘And there is another restriction—’

They waited for him to proceed.

‘I’ll have no Dr. Sutton here. Remember that!’

Kate’s countenance fell immediately, and she looked ready to burst into tears. She had meditated bringing about a reconciliation between her father and the Doctor. But Sylvia was equal to the occasion: *she* rose, and advancing to Mr. Wilson, said—

‘Mr. Wilson, if Dr. Sutton is not to be included in the people we—that is, you—invite to The Place, I pack up and leave at once. Dr. Sutton is a friend of mine—he is my medical adviser—and, if you consult my pleasure, you will ask him to come. I await your answer.’

She stood before him with her hands demurely folded, and her eyes cast down—the very personification of meekness. He gazed at her for a minute, and said—

‘Sylvia, you are a strange girl. He shall come, of course—as your friend.’ He rose and left the room, saying, ‘I wouldn’t be that girl’s father for kindgoms! She puzzles me.’

So it was decided that the girls were to have *carte blanche* in everything, even with regard to the people to be bidden to the festivities. Twice had Timothy Wilson, Esq., been defeated by Miss Vandervelde in behalf of Kate; would she be triumphant in the third bout?

## LIFE AMONGST THE BEDOUINS OF TÔR.

### CHAPTER II.

MARCH TO OUADI FEIRAN, AND ASCENT OF JEBEL SERBAL—A HYENA KILLED, AND GOOD SPORT AMONGST THE IBEX—THE IBEX OF SINAI—A BLANK DAY—THE BEDOUINS OF OUADI FEIRAN—THEIR CHARACTER AND HABITS—MARRIAGE AMONGST THE BEDOUINS—HARD-LIFE—RETURN TO GEBEL MOUSA.

THE next morning at daylight we bade our American friends adieu, and started in a northerly direction for Mount Serbal. Our route lay through barren valleys, and plains hemmed in by still more dreary—

looking mountains ; and crossing Nakb Hawa, 'The Pass of the Winds,' after a long and fatiguing march we halted in the Ouadi Feiran, where our camp was pitched by a beautiful spring in a palm-grove. Here we found another Bedouin camp, the Sheikh of which paid us a visit in the evening, and gave us two of his tribe for guides. As I told him of my intention of remaining here a few days to shoot, he advised our pitching the camp in Ouadi Aleiat, where we should be much nearer the haunts of the 'bedan,' or ibex ; so the next day, after visiting the ruins of the old town of Feiran, we changed our camp, and pitched our tent by a spring of pure cold water, in a gorge or cleft in the mountain, a most delightful spot, shaded by overhanging rocks. The camels had great difficulty in making their way over the loose stones and masses of rock, so it was late in the day before we got comfortably established, and all our things in order.

At daylight the next morning, accompanied by eight Bedouins carrying our guns, ropes, food, water-skins, rugs, and waterproof sheet, we commenced the ascent of Serbal, which from the plain has certainly a more majestic appearance than any other mountain we saw. After about a couple of hours' hard climbing, we got to the ridge from which five isolated peaks rise, and here we were glad to halt for a time and rest, as we were all somewhat fatigued. I had on two occasions seen the slots of ibex on our way up, and upon the ridge, which in some places was covered with dwarf shrubs and aromatic herbage, I found quite fresh 'sign,' which I determined to follow up, whilst Allard made his way to the summit of one of the peaks, and two of the Bedouins climbed up another, from whence they were to make certain signals in case they saw any game. All tracking was impossible, and we had had hard work even to get along, as the ridge consisted of boulders and débris of grey granite, which often gave way under foot ; however, the Bedouins seemed to know every inch of the ground, and proved first-rate mountaineers. We descended a slope where the herbage, such as it was, appeared to grow more luxuriantly than in other places, and this they considered a certain find for ibex early in the morning and late in the afternoon. They showed me two circles of stones where the Bedouin hunters used to lie in wait for them when they came to feed ; but none were to be seen, and I was on the point of moving from the place when I heard a slight rattle of loose stones, and I saw a very large dog hyena scrambling down a gully about a hundred and fifty yards below the slope on which we were standing. It was apparently hard work for an animal of his build, which is most unsuited for going down hill, and he stopped every now and again, perhaps to listen. I did not think of firing at him, but the Arabs begged me to kill him on account of the ravages that the animals make amongst their goats ; so as he was standing with his head raised somewhat suspiciously in our direction, I threw up my rifle and dropped him, the bullet entering just below the ear. A moment afterwards I was sorry that I had fired, for three buck ibex, disturbed by the report, sprang up from behind a large rock, under the shade of which they must have been lying. Unfortunately,

from the place where I was standing I could not see them until they were long out of range and scampering along the brow of the ridge above. The oldest of the Bedouins, who was himself an experienced ibex hunter, said he knew the spot where they would make for, so under his guidance I again clambered up the steep slope, and after a long scramble we passed between two of the peaks, making our way very gingerly over slabs of smooth granite to the edge of a crest, just below which seven ibex were grazing about two hundred yards distant. I drew back and paused a few moments to take breath, for the exertion had made me too unsteady to shoot well; then shaking myself together, I again crept forward, and selecting a buck that appeared to have the longest horns, I dropped him stone dead with a ball through the shoulder, and with my other barrel brought a second to the ground, but almost immediately he regained his feet and bounded off as if unhurt. Away dashed the Bedouins in pursuit, perfectly astounded at my having killed at what they considered so long a range, and I followed as fast as I could, my movements being considerably impeded from having to carry my rifle. When I got down to the spot where the first ibex fell I waited, as my people were out of sight, having gone after the second. In a few minutes a loud shout of triumph told me that they had been successful, and half an hour afterwards they appeared with a fine young buck which they found dead, my bullet having entered the back and shattered the hind leg. As they had experienced great difficulty in carrying the carcase up the slope of the hill, it was resolved to cut them up where they lay, and I never saw game broken up more expeditiously. The skins were taken off in a most artistic manner, all in a piece, to serve for carrying water, and the best parts of the meat were cut off and carried with us, I reserving the heads and horns as my share. These ibex are of a different species to any I have hitherto killed, and differ from those of the Alps, Caucasus, Nilgherries, or Himalayas, being more like a goat, and not so delicately formed. The horns of the largest measured thirty-five inches along the curve, and were about nine inches in circumference round the base. They rise from the crest of the skull, and bend gradually backwards, almost describing the arch of half a circle. The anterior surface is ringed with bands, the number of which, it is said, denote the years of the animal's age. This theory is not, I think, to be relied upon, as I have killed a buck with thirty-seven such rings. Those of the young one were much smaller. Their general colour was an ashy grey, deepening to black on the hind quarters, where the hair was long and shaggy. The beard of the larger one was black in colour and about eight inches in length. The females are very small in comparison with the males, and have short horns slightly curved backwards; they are also lighter in colour, and more delicately shaped. The report of my gun brought up Allard and the rest of our people. He had been to the summit of one of the peaks, and amused himself by copying some of the Sinaitic inscriptions that were carved in the rocks.

Our people being heavily loaded, we were a long time scrambling down the mountain to our camp, and it was nearly dusk before we arrived at our bivouac.

Being somewhat stiff after our exertions we passed the next day in camp, and I amused myself by preserving the ibex heads, and preparing them for being set up. The following morning at daybreak found us again clambering up the steep side of the mountain, and seeing no fresh signs of game upon our arrival on the ridge we halted for an hour and breakfasted. We afterwards ascended two of the peaks in order to reconnoitre the ground more effectually, but had to be satisfied with a splendid view of the surrounding country, as not an ibex was to be seen. We had considerable difficulty in ascending and much more in descending the second peak, as in some places we had to cross along a narrow and uneven ledge of rock running along the scarped face of a cliff, when, if the head had turned giddy or the foot slipped, a drop of some hundreds of feet would have been the consequence. However, with the aid of my long rope we all got down safely, although with knees and hands somewhat excoriated by the sharp edges of rock. Although the air at this elevation was cool and refreshing, still the rays of the sun were intensely powerful, and to this cause I attribute our not falling in with ibex, who, like all other wild animals, remain in the shade during the heat of the day. We had but to look at each other's faces to see that our powers of exertion had been taxed to the uttermost, so after an hour's repose we retraced our steps to camp.

The next day we returned to the Ouadi Feiran, a great resort of the Bedouin tribes, who lead the same primitive nomadic life as their forefathers, the patriarchs of the early ages, from whom they have inherited and preserved unchanged their peculiar habits and customs. A race takes much of its character from the country in which it lives, and the wandering habits of the Bedouin were inculcated by necessity. The tribes are obliged to migrate according to season and the changes of the weather, as their existence depends upon water and pasturage. Having no fixed home, and being habituated to constant change, their wants are few and their household gear and utensils are limited to a few necessary articles of the most simple description. Their only wealth consists of male and female slaves, herds of camels, sheep, and goats, the black huts, their only habitations, made of camels' or goats' hair, earthenware jars and pots, leather water-skins, and bags to contain clothes. Although Mahomedans in name, few amongst them can even repeat the prescribed form of prayer, and scarcely any can read the Koran. The only act of worship performed by any of our Bedouins was a short invocation to the Deity hastily muttered as the sun was rising with their faces turned towards the East, but without dismounting from their camels. Notwithstanding their laxity in the ceremonial observances of their religion, they have many sterling good qualities. Their greatest fault, a common one, is an innate love of the Almighty dollar, and an incapacity of dis-

tinguishing between *meum* and *tuum*, yet a guest and his property are sacred, and a Bedouin will defend both at the peril of his life. Generally they are men of few words, simple and unaffected in manner, trustworthy and faithful to their salt, when uncontaminated by the corrupting taint engendered amongst dwellers in cities. Both men and women are well formed, although carrying little spare flesh, and there is generally a great want of development below the knee and in the fore arm, although the feet and hands are peculiarly small and delicately shaped. They have marked features, aquiline nose, and piercing black eyes capable of great expression. Some of both sexes are nearly black, but the majority have a complexion about the colour of a ripe filbert, although amongst the higher classes I have seen women and girls almost as fair as Europeans, they having never been exposed to the heat of the sun whilst tending sheep or fetching water. Like the sex throughout the world the women are passionately fond of ornaments, and adorn themselves with a profusion of silver armlets, bracelets, necklaces of amber or beads, ear-rings, and small silver cases containing talismans, charms, or verses from the Koran. To heighten their beauty they tattoo their chins, each tribe having a peculiar mark, stain the nails of their hands and feet with henna, darken the eyelids, and pencil the eyebrows with antimony. The Towara women wear their hair drawn from the forehead in the shape of a horn, and the maidens, to distinguish themselves from wives, widows, &c., wear the *shebeka* fastened round the head, which is an ornament made of small shells, and corresponding with 'the snood.' This is forcibly taken away by the bridegroom on his nuptial night, and the bride can never resume it.

Marriage amongst the Bedouins is an institution which does not entail such 'awful responsibilities' as if contracted at St. George's, Hanover Square. The form is simple, and certainly not expensive. Seven days after the negotiation is concluded the bridegroom cuts the throat of a young camel or kid in front of the girl's father's tent, and the ceremony is completed. During the day a feast is held by the friends of both parties, and a tent having been pitched a short distance away from the rest of the camp towards evening the bridegroom retires to it. In the mean time the bride elect, after having had her hair dressed and her body perfumed, is carried by the women howling and yelling with fear and delivered into the arms of the impatient husband, who tears off the *shebeka*, et l'affair est fini.

'Wedlock's like a game of whist;  
A card is chosen from the pack;  
How much trouble might be miss'd,  
If 'twere bad, to give it back !'

Such is matrimony in the desert, and if the Bedouin does not like his bride the contract is easily broken; he mounts her on a female camel, says to her, '*Ent taleek*'—thou art divorced—and away she goes back to her family, when, after forty days, should she not prove to be in an interesting condition, she is free to marry again. On the second occasion, however, no great show of modesty



is required to be displayed, the tent of the bridegroom remains in its usual position, and the bride is supposed to find her way to it without offering any opposition.

Hard life, exposure to the weather, low diet without excess, and constant exercise, make the Bedouins extremely hardy, capable of great endurance, and they perform the most arduous services on very meagre fare. Many a time have I seen them wrap themselves up in their burnouses and sleep out in the open, rather than take the trouble to unpack and pitch their tent; and although heavy dew or rain might fall during the night their constitutions rarely seemed to suffer by the exposure. The men may feed the horses and camels, but all the really hard work and domestic labour is done by the women. They fetch the water, grind the corn, cook the food, tend the flocks, and when the labour of the day is over, shampoo and crack the joints of their lords and masters as they recline on the skin which serves as their bed. Such is the ordinary routine of nomade life; but what else can be expected from a people who have no religion or law, no sense of honour, no antecedents, or aspirations, and no home or possessions but a few brackish wells and palm trees? In the barren waste they inhabit they know no real security, are ever, more or less, in danger, and are often exposed to the greatest privations and suffering caused by drought and famine. Brought up without even a semblance of education and instruction, uninfluenced by the force of example, and unsoftened by the civilization of society, the life they lead very much [resembles that of their own goats, and sometimes one is struck by the extraordinary likeness to these animals that is to be found in an Arab's physiognomy.

The valley of Feiran afforded capital grazing for our camels, and as we found ourselves well supplied with milk, honey, kids, and other Bedouin delicacies supplied by the Sheikh, we passed a couple of days very pleasantly and then retraced our steps to Gebel Mousa *en route* to Um Shaumer.

*(To be continued.)*

### 'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Facts and Fancies.

FEBRUARY, the month which is most in vogue with coursers, steeple-chasers, and bookmakers, and the one in which St. Valentine is inundated with letters, brought in its track such a catalogue of horrors that we may be said to have supped on them. And we are very much afraid that Our Van will this month partake more of the character of a 'hearse' than its usual vehicle of amusement and information. But besides the sensational events of the month, which followed each other with unexampled rapidity, many important questions have been started affecting the Turf, and which are likely to be discussed with a good deal of animation in the ordinary channels of information. We have also to report the death and burial of the Epsom difficulty, which no longer cumber the Sporting Papers; and we do not hear of a spurious Derby being substituted for the standard dishes of Epsom. And if the saddling-bell had once rung for the new race, it would undoubtedly have been the knell of the meeting. The policy of Mr. Studd was dictated by common sense and great

discretion, and the subsequent liberality he displayed completely negated the charge of meanness and extortion which had been applied towards him; and by his instrumentality the Epsom Summer programme now assumes an aspect worthy of its position in the racing world. It is said that the committee wanted Mr. Studd's donation to be cut up into a series of plates, the entries for which would cover their value; but Mr. Studd refused the proposition, insisting that two good races were infinitely to be preferred to a lot of small ones in which the Ring alone were interested; and now we have two events substituted which will vie with any of our great summer handicaps, and be long remembered from the circumstances attending their institution. Then Sir Joseph Hawley's resolutions, which he left to be digested by his colleagues during his foreign tour, have been warmly discussed, Admiral Rous maintaining there was no harm in the present system of racing, which leaves us about half a dozen old horses per annum which will carry 9 st. 7 lb. over two miles, while others urge that as England is the finest horse-breeding country in the world, such a state of things is in no way calculated to foster its prestige. Then the speed of the horses of the present day has been contrasted with those in ancient times; and if John Lawrence, the late eminent veterinary surgeon, is to be believed, none of our present sriers could have vied with Flying Childers. Then Dr. Shorthouse has written to the 'Times' to say that all the speediest animals that he can recollect have been small, shelly-looking ones; and he quotes many instances in support of his theory, which we understand to mean that a decline in the size of racehorses has not brought with it a diminution of their speed. Then Admiral Rous has given notice for the appointment of a committee to report upon cases to the Stewards of the Jockey Club, which is quite an innovation on the established rules and practice of the Turf. Lastly, Lord Coventry is bent upon having horses ridden in future by boys of 7 st., so that the animal's powers may be made the most of, instead of being frittered away by an urchin with as much strength as a South American Aztec. It is needless to add that this proposition has been far better received than any of the others which have been recently brought forward; and although it will be opposed by Admiral Rous, on the ground that as the top weight in a handicap is 9 st. 7 lb., it is not possible to 'make the feather' 7 st., it strikes us the difficulty might, in some measure, be got over if the handicap was put up seven pounds, and the other weights raised in proportion. The measure will no doubt be amply discussed in a full house; but, notwithstanding all the opposition that will be brought to bear against it, we still think that Lord Coventry will go into the winning lobby. But in truth an entire revision of the laws of the Turf is loudly called for, more in accordance with the present time than those good days when George the Third was King. Such a work, which might be the production of a committee of the Jockey Club, would settle all existing grounds of complaint for some time to come, and render the office of Steward of the Jockey Club almost a sinecure. For our own part, all we wish to see is the Turf becoming more of a sport and less of a business than it has been for the last few years. And when the love of the animal takes precedence of the affection for the pencil, then racing will once more become the sport of kings. Admiral Rous, it is true, says all that can be urged in behalf of the existing situation, but it is evident, to use a pugilistic phrase, that 'he fights like a beaten man.' It is gratifying, however, to find in all the recent discussions there has been an entire absence of all personalities, and that all the writers have appealed to the judgment, and not to the passions of their readers.

The betting on the Derby was revived like an old play after the success of Mr. Studd's negotiations was confirmed, and 'the lads' fell to on the horses

like the wild beasts in a menagerie when the keeper has forgotten to give them one of their regular meals. The greatest rush has been made against Belladrum, whom they have taken into their heads is a roarer, and whom they have operated upon in the manner according to the form of the statute in that case made and provided. But notwithstanding the raking fire Belladrum has sustained, he has borne up gallantly against it, and both Mr. Merry and Waugh maintain that he is more likely to make other people roar at Epsom than to roar himself. Pero Gomez is as strong as brandy, and the position of Wild Oats must stand upon the way he acquits himself in the Two Thousand, for people will have their suspicions that he is only a miler. Still as they were friends in their youth we do not see why their intimacy should be broken off when they grow older. Should he, however, get over 'the measured mile' cleverly we shall have no fear of his travelling a longer distance, as we take no more notice of his performance the first time he came out, when he was as raw as a cucumber, than we should do of a Hindostanee mendicant in the streets of London; and as Mat Dawson has the sole management of him, he is likely to be a terrific favourite, for at the present time we understand there is no horse in England to compare with him in point of size and grandeur. So when he has won the Derby we suppose that people will admit that his noble owner has sown his 'Wild-oats.' Æthon is the head of the second class, and is certain to have the next vacancy, as they say at the Horse Guards. He is a very fair specimen of the Blair Athols, and will help to keep that horse before the public. Pretender, we hear, is only just put into strong work; and report ascribes Thorwaldsen to be much improved, and although the former was the best of the pair last year, they know nothing, we believe, of their relative form this season. Brother to General Peel, although a fine horse, is so backward that he never can be got ready for Epsom. Besides, if the reports relative to Lord Glasgow's health be correct he will be disqualified for the Derby; and in fact, the only animal in the North we consider to have any pretensions to a Derby horse is Ladas; but then his staying is looked on as a doubtful contingency. Before bringing our observations to a conclusion, we would fain observe that there has been rather a strong movement of good and true Sportsmen for Boulogne, which bids fair to be as popular with own people as with our Gallic Brethren.

Suburban steeplechases commenced the month, and Provincial ones finished it. At the former we had platers of the worst description transformed for the moment into modern Lotteries and Peter Simples; but as the *profanum vulgus* were pleased, and the Welshers and thieves had a good day, all may be said to have gone off as merry as a marriage bell. The Provincial gatherings were of a different stamp, for they afforded capital sport to crowds of people who had but few opportunities of witnessing it. Birmingham, which is fast rising into importance, and which is held on the spot where the famous jockey of Sir Joseph Hawley was born, furnished us a splendid struggle between old Meanwood and Greenland, which the former won in true workmanlike style. The Sutton Coldfield course also proved a capital airing-ground for Liverpool goods; and a professional laundress would have been delighted with it. Lincoln, as usual, opened the flat-race season, and Mr. Chaplin, the presiding patron, provided for his constituents a sight of nearly all the patrons of the Turf, from Admiral Rous downwards. Colonel Astley also may be said to have followed on the same side. The Ring flocked also in great numbers to the scene of action, the only absentees being Mr. J. B. Morris and Mr. Edward Brayley, for whom the kind indulgence of the audience was bespoken on account of their sufferings from a severe cold, brought about by the careless-

ness of a Birmingham chambermaid; and if the latter had known at the time of Mr. Morris's 40,000*l.* yearling Derby book, and of Mr. Brayley's chance for the Liverpool Steeplechase with Pearl Diver, we are quite assured she would have placed both these gentlemen in a bed as dry as an oven, rather than in one as damp as a newly-folded copy of the 'Morning Star.' For the Genii of the Ring the hotel-keepers had made every preparation, and handicapped them far higher than they deserved. For them the common 'flea-pack' was raised from half-a-crown to a guinea, and wines were transmogrified in a manner so rapid that it would have astonished Stodare or Döbler, for vin ordinaire, by a wave of the hand, became Château Margaux, and strong gooseberry-water converted into champagne by the same ingenious species of machinery; and as the Pencillers by the Way have to endure this pleasant process of skinning every week until the end of November, we cannot be surprised at the shortness of their odds. The first thing that suggested itself to the mind of the stranger was that the owners of upwards of two hundred horses had signified their assent to the early-racing principle and were therefore antagonistic to Sir Joseph Hawley's measures. But fortunately for the Breba Baronet, very few, if one of those exhibited were qualified, to vote against him. The early promenades were well attended, and Monarch of the Glen and Sycee were the admired of all admirers. The great animal painter of the day did not make 'The Monarch' look better in any of his pictures than Weever had done, and the latter confidently expected his hour of triumph was at hand. But the Fates had decreed otherwise, for, on taking his second canter, Pride, as usual, had a fall, as well as The Monarch, who dislocated the fetlock joint of his off hind leg, and his career on the Turf was at an end. Nothing, therefore, remained but Sycee to trouble the Ring in the handicap, which she did very much, but at the same time she soon put them out of their misery, for she won from start to finish, without scarcely going out of an exercise canter. After which we had, for positively the last time, as the play-bills say, 'The 'Brocklesby,'—and for the caste of the company we must refer our readers to the 'small bills.' The lot, on the whole, were a very moderate one, with the exception of the winner, who was as active as a cat, and will do well to advertise Lambton at this time of year. The race is easily described, for when the flag fell she started like a pigeon from a trap, and had all her horses safe in an instant, including Stephanotis, which was rendered by the Ring, Stuff and Nonsense, and upon whom Mat Dawson was very sweet; and the Blair Athol colt, whom at Danebury they made out to be better than Betty, at even weights, but whose running was 'stones out' of that form. Thus Joseph Dawson well maintained his character for having his horses fit at the commencement of the season. The only other events worthy of notice were the winning of 'The City Handicap' by Historian, who regularly pays Sir Frederick's expenses at Lincoln every year. Mr. Wellfit won his annual steeplechase with Barbarian, greatly to the advantage of Tathwell for the Liverpool. Mr. Chaplin, to the intense delight of his constituents, threw in for a couple of good mains; and from the pleasure he exhibited at seeing his colours in the van, it is quite clear his heart and soul are wrapped up in the sport, and that the dispersion of his stud will be a sore blow to him. At the close of the first day some sensation was aroused by the announcement of an 'Eruption' having broken out in William Day's stable, and the more so because it was said to have been created by Sir Lydston Newton: fortunately, however, the consequences were not of a serious nature.

Our Breeding despatches state that in all quarters the greatest activity prevails, and that foals with the 'blood of the Howards in their veins' are

either dropped daily, or are immediately expected. From Yorkshire we learn that The Earl and Lord Lyons are full; but Thormanby, although he turned out plenty of winners last year, has not many subscriptions taken to him as yet. Knowsley will have a fair quantity of mares, although he only turned out one winner last year, which was Beauty. Still his stock sold well, and they made Jackson's sale of yearlings in August come to a far better average than it otherwise would have done. Camerino and Victorious are both having some good mares sent to them, and we hear that the stock of both these horses is much liked. And we have been told that Mr. Savill, no mean judge of racing, has sent a couple of mares to each of them. Lozenge is also having a few nice mares, and, from his public performances, quality, and good breeding, ought to be patronised. His action is really something wonderful, and breeders should never forget that he beat Knight of the Garter last spring, and gave him 6 lb., a feat which few horses could achieve. Asteroid has rather created some disappointment, as he has not made up to so good-looking a horse as was anticipated; but then it is a difficult thing to know what people do anticipate. Caller Ou has gone on a visit to Beardswell, and she was lucky to have two splendid fillies by Newminster. Animals are often said to be worth their weight in gold; but if any were really worth that fabulous price, it ought to be these two fillies. Cramond is also having a few mares, and Lord Clifden has long since been booked full for the season. At Middle Park a lot of mares have come to Blair Athol, and among those whom we noticed may be mentioned Incz, Ariadne, and Bradamante; and as these are all good public runners, it is giving Blair Athol a chance that few Derby horses have possessed. Hurstbourne Park is every year becoming more fashionable, and Beadsman has now put it on a level with Middle Park, for in its paddocks may be seen Caller Ou, Bas Bleu, Salamanca, Madam Eglantine, and Fairwater, who have come to the sire of Blue Gown, and, as they say, 'Fortes creantur fortibus,' in due time we may expect great things from the Haras of Lord Portsmouth. As a proof of what exercising stallions properly does for them, we may remark that Fitzroland, who had a bad character at Newmarket, hardly missed a mare last season at Hurstbourne. At Sheffield Lane Paddocks the latest fashionable arrivals include Lady Melbourne and Lady Palmerston, who are each going to Adventurer, who is deemed in the North the legitimate heir to Newminster. From the Yardly Stud Farm good accounts have been received relative to The Duke, who is full, and thus the remarks which we made last month about him are entirely confirmed; and among the mares that have come to him are The Roe and Europa, the former in foal to Trumpeter, and the latter barren. Sister to Buccaneer and Lady Somerset, in foal to Oxford, are John Day's contribution, and the remainder of the mares belong to the public. The late Marquis of Anglesey, we understand, had decided to send one mare to The Duke and another to Oxford; but on the day he appointed Saunders, his trainer, to meet him to decide what mares should be allotted to each horse, he was found dead in his bed. Of Oxford we hear great accounts, and his two-year olds, we perceive by the 'Racing Calendar,' are very heavily engaged, and he has now only five vacancies on his list. Among the colts just dropped to him, those out of Auricula and out of the dam of Arbaces and Smilax are the most admired. Lord Stamford has sent Cassidea to Young Melbourne, and Lady Augusta to Cambuscan. At Mamhead we lately noticed Crater, who is as handsome as a picture, and his foals and yearlings, though a trifle small, are remarkable for their make and shape, and if they do not make race-horses they sadly belie their looks. Sundeelah, when in training, was always reckoned one of the handsomest horses on the Northern Turf, and now that

he is furnished he appears to still more advantage. With such a pedigree and such performances as he can boast of he will have filled long before this in Yorkshire; but Devonshire is not a county in which thoroughbred horses are appreciated, and perhaps before another three years elapse breeders may find it worth their while to send into the 'Far West' to him. Gemma di Vergy, strange to say, has distinguished himself more as a sire of steeplechasers than racehorses, and were he placed in a good hunting district, he would be sure to be appreciated; but they do not breed hunters in Devonshire.

The great event in the coursing world—in fact, their Derby—and on which the hopes and fears of so many thousands were centred, has just been decided, and public form has again realised the expectations that were indulged in respecting it. Lord Lurgan, of whom we shall, in our next, furnish a capital likeness, has proved himself one of the luckiest coursers ever known, in winning the Waterloo Cup two years in succession, with the same animal. And as a proof of the value he placed upon Master M'Grath, we understand that on the animal's returning to Ireland he insured his life by taking out a policy of four hundred pounds for the voyage. Numberless were the prophecies that were given to the sporting world as to the issue of the event; but none of them came up to the measure of that of Ashdown in 'Bell's Life in London,' who proved himself worthy of his predecessor, for in their journal he boldly avowed his belief that Master M'Grath would be first, and Bab the Boaster second. Surely neither Delphi nor Dordona could have spoken truer words.

Our Hunting Intelligence is not quite as large as usual, which may be easily accounted for, by the fact of Parliament having set in, and the time of our correspondents being so taken up with their legislative duties, as not to have leisure at their disposal for sporting narratives. But yet we may remark, that the scent during the month of February has not been equal to that of the preceding months. Yet sportsmen have had but little to complain of, with the exception of lame horses, of which there are plenty. But on Thursday, February 4th, the most fearful catastrophe that ever happened in connection with fox-hunting made Yorkshire a land of sorrow. The York and Ainsty hounds met at Stainley Hall; had found, and were running hard. The fox crossed the river Ure, the hounds pressing him; evidently a good scent. There was a flood in the river, which made 'The Ford' impassable, and the horsemen raced for the ferry-boat opposite Newby Hall. Sir Charles Slingsby and Orvis, his kennel huntsman, E. Lloyd, Esq., E. Robinson, Esq., Captain Hon. E. Molyneux (10th Hussars), Hon. H. Molyneux, Clare Vyner, Esq., Captain Mussenden, Captain Key, Mr. White (15th Hussars), and Sir George Wombwell hastily scrambled into the boat, all in high spirits, taking no note of the number that could go with safety; danger never entered their heads. Eleven horses, and including the two ferrymen, thirteen men, pushed off from the bank. In seven minutes six men of that crew and eight horses were dead! On leaving the shore water came in—the boat was overloaded, and worked by a chain which was improperly on the down-stream side of the boat—and then the horses, frightened at the water coming in, began to move; the boat gave a lurch or two, Sir Charles and his horse fell out, and the boat turned over, and in a few moments was seen bottom upwards. Then came the fearful struggle for life. Alas! poor Sir Charles Slingsby, who was clear of the boat, and struck out for the shore, in the same direction as his horse, appeared to swim strong for some strokes, when his exertions ceased; he sank, not far from the shore, probably seized with cramp. The Hon. Henry Molyneux, accustomed to use his presence of mind in water, being a sailor, and a fine swimmer, though sitting on his horse in the boat when it rolled over, managed to get clear by diving, and coming up at some distance

from the rest, and swam to shore very much exhausted. Captain Key slipped out of the boat before the worst, and swam out. The first man who got on to the capsized boat was Mr. Vyner, and he, with great presence of mind, lay full length, and pulled out Sir George Wombwell, who could not swim, and had only a slight hold of a ring on the boat, then Captain Mussenden, who had received a bad cut on the head from one of the horses. Captain the Hon. Caryl Molyneux scrambled on to the boat, and also Mr. White. Mr. Robinson, Orvis, and the Warreners, father and son (the boatmen), were never seen. Mr. Lloyd came up, but must have been injured in the fearful scramble, as he is reported to have been a good swimmer, and he could not make an effort for himself. It is useless to dwell upon the agony suffered by those who were on the bank of the river, with no power to render help. Mr. Preston, of Moreby, Mr. W. Ingelby, Captain Robert Vyner, and Mr. Thompson, second son of Mr. Thompson, of Kirby, dashed into the boiling stream. Captain Vyner, a very fine swimmer, reached Mr. Lloyd, and bravely struggled to bring him to the bank. Mr. Preston and Mr. Ingelby also reached him, but they were unable to battle with the rapid stream, and were with difficulty pulled out by the spectators. This long story—this awful tragedy—all over in seven minutes! As long as the world lasts, fathers will relate to their sons the story of the Newby Ferry, and the end of the last male Slingsby and his fox-hunting friends, and will not forget to name the heroic conduct of those noble-hearted fellows who did not hesitate to risk their lives in the hope of saving others. Many a heart feels sad and cold, and it will take time to restore the spirits of the numerous friends and companions of these well-known sportsmen. Sir Charles Slingsby was a very remarkable man—a good and charitable neighbour, a kind landlord, residing nearly the whole year at his seat, Scriven Park: he was loved by rich and poor. Keen about all sport; could break a pointer, train a hawk, shoot game or pigeons. But to see him in his glory, where he was most known, was with his hounds. His manner with them was a lesson to most huntsmen: he never lost his head or his temper. Hounds had great confidence in him. He threw them quietly into cover, let *them* find the fox. 'Gone away!' the high note on his horn they knew was gospel, and flew to it. 'A check!' he never lifted his hounds if it was possible to avoid it. He never picked his hounds up and galloped here and there because somebody had heard or seen something. He allowed his hounds to use their noses. The huntsman and hounds had confidence in one another, and consequently caught their foxes at the end of runs. His very gentlemanlike manner towards his field will never be forgotten: no hasty expression escaped him: he rode well to his hounds, and was showing very good sport. The York and Ainsty pack belong to the country. Sir Charles Slingsby had had the management of them for fifteen years, and bred them with great care. They are persevering, quick, close hunters. Poor Edmund Robinson, who was intimately known to us, was one of the cheeriest creatures that ever got into a saddle, and was the life and soul of every company in which he was found. He was the *fidus Achates* of Lord Combermere, and the *alter ego* of Mr. Rudston Read, with whom he lived for many years. Both these good Sportsmen are quite overwhelmed with grief at the loss of their friend, who was second to none in Yorkshire, or any other county, as a rider across country. His horses, and those of Mr. Lloyd, are to be sold in front of the York Club, on Thursday, the 4th of March. They are very workmanlike and fit for any country. Orvis, who shared the fate of his master, was an honest, trustwothy, good servant: he came from Essex, when Will Danby retired fifteen years ago. Bill Powter, the second whip, will never forget the sad journey home to the kennel with the hounds on the 4th of February: his master, and his old fellow-servant left at the

bottom of the river Ure. Reader, let us in our hearts thank God for his great mercy in permitting so many who were struggling in that cold and rapid stream to escape. Since the report of the accident it has been ascertained that the hounds on that eventful day ran their fox to ground, near to Skelton village, before they came back in search of their master. The dog pack were out that day, and both Rallywood, the prize dog of 1867, and Nestor, ditto of 1868, distinguished themselves, and the two prize bitches of last year are clippers.

At a Meeting held at Harker's Hotel on February the 23rd, Mr. Brown, of Copgrove, in the chair, the landed proprietors in the York and Ainsty Hunt unanimously agreed to support Sir George Wombwell, and he was appointed Master of the Hounds. All persons present felt that he was deserving of the thanks of the country for undertaking, what we may be allowed to say under the circumstances, a most difficult position. Sir George has with his usual energy dashed boldly into his new career. He is hoping to engage the most experienced huntsman he can find; and we have reason to believe that Peter Collinson is likely to be the man. The hounds will not hunt again this season; but the neighbouring packs will be invited to give a day where the foxes are most numerous. Newburgh Park is not in the Ainsty Hunt, but it is Sir George Wombwell's intention to reside during the winter in York, where he has engaged stabling. His quick style of riding is well known, but many who read this will laugh at the idea of 'George doing dog.' As regards Sir George Wombwell, we may say that he is evidently the right man in the right place, for he knows every farmer in the country, and always has a kind word ready for them. Passionately fond of the sport, and energetic in all he undertakes, he has only to make the last Master his example to insure success in his management. One thing is quite certain, that after his escape from Balaklava and Inkerman, and lastly, from the Yorkshire waters, he may be said to bear a charmed life, and neither wire or ferry-boat are likely to cause an alteration in the baronetcy. The Badsworth Hounds are still without a master. A dispute as to the right of hunting certain covers prevents anything being permanently settled. The Fitzwilliam Hounds, now the property of the Hon. George Fitzwilliam, up till thirty years ago, were brought from Milton to Wentworth House, and hunted certain covers during October. This practice ceased, and the Badsworth Hunt now will not admit the claim made by Lord Fitzwilliam to take away this piece of their country. We suppose the case must be brought before the Foxhunting Committee at Boodle's. For several years this dispute has been going on, Lord Hawke constantly protesting against Lord Fitzwilliam's poaching style of creeping into his country with his pack. Many of the landowners think that Lord Fitzwilliam will take the country, and they would like it, as he is a capital sportsman; but they will keep their own hounds, require him to hunt the country fairly four days a week, and be more punctual than he is with his present pack. Mr. Hope Barton, of Stapleton Park, is ready to take office if all is made serene. He is fond of hounds, and one of the best men of the day across country.

All through February there has been a continuation of fine hunting weather, and the sport in Leicestershire has been unusually good. Monday, February 1st, the Quorn were at Gaddesby. It rained more or less all day. But they had a good gallop from Cream Gorse to begin with, the first twenty minutes of which was racing, but their fox escaped. They found again in Ashby Pastures; and after a fair run, lost near Barsby. A good day's sport. On Friday, 5th February, they were at Wymeswold, and had a capital thing from Ella's Gorse over a deep country, and killed. On Monday, February 15th,



there was an unusually large muster at Great Dalby. They had a pretty forty minutes from Gartree Hill with their first fox, and killed; and a very good fifty minutes from Thorpe Trussels in the afternoon by Somerby, and losing their fox at Leesthorpe. Another good day's sport. Friday, February 19th, they met at Six Hills, found in Lord Aylsford's cover, and had a capital fifty minutes, though rather ringing, and killed their fox. Saturday, 30th January, the Duke of Rutland's hounds were at Denton, and had a tremendous day for horses, the country being so deep. They killed their first fox, and ran their second till dusk. On Saturday, February 13th, these hounds had about the best day of the season, meeting at Stonesby, and finding in Coston Cover, they lost their first fox at Buckminster after a good ring. Finding a second, and a wild one, in Sproxtton Thorns, they came straight through Coston Cover without dwelling a moment, and going on by Gunby Gorse down to Edmondthorpe, they passed Woodwell Head Cover, and on to Barrow Gorse at a great pace throughout, but did not kill. The first half of this run was over a fearfully heavy country, which beat off the field; but the finish was all grass, the hounds running in that driving style which is peculiar to this splendid pack, who never fail to make the best use of a scent when they get one. Lord Wilton is considered to have had the best of this run all through. The Duke also was well with his hounds, as was Mr. Burbidge and Cooper, the huntsman, and some others, but it was too much for the greater part of the field, which proves its excellence. There are more hunting men at Melton than have been known for years. Mr. Coupland has become the owner of Craven Lodge, late the property of the Marquis of Hastings. Mrs. Frewen's notice has been withdrawn, and she has consented to allow Mr. Tailby to draw Cold Overton Park Wood as usual, which is fortunate, as it is one of the best covers in Mr. Tailby's hunt. Thursday, February 11th, Mr. Tailby was at Houghton-on-the-Hill, and had a capital day's sport, finding his first fox in Glenn Gorse, and soon losing him. He found a second in Norton Gorse; and running by Norton-by-Galby Close up to Rolleston, a fine line of grass, this fox was lost also. He then went to Shangton Holt, and found a third, who took a fine line over the Staunton brook; and leaving the wood to the right on to Slawston Cover, where he went to ground, and escaped with his life, which was not to be regretted, that such a good fox should be left to fight another day, as the hounds were not in want of blood. Mr. Tailby had a wonderful day's sport on Thursday last, the 18th inst., from Tugby, which must have been the more gratifying to him, as Mr. Musters was out, he having been Mr. Tailby's guest at Skeffington for the occasion. Leaving Tugby Wood, the usual draw, he trotted on to Vowes Gorse, where a fox was soon found, and came away across the Uppingham Road, leaving East Norton to the right, up to, and through Launde Park Wood, and was killed in the bottom close to Coles Lodge in thirty-eight minutes without a check of any consequence—a holding but not a brilliant scent. After one of the long and rapid tests for which this establishment is remarkable, he came to Tilton Wood, which was drawn blank, proceeding at the same rapid rate across the fine grass fields over the Uppingham Road to Rolleston, which was drawn blank, together with Noseley and Shangton Holt. The next point was Staunton Wood, where he found a traveller; and to cut a long story short, he took him from the hounds at Bisbrook Gorse, three miles beyond Uppingham, after going over, it is computed, eighteen miles of ground, and being obliged to leave his beaten nag, and finish the chase on foot. We were told the worthy Master of the Quorn, who was out, remarked he thought Mr. Tailby's field very well conducted, and on that day at least the hounds were not pressed upon in the way he was led to expect from what he

had heard of their general doings. But there happened on this day to be a moderate-sized sporting-like field out, very different to the usual Thursday's mob. The Queen's Stag Hounds have had a succession of moderate gallops, good of their kind, but none worthy of being specially particularized when space is at a premium with us. In Buckinghamshire, Mr. Selby Lowndes had a capital twenty minutes on February 2nd from his famous Christmas Gorse, killing his fox in the open near Creslow; this was all on the grass, very fast, an awkward double or two bringing several to grief; and on February 23rd a very brilliant, though short spin, from 'High Havens' to Aston Abbotts. The Duke of Grafton, we need scarcely repeat, has had a series of most satisfactory hunting runs, but none that deserves to be preferred to another. In Devonshire, the first portion of the month was too stormy and wet for sport, but Lord Portsmouth's luck changed on February 11th, when they had really a good hunting run of two hours and a half, and as handsome a kill and finish as ever since been seen, in a succession of good runs every day. On the 13th inst. they had a most brilliant fifty-eight minutes all over the open, and the hounds were never cast from find to finish, and nine miles was the distance they ran from point to point. Monday, February the 10th, however, was the fastest run of the season, forty-seven minutes; a regular race after a fox, as tough as whipcord, for the hounds never were three fields from him all the time. And on February the 20th he had a capital hunting run of 1 hr. 20 min. Lord Portsmouth has never killed, according to report, so many foxes before; up to this time, and at present, he is said to be only five foxes behind the largest number ever killed before in the country. Mr. Harvey Bayley has had capital sport, and the famous runs—On February 4, a good hunting run with an Ossington fox, and killed at Grassthorpe; February 9, from Newbound Mill, and found a good fox at Hardwicke: they rang a ring at first, and then straight to Mansfield, where the hounds picked him up near the railway, after a good hunting run of one hour and fifteen minutes, and February 11, after knocking a fox about at Ossington, got away, and ran by Scarthing Moor, over the railway, and killed in the open at Normanton, in the Grove country—have quite satisfied the subscribers.

The H. H. have been showing some good sport this last month. On Tuesday, the 16th, they met at the Cross Lanes (Beauworth), and drew a great extent of their Tuesday's country without finding. All the season foxes have been scarce in the Tuesday's country, which is unaccountable, as there are no enemies in those parts. A fox was at last hallooed away from Brookwood, and went away over two or three fields very gallantly, was then chased by a sheep-dog, and soon after lost. Found again on Bramdean Common, and had a good 45 min. to Colemore Common. On Thursday, the 18th, the meet was at Abbotstone Down, and they had a capital 55 min. from Woodriden to Medstead. On Monday, the 22nd, they were at the New Inn, Lasham; found in New Copse; went away to Herriard Common and to Priestwood, within two fields of Hackwood; the fox there headed back and ran to Chawton Park: from Priestwood to Chawton Park is a good 12 miles; altogether the run must have been over 20 miles: they were running 3 hours, and going the whole time. This was one of the best runs of the season, if not the best; the only drawback was the want of blood at the end. Tuesday, the 23rd, afforded another good day's sport. The hounds met at the Anchor Inn, Ropley. After drawing Sutton Wood, the Gullet, and Old Down blank, they found in Dodford, and had a very beautiful hunting run of 1 hour and 10 min. Afterwards found again at Winchester Wood, and killed an old dog-fox near Goly Wood, a good 7 miles from point to point; done in 50 min., and run into him in view. Nothing can exceed the beautiful manner in which

these hounds hunt and run; they have so much dash about them, and they work a low scent quick, which is the perfection of a foxhound. Mr. Deacon deserves the greatest credit for bringing the H. H. hounds to this state of perfection; their value has quite doubled since he has had them. He has a good deal of Lord Portsmouth's blood in his kennel, and no better sort than his Lordship's are to be found. There is a bitch called Necklace, by Lord Portsmouth's Nestor out of his Hemlock, the very perfection of a foxhound; if 'Cecil' was to see her he would go down upon his knees to her, after the manner 'the Doctor' (there is but one doctor in the world, and that is Dr. Shorthouse) says he should like to do to King John. The Hambleton have done nothing extraordinary this month; but they have had some quick bursts. There was a very satisfactory meeting of the Members of the Hunt on Friday, the 19th, when Colonel Bower was requested to take the management of the hounds for another season without a dissentient voice, which the gallant Colonel kindly consented to do. He has not as yet engaged another huntsman, but he is anxious to get one. There are some good old foxes in the country which will show some good sport, and the Colonel, whose heart is in the cause, will do his best to promote it. Mr. Dear's harriers still continue their unvaried sport, running a hare six miles straight on end without a check, and killing her in good style.

We hear that the Cheshire hounds have had some fair runs, of which we give a summary. On February 5th they experienced a good gallop of 55 min. from Calvely Gorse, and killed him. February 6th.—42 min. without a check from Courts Gorse, and a kill. February 8th.—After drawing blank all day, found a capital fox in Mr. Marshall's Gorse at 4.20, and had a capital thing of 40 min. without a check, and lost him in the kitchen garden at Toft. February 9th.—Found first fox in Waverton Gorse; hounds ran him some time in covert; he then broke, and was turned up in 13 min. Had a capital 18 min. to ground with the second fox. A third fox, which jumped up out of a hedgerow, gave us a good hunting run, and was eventually lost at Oulton Park. February 12th.—A very good 30 min., without a check, from Grooby Gorse. February 16th.—A nice hunting run from Mere to ground in a drain near Knutsford. A very good scenting season up to the present time. Foxes are now laying out a good deal, consequently not easily found.

The subscription list for the testimonial to Captain Thomson is now open at the Bank at Northampton, and we have been told that there will not be a hunting farmer in the county who will not subscribe, as there never was a Master of the Pytchley more generally popular with the farmers; and we think that we may safely venture to predict that Captain Thomson's proper value as a sportsman will only be generally understood and duly appreciated when his connection with the Pytchley country as Master has ceased. We know that petitions, signed by a large number of leading farmers, have been presented to him, begging him to reconsider his decision, and praying him to remain in Northamptonshire; but, alas! the petitioners will ever pray. Great changes have taken place since the days that Mr. Osbaldeston and Mr. George Payne hunted this country. Then, special trains did not bring crowds of hard-riding gentlemen, and even ladies from Leamington, and galloping cornets from Coventry and Weedon, and these old sportsmen then could hunt their hounds, and tolerably well keep the field in order. But now *tempora mutantur*, and it is one man's place to try and hunt the hounds, and two men's to keep back the gallopers. Many of these gentlemen never know and never care if the hounds are on the line of a fox, so that they are always galloping and larking, or whether they are chasing a fox, a hare, a rat, a rabbit, or a red-herring. It is all the same. 'What's the odds,' they say, 'so long

'as they are jolly?' That is very often now the order of a Pytchley Wednesday.

The Rugby Hunt Steeple Chases are to be held on the 7th and 8th, and the card promises some very good sport. The subscriptions towards the farmers' races have been more than usually liberal; but we must here observe, that there are one or two cases of well-known galloping gentlemen who decline to subscribe anything, on the ground that they themselves disapprove of steeple-chasing; but they should remember that it is not a question of their own individual enjoyment, but it is a slight compensation to the farmers for allowing them to gallop over their land and to smash their fences, and also to make a jolly day's outing to their wives and daughters; and we further think, that supposing that the main body of the farmers should elect to have for their entertainment either a bull-fight, or even that tamest of all pastimes, a croquet-party, that these galloping gentlemen ought equally to contribute.

The North Warwickshire lose Mr. Milne at the end of the season. His resignation is a great loss to the country; but it is rumoured, and hoped, that he may be succeeded by Mr. Arthur Whieldon, for some years Master of the Vine, a gentleman who thoroughly understands both hounds and hunting, and who, from his agreeable manner with all classes, would be sure to be a good successor to Mr. Milne.

Several packs of hounds will shortly be in the market, so that Masters may have a good opportunity of re-stocking their kennels, for Mr. Arkwright's hounds, as well as Mr. Mariott's and the Vale of White Horse, will shortly come under Mr. Tattersall's hammer. But Mr. Harvey Bailly goes on with the Rufford for another season, the requisition to him being so very strong to continue that he could not resist it. And Mr. Cox has bought Mr. Scratton's hounds for the country.

Our Obituary List is rather a long one, comprising in its catalogue all sorts and conditions of men, who are well known to our readers, and of whom we will now give a brief account. The Marquis of Anglesea, being first in rank, must naturally have due precedence awarded to him. Like his father, whose picture was taken in the act of killing a partridge while on the back of his shooting pony, he always had a few horses in training. To shooting he was very partial, and was seen to great advantage in the Beaudesert preserves. At cricket, also, he was a distinguished patron, and was a constant *habitué* of Lord's when any great matches were being played. The Sporting Papers, having done us the honour to copy so extensively our memoir of the gallant Marquis, it is not necessary for us to say more about him now, for a more true-hearted, unaffected, and popular nobleman rarely existed, and his loss will long be mourned by his friends.

Mr. Stephenson, who ended his exciting life by his own hand, was a hard-working, industrious man, whose position shows of what a strange type the Republic of the Turf is composed. Originally a helper in Sir Clifford Constable's stables, he rose to be the leader of the English Ring, sought after by dukes and marquises; and he made or marred favourites by his pencil in a minute. He was, perhaps, the most excitable man in the English Ring; and we have seen, while a great race has been running, the veins in his face swell almost to the size of leaden pipes; and so faint was he, after a day's racing was over, that he very frequently could not speak beyond a whisper. The first book which he made was, like that of Jackson's, a silver one; and the first sum of money he is stated to have won was in Nancy's year, for the Chester Cup, the owner of which, Mr. Barber, was a great friend of his, who gave him the 'office' about her. Rough and ready as was his conduct, and eccentric his behaviour, it may now be traced to symptoms of that disease

which was hereditary in his family on his mother's side, which ultimately brought him to such an untimely end. Of money he had plenty, for it was proved he had upwards of 3000*l.* in the house at the time of his decease. And it is singular that his mind, which could bear the excitement of a great race, on which he stood many thousands, was unequal to the annoyance caused by an underground railway. In private life he was charitable and well-disposed, and there is no doubt he will be much missed by his friends. By his death many Derby books are fearfully disarranged, for he betted largely against Pero Gomez and Wild Oats, and had the worst of the betting in each instance.

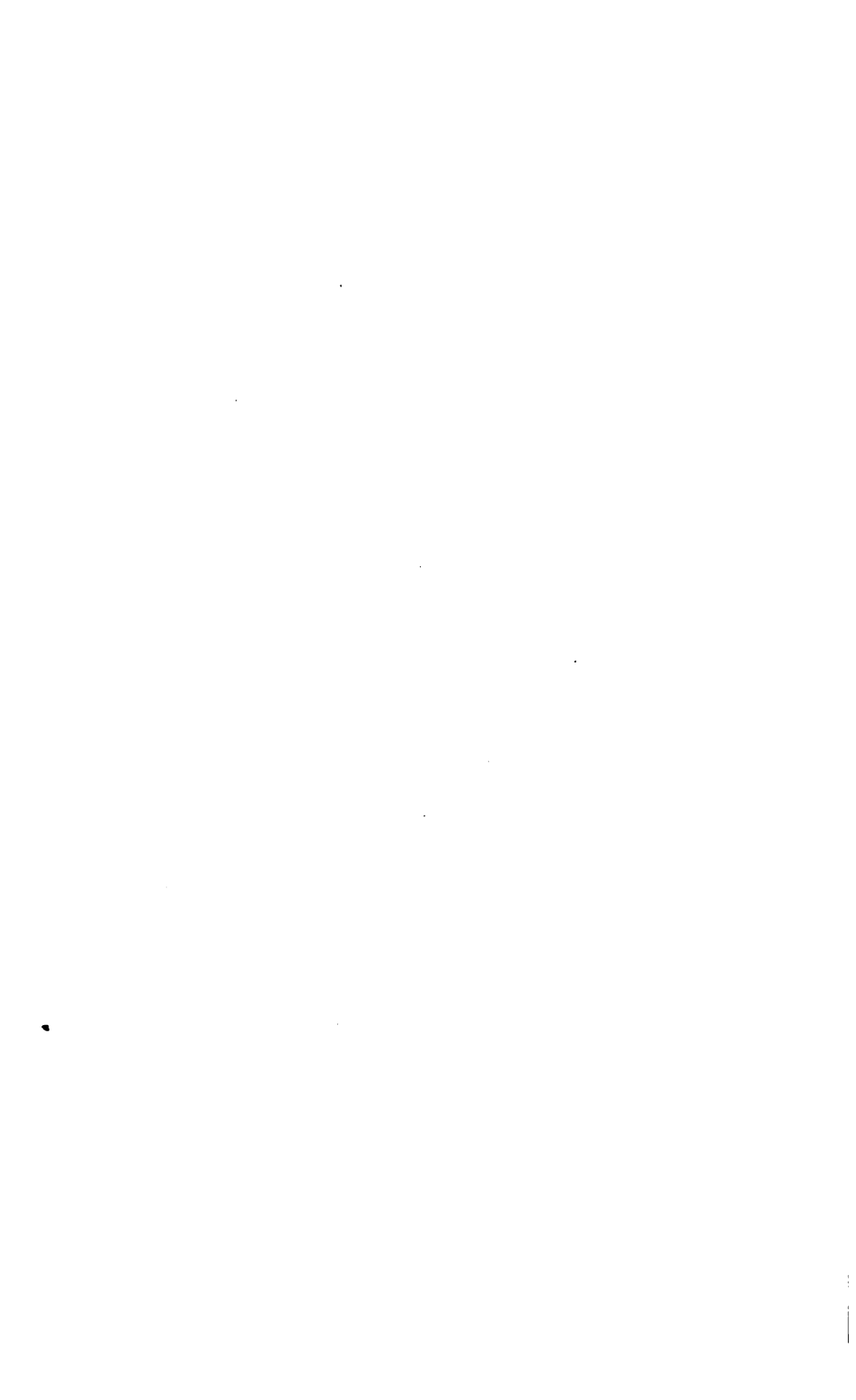
The above deaths, together with those of Sir John Johnstone, Captain Wardlaw, and 'The Emperor,' will make the present February one of the most fatal months to Sportsmen that has been known for many years.

London gossip is very limited in its extent this month, but we hear that very grave accounts have been lately received from Eaton Hall and Hawkhead, relative to the health of the Marquis of Westminster and Lord Glasgow, both of whom are reported to be in a most precarious state; and when we lose them, we fear their places will not easily be refilled. Commission agents are now becoming as numerous as army agents, and are nearly quite as respectable and wealthy. Among the latest additions to their number, we perceive, is Mr. Henry Morris, who has long been known on the Turf, both of England and France, and who possesses many special advantages for the business he undertakes to perform. We suppose that there is not a more racing family in England than the Morrisises, who are to be found on every civilized race-course in the world; and if we went to Hong Kong, or saw the Nova Zembla Derby run for, we should fully expect having the odds offered to us by one of Les Frères Morris. Mr. J. B. Morris has long been looked on as the paterfamilias of the Ring; and at every hotel that he enters with his division, the state-bed and the president's chair are always reserved for him, while he is the *arbiter elegantiarum* of all the disputes which arise in the Ring; and from his judgment there is no appeal. Under such auspices, therefore, and under his superintending eye the business is sure to be conducted in a proper style.

We have been earnestly requested to give a most distinct denial to a report that has got into circulation, that Mr. Robert Browning's charming poem of 'The Ring and the Book' is founded on the recollections of any member of Tattersall's or the Victoria Club.

Mr. Chaplin's stud will be disposed of on the 22nd inst., and a happier moment for securing a large attendance could not have been selected. We are glad to hear, however, that the honourable Member for Lincolnshire does not retire altogether from the Turf, but still retains three or four animals for his amusement.

Among the *notabilia* of the season are the 'Cavendish whist-marker,' designed to obviate the necessity of using loose counters, the counters being concealed in a small tablet, and pushed out when required, also the 'Pocket Guide to Bézique, by Cavendish,' which contains a clear description of the game, so that those previously unacquainted with it can play the game without personal instruction. Both can be recommended as useful and elegant additions to the card-table.





*A. B. Mayall, sculp.*

*James B. Brown, del.*

Lurgan

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### LORD LURGAN.

WHILE we have put before our readers the Portraits and Memoirs of the principal Patrons of the Turf, the Chase, and the Road, we feel we have, from some cause or another, totally ignored Coursing, which is every day increasing in popularity with the Sporting World. And as the fittest illustration of it, we think our readers will concede that no person could serve better than Lord Lurgan, both from having won the Waterloo Cup two years in succession, as well as from his general patronage of the sport, and the estimation in which he is held by the followers of the Leash of the United Kingdom.

Lord Lurgan was born on the 10th of April, 1831, and was educated at Eton, on leaving which he entered the Army, and joined the 43rd Light Infantry. In this regiment he remained about two years, when he exchanged into the 26th Cameronians, and did duty with that regiment both in Jersey and at Gibraltar. While thus engaged, Lord Lurgan, whose sporting proclivities were early developed, kept a good many steeple-chasers, and a few racehorses, which were entered for their engagements under the assumed name of Mr. Stafford, and had a fair share of success in their vocation. But in time these were abandoned for the greyhound, and he exchanged the Turf for the Coursing-field, in which he was destined to shine more conspicuously than on the racecourse. Besides, his crest is a greyhound, so he may be said to have been only running up to his form. Lord Lurgan entered upon his new career in 1854, and the first animal that ever won him a stake was a bitch called Bessie, which he purchased from Mr. Webb, of Worcester, a well-known Courser in his day, and the owner of War Eagle, Wrestler, and other celebrities in the Coursing Calendar. It is not our intention to trace the whole of Lord Lurgan's career as a Courser, because it would be uninteresting at this period of time to our readers, but we shall confine our remarks to the two last Waterloo Cups, his success in which has raised him to the same prominent distinction among



Coursers as Mr. Bowes occupied in the Racing World, when he won two consecutive Derbys with Daniel O'Rourke and West Australian, and that he can now boast of owning, in Master M'Grath, the best greyhound of modern days, who may be said to have immortalised his own name, as well as that of his Lordship, by his two unprecedented victories. Among the other gems of his kennel may be mentioned Lady Agnes, Lady Norah, Lady Java, Lady Alexandra, and Lady Beatrice; and among his dogs we must not omit mention of Master Burleigh, Master Herne, Master Brabazon, &c. Of these, the former was noted for his great race. But it was on the Waterloo Cup that Lord Lurgan had set his ambition, and to attain it he spared neither trouble nor money; for *non cuivis homini* he was aware applied to Altcar honours as well as to the celebrated Grecian city. For the three previous years of the attainment of his wishes he had always run well for the coveted trophy. In 1866, after looking very dangerous with Lady Alexandra, she was cut up in no time by Fieldfare. In 1867 his favourite Master Price, who carried the hopes of Ireland and the Irish Brigade, failed them shamefully, for he was put out in his second course by Marionette. The third main, however, that Lord Lurgan took in hand was a successful one, and fully atoned for all prior defeats. This was with the noted Master M'Grath, so called after a boy named M'Grath, who reared him from a puppy; and as he is such a canine hero, he is well worthy of having a few lines bestowed upon him. Master M'Grath was bred by Mr. James Galway, of Colligan Lodge, Dungarvan, who is a sort of confederate of Lord Lurgan. He is not what people would call regularly handsome, and is a more muscular than perfect shaped animal, and the best points about him must be admitted to be his back and shoulders, which are as near perfection as possible, while his tail is scarcely longer than that of a pointer. He was a two-year-old to a day when he started and took the first Waterloo Cup to Ireland. The field he met on this occasion is generally admitted to have been the best of modern times, and his beating such greyhounds as Belle of Scotland, Marionette, Kalista, Brigade, Lobelia (the winner of the previous year), and Cock Robin, stamps him as being an extraordinary dog. As the late Liverpool anniversary drew on, considerable curiosity was evinced by the Coursing World to ascertain if the fine turn of speed which Master M'Grath had exhibited in his courses last year was undiminished. Lord Lurgan having assured all his friends that his confidence was unimpaired, the public again stuck to him, and, from having no fear of the changes being rung, backed his Lordship's nomination down to five to one. A week before the day he receded a few points, in consequence of several new commissions being thrown into the market, for other nominations. The issue is now a matter of history, for Master M'Grath's easy defeat of Randolph a few hours after his course with Charming May, after the shaking he experienced, satisfied every one that, bar an accident, the Waterloo Cup was over. But he had not won yet, for he had two

very awkward customers to dispose of in the shape of Lobelia and Bab at the Bowster, who were not to be despised, seeing that the former was a Waterloo Cup winner, and the latter nearly equal to himself. But thinking that Erin could not bear to witness his succumbing to either of the above cracks, Master M'Grath, as if conscious of the demands that were made upon him by his country, answered to the occasion, and beat the famous Bab cleverly, and in a style that left on the mind of the spectators that he was the very best greyhound that Altcar had ever seen. The defeat of Bab at the Bowster was a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Scotch Division, who stood 'a stoater' on their representative, and we believe hedged very little of their money. One of the pleasantest scenes of the Meeting was the display of general enthusiasm manifested at Lord Lurgan's success. And it seems that his tenants had invested the produce of their crops on Master M'Grath, judging from the quantity of scrip floating about with his name attached to it. Some persons having been astonished at the temporary decline of Master M'Grath in the market, we think that the following incident, which has not as yet appeared in print, may perhaps account for it.

The Saturday week previous to the Waterloo, Master M'Grath and S S had a trial, in which the crack only led Mr. Swinburne's bitch two lengths, and a working course of fair length was given in by several good judges as undecided. They then had another spin, in which Master M'Grath led several lengths, wrenched twice, and killed. This trial was considered not good enough, and it was generally supposed Master M'Grath had lost his pace since winning the Waterloo Cup in 1865. It came out after his winning the Cup (in February) that Walsh, Lord Lurgan's trainer, had, for safety, shut up the favourite in his bedroom. A short time before starting for the trial he went into the bedroom, and thinking the dog looked dull, made an examination, and found to his horror that Master M'Grath had eaten nearly the whole of the upper leather of a side-spring boot. As may be supposed, Lord Lurgan's trainer was in a sad way; so to make sure, he whipped an emetic into the dog, then a short time after a dose of castor oil. This had the desired effect upon M'Grath's constitution; but in the trial S S got nearer to him than he would have done had he not evinced his partiality for leather. Mr. Swinburne was so delighted with S S's performance (not knowing anything of the heavy breakfast of Lord Lurgan's dog) that he instantly telegraphed to a gallant colonel to back his nomination to win a large stake.

The way in which Master M'Grath won the Waterloo Cup for the second year in succession is now a thing of the past; but since his great performance at Altcar, Bab at the Bowster has for the second year in succession won the Great Scarisbrick Cup, 128 runners (both years same number of entries). This performance of Bab at the Bowster (who Master M'Grath beat for the deciding course of the Waterloo Cup, 1869) is unparalleled; still, as Master M'Grath met the pick of our best kennels each year in the Waterloo

Cup, it should make his performance the greatest of the two. That both greyhounds are wonders cannot be denied, and there is no doubt Master M'Grath is the fastest dog that was ever slipped, and as clever with it. Over Altcar he is no doubt invincible ; and on the downs of Amesbury or Ashdown it would be worth going a long journey to see him run, but he is not likely to show at either of those meetings, for he will not run again until the Waterloo, 1870. After that he will be put to the stud, and will command as good a price as Bedlamite, who the first year served bitches at twenty guineas each.

It is worthy of note that Lobelia, who won the Waterloo Cup in 1867, met Master M'Grath both this as well as last year in the fourth ties, and was beaten by him. To Walsh, the trainer of Lord Lurgan, and who is the son of one of his tenants, and a pupil of young Gill, the trainer of Neville, too much praise cannot be given for the skill and perfection with which he brought Master M'Grath to the slips.

In conclusion, we may say that Lord Lurgan has set a good example to Coursers in general by running his own dog in his own nomination ; and the congratulations he received on all sides on his double consecutive victory, must have consoled him for the short price he was obliged to take about his favourite, which afforded a strange contrast to the tactics pursued with his Scotch opponent. And we will only add that Lord Lurgan holds the same place in the affections of the Coursing World that the late Lord Eglinton did among racing men, and this distinction he has acquired by pursuing the same honourable course of conduct in the pursuit of his sporting recreation, which affords sport to all classes of the community, and the highest honours of which are alike as open to the poor man with a solitary dog, as to the noble proprietor of the largest kennel in the kingdom.

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## LORD GLASGOW,

DIED MARCH 11, 1869.

BEYOND the tumult of the crowded Ring,  
Beyond the tocsin of the saddling-bell,  
O'ertaken, beaten by the grisly king.  
He sleeps beneath the Turf he loved so well.

The soul of honour—nobly had he won,  
And bravely kept, though fall'n on evil days,  
The name of SPORTSMAN ; his declining sun  
Shone with the glory of its rising blaze.

Like some bright orb, which cleaves its steadfast way  
Across the pathless tracks of falling stars ;  
Nor heeds impetuous meteors where they stray,  
Nor comet's blaze, nor elemental wars.

So, mid the jarring and discordant host,  
He kept unstain'd his purity of soul ;  
Serenely stern ; Honour his starting-post,  
Justice his course, and Probity his goal.

How many had he seen, in life's long span,  
Bright gaudy flies, the creatures of a day,  
Taste and defile, as only insects can,  
The flowers of sport, then pass unseen away.

Where shall we find his peer ? on whom shall fall  
His mantle ? Who, without reproach, shall bear  
The white and crimson banner known to all,  
To all a star of honour bright and fair ?

For still upon its folds of ancient fame  
The well-assorted symbols men might trace ;  
White showed the honest purpose of his aim,  
And crimson true nobility of race.

Heedless alike of sycophants' applause,  
Or venom'd poison of vindictive pen ;  
Preferring to his own the common cause,  
And ever dealing as a man with men ;

Scorning to make a profit of the dead,  
Or milk the quick ; disdaining to forestal,  
Or start his champion with unloosen'd head,  
Then plead 'anticipation' for his fall ;

Loving the sport for its dear sake alone,  
Hating the base defilers of its fame ;  
Winning unmoved, losing without a groan,  
'Equal to either fortune' of the game.

Such was the man—a pillar of the Turf :  
Like some proud rock deep set in Ocean's bed ;  
Whose base is whitened by the lawless surf,  
Yet bears the beacon star upon its head.

Ask ye his failings ? Fickle, obstinate,  
Impetuous, headstrong, of impulsive will ;  
Prone to suspicion, violent in hate,  
Though oft forgiven, unforgiving still ;

By hasty tongue and ill-considered speech  
Marring the sterling temper of his mind ;  
Needing the oily tact to heal the breach,  
And leaving yet a greater gulf behind

Which pride would not bridge over : still his faults,  
Virtue's exaggerations, did but prove  
His love for what ennobles and exalts—  
HONOUR, on whose behalf he ever strove.

Upright, amid the fallen of his race ;  
 True, where the greatest virtue were deceit ;  
 The evil-doer quailed before his face,  
 The abject toady trembled at his feet.

Gone ! with the virtues all his friends approved ;  
 Gone ! with the foibles all his foes forgave ;  
 Oh ! fondly wrap his bones the Turf he loved,  
 Peace rest his soul, and honoured be his grave !

AMPHION.

## THE TROUT AND SALMON FISHERIES OF NORTH WALES.

FROM time to time in a daily evening newspaper, claiming to be one of the leaders of educated opinion, have appeared very well-written articles on subjects which more particularly appertain to sportsmen. The last is 'Winter in Wales,' in the main points of which I cordially agree ; at the same time I must dissent from the talented writer's suggestion that in winter, instead of a rod 'a duck-gun for the wild fowl, and a breech-loader for the woodcocks in 'the covers on the hills, will find the tourist sufficient employment.' I would here, like Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, 'just hint in the 'most delicate manner in the world' that game preservation and the law of trespass exist in the Principality as well as in England ; and that if we are to have, in addition to our own standing army of poachers, battalions of tourists, armed with duck-guns and breech-loaders, launched upon us, it is very probable that there may be some 'displeasancies.'

As it is possible that some of the readers of 'Baily' may also be readers of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' I will, so far as space allows, give such a short account of the Welsh fisheries as may be useful to them, if tempted by the eloquence of the newspaper essayist to venture into Wales.

I will here premise that I write for *fishermen*, not for those deduced cockneys whom every 'season' lets loose upon us in hordes, fishing-rod in one hand and guide-book in the other, and who in a blazing sun may be seen flogging away at every brook, though the utmost they can hope for must be to howk out two or three sprats of the length of their little finger ; but these men are not readers of 'Baily.' And here let me emphatically and dogmatically assert that there is not one 'Guide-book for Wales' worth the paper it is printed upon, so far as its fishing information goes.

In the limited space of a magazine article it will only be possible to indicate in the most summary manner the best places for trouting (leaving salmon for the present), and begin with the Dee in the north. In this river there is no sport until we come to the Glyn Dyfrdwy or Berwyn Association water, a length of about eight miles above Llangollen. This is only fishable in a coracle, *but it is very good—*

25 or 30 lbs. of trout are often killed by one rod in a day. Daily ticket, coracle, and man to manage it, can be obtained at Llangollen at a cost of 10s. per diem. At Corwen a similar association is formed, called the 'Owain Glyndwr;' the fishing is not so good, but no coracle is required. Above Corwen the Alwyn joins the Dee, and it is pretty good, only very woody. The Ceirio falling into the Alwyn used to be excellent; it is now worthless. Keeping up stream, the Dee is here and there *preserved* (i. e., as against the fair angler), but the whole river is, in this district, frightfully poached. Ere we quite reach Bala Lake the Hirnant falls into Dee from the Berwyn side, full of capital trout, though small. To fish it, permission must be had from Mr. Richardson, of Aberhirnant, of 'Challenger life-boat' celebrity. On the other side the Trewern comes in, but the trout are utterly worthless. Bala Lake is the exclusive property of 'Sir Watkin,' but who allows boats under certain restrictions. The fishing here is excellent, whether for pike, perch, or trout. When the May fly comes out, which it does about the 20th of June, capital sport may be had by using an artificial May-fly point and an alder fly and a cochabondu, first and second droppers. The trout run large: the largest I ever saw taken with a fly was 5½ lbs., and they are of most excellent quality. The perch, too, are very fine: in 1861 I saw one caught 4½ lbs. The pike unfortunately are very numerous (they were put into the lake either by the late Sir Watkin or his father), but very good sport is to be had in trolling for them, by those who like it. One bright hot day I had taken my hounds to swim in the shallows under Llanycil Church, when I saw what appeared to be great brown sticks almost between my horse's legs. On looking again they proved to be pike, not by ones and twos, but in dozens, lying on the gravel quite at the edge of the water. I cut off home, put my hounds up, got a gun, and hurried down again, intending to kill a few 'head;' but in the meantime a breeze had sprung up, and they had gone. I have no respect for pike; they eat better fish than themselves, and in my opinion are poor food, and their bones are a cross between a bayonet and a pitchfork. Llangower river falling into the lake on the east side holds many small trout, and after a fresh some of the good lake-trout may be taken in it. The Lavar, the Llew, the Twrch, and the Dee falling into the lake at the top end are preserved by Sir Watkin, and are not fishable by the public until high in the mountains. About four miles from the head of Bala Lake is Llyn Aran, a small lake in which good sport may be had *with an east wind*. I was once there on a fine still morning with a pack of otter hounds, and the water was literally alive with good fish.

'Harking back' to the north-west we come to the Clwyd and its tributary the Elwy. These rivers have long been given up to poaching in all its ramifications, and are utterly worthless to the angler. Even the riparian proprietors seem to consider fish as their natural enemies. There is a little good water at the head of the Elwy, at Llangerniew, but it is closely preserved. Still turning our faces

'towards the setting sun,' we reach the Conway, to be considered more particularly as a salmon river; as a trout stream it is very poor until we come to the Pentrevoelas water (Mr. Wynne's, of Lyma), which is strictly preserved, but above this we arrive at a length which any one may fish by staying at the Pentrevoelas Hotel, and this is perhaps the best bit of brook-trouting in North Wales. The trout are large and good, and rise freely. The river is deep and still, with water-lilies in it, and runs through Cernioge bog. Prior to 1855 or 1856 the May fly was unknown in these parts, but about that time it made its appearance on this water, to the astonishment of the aborigines. I was fishing here one day in 1859 with little luck, when—could I believe my eyes—about three o'clock one stormy afternoon I saw a veritable May fly, cadew, green drake, what you will, flapping on the water; presently a flop, and fate in the shape of a good trout was upon him. I took the hint and fished out of my fly-book a long-neglected copy, put him on point, and a cochabondhu as dropper, and by six o'clock had 15 lbs. of good trout in my basket.

The appearance of this fly on these high and exposed tracts certainly points to the gradual amelioration of the climate, to whatever cause owing. The Llugwy falling into the Conwy at Bettys y Coed, after forming a junction with the river from the two lakes at Capel Curig, is not worth fishing, or the lakes either. The Lleder, also falling into Conwy, a mile higher up, was formerly an excellent trout-stream, but it is now poached to the last fish, at least it was when I fished it some eight years ago. Llyn Elssy, a small and lovely lake, a mile above Bettws, contains the best trout in Wales. There is only one other lake that can compete with this in the quality of its fish, and that is Morwynion, or the Maiden's lake, three miles from Festiniog. In both these lakes the trout are very shy risers, and four to six fish may be considered a very good bag: what cricketers term a duck's egg would oftener mark the score. They require an artist to catch them, but when *branded* (it would be mortal sin to cook them in any other way) are worthy of the immortal gods.

In Llyn Conwy the trout are large, good, and free risers, but it is the property of Lord Penrhyn, and inaccessible to the public. In coming up the Conwy we have passed on its right or Carnarvonshire bank Llyniau Gerionydd, Cowlid, Crafnant, Llyntal Llyn, Bogynwyd, and Bychan, but these are persistently 'lathed' by the peasantry and professed poachers to supply the hotels: there are no boats on them, and the angler has no chance. Following the Chester and Holyhead Railway, we come to Aber Station, and at the head of the stream which there comes down is a small lake where I have killed good trout ten or a dozen years ago. There was a rickety punt upon it then, that nothing but the fish rising well would have tempted me to trust my life upon—you had to fish with one hand and bale with the other. Still westward, and we arrive at the Ogwyn, a poor stream for trout, but it falls out of the famous lake. This was, twenty-five years ago, the very paradise of trouting,

whether as regarded the quality of the fish, their gameness, or the number of rises; but now, and for years, the sport is and has been wretched, owing, no doubt, to over-fishing, there being at present nine or ten boats upon it, instead of three or four as formerly. The trout in it are of a peculiar golden colour, unlike any others I ever saw. For many seasons a friend and myself had brilliant sport here. One year, in particular, we averaged nearly 25 lbs. a day (the two rods) for a month together, and it is somewhat singular that we never killed a 1 lb. fish, although once I landed two 14-oz. trout at one throw, my friend using his net for one while I bagged the other, and in less than ten minutes we 'reversed the action,' and he brought two half-pounders to book. We had a supply of baskets hidden in the rocks, and when we had a good day (which was nearly every day indeed) keep a sharp look-out for her Majesty's Holyhead Royal Mail (due there at 4 P.M.) coming down 'the straight mile;' push in shore and hand up the baskets with their spotted contents to the red-coated guard (not forgetting the concomitant shillings). 'Right!' and away she swept. Ah me! where now are the four good horses, coachman, guard, royal mail, *and friend?* and echo answers, where? Forgive me that I dwell on those days and 'run heel.' Plancus was then consul! Llyn Idwal, a quarter of a mile above Ogwyn, has, on the contrary, trout of a strange transparent hue, a sort of ghosts of trout, and a very ghostly-looking place it is. There were in those days one or two crazy boats upon it, and occasionally, when there was a breeze that would touch it, good sport was to be had. Half a mile higher we come to Llyn Bochlwyd, where the trout are black and bad, but where they rise fast enough. But we must 'get forrard.' Llanberis river (the Seiont) and lakes are beneath notice. I conscientiously believe there are no trout in them, and even if there were, I should think no one would stay to fish for them, as the constant blasting in the slate-quarries over the lake renders the place a perfect pandemonium. Ere we finally turn our backs on the London and North Western Railway 'let us for once 'try back,' as Peter Beckford says, and make a cast into Anglesey, where we shall find Llyn Goron a most excellent lake, and where heavy trout rise tolerably freely: a basket of these would give the highest average weight of any in Wales. The Chester and Holyhead Railway crosses one end of it, and doubtless many readers of 'Bailey' have seen it when going to Punctestown, or to their salmon-fishings in the west of Ireland.

We now face south, leaving to the west the two Llyniau Nantle, of which I know nothing, and in due time reach the Glaslyn, with its chain of lakes. About these I cannot speak positively, as I never fished them, but I have tasted the trout, and they are *very* bad. An old ally of mine, the Capel Curig Snowdon guide, often tried to beguile me to fish there, but I would not have it, knowing that Gwynant was drawn regularly to supply the hotel, seventy to a hundred dozen being the usual supply for two days, and I dare say the lower lake did the same kind office for 'the Goat' at Beddgelart.



We now proceed to the Maentwrog river, which rises in Llyn Gamalt and passes Festiniog. This is a very rapid and poor trout-stream, but pretty good for sewin. South again and we come to Llanbedr. The river here formerly afforded excellent sport, but I am informed by a gentleman resident in the neighbourhood that it has very much fallen off. 'Forrard on' and we arrive at Dolgelley, where are two rivers, the Mawddach and the Wnion, preserved (principally for salmon) by a fishing association: the trout in them are small and poor. Southward again and we come to the Disynwy. Here the trout in the deeps, which run for five miles, are second in size and quality to none in Wales, and on some days rise well. At the head of this river is the once famous Llyn Mwngil, or Tallyllyn. In this lake, twenty-two years ago, I killed 45 lbs. of trout in one day to my own rod without any difficulty. *Now*, I question if all the rods there put together would kill that quantity in the best month of the season, and give the Sundays in. During the last five years I have been there perhaps half a dozen times for three dozen of fish. The trout in this lake run one uniform size, three to the pound, but they are not at all good and will not bear carriage. They have a way at the inn on the banks of the lake of cooking them in fillets, and when fresh they are just eatable. Only one river, the Dovey, remains which is a good salmon-water, but of no account for trout; moreover, it has suffered very much of late years from lead-washings.

I do not say anything of Montgomeryshire as I never fished it, and I should be invading the province of A, the able correspondent of 'The Field,' but with whom I must break a passing lance.

In a recent letter A says that *no* trout are in condition in February, and brands as poacher and pot-hunter any one who would fish for them at that time. Although in the main agreeing with him, I must tell him that Bala Lake trout and Disynwy trout are now (March 1st), and have been for some weeks, in excellent order: in fact, the fishermen at Bala consider January the best month for the fly. In this short analysis it has been of course impossible to name every lake and stream. Of course there are trout (of a sort) in almost every ditch; but nearly all the waters in the five northern counties likely to afford sport have been mentioned. We now see how few places *open to the public* will repay a trouterman for putting his rod together. Llyn Ogwyn, perhaps on a very good day, say six in a season; the Dee, on the club-water above Llangollen; Bala Lake; the Conwy at Pentrevoelas; the Disynwy deeps; and Llynian Goron, Elssy, and Morwynion: but in these two last cases the angler must be an artist, and possess more than Job's patience. I only write for fly-fishers, not trollers or worm-fishers; but one good worm-fisher will kill double the weight, take the season through, of any two fly-fishers any one likes to name. And 'here the melancholy conviction obtrudes itself upon the reluctant mind,' that Welsh trout-fishing will soon be entirely 'played out,' *i. e.*, in open and unpreserved waters. The causes are not far to seek—the in-

crease of civilisation and its attendant evils, of a mining population, and of lead-washing; add to these the demands upon the trout in the 'season' to satisfy the appetites of the tourists, and the greedy and unscrupulous manner in which the innkeepers buy of the pestiferous and drunken vermin calling themselves 'guides' and 'fishermen,' who hang about the hotels, and who spend their nights in staff-netting, &c. all the neighbouring rivers, and in the morning as soon as they have weighed out their booty in the kitchen (generally paid for in drink), are recommended by the landlord to his visitors as 'excellent fishermen,' and then they gravely take their unsuspecting victims to flog the very streams they have netted an hour or two before. Another cause of trouters having so little sport in Wales is that they *come too late*. It is not in the large waters that the most trout are killed, but in the small brooks running into them, and these are fished over and over again with worms by the 'simple Welshmen,' and all the trout which have run up to spawn, and remained, are caught. I know of basketsful having been killed in many small streams during last month within a few miles of my house. The aborigines now are in full swing, and the tourist anglers only get their leavings. With regard to Llyn Ogwyn the quarrymen from Bethesda have been the chief offenders, as although earning good wages at their legitimate occupation, three of them would club together to hire a boat, and forfeiting their day's pay, would make more money by the sale of their fish, Ogwyn trout always having a ready sale at Bangor and Beaumaris at 1s. per lb. I have no space to speak about flies, except to laugh at the folly of the man who lugs about a fly-book as big as a family Bible. March browns, winged, two or three sizes, cochabondhu (hackle) ditto, three or four sorts of duns, of which the blue and the olive are most useful, some flies of the speckled partridge hackle with orange and yellow bodies, and a grizzled hackle, body darkish dubbing, ribbed with silver twist, and a few flies, wings of the dark-mottled mallard feather, red hackles and claret or red bodies, ribbed with gold twist, will suit all North Wales rivers (the lakes have their own flies). Before leaving the subject of trout, I will just mention that the Alyn, falling into Dee below Gresford, used to hold magnificent trout, but they are now all destroyed either by the millers or by lead-washing, and that several lakes, among which are Arenig, near Bala, and Bogynwyd, near Llanrwst, have been artificially dammed either for canal or mining purposes, which utterly prevents trout rising. There are, of course, scores of mountain lakes, but in ninety-nine out of a hundred the trout won't rise, or if they do, are small and worthless, or the lakes are so placed that three hundred and sixty-four days out of the year no breeze can touch them.

We now turn to the salmon fisheries, which with one, or at most two, exceptions may be dismissed as beneath contempt—I mean as regards angling. In fact, when I find a stranger, with time and means for salmon-fishing, coming to Wales to procure it, I always consider that he must have been discharged from Hanwell or Earls-

wood as an incurable. In the Dee, of course, an enormous quantity of salmon is killed, but only by the nets of the professional fishermen. The Conwy is the only water in which real sport can be had, but the river from Trevriew, at the top of the tidal water, is the sole and exclusive property of Lord Willoughby D'Eresby (with the exception of the Beaver Pool, the right of fishing which once belonged to a religious house, but has now passed to secular hands). Granted by royal charter, no riparian proprietor has any right of fishing, and his lordship lets the angling to a club limited to twelve rods, during September and October (the only two months there is any chance of sport); so that in effect it is virtually closed to the public. It is excellently preserved, swarms with fish, and it has no great mining population to contend with. There is occasionally some sport to be had in the Dovey: it is preserved by an association, but open to the public on the purchase of a ticket. All the other rivers (it is no use enumerating them) are only what turfmen would call 'leather platers' of a very bad form. For one real salmon killed in Wales there are twenty sewin caught, a poor, dry fish, though outwardly resembling salmon sufficiently to deceive the ignorant. In the Dee the fishermen call them 'buntlings.' They differ from salmon in this too, that when they find themselves surrounded they strike into the net, which the salmon will never do except under great pressure, and then only with the greatest reluctance.

We will now glance shortly at the working of the Salmon Act of 1861. It is well known that in no Welsh river (except the Dee) does a fresh fish, *i. e.*, sewin, run until the middle of June (I would rather say until the first fresh after the 21st) except by the merest chance, and that hardly any *salmon* run before September, at which time, under the present law, the rivers are closed to the nets, the close time in England and Wales being uniform, from the 31st of August until the 1st of February. Now this subjects us to a great injustice, to put us, whose sewin do not run until the end of June, and whose salmon may be said not to run for us at all, on a level with the fishermen of Severn and Dee, who take fresh fish on the 1st of February, when it is worth 5s. per lb. Occasionally paragraphs appear in the local papers in February and March, stating that So-and-so 'killed a splendid fish,' &c. This is nothing but stuff. Except in the Dee *there are only kelts at that time in any Welsh river*. Still it is the practice to fish for them in every water except the Conwy. I saw two killed in the Disynwy ten days ago, one 14 and the other 15 lbs.: they looked bright enough, but the taker knew their quality, for he sold them for 16s., or 6d. per lb., which was hardly the price of salmon, if good, on the 20th of February. Again, when a county, or part of a county, is made into a 'fishery district,' a 'clerk' is appointed (generally some 'legal gentleman'), and he deducts twenty-five per cent. as 'costs' from the amount received for licences, which money was intended to be spent in preservation.

It is a sign of weakness and decay of authority in the government of a country when it makes laws which it will not and cannot put into operation; and I distinctly assert that under ordinary circumstances the executive is powerless to enforce the provisions of the Act against night poaching and burning the water, especially when the higher waters of a salmon river run through a mining district. This is well known in Wales. Our private keepers are unable to grapple with the matter, the police are most unwilling to aid us; so that we have come to a tacit understanding with the poachers, that they may have the fish if they will leave our pheasants alone.

In consequence of repeated representations a policeman was stationed in the mining district through which the upper waters of the river in which I am interested pass. At first the officer tried to do his duty, but of course got very much knocked about, and would no doubt have been killed had he persisted; but at last, either in obedience to orders, or from his own good sense, he let the poachers alone, and the other night, to use his own words, he saw 'two miles of water alive with lights.' And when by chance we do get a conviction, some of the magistrates evince a strange disinclination to put the law in force, and merely inflict such a paltry fine as in England would be imposed upon a half-witted clod for ginning a rabbit. Now whenever a Welshman is charged with any nocturnal misdemeanour he has a stereotyped defence; it is an alibi ('prove 'an alibi, Sammy,' said Mr. Weller, senior) and mistaken identity; he was either incapably drunk or he was with his 'charriod,' who comes forward like a woman to testify to that fact, and is thought none the worse of for it. Two separate prosecutions for river-poaching within the last month in my neighbourhood have been rendered abortive by this line of defence. Yet—and the very idea makes me laugh consumedly—the Welsh are always bragging among themselves that they are a moral, a religious, a virtuous, and an enlightened people. Yes, Siree! Their religion consists in listening to the incoherent rant of their fanatical and ignorant preachers; and drunkenness, immorality, and breaches of the eighth commandment are as rife here as in any part of the United Kingdom.

In an article headed 'An Untrodden Path of Science,' which appeared in 'Baily' in January, 1868, is the following passage, to which I fully subscribe:—'Fish can find friends, and enormous sums are wasted upon "breeding experiments," which are never likely to return even one per cent. upon the outlay. \* \* \* With all the talk and twaddle and trash that have been written, fish are no more abundant now than they were before a lot of unknown and incompetent men were elevated to the rank of "Commissioners," and who had to learn their trade at the expense of the country.' 'Marry and amen,' say I. Here are some suggestions this morning received by me from the most experienced and successful fisherman and most active conservator on the Conwy:—'We only want two great things done for the Conwy now, and I think the same ought to be done for most of the Welsh rivers, when they would improve

'rapidly, at least I am certain the Conwy would. They are, a much longer weekly close time for nets in the tide way, and the angling season to commence on the 1st of May or June, instead of 1st of February, and to continue till the 1st December. No gaff to be allowed after September. All female fish heavy in spawn to be put in again, but every cock fish to be killed, as you would vermin.' Now, this advice is very well as far as it goes, but my friend is an enthusiastic fly-fisher, and no doubt but it would tend, if followed, to the improvement of sport; but I question how far it is advisable to cater for the amusement of a few at the expense of what ought to be a staple article of food for the many. Ahem! You will see from this profound and Johnsonian remark that I am a net-fisher as well as a fly-fisher. I only object to 'the longer weekly close time for nets in the tideway.' But I go farther. If Government will meddle (and it is very fond of meddling now-a-days), let it adopt the sensible suggestion made to the Right Hon. the President of the Board of Trade (who is, I believe, a salmon fisher), and take some means for destroying the porpoises, which kill more fish in a month than all the fishermen and poachers in the United Kingdom kill in the whole year. In a dry season, with neap tides, when the fish have a difficulty in passing the bar, certainly one fish out of every three we take bears the mark of his narrow escape. The Dee fishermen say that salmon won't run up their river with an east wind, but wait at the mouth, and at such times are consumed in enormous quantities by the porpoises, who venture very close in to a weather shore. I remember crossing the Mostyn Roads in a channel steamer, and the water was alive for miles with them. It is to be hoped, too, that cormorants will not be allowed to take the 'benefit of the Act' which Mr. Sykes very properly proposes to bring into the House for the protection of sea-fowl.

Trout are vermin in a salmon water, and will swallow the ova as fast as the female fish can shed it, in spite of the efforts of the male fish to drive them away. But this paper has grown to an unconscionable length, and 'Baily' will cry 'Hold hard!' I will therefore 'finish,' 'hands down' (for I have 'lots in me' yet), with a parable, or an allegory, or an anecdote, or anything any one may choose to call it. Exactly twenty years ago this coming season, I shot with a friend in the extreme north of Scotland, and when it was too wet to go on the hill, one or other of us would go, after a dawdling breakfast, to a small river (you could command every hole and corner of it with half a line) about six miles from our lodge, and our bag would always be from six to ten grilse (my friend once killed fourteen) of seven or eight pounds a-piece, besides a host of 'joost 'sea trout,' which pestered us by rising, and which we chucked out for M'Donald to pick up and throw with a 'haich!' of contempt into the pannier.

Now this river, as well as most on the north and east coasts of Scotland, was at that time in the hands of a noted London dealer, and there were most elaborate stake-nets at the mouth. There were

two or three pools inside the bar, that were drawn every tide ; and ' finally and to conclude,' as the ' Meenister ' would say, there were cruives that I believe, on my salvation, were never opened for an hour—no, not even on the ' sawbath.' The lessee of the river never threw a chance away. Note here, that this was a pre-Commissionerite period. ' Commissioners ' were not yet ' developed,' as the anthropologists say. Now I am willing to go to my friend, who, by the way, is this very year high sheriff of his county, and if he does not say that I am speaking the truth, the whole, etc., etc., I am contented to be ' justified ' on the spot, and he may preside at my private execution without troubling the judge or the twelve intelligent and respectable Britons that would form the jury. I am not generally considered either ' to shoot with the long bow ' or to be a very bad fisherman, yet I have related this little narrative to many Welshmen—especially when, trying to humbug myself into the belief that I was salmon fishing, I have been flogging one of their rivers—but not one single native has believed me for a moment, and, judging from their natural lights and opportunities, I do not blame them. From these data, required, the comparative value of Welsh salmon fisheries, and the positive value of ' Commissioners.'

It is a rule-of-three sum, easily solved. In my opinion the result in both cases may be expressed by the same quantity, the quotient = 0.

## ' THE CLIPPER THAT STANDS IN THE STALL AT THE TOP.'

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

*(Dedicated to the Hon. Charles White, Scots Fusilier Guards.)*

Go, strip him, lad ! Now, sir, I think you'll declare,  
Such a picture you never set eyes on before,  
He was bought in at Tatt's for three hundred, I swear,  
And he's worth all the money to look at, and more !  
For the pick of the basket, the show of the shop,  
Is the Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

In the Records of Racing I read their career,  
There were none of the sort but could gallop and stay,  
At Newmarket his sire was the best of his year,  
And the Yorkshiremen boast of his dam to this day.  
But never a likelier foal did she drop  
Than this Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

A head like a snake, and a skin like a mouse,  
An eye like a woman—bright, gentle, and brown ;  
With loins and a back that would carry a house,  
And quarters to lift him smack over a town !  
What's a leap to the rest is to him but a hop,  
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

When the country is deepest, I give you my word,  
'Tis a pride and a pleasure to put him along.  
O'er fallow and pasture he sweeps like a bird,  
And there's nothing too wide, nor too high, nor too strong.  
For the ploughs cannot choke, nor the fences can crop,  
The Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Last Monday we ran for an hour in the Vale,  
Not a bullfinch was trimmed—of a gap not a sign—  
The ditches were double—each fence had a rail—  
And the farmers had locked every gate in the line.  
So I gave him the office—and over them—pop !  
Went this Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

I'd a lead of them all, when we came to the brook,  
A big one, a bumper, and up to your chin !  
As he threw it behind him I turned for a look,  
There were eight of us had it, and seven got in.  
Then he shook his lean head, while he heard them go—plop !  
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

Ere we got to the finish, I counted but few,  
And never a coat without dirt, but my own.  
To the good horse I rode all the credit is due,  
When the others were tiring, he scarcely was blown.  
For the quickest of pace is unable to stop  
This Clipper that stands in the stall at the top.

You may put on his clothes—every sportsman, they say,  
In his life-time has one that outrivals the rest,  
So the pearl of my casket I've shown you to-day,  
The gentlest, the gamest, the boldest, the best !  
And I never will part, by a sale or a swop,  
With my Clipper that stands in the stall at the top. †

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## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ATHLETIC SPORTS.

THE Muscular Christians have been holding their carnival, and the most attractive part of it was, of course, the contest for athletic superiority between the two Universities. The Sports were held this year at the new ground of the Amateur Athletic Club at West Brompton. The running-path was not in particularly good order, having been only recently laid down, and the jumping was materially interfered with by the sponginess of the ground at the take off. There was a very large attendance, and the arrangements for receiving and accommodating spectators were neither better nor worse than are customarily provided by amateur managers. Rain fell heavily during the afternoon, and the patience of the visitors was

somewhat severely tried ; but it is no great matter for regret, considering how these exercises are being made rather too much of a business, if a little cold water is now and then thrown on them. Public form was considerably upset by the results of the afternoon's sport. The odd event was thought a real good thing for Oxford, and odds were freely laid on the Dark Blues. A good deal of rather sentimental nonsense has been talked of late about betting in connection with University contests. It would be, of course, the merest affectation to dispute the fact that thousands of pounds change hands every year over the Boat Race and the Cricket Match. If betting is more limited about the Athletic Sports, the reason is that accurate information is more difficult to be obtained about the merits of the competitors, and also that men perform very differently on different grounds. The chances likewise in hurdle-racing and sprint-running are many and various ; while in such exercises as throwing the hammer, no human being can calculate what is going to happen, the competitors themselves least of all. But still there is a certain amount of monetary speculation, and there always will be. An Englishman is by nature a betting animal, and backs his opinion with his money, not being allowed to support it *vi et armis*. And wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, there is the spirit of betting in the midst of them. This may be a lamentable fact, but it is a fact for all that : and all the sermons in the world will not alter it.

The sports this year commenced with the High Jump, for which R. L. N. Michell (Oxford) and J. G. Hoare (Cambridge) tied at 5 ft. 5 in. This was a great falling off from the performances of Roupell and Little, but the state of the ground had something to do with it. The same cause accounts for the comparatively indifferent performance in the Broad Jump, which was won by R. Waltham (Cambridge) with a jump of 20 ft. 8 in. ; F. O. Philpott (Oxford) was second with 19 ft. 6½ in. The 100 Yards Race was won by J. G. Wilson (Oxford), who is a veritable flyer, J. F. Strachan (Cambridge) being second, and J. P. Tennent (Oxford), who appears to have lost his form, coming in last. The Mile Race, always one of the most interesting events of the day, resulted in another surprise, for it was regarded as a foregone conclusion for R. V. Somers-Smith (Oxford). Oxford started three men, including J. W. Laing, another athlete who has entirely lost his old form, while Cambridge was represented by two only, E. Royds and J. P. Gurney. S. G. Scott (Oxford) made the most of the running to serve his colleague, and in the opinion of some made it too strong. At any rate when Somers-Smith made his effort he could not shake off Royds, who stuck to him as close as wax as they came up the straight to the winning-post. Neither had the advantage till within fifty yards of the finish, when Royds got a little in front and won, after a most game and gallant struggle, by about three yards. The Hammer Throwing, as usual, astonished every one, for at his second throw F. U. Waite (Oxford) accomplished 100 ft. 9 in., and there seemed little probability of this being surpassed. After some



time, however, H. Leeke (Cambridge) made a prodigious throw of 103 ft. 11 in., which his antagonist had no chance of beating. This ungainly display over, then came the Hurdle Race, the prettiest sight of the day. E. E. Toller (Cambridge) fell at the second hurdle, when holding the lead, but there was no other casualty in the race. F. O. Philpott (Oxford) got in front at the fifth hurdle, and never being headed afterwards won by three yards from W. W. Cooper (Cambridge). Cambridge next carried off the prize for Putting the Weight, which was a matter of some difficulty owing to the rain. R. Waltham (Cambridge), who also won the Broad Jump, as we have remarked, put 34 ft. 8 in., S. F. Lucas (Oxford) not getting within 9 in. of the winner. In the Quarter-mile Race Cambridge ran first and second. J. G. Wilson (Oxford) the 100 Yards winner, destroyed his chance by tripping up in a drain when leading. He recovered himself, however, and his wonderful speed enabled him to pass his men again in the straight. The effort was too much, and he fell down heavily from exhaustion when within a few yards of the winning-post. C. C. Corfe (Cambridge) and A. R. Upcher (Cambridge) had the race thus left to themselves, and the latter won by a yard and a half. But for his mishap J. G. Wilson must have won. Finally came the Three-mile Race, and for this the good thing was never in doubt, for J. H. Morgan (Oxford) is one in ten thousand over a distance of ground, and his antagonists might just as well have stopped at home. He pursued the same tactics as last year, making his own running, going with perfect ease, and winning just as he pleased—in the present instance by about 150 yards. He is probably the best runner, for speed and endurance combined, who has ever taken part in University sports, and one has the satisfaction of seeing that his exertions do not distress him, as is the case with the majority of runners.

The general result of the afternoon's sports was that Cambridge scored 5 wins and 4 seconds, Oxford scored 3 wins and 4 seconds, and there was a tie for one event.

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## COURSING.

COURSING, like racing, has undergone vast changes of late years, and we question if for the better. It is daily becoming more a business than a pastime. Meetings are got up, now-a-days, by publicans and others as mere private speculations; and, still worse, the demon spirit of betting is robbing the sport of its original innocent charm, by converting it into a gigantic gambling medium similar to its much-abused and revolutionized sister sport—the Turf. Thousands now participate in coursing in the place of hundreds formerly; and something like 4,000 greyhounds run annually, of which number about a moiety are puppies. Sapling sales have become an institution of the Leash like the yearling sales of the Turf; but 'fancy prices' are com-

paratively unknown, as saplings seldom fetch more than their proper value, though there are of course exceptions in this respect as with yearlings, but to nothing like such an extent. It is the 'running dogs' which fetch high prices,—greyhounds that have distinguished themselves by their public performances,—and 100*l.*, 150*l.*, or 200*l.* for a 'flyer' is by no means an uncommon figure. Only the other day, Mr. Trevor refused 150 *gs.* for Lady Lyon. The late Ivie Campbell, who got better prices for his greyhounds than any breeder of late years, sold Sea Foam and Sea Pink, only in their puppy season, at Abergele, to Mr. Spinks for 220 *gs.* the pair, and refused many entreaties to 'put any price in reason' on their sister, Cioloja, who was a long way the best of that celebrated Beacon and Scotland Yet litter, which also included Coorooran, another highly-successful performer, who was sold a season or two afterwards to Mr. Gibson for 100 *gs.* In the estimation of her owner, than whom there were few better judges, Cioloja was the best greyhound he ever bred,—a long way superior to her elder brother by a previous litter, Canaradzo, who won the Waterloo Cup the previous year; and it was a remarkable coincidence that the 'King of the Whites,' (upon whom Mr. C. was obliged to fall back at the last moment, to represent him a second time,) met and beat Sea Pink in their first course. How he was put out in a wretched and most unsatisfactory trial by Kingwater, in the third ties, is well known. Until Cioloja appeared at the Ridgway meeting (where Mr. Campbell considerably allowed Sea Pink to divide the South Lancashire Stakes with her, instead of running it off,) and afterwards ran through the Vernon Cup at the revived Sudbury meeting unchallenged, nobody would believe what the veteran told Mr. Spinks at Rhyl, when he acceded to the latter's entreaties to sell him Sea Foam and Sea Pink (then called Colooxardo and Coorarena,) that he had 'still two better at home,' (Coorooran and Cioloja). She became a tremendous favourite for the Waterloo—a more astonishing one, in fact, than Master McGrath this year, as it was the latter celebrity's second season, and he had already earned distinction over Altcar by carrying off the previous Cup, whereas Cioloja was only a puppy; yet they took the unprecedentedly short price of 8 to 1 about her outright even before the entry! The 'glorious uncertainty' which attaches equally to coursing as racing was, however, made painfully manifest in her case. On the Friday before the meeting, after reaching the scene of action safe and sound, she broke her thigh whilst jumping an insignificant bank during what was intended to be her last course before the Cup—'just to show her a hare,'—but which turned out to be the *finale* to her brilliantly short career. Cioloja never ran again, though there are many instances of greyhounds winning stakes after meeting with similar disasters; and, incredible as it seems, Mr. Brocklebank,—a leading member of the Altcar Club, who was 'within an ace' of carrying off the Waterloo Cup with Bowfell, in 1862, gave 85*l.* for her for a brood bitch, after she became sound enough on her broken leg to be used for stud purposes, although, to the best of our recollection, she

never bred anything of any renown. Her sister, Sea Pink, on the contrary, has had several successful litters; and her brother, Sea Foam, is the sire, amongst other winners, of Mr. Legh's famous bitch Lobelia, who carried off the Waterloo Cup in 1867, which, since its enlargement from a 32 to a 64 dog stake in 1857, had only once previously, when Brigadier won it in 1866, fallen to a dog belonging to the County Palatine,—so famous for its Bugle and Streamer strains of winning blood; which Mr. Borron, as a 'Lancashire man,' whilst repudiating, in a speech at the recent Southport meeting, all claims to be considered a Scotch courser beyond those of residence in the 'Land of brown heath and 'shaggy wood,' asserts is to be found more pure and direct in his large kennel at Ardrossan than in any other in the United Kingdom. Lancashire had previously 'run up' in 1860 with Sampler (the nearest the present Lord Sefton ever got with his extensive kennel, whose greyhounds have the advantage of being trained and tried over the Altcar ground, if the lord of the soil thinks proper), in 1861 with Sea Rock in '62 with Bowfell, and in '65 with King Tom; whilst Fieldfare subsequently ran second in 1866.

Returning to the subject of high prices, we have no knowledge or record of the produce of one greyhound proving such a mine of wealth as Scotland Yet, and a few more particulars of her extraordinary career may not be uninteresting to many of the readers of 'Baily.' A good greyhound herself, amongst other performances, she won the Waterloo Purse (a separate entry in those days,) in 1854, and a fortnight afterwards ran up to Mr. J. Jardine's celebrated Baron for the Caledonian Cup (64 dogs); and the following season won the Caledonian Cup (16 dogs), and ran up to Judge for the Waterloo Cup—a very short and unsatisfactory trial, which ought not to have been decided, being merely a run up and turn by the dog, and kill by the bitch. Her first litter at the stud by Ranter all died; and of the second by Jacobite, only Blitz, a good runner, lived. She was then put to Beacon (son of the famous blue Bugle), and this strain was so successful that generation after generation carried all before them; the first litter comprising Canaradzo, Cazzarina, and Canopy. Canaradzo won altogether in running and at the stud about 1,500*l.*, and was afterwards sold for 100*l.* to Mr. Knowles, of Lytham, who subsequently disposed of him to Mr. Spinks. Cazzarina was sold for 60*l.* to Mr. Gibson, and the only living one of Canopy's first litter (Jock o'Dalgig) by Jacobite was sold to Mr. Johnston for 80 *gs.*; whilst the late Lord Uffington gave 200*l.* for Calaboroono, one of Canopy's second litter by Cardinal York. All things considered, we question if the performances of any other single litter of four can compare with Scotland Yet's fifth, which consisted of Sea Pink, who won 29 courses out of 32, Sea Foam, who won 22 out of 24, Coorooran, who won 16 out of 21, and Cioleja, who won 9 courses (without sustaining defeat,)—a total of 76 out of 86, in their *puppy* season! In their *second* season, Sea Pink won 14 courses out of 16, Sea Foam 12 out

of 14, and Coorooran 17 out of 25—a total of 43 out of 56. In their *third* season, Sea Pink won 7 courses out of 11, and Coorooran 13 out of 23,—a total of 20 out of 34; and in their *fourth* season, Coorooran won 2, and Sea Pink 1 out of 2. Grand total, won 142, lost 114. It was no uncommon occurrence for one of the brothers and sister to run first and second and divide stakes, of which an important instance occurred at the County Louth (Ireland) Meeting, 1863, where Sea Pink and Sea Foam (puppies) divided the Grand National Champion Stakes of 32 dogs, three weeks after the former carried off the Purse (32) at the Waterloo Meeting. The following season, Sea Pink, after winning the Vernon Cup of 32 dogs at Sudbury a second time in succession, again divided the Grand Irish Champion Stakes; and another incident in the career of these good greyhounds worthy of mention occurred in the Waterloo Cups of 1863 and '64. Both were put out by the celebrated Rebe—Sea Pink in the third, and Sea Foam (after an undecided) in the fourth round in 1863; and the next year, when Rebe and Sea Pink met in the fifth round, they had a couple of 'no goes' before victory was awarded to the Herefordshire bitch, who, in the third round, polished off Roaring Meg, the heroine of 1862. The mention of Rebe reminds us of the extraordinary performances at the Waterloo Meeting of the produce of the Blakemere House kennel (in which Mr. Haywood and Mr. Racster are confederates,) during the first six years their greyhounds took part in the Cup. In 1862, Romping Girl,\* by Bedlamite out of Redwing, ran up to Sea Pink for the Purse; in 1863, Rebe, and Regan (son of Riot, who was a daughter of Bedlamite,) out of Lady, ran up to Chloe for the Cup; in 1864, Rebe ran up to King Death for the Cup; in 1865, Rebe divided the Purse with Beckford, and Reveller II., by Seagull out of Racketty Hop-picker (by Larriston) ran third for the Cup; in 1866, Rebe ran fourth for the Cup; and Golden Hair (Mr. Garnett's) by David out of Racketty Hop-picker won the Purse; in 1867, Royal Seal, by Patent out of Romping Girl, ran up to Lobelia for the Cup, and Shy Girl, (Mr. Swinburne's) by Patent out of Romping Girl, won the Purse. This year (1869) a daughter of Reveller II., (Mr. Brocklebank's Bacchante) won the Purse, and Lord Sefton's Salvia, a daughter of Racing Hop-factor (who is by David out of Racketty Hop-picker,) won the Plate!

In further proof of what large sums the most successful strains will fetch at the hammer, we need only point to the results of the sales of the kennels of Mr. John Brown, of Nottingham, in 1854; of Mr. Borron, in 1857; and of Mr. C. Jardine, in 1859 and 1865. The first took place at Doncaster in the St. Leger week, when 'the 'Bedlamite litter,' by Figaro out of Bessy Bedlam, consisting of five bitches and one dog, realized the extraordinary price of 782 guineas! Bedlamite, one of the best greyhounds ever slipped, and far away the most successful sire the Leash ever had, was bought in for the unheard-of price of 500 gs., the last *bonâ fide* offer being 460 gs.; Bedlam Bess was knocked down for 80 gs., Bright Eye for 53 gs., Bedlam

Fury and Bird's Eye for 50 gs. each, and Bedlam Lass for 49 gs. ! A brace of two-year old bitches (Bessy Bedlam, jun., and Bedlam Maid,) own sisters to the foregoing of another litter, fetched 89 gs., and a dog sapling by Bedlamite out of Lady Dalton 56 gs. ; whilst four other saplings by Bedlamite realized 29, 27, 21, and 20 gs. respectively, and a brace by World's Fair (a very fast dog of Mr. Etwall's) 48 gs. Mr. Borron's kennel carried all before it at one period, and it was no uncommon circumstance for his greyhounds to run first and second—occasionally third and fourth—in the rich produce stakes of the Altcar, Ridgway, Biggar (now amalgamated with the Caledonian as the Scottish National,) Ardrrossan, and other meetings. In the zenith of his success—mainly due to the purity of his Blue Light blood of the famous Bugle, commonly called 'Blue Bugle,' from his colour, to distinguish him from another greyhound of the same name,—Mr. B. had a sale of 'running dogs' at Aldridge's, St. Martin's Lane, in December, 1857, when 22 lots realized the extraordinary sum of 1068½ guineas, or an average of nearly 50 gs. a piece ! Of the sons and daughters of Blue Light, Beacon (the sire of Scotland Yet's most successful progeny,) fetched 60 gs., Bright Steel 91 gs., Blue Eyed Lass 40 gs., Black Flag 115 gs., Blackness 85 gs., Banner Blue 69 gs., Black Belle 39 gs., Bit of Spirit 33 gs., Bold Spirit and Bell's Life 30 gs. each, and Blue Ensign 24 gs. Blue Sky and Belgravian, first season puppies by Black Cloud, realized 105 and 69 guineas respectively ; Brightonian, Black Shadow, Blue Spirit, and Blue Ensign, by Brighton, 59, 30, 26, and 24 guineas ; Bit of Heather and Black Game, by Ptarmigan, 48 gs. and 23 gs. ; and Bold Dragoon by Cromwell, 34 gs. At the same time, Débonnaire, a daughter of Locomotive, belonging to Mr. J. O. Daintree, was sold for 70 gs. Another highly successful courser about this time was Mr. C. Jardine, whose retirement was a great loss to the sport in general, and to the south country meetings in particular. In Mocking Bird, Mr. C. Jardine (who must not be confounded with the well-known north country courser of that name, the owner of Baron, Selby, Owersby, and other celebrities of the Leash, albeit there was what may be termed a coursing connection between them,) owned one of the best and grandest greyhounds of 'all time;' and it was the desire to obtain the strain in question that caused his saplings to fetch such good prices. A dozen realized 340 gs., which gives the good average of 28 gs. a piece : whilst Mœris, by Egypt out of Mocking Bird, realized 39 gs., and Magistrate and Mock Turtle, a son and daughter of the old bitch, were disposed of for 24 and 23 gs. At Mr. J.'s final sale, in 1865, Miss Peggy fetched the highest price of 49 gs. amongst the running dogs, and 15 saplings 275 gs., or 18 gs. each.

On the other hand, we may refer to the comparatively poor prices made by Sir St. George Gore's large kennel, consisting of 69 lots, when disposed of at Tattersall's, in 1851, for 645 gs., of which amount 42 saplings realised 365 gs., at prices varying from 5 to 26 gs. Shade and Magician, two successive winners of the Waterloo Cup

in 1848 and '49, fetched only 30 gs. each, and Lion Heart 45 gs. At the recent public sale of Mr. W. H. Clarke's saplings, in London, last January, 48 lots realised 565*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, at prices ranging from 6 gs., the lowest, to 26*l.* 5*s.* the highest, which was considered highly satisfactory by the breeder.

For the sake of comparison, let us now give a few details of one of the most important public sales which took place at a much earlier era, upwards of a quarter of a century ago, at Tattersall's, on the 12th of May, 1825. We refer to the kennel of Lord Rivers, one of the most successful coursers of any period, who succeeded the equally celebrated Lord Orford, as the great patron of emulative coursing. Lord Rivers had the largest kennel of his time, and spared neither trouble nor expense in improving the excellence of his greyhounds, which were chiefly descended from the celebrated Old Rodney, and the equally famous Old Rector. The catalogue embraced 62 lots, which realised 1,078*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* in the aggregate, or nearly 18*l.* a-piece, which must be pronounced a wonderful average. Eleven 'three-year olds' and upwards, including the sires, realised 149*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; 10 brood bitches, with 5 lots of whelps, 212*l.* 9*s.*; 13 'two-year olds,' 304*l.* 10*s.*; 18 puppies, 330*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; and 10 saplings, 81*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* The highest prices were obtained for Red Rose and other puppies, 56*l.*; 43*l.* 1*s.* for Rufus; and 38*l.* 17*s.* for Roy's Wife, amongst the two-year olds; and 34*l.* 13*s.* for a black bitch puppy by Reserve (by Old Rodney out of Regina) out of Rhoda; and 11 and 10 gs. for two saplings by Rex out of Reply. Those were wonderful prices, for it must be borne in mind that coursing at that time was almost entirely confined to clubs and 'societies,' as 'open meetings' were quite unknown. Swaffham, Ashdown Park, Amesbury, Deptford Inn, Deptford Union, Ilsley, Beacon Hill, Louth, Drayton, Rockley, Burton-on-Trent, Morfe (Worcestershire), Epsom, Newmarket, Letcomb Bowers, Malton, Altcar, and Derbyshire (Sudbury,) comprised the whole of the English meetings in those days; as did 'the Curragh of Kildare Society' the solitary one in Ireland! *Tempora mutantur!* Coursing, in fact, was rather the select sport of a few than of 'the million' as at present, a sport which the great Lord Mansfield did not consider beneath the dignity of the Bench to participate in; whilst good Queen Charlotte, that true model of feminine and domestic virtues, used to delight in witnessing the successful running of Lord Rivers's 'cracks' from the terrace of Windsor Castle. We may even go back a long way further—without groping into the dark ages to discover the origin of coursing,—to show the patronage it received from Royalty, when 'a gentleman was known by his hawk, his horse, and his greyhound.' A record of 1208 specifies that King John accepted 500 marks, 10 horses, and 10 leash of greyhounds, in payment of a fine on the renewal of a certain crown tenure. The 'good greyhound' is frequently made mention of in our ancient ballads as 'a necessary appendage of knightly sport,'—the 'monks of old' were seldom without well-filled larders through keeping a few of these useful companions,—with

Richard II. and Charles I. the greyhound was also a favourite,—and 'Good Queen Bess,' and her 'lusty beef-eating maids of honour' used to patronise the sport, and on one occasion, after dinner, at Cowdray Park, Lord Montacute's seat in Sussex, saw from a turret sixteen bucks, 'all having fair law,' pulled down by greyhounds, which, it need scarcely be added, like the racehorses of that period, were of a very different stamp, partaking more after the Scotch deerhound than the present race of 'longtails.'

It was in Elizabeth's reign the laws of the Leash were first formed into a regular code by the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord Rivers of his day, on principles which have been adhered to ever since 'with alterations;' but it was not until 1776 that the foundation stone of modern coursing was laid by Lord Orford, who established the first coursing club at Swaffham, in Norfolk, all traces of which have since disappeared; whilst public coursing in that county is at present confined to the Marham meeting, where, thanks to Mr. Villebois, Mr. T. L. Reed, and a few others, the reputation of the 'parent county' is well maintained. Nor are there many of the old Swaffham set left except 'Squire V.' and Lord Stradbroke, the latter of whom, after carrying all before him for many seasons, has altogether retired from public coursing since his marriage. A few characteristics of the Swaffham Club are worth mentioning even at this distant date. The list of members was confined to the letters of the alphabet, and each assumed a colour, also a letter, as the initial of his dog's name. The latter excellent custom is still followed by the members of the 'Altcar Coursing Society,' (as it was termed on its foundation in 1825, by the late Earl of Sefton, then Viscount Molyneux,) as well as by the Ridgway; and another peculiarity at the first meeting of the 'crack' Lancashire Club, now recognised as the first in the kingdom, was that 'the members acted 'as umpires for each other!' Amongst the eccentric Swaffham rules, was one that 'Any member may put up to auction the dog of 'another member, such member being present at the sale, and being 'at liberty to have one bidding!'—another, 'If any member absent 'himself for two meetings, without sending what shall be judged a 'sufficient excuse, he shall be deemed out of the Society, and another 'chosen in his place!'—another, 'No rough-haired dog to be deemed 'a greyhound!' Shades of Gilbertfeld, and many others of the 'rough' family, which have carried off all the best prizes in Scotland, and been permitted, moreover, to take part in the grand annual contest for the 'Blue Riband of the Leash,' what will ye say to this?

The discontinuance of many of the old meetings mentioned above is much to be regretted, owing to the excellence of the coursing ground, more particularly the Deptford Inn,—with its extensive Fisherton and Codford downs, and beautiful turf adjoining Tilshead Lodge, originally built by the Duke of Northumberland and subsequently possessed by Lord Godolphin,—the Deptford Union, so called partly to distinguish it from the foregoing, and with the object

of bringing greyhounds from all parts of England to contest annually for the only gold cup run for in England,—the Letcombe Bowers, and Rockley, where Mr. T. Parr and Mr. A. Taylor now train their racehorses,—Louth, in Lincolnshire, with its ‘deputation of With-’ call extending over 3,000 acres without a fence, save a boundary ‘one,’ and spacious fields of from 100 to 300 acres, with only posts and rails or sheep hurdles here and there as fences, where meetings second to none were held at one period,—and Ilsley, in Berkshire, which was revived a few years back under the auspices of Mr. Bowles, but has since died out again. Blewbury Bottom is one of the finest coursing grounds in England, equal to Compton Bottom and Kingston Warren at Ashdown Park, and Mr. Long’s and Mr. Tanner’s grand downs at Amesbury; and on the border of Blewbury Bottom is Lates Gore, where the old Duke of Cumberland used to train his racehorses. All this unrivalled range of Berkshire hills, in fact, is now used for training purposes, with what success the triumphs of Wild Dayrell, King Tom, Leamington, Fisherman, Saucebox, Sunbeam, Blanche of Middlebie, Oxford, Black Tommy, St. Lawrence, Liddington, Thormanby, Dundee, Lord of the Isles, Student, Lord Lyon, Achievement, Belladrum, and other celebrities will explain. Ashdown Park is still left to us, however, in all its unrivalled integrity, and it is gratifying to record the recent brilliant revival of the glories of that most distinguished coursing *réunion*, which we had begun to fear was going the way of all flesh, so dreadfully has it been mismanaged of late years, not only in the business department, but in the ‘beating’ and field arrangements. We have frequently gone over more ground—it is wildish country, that takes some ‘doing’ in bad weather,—in one day than was traversed during the whole five which the recent meeting extended over. From Maddie Farm, along the top of White Horse Hill, round and about Weyland Smith’s Cave, back again to Kingston Clump, and a long drag up to the Ridgway—worth all the trouble perhaps to enjoy the grand view of the magnificent Vale of White Horse, only that we saw quite as much of it from the ‘hermit’s retreat’ before!—and then a long homeward march of six or seven miles to Lambourne, with an occasional ‘call’ at Kingston Lyle, or some other deviation, to find hares for the last brace or two, so as to ‘finish the card,’—used to stump up the slipper and his fellow pedestrians, and sicken the most devoted admirers of Ashdown, both strangers and *habitués*, in spite of the charms and *agrémens* by which coursing upon that unrivalled domain was invariably attended. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*, and ‘Ashdown’s itself again,’ thanks to the efficient management of the new honorary secretary, Mr. R. Clemitson, who found a most able assistant in that good courser, and old Ashdown *habitué*, Mr. C. Randell, whose reappearance on the scene of his many former triumphs, caused general gratification. Instead of the worst, it is now the best, managed meeting in the kingdom; and though the present Lord Craven, who prefers hunting to coursing, cannot be termed such an enthusiast of the Leash as his ever to be respected



father, or poor Lord Uffington, (whose lamented early death cleared the way for the present peer as successor to the title and estates,) he evidently takes quite as much interest in its success.

The devotion of the Craven family to coursing is historical, and Ashdown Park—say, eight years ago,—was altogether *sui generis*. Then daily was to be seen—no matter the weather,—such a troop of horse-women, (consisting of the present Countess of Coventry, Lady Grey de Wilton, Lady Chelsea, Lady Evelyn Bruce, and Lady Emily Van der Weyer), as cast all others we ever met with into the shade, to eulogise whose riding at this distant date might be considered somewhat out of place, perhaps; though as one of the most charming and attractive features of the Ashdown Park *réunions*, it was a sight once witnessed never to be forgotten. To see them ride through a pumping course,—out of Kingston Warren, over the hill, through Crumpton Bottom, to the top of Weathercock Hill, a good three miles as the crow flies, and much longer with a working hare,—was a rare treat; and they would undertake such a task, to pick up the greyhound of a stranger, who might not happen to be mounted, as readily as their own. Before another season commences let us hope that Stephen Pearce's picture—for which the coursers of England subscribed 1000 guineas, as a presentation to the late Lord Craven, in estimation of the many kindnesses they received from himself and family,—will be finished, in order that the public, who have never visited this happily styled, 'elysium of 'coursing grounds,' may be afforded some idea of the characteristic features of Ashdown Park. As one of the privileged few who have had the opportunity of inspecting the work in question, we can promise an equally rich treat to those more immediately interested in its success, as to the public at large, for its marvellously life-like character, and the unrivalled effect of the general *ensemble*. We will not intrude further into 'preserved ground' than to explain that the moment selected by the artist is when Swallow and Bribery (the representatives of England and Scotland) were in the slips to run the deciding course for the Ladies' Plate out of Kingston Warren, which resulted in the brilliant victory of the black and white Wiltshire bitch, a daughter of David and sister to Excelsior, the property of that evergreen courser, Mr. Stephen Smith, of Durrington, near Amesbury. The Ladies' Plate, as its name infers, was subscribed for in compliment to the Ladies Craven, and attracted the largest field of greyhounds ever known in the South of England. No fewer than 150 went to the slips, and the meeting extended over seven days—from Tuesday, February 25th, to Tuesday, March 4th—in the spring of 1862. Large as this field was it had been previously exceeded in Lancashire, where in 1837, the immense number of 178 greyhounds were entered for the All England Cup at Southport and Scarisbrick, in December, only six of which were absent when the stake was run off in the following March, after several postponements from frost. The winner was Mr. Reed's Sultan, and the runner up Mr. Bennett's Rocket, one of the best

and fastest dogs of his own or any other day. That meeting lasted six days, during which 177 hares were killed. Sultan was a Preston dog, own brother to the celebrated Empress, out of Clio by Tramp, and two years old; whilst Rocket, (who ran upwards of twenty courses at that meeting, and the Waterloo, the week before, where, after being beaten in his first course by the famous Bugle, the winner, he afterwards ran up to Lord Stradbroke's Madman for the Altcar Stakes,) was six years old! These statistics may not prove uninteresting to the present generation of coursers, who might go away with the idea that the great Scarisbrick Champion Cup of 128 dogs run for at Southport this year and last, and won, *mirabile dictu*, by the same greyhound—Bab at the Bowster—two years successively, is the largest stake ever run for on that well-stocked coursing arena. Amongst other 'large fields' in olden times may be mentioned the entry of 64 each for the Waterloo and Wiltshire pictures, which were run for at Altcar and Amesbury and respectively won by Mr. Philip Houghton's Tyrant and Mr. Bagge's Twilight; whilst the Caledonian picture obtained double that number (128) which was divided into eight 16-dog stakes, the winners of which ran off for the chief prize. At Eaglesham, in 1835, 91 started for the Glasgow Gold Cup, value 200*l.*, presented by the City of Glasgow, which was won by Mr. A. Graham's rough dog Gilbertfield; the Clubs of Scotland Prize, won by Mr. A. Graham's Goth, a son of Gilbertfield, brought out 84 runners at Biggar, in 1836; there was an enormous field for the Edinburgh Cup, won by Mr. Wauchope's Claret (a Cambridge bred dog,) in 1837; the Biggar St. Leger once brought out upwards of 90 puppies; and the Great Yorkshire Stakes at Market Weighton more than a hundred; whilst for the Malleny Club St. Leger, won by Neville (Gregson's), no fewer than 137 puppies went to the post. The great length to which this article has already extended will prevent our 'getting through the 'card' without a postponement—that bugbear to coursers.

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## NEWBY FERRY.

BY R. E. EGERTON-WARBURTON.

THE morning was mild as a morning in May,  
Slingsby on Saltfish was out for the day;  
Though the Ure was rain-swollen, the pack dashing in,  
Follow'd close on the fox they had found at the Whin.

Swept o'er the weir, they were running full cry,  
But too deep was the ford for the horsemen to try;  
So to Newby they sped, like an army dispers'd,  
Hoping each in his heart to be there with the first.

Lloyd, Robinson, Orvis, and Slingsby the brave,  
Pressing on to that ferry to find there a grave ;  
Little thought the four comrades when, rivals in pace,  
With such glee they spurr'd on that they rode a death-race.

' The pack far ahead, and the river past,  
With no one to cheer them and no one to cast,  
Quickly, good ferrymen, haul to the shore,  
Bad luck to your craft if we catch 'em no more !'

Thus shouting, old Orvis leapt down to the bank,  
And with Lloyd alongside led his horse to the plank ;  
There stood they, dismounted, their hands on the rein,  
Never more to set foot in the stirrup again !

Eleven good men in the laden boat,  
Eleven good steeds o'er the ferry float ;  
Alas ! ere their ferrymen's task was done,  
Two widows were weeping o'er father and son !

So sudden, what meaneth that piercing cry  
Wrung from those they had left on the bank hard by ?  
The shadow of death seem'd to pass like a cloud  
O'er the stream—on its brink, terror-struck, stood the crowd.

The chesnut is overboard—Slingsby now,  
To his bridle-rein clinging, hangs over the prow ;  
The barque, overburden'd, bends down on her side,  
Heels o'er, and her freight is engulfd in the tide.

In that moment an age seem'd to intervene  
Ere Vyner was first on the surface seen ;  
The plank scarcely won ere his arm he extends  
To reach and to rescue his sinking friends.

Whips knotted fast in the haste of despair,  
Reach not the doom'd who were drowning there ;  
Swimmers undauntedly breasted the wave,  
Till themselves were nigh sunk in their efforts to save.

Robinson—he who can bird-like skim  
O'er fence and o'er fallow—unpractis'd to swim,  
Powerless of arm, must now trust in this need  
To his own stout heart and his own good steed.

Slowly that horse from the river's bed,  
Still back'd by his rider, uprais'd his head ;  
Overtax'd in his stride as he cross'd the deep plough,  
Oh ! that strength had been spar'd for the death-struggle now.

Fearless and calm, as if hounds were in sight,  
Sat his rider, unmov'd, in the saddle upright,  
One moment, then heard they his heartrending scream,  
As down, still unseated, he sank in the stream.

Slingsby meanwhile from the waters rose,  
Where deepest and strongest the mid-current flows ;  
Manfully stemming its onward course,  
He struck for the boat with his failing force.

Then feebly one arm was uplifted, in vain  
Striving to snatch at the chesnut's mane,  
For that faithful steed, through the rolling tide,  
Had swum like a dog to his master's side.

At length by the stream, he can buffet no more,  
Borne, bleeding and pale, to the farther shore,  
There, as the Slingsbys had oftentimes lain,  
Lay the last of that House in his harness slain !

Sprung from a knightly and time-honour'd race,  
Pride of thy county ! and chief of her chase !  
Though a stranger, not less is his sorrow sincere,  
Who now weeps o'er the close of thy gallant career.

Let Yorkshire, while England re-echoes her wail,  
Bereft of her bravest, record the sad tale,  
How Slingsby of Scriven at Newby fell,  
In the heat of that chase which he lov'd so well.

## OUTDOOR SERVANTS.—No. II., THE WHIPPERS-IN.

BY 'THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

POOR Jack Woodcock ! Often, but many years ago, have I seen him (and 'methinks I see him now') leading in his proper place in front of the pack, through the park-gates at Althorp, or along the Daventry and Braunston Road ; or later in the day, when business had begun, quietly sheltered behind the accommodating boll of a large tree, silently waiting for the fox to break at a favourite corner, and holding up his finger to some too zealous advocate of the sport to hold his tongue till the proper moment for screeching. What a *beau-idéal* of a whipper-in was Jack ! So neat, so wiry, so well made and well put upon his horse, with his shapely leg—shapely that is for a boot—hanging just where it should, immoveable and well pressed home. And when they were out of cover and began to run, ah ! then, Jack, all eulogy as a whip ceases, and we begin to recognise one of the very neatest and quickest of horsemen, a *leetle* too fond of the front rank, and so capable of being in it. But that zeal, Jack, shall be forgiven for your many good qualities ; and scarcely an old *habitué* of the Pytchley country but will endorse my verdict of 'the *beau-idéal* of a whipper-in.'

'*Beau-idéal*, indeed !' says young Flash. 'I understand what is meant by the *beau-idéal* of a cavalry officer ; but a whipper-in !'

Yes, sir, a whipper-in ; and no small praise either. I love cavalry officers myself, as all men with good-looking marriageable daughters are bound to do ; and very good fellows many of them are. But there are plenty of them about in the world, as plentiful as blackberries, and Jack Woodcocks are a very scarce article indeed. You shall hear something about them and their business, and you will be inclined to give them a higher place, at all events in the hunting field, than 'le brave sabreur' himself would have attained.

This sort, like the huntsman, is also taken in early life, and cannot be trained late. Indeed, if he have not a real taste for the business, he cannot be trained at all. His name denotes the most characteristic of his duties, but it is far from comprising them all. The late Mr. Holmes, of the House of Commons, or the present Mr. Glyn, would tell you that the whipping up the hounds to the cheer of their leader is but a small part of the pleasures or duties of office ; and if riding over a country seems to make all obligations agreeable, there are others which require very different tastes and capabilities for their full and perfect enjoyment.

The first great virtue which belongs to a whipper-in is just that one with which the huntsman can so readily dispense ; I mean obedience. The obedience of a whip should be that of a soldier on duty. When the huntsman is in the field, and demands his assistance, it must be given most uncompromisingly. He may think that the huntsman is a great fool, and he may be quite right, but let him think so at some other time. Whether he is ordered to stop the hounds, to get forward, to hold hard, to go back, or anything else, whether right or wrong, he must do it. It may be that he knows it is not the hunted fox : if the huntsman chooses to have the hounds turned to him to hunt a fresh one, it is no time for Jack to remonstrate. Let him grumble to himself, or pour his sorrows into the ear of some rustic admirer when off duty. In the saddle there is but one thing for him to do, and let him do it. What makes this particularly hard is, that a whip should have a head upon his shoulders quite as much as a huntsman. If he have not he had better have remained in the stable to strap horses, or ride after the young ladies, if neat enough in his appearance. If he aspire to the rank of a whipper-in, he must make use of his brains. And I have always found that men with brains are the hardest to convince of the necessity of acting against their convictions. However, as we may premise that every whipper-in with any mind at all aspires to become a huntsman, it is but right that his probationary state should be such as he will desire to see in his own subaltern when he handles the horn. There's a time for all things : a huntsman must command in the field, and the whip must obey.

A whip should not only be as good a horseman as his superior, but he should, if possible, be quicker and readier. His horsemanship will not only be employed in keeping with hounds to render the aid which is likely to be expected of him, but, as a part of his duty

will be the chastisement of erring hounds, in cover, or out of cover, and as a hound has a pretty shrewd sense of what is likely to follow detection in wrong-doing, he will occasionally have some very sharp work to reach a delinquent. In these cases, *i.e.*, where punishment ought to follow, to rate is useless. It at once renders the operation more difficult than ever, and at length the lash too frequently descends upon the innocent. The 'take-it-among-ye' principle, which might do with a lazy team, when the coachman woke up from a reverie, is a very bad one with a pack of hounds. The chastisement, too, should not only fall on the right hound, but should be prompt and severe. If the administrator happen to be a slack horseman, it is just possible that in giving as much force as he can to the descent of the lash, he may a little overbalance himself; and if at the same moment his horse should swerve or the hound dodge him, he may (as I once saw a whip do) go head over heels into the middle of the pack. He will not, Actæon-like, be eaten by his own dogs, but the blackthorn in early spring is evidently not meant to sit down upon. Having got thus far on the subject of punishment, which is peculiarly the business of a whipper-in, as the huntsman's first object is to reconcile hounds to him, we may as well get through it at once. Chastisement must be severe with hounds, as I have already said, but it must not be indiscriminate; for there are as many tempers and dispositions in a pack of hounds as in a public school, and they require as much observation to detect and as much tact to manage, as a pack of boys. Where a rate will do, whipcord is thrown away; and where nothing but whipcord will correct offences, let the blow come first and the rate afterwards. In qualifying to take the place, upon occasion, of the huntsman, this will be found to have raised a prejudice against the whip difficult to be got over; but that must not influence him in one of the principal duties of his office. A quick eye and good knowledge of country is a *sine quâ non*. He should know (which is the result of observation and practice) all the short cuts, bridle-gates, easy lines, and practicable roads from one cover to another. His place at the head of the pack will be to keep them clear of obstacles, to open gates, regulate pace, and to bring them to cover as speedily and easily as possible. He must know the earths, stopped or open; the peculiarities of certain covers and scenting-grounds, so as to take advantage of a beaten fox, which hounds deserve, but which would be saved but for this knowledge, which experience only can give him. It not unfrequently happens that such a whipper-in as I am describing does more than two-thirds of the work; and so far from feeling himself in a subordinate situation, may claim at least equal merit with the huntsman.

Having taken his place and viewed away his fox, it will be his business to moderate his zeal. He must not halloo too soon. He may take time now to thoroughly scrutinise his customer, so that in case of accident he may make no mistake about the hunted fox during the run. You see, he may possibly be called upon to identify the prisoner, and it is a fatal mistake in the whipper-in to put you

on to the wrong thief; though it might be excusable in a young gentleman from Lewis and Allenby's, or an undergraduate, if they ever hunt now. Instead, therefore, of halloaing at first, let him take a good look at the fox. Somebody is sure to halloa, sooner or later; for some halloa without viewing him at all; others view and halloa simultaneously, wherever it may be. The whipper-in, however, having taken stock of Renard, will bide his time, and when well away will give a scream, which the huntsman will know to be unmistakable.

I don't recommend a whipper-in to go, like my poor friend Jack, at once to the front. He did not do so always, but far too frequently. It will be better to assist in getting the body of the hounds out of cover, so that they may run with some head, leaving the stragglers to be brought up by his subordinate, who is not unfrequently a boy, learning his business. Then getting alongside of the pack, downwind, that he may hear anything wrong, and be able to act on any emergency, he must ride. Then his knowledge of country, covers, earths, the lines of the foxes, and the very foxes themselves, will be invaluable. I am a great stickler for fair play: but a fox employs some wiles to beat you, and you must, to a certain extent, foil him with his own weapons. You cannot always run him from point to point and then kill him in the open. A good whipper-in, fond of sport and of some experience, will know when his intelligence will aid the huntsman, and when it will only help to mob his victim. If hounds have run their fox well, and really deserve to be rewarded for their pains, it is false delicacy in a whipper-in not to get on with the hope of a view, when the scent is dying away, either from change of atmosphere, or ground, or to keep his victim from his stronghold. It is his duty to do all this; and I need not now say that a good whipper-in may not be quite fitted for a seat on the bench, but that he must be very far from a fool.

The second whip is of much less consequence in the field, but in cover he should be handy with his hounds, so that, when the first whip halloas a fox from his corner, or any more fortunate outsider from another point does the same, the huntsman may be well seconded by him. For I need hardly inform a discerning public, that it is a great thing in a woodland country to press your fox so closely as to prevent his hanging or running round upon his previous line. He knows the advantage of such a shelter; and if only one or two couples of hounds can be got upon him at once, the chances are against his seeking the open till he has given both hounds and horses a considerable bucketing up and down the rides. A clever boy is very available for this situation if he be a good horseman. Every one must have a beginning. But he should be a clever boy, and not put up only because he can ride. In fact these light boys, if not blessed with brains, are likely to ruin more horses by their stupidity or rashness than they ever can save by their weight.

There is one way of teaching them, as indeed there is of teaching everybody: it is by not overlooking first faults. If they are made to

do their duty properly as second whips in a good kennel, sent back to fetch hounds when missing by their haste or carelessness, and taught from the beginning to be obedient, tidy, civil, and active, as underlings, there is no doubt that they will never want a place when age fits them for advanced duties. But if you want to make a careless, indifferent blackguard of a boy, blow him up as occasion offers; swear at him sometimes; take no notice of him at others; never make him feel the real inconvenience of his bad conduct; and you will fully succeed. You will neither get anything done for yourself nor will he ever be likely to do better for anybody else.

Well! all this has reference to the obligations of a whipper-in in the field. Has he nothing to do but to tally-ho the fox, occasionally punish a hound, turn them when he sees they require it or the huntsman orders him to do so, open the gates, jump the fences, not quite in the first flight, but somewhere near where he can enjoy the sport and see the hunting, ready to view the beaten fox, or head him before he gets to a convenient drain? if so, it's a most desirable life, and it seems odd that the whole world is not made up of country gentlemen and first whippers-in.

True, but there is something more. There are some kennel duties; and the reason why these cannot be defined so easily is that, like other services, the kennels of England vary considerably in their requirements and capabilities of remuneration. Everybody knows that a housemaid in one house is a maid-of-all-work in another: that if Lord Jones has a dozen servants the cook will not answer the door, the footman will not carry coals higher than the drawing-room, the young ladies'-maid will not sit down with the nurse, and the butler was not engaged to take in the letters where a hall-porter was kept. Indeed the higher the wages and the greater the numbers the less there ought to be done for you by any one servant. It is the way of the world, from the Civil Service up to the Privy Council of the Celestial Empire. Mr. Smith has been married five years and has three children, and as many hundreds a year. The cook and housemaid clean everything and everybody, from the baby's boots to the back hair of Smith's wife. Kennels are just like houses. Some whippers-in clean their horses; others do not. The latter are paid the better of the two, and it is certainly hard lines to expect it after a good run. They are expected to take part in the management of the kennel; to see to its cleanliness—no small work if it be as thoroughly done as it should be, and usually is; to assist the feeder in many operations, and to do their utmost to assist in bringing the hounds out in such condition as shall reflect credit upon the establishment. They are subservient in all this to the huntsman, and must give him ungrudging service. In the same way they are always required to attend hounds at exercise, and to prepare them for the cub-hunting season by strict discipline: and especially by restraining the young hounds from everything like riot. The huntsman cannot do this: for it is as much his business to endear hounds to him, and to make them love and follow him, as it is the business of



the whippers-in to make them fly at the sound of their voices, and to comprehend the necessity of hating them cordially, or fearing them mortally, whenever they have taken the liberty of running riot on their own account.

These, with a few other duties of a like kind, take up a great deal of time, and entail considerable responsibility. The first whip should endeavour by observation to fit himself to handle hounds in the absence of the huntsman, and to aspire to the same position, though it will be better in another country, for obvious reasons; and the second whip, while serving in a subordinate situation, should endeavour to learn the duties which will devolve upon him, whenever his experience or circumstances justify his elevation. As I said before, the payment will vary with the article: the most truly useful not being always the most highly rated, nor always the best to look at; but if, at a rough guess, in the provinces we put down about sixty pounds per annum for the one and forty for the other, with the usual perquisites and lodgings, if good of their sort, they will be cheap enough at the money.

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## CRICKET. PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

THE dissolution of two County Clubs has been announced, and is a rather ominous sign for the county cricket of 1869. The Norfolk Club, one of the two which are to become extinct, has depended almost entirely on amateurs, of whom the county possesses a goodly array, and who have held their own for some seasons against very superior antagonists. The ground at Dereham is one of the best, both for size and quality, in the kingdom, and is so centrally situated as to be readily accessible to the majority of district players. The matches there were always remarkably well conducted, and their cessation will cause a disagreeable blank in the season's programme. Want of funds is the cause of the wind-up of the Club, a cause that should not have occurred in so wealthy a county; but, as we have occasionally remarked before, county cricket came with a great rush a few years ago, and there is now in many counties a corresponding reaction to lukewarmness and apathy. The erasure of Cambridgeshire from the list of cricketing counties in 1869 is a far more important matter. The achievements of the famous three, Hayward, Carpenter, and Tarrant, not to speak of the more recent doings of J. Smith, Pryor, and other serviceable professionals, are matters of world-wide fame, and Cambridgeshire matches, though few in number, have been for years the most stirring events of the season. The county, however, is deficient in the sinews of war. The amateur element is weak; subscriptions are difficult to obtain, and promises more numerous than payments. Truth compels us to add also that the conduct of the professionals on several occasions has alienated many of their supporters, who object to exhibitions of insolence and overbearing temper, which have been not unfrequent.

Despite therefore the strenuous and disinterested exertions of the Messrs. Perkins, whose forbearance has been as great as it has been greatly tried, it was found that there was an increasing debt, with a decreasing chance of paying it off, and as a natural consequence there was no alternative but to dissolve the Club. We have heard, moreover, of one or two other county clubs that are in a shaky condition, and we shall not be surprised if the list of counties playing as counties is materially reduced within the next few years.

The general programme for the season has been now put forth, and we will just glance at its leading features. The M. C. C. and Surrey lists are, as usual, the most important. The former opens its season with a match against the Colts of England, which is at best an uncertain affair, and may be an utter failure, as last year, or a great success, as a few years ago, when A. Shaw, W. Oscroft, Tubb, and others, made their *débüt* at Lord's. The Whit Monday match is the M. C. C. and Ground against the South of England, for the benefit of the M. C. C. Players' Fund. There will be nothing afterwards very exciting at Lord's till the University Elevens play their return matches against the M. C. C. in June. The Oxford and Cambridge match is fixed for June 21st, and on the 24th there is a novelty—and a very good one too—M. C. C. and Ground against Cheltenham College. On the 28th we have Gentlemen v. Players, and on July 5th a match of hardly inferior interest, M. C. C. and Ground against Nottinghamshire. The Eton and Harrow match commences on July 9th, and Surrey plays Middlesex at Lord's on July 12th, another novelty, as far as the locality is concerned. The remaining M. C. C. matches are of the usual calibre, against Surrey, Hampshire, the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, and such like; and on the whole the programme is somewhat limited, both in extent and interest. The Surrey Club issues a list of more than thirty matches, among which we particularly notice Surrey v. Nottingham, an evidence that certain differences have been arranged amicably. The time-honoured fixture, North v. South, is on the list also for June 3rd, and we conclude that it will be a genuine North and South match, and not the burlesque that has been played at Lord's the last year or two. We observe that both the Universities play Surrey this year *before* the Oxford and Cambridge match. Thus both will have two trial matches before the great event, the excitement about which will be proportionately increased. All four trial matches will be played in a single week: while Cambridge is playing at Lord's, Oxford will be playing at the Oval, and *vice versa*; and we may be certain that communication between the two grounds will be pretty frequent, and that discussion will wax fast and furious as to the respective merits of the rival elevens. The Gentlemen and Players' match at the Oval this year precedes that at Lord's, and among other important fixtures we notice, in addition to those which we have named, that Surrey takes the field against Lancashire, Sussex, Yorkshire, and Kent. On the whole, the programme is an excellent one, and all that is wanted are the

men to carry it out. The work to be done is tremendous in quantity and in quality, and unless there is a good deal of new blood in the eleven, we fear that some of the Surrey players, especially if we have a summer like the last, will hardly survive the season. We should not forget to mention that there is a Colts' match on May 20th, between cricket aspirants from the eastern and western divisions of the county, which, we hope, may be useful in bringing forward to the rescue some young players of the old Surrey stamp. We will add, before leaving Surrey, that the published account of subscriptions received for Julius Cæsar shows that about 400*l.* will probably be paid over to that veteran cricketer.

The Universities will be soon commencing their trial matches. At Cambridge, indeed, they have so many tried men, whose form and abilities are well known, that it does not appear as if there would be much room this season for new additions to the eleven; but Oxford, deprived of Mr. Fellowes and Mr. Kenney, will have to hunt right and left for bowlers. The matches during the latter half of April will be watched with interest, as showing what new strength in that department of the game Oxford possesses. The Schools, for the most part, have a fair share of old hands in their elevens, though there are eight vacancies at Marlborough and seven at Rugby. Mr. Nepean is still captain of Charterhouse, Mr. Wise succeeds Mr. Brice at Cheltenham, Mr. Higgins and Mr. Gore respectively guide the destinies of the light and dark blues at Eton and Harrow, Mr. Leach remains at Marlborough, Mr. Francis is captain at Rugby, Mr. Northcote at Westminster, and Mr. Theobald at Winchester.

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### HARROW SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

A CERTAIN amount of antagonism is setting in against the prevalence of Athletic Sports in our schools and universities, against which we wish to enter our early protest. The 'Times,' in a recent leader, gave the first note of alarm, and the authorities of at least one public school have been prompt to take advantage of the feeling thus created, though in much doubt whether the course of action will be generally accepted by parents and guardians. At Harrow, the tradesmen were forbidden from giving their annual cup for the Half-mile Race, the Strangers' Race after the meeting was debarred, and this was shortly after followed by the prohibition for any Harrow School boy to compete in the Public School Athletic Sports which were advertised for Easter Monday, at Lillie Bridge, a time that fell in the holidays. These were strong evidences of a wish to repress the sports, and in our view a mistaken one; for, first, there is no doubt it is the wish of parents that a good physical training should go hand-in-hand with a good moral and intellectual one, and that scheme of education is the most perfect that prescribes most nearly for this; and, secondly, this object is best attained by varying the physical pursuits as widely as possible; and we are sure that a great gain was

established in this direction by the Volunteer movement in schools. There was a time when but little else than cricket was followed at Harrow, and nothing was more common than to see at least half the school who were not cricketers do nothing but look on at those who were. Of late years the school coups, and still later these athletic sports, have opened a door for boys, whose gifts lay in these directions, and unmixed good has been the consequence. It is a pity, then, that they should be discouraged; and as in intellectual training it is felt that the requirements of the day can only be met by a larger field and in a wider circle, so with physical pursuits, the more they are multiplied the better, as they let in a larger number to partake of the benefit. Instead, then, of repression, the true direction is to encourage the variety; and that boy would be the best-trained athlete—not by being the best cricketer or the best rifle-shot of his year—but by being the best all-round man—in other words the best in the greater number of pursuits. In our view, then, the Public School Athletic Sports meeting should receive from masters and parents every encouragement, as directly tending to bring into the educational system another element of physical training than is to be found in the rowing and cricketing alone; and, indeed, the matter will mainly rest with the parents, if the meeting is held in the holidays; for it is clear that the school authorities could only interfere where the representative character of the school is invoked—in other words where a boy is chosen as the representative of the school and competes as such—in all other cases the authority of the parent is paramount, in the holidays, and his control, suspended in favour of the master during the terms, reverts at once to the parent in the vacation; and, from the necessity of the case, we believe the committee of management with their able secretary have wisely disclaimed the representative character of the meeting; and if this be so, it will rest with the parent only to permit his son to enter or not, and each will judge according to his own opinion whether the contest is detrimental to his son's character or not. To those who have no other opportunity it could scarcely fail to be beneficial, and they would be by far the larger number. No doubt the *juste milieu* is hard to hit; but in our opinion there has been no excess yet. It is to our universities and public schools that the country naturally looks to take the lead. They give the tone and character to the meetings everywhere; and the love of manly sports and pastimes even yet is by no means so common as it might and should be for the welfare of the whole nation—the mass is not yet thoroughly leavened. The Volunteer movement has done much, but it has not done all. The revival of sport, as far as it has yet revived, is due to the extreme repression which it suffered at the hands of the preceding generation; and it was high time that the absurd notions that then prevailed were abandoned—high time that the health and strength of youth should be recruited by the pursuit of vigorous and manly exercises, lest the country

‘Should lose the wrestling thews that throw the world.’

And it is because we view with alarm the efforts now making to revert to traditions that we had hoped were exploded, that we call on parents and guardians to stand by and insist on the physical education of their sons going hand in hand with their moral and intellectual training; and instead of standing aloof from sports, as it would seem to be with some the present inclination, that the authorities of our universities and schools should assume their proper functions in controlling and guiding the physical as much as they do the intellectual training of those committed to their charge—a real sympathy would add to their influence, while the effort to repress, and most likely without success, cannot fail to damage and impair it. The report we are able to furnish of the sports at Harrow is necessarily imperfect, as, owing to the extreme inclemency of the weather on the last day, they were left unfinished; but enough was done to show that, in running, the year was an unexceptionally good one. Gore, Walker, Templer, and Thornton, are all strong and active runners. Walker had won the mile of last year, and Gore the 100 yards, and Templer the Champion Hurdle Race; and they all showed in improved form in the present year's sports. The House, Flat, and Hurdle Races were decided early in the term; and amongst the winners, the brothers, the Rivett-Carnacs, might be mentioned as showing likely for another year. The first school race was the quarter of a mile on the Ducker Road. There were 9 entries divided into 2 heats—1st heat—Apcar 1st, Bennett 2, Brown 0, Baillie Hamilton 0: this was won by Apcar after a good race by 2 yards. 2nd heat—G. A. Templer 1st, C. R. Walker 2, Sir Francis Ford 0, Wall-roth 0, G. Rivett-Carnac 0: this was won easily, Walker merely running for the 2nd place. Final heat. This was run on Tuesday, the 9th March. Templer 1st, Walker 2, Bennett 3, Apcar 0. This was a slashing race, Templer made all the running from the first, was closely pressed by Walker at the finish, and won by a foot, the time being 53 seconds. This was succeeded, on March 13th, by the Mile Race on the Pinner road, and the following five came to the post, G. A. Templer, A. H. Thornton, A. A. Apcar, E. C. Browne, and E. Carlisle. The starter, E. Meek, captain of the school, despatched them at once to an excellent start. Carlisle rushed off with the lead, closely followed by Thornton and Browne, the pace being very strong. At the quarter mile, Thornton took the lead, Templer on the left, Carlisle on the right, and Browne in the rear. These four ran in a lozenge-shape very closely together, Apcar lying about five yards behind. At the half mile, Apcar ran past Browne and Carlisle, who were now out of it; and Templer, taking the lead from Thornton, gradually increased the space, winning by about thirty yards, the same distance separating Thornton and Apcar, Carlisle fourth, a long way behind, Browne having retired at the three-quarter mile. The time, taken by the reporter for 'Bell's Life' with a Benson's chronometer, was 4 min. 32 sec., and we have no reason to doubt its accuracy, as the pace from the

first was exceedingly good, the road ran light, the weather, though cold, was dry, and the last quarter of a mile is a down incline. Still, with all these adjuncts, the speed is surprisingly great for a boys' race, and we shall watch the future performances of the boys with great interest, from the promise such a race gives of future excellence. On Saturday, March 20th, the school sports were to have been concluded, but a part only could be got through from the reason we have given. Throwing the cricket ball was won by Gore, with a capital throw of 107 yards: it was, however, down wind. Putting the stone resulted in a tie between Baird and Bailey, each putting 26 yards 2 inches. The hammer-throwing was won by Bailey, with the fine throw of 92 feet: this was also a capital boy performance. The 100 yards' race brought seven starters to the post—G. A. Templer 1st, E. S. Prior 2nd, Bennett 3rd, C. R. Walker 4th, Begbie 0, Forbes 0, and Giles 0. A very fine race ensued, and was won by Templer by a bare foot, Prior beating Bennett by the same distance: time 11 seconds. The High Jump was won by Gore with 4 ft. 10 in.; he could no doubt have done more, but the rain fell in torrents, and the further proceedings were stayed at this stage: they will be resumed next term. It will be seen, Templer having won the Champion Hurdle Race of last year, Gore being second, has this year won the 100 yards, the quarter mile, and the mile, having a different boy second in each race. This, we believe, has never been accomplished in the school before; indeed, the sprint and distance running qualities so rarely combine in the same person that it makes their possessor a formidable antagonist in any of the distance races.

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#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

AFTER a very open winter, spring has set in with more than its accustomed severity, so that the most ardent followers of yachting will probably hesitate a while before maturing their plans for the summer campaign. During the recess, however, much has been done in building and alterations; and the result of the labours of the Sub-committee of the Yacht Congress, towards assimilating as far as possible the yachting regulations of various clubs, was brought to light at a recent influential meeting at the Langham Hotel. Many of the rules, of course, present no feature of novelty, and are only useful as conducing to uniformity, the absence of which has hitherto proved a fruitful source of annoyance to owners entering for matches in various localities. Rule 1 specifies the form of entry to be made three days previous to the event, forbids shifting ballast, and binds the competitor to obey all regulations as laid down. It states that defaulters to any club using the rules will be debarred from sailing—a somewhat impracticable proviso, as the authorities on the Solent cannot be expected to have at their fingers' ends the forfeit-list of the Royal Irish and all other far-away clubs. Three days' notice of entry, too, seems unduly long in many cases, and this part of the rule will doubtless be frequently modified. No. 2, on qualification, specifies a *Royal Yacht Club*, which is an apparent inadvertence, as invitations were

issued to representatives of several clubs not boasting the coveted Admiralty warrant, and in such cases 'recognized' must necessarily be substituted for 'Royal.' The same remarks apply to Rule 16, which enjoins that the owner (or his representative, who must be a member of a *Royal Yacht Club*) shall be on board during the match. Rule 3 lays down the manner of starting, and the successive ones provide for unlimited canvas, and that an owner shall enter only one vessel in a match. The latter proviso will not be uniformly adhered to, as in small clubs the same owner sometimes not only makes two entries, but takes two prizes, and, but for his support, there would be no race worth seeing. Rules 8, 9, &c., on the rule of the road, are, with some of the others, rather loosely worded; but, as the Sub-committee directed their energies rather to the matter than the manner of their edicts, we do not waste our space in sharp attempts to pick holes in their grammar. Rule 17 gives a graduated scale of paid hands allowed, according to tonnage, and states that the owner may have, in addition, friends and servants on board, *à discretion*, provided that only two of the friends assist in working; but no restriction is laid on the servants, who, if judiciously chosen, might be of considerable use in hoisting and shifting sail, and at other critical points during a match. We have so far attempted to give, in a most cursory manner, the principal features of the Code of Regulations, which have already been formally adopted by some important clubs, and the assent of others will be shortly announced. Several rules are at present left blank, pending further deliberations of the Committee, the completion of whose efforts is eagerly looked forward to by yachtsmen; and we trust soon to be able to announce further details of this interesting scheme, which, judiciously managed, promises to be of great value to the community.

The University crews have come and gone, and in tones varying from grumbling approval up to extreme elation. 'Oxford again' has been talked over both by the initiated and *les autres*, who, though they wouldn't think it, vastly preponderate. During a week of consistently wretched weather, the amateur 'touts,' the bulk of whom are seen on the towing-path 'for this 'occasion only,' gazed on the rival crews, their boats, coaches, and everything that is theirs, and were we trust all the better for their gazes. Their persistency in facing the elements proved an amount of endurance which was certainly gratifying to our national vanity, though we could have dispensed with the society of the galloping snobs who, without any claim of interest in either boat, accompanied them religiously, to the serious inconvenience of friends, coaches, and especially sober-minded pedestrians. We willingly get out of the way of Messrs. Risley or Woodgate who have a prescriptive right to be there, but reasonably object to be splashed by the British Nobody at seven-and-six each (mounted).

The continued victories of Oxford are undoubtedly curious, and numerous theories have been promulgated, by persons more or less qualified to judge, to account for their superiority on the water, while in other branches of sport the sister University bravely holds her own. In rowing, as in most things, each head-quarters have their own style, and there is a specialty about a crack London crew, as seen at Henley, which distinguishes it from equally well-coached specimens of Oxford and Cambridge. We are not now going into the relative merits of the three styles, but will give vent to a few of our ideas of the origin of good rowing at Oxford and its absence at Cambridge. We have heard divers mighty names mentioned as the founders of the present Oxford form, but fancy that Stephen Salter, the boat-builder,

had as much to do with it as any one, and Oxford's great improvement certainly bears a date about contemporary with his commencing business on the Isis, when he used to give many a useful hint to the oarsmen of the day, though now his attention is fully taken up with the boats instead of their occupiers. With regard to Cambridge, we do not affect to be behind the scenes; but we have often been astonished that Mr. Egan, whose name recalls some of the best days of Cambridge rowing, is not again summoned to teach the young idea. Could he revive the traditional style which won races in his time, his successors at the yoke-lines might have a better chance of what vulgar boys call 'getting their name up.' For the last few years the Cambridge boat has had the services of many old 'Varsity oars, who have won fine and hard races at Henley and elsewhere; but as far as the great event itself is concerned, they have been exponents and practisers of exactly the style which had not been first at Mortlake. Such an objection is a most ungenerous one to make, and may be argued against on many points, for singing-masters often have no voice; but surely the prestige of some old 'Varsity winners would be a powerful help in the right direction. The advent of Mr. Morrison is something exceptional, and equally a credit to mentor and pupils; if his visits are continued, Cambridge will probably get something of the Oxford style, but should anything occur to prevent them, we hope Cambridge will get their old winners to come down and give them a 'jolly.'

This year's race was in some respects an especially attractive one, for it was fixed for a reasonable time of day, and Mr. Morrison's attentions were expected to give the Cantabs a better chance. In spite of the threatening reports as to Hammersmith Bridge, it appeared as crowded as ever, and for the whole length of the course the tow-path was crowded. Coloured comedians abounded; and Tom, Jack, and 'Arry's, with other candidates for Hanwell, attempted to see the race from a skiff, and were as usual all but drowned. At Putney everything and everybody was blue of some colour, as Paddy said, and the excitement intensified as the crews walked down to their boats.

Up to last year superstitious Cantabs and many of the *profanum vulgus* clung to a belief that Cambridge would win at last if they only got the station, but 1868 settled these dreamers, and supporters of Oxford were almost disappointed, as this time the Dark Blue rounded to the Middlesex station, which, from the state of wind and tide, was an advantage only in name; indeed, we were told that, had Cambridge won the toss, they would have chosen the Surrey side. The steamers lay in a dangerously compact line just clear of the Aqueduct, the tug contingent having the stations known to oarsmen as High Street, Putney, i.e., the extreme Surrey side, while Mr. Morrison's screw lay close in on the Fulham shore. Prince Arthur's boat, the Umpire, and the Thames Conservancy, had privileged positions in advance, and just in front of these lay the rival crews. After a few seconds, which seemed minutes, a roar from the bank announced the start, of which Oxford appeared to us to get a trifle the best, but Cambridge were level directly, and remained so for some distance. The only thing we noticed was that Cambridge pulled the quicker, and too much attention was given to the rowing for us to observe accurately alternate leads of a few feet, which was all the advantage either had up to the Point, where Oxford were rather close in, so that passing the Grass Wharf they had comparatively slack water, and Cambridge led by the third of a length. Nearing Rosebank, Oxford got straight again, and came up level, but past the Crab-tree drew again too



much towards Middlesex, so that the Light Blue, who were here very well steered, showed in front. Off Cowan's, however, Oxford led by half a length, until nearing the dummy, when Cambridge drew up so fast that at the bridge they led by a quarter of a length, and had besides far the best position for the next mile and a half, especially as Oxford was again steered towards Middlesex. Passing the Doves, Cambridge held their lead, but Oxford getting straight came up, and at the bottom of Chiswick Hyot showed a slight lead, which they now increased at every stroke, until rounding the point above the church they drew clear, and the race was no longer in doubt, Oxford winning by a trifle over two clear lengths, in 20 min. 9 secs., being the fastest time on record; but it must be remembered that the boats now start about 150 yards above the Aqueduct, and this year stopped at the Ship instead of going a proportionate distance further, as on some former occasions.

Without undue personalities, unpleasant alike to writers and readers, we may make a few comments on the rowers and the race. Undoubtedly the balance of strength, both in a boat and out of it, lay with Oxford; though why this should be is difficult to say, for a pound a man looks on paper but a poor excuse for so manifest a discrepancy in physical vigour. The fact, however, remains; and equally indisputable is the superiority of the rowing strength of the Oxonians. They were certainly a rough crew to look at, and did not pull with the uniformity we have seen in previous representatives, as well as in many of the crack teams at Henley. The two cardinal virtues, however, they did possess, time and catch; they lifted the boat all together, and at the beginning of the stroke; and, rowing throughout the race slower time than the Cantabs, as usual wore them down. This has been the feature of all the recent Varsity races, though perhaps less the case last year than on most occasions; Oxford goes nearly or quite as fast at 37 as Cambridge does at 39 or 40; and as the quicker stroke is necessarily more exhausting, the last mile brings out the difference of tactics. Morrison made his crew a very pretty one, and most finished oarsmen they showed themselves, rowing both in practice and the race itself in excellent form, and often keeping marvelously well together to the close of a hard spin over the whole course; but he could not, it seems, inoculate them with the catch which was equally a marked characteristic of his own time at Oxford. For the Oxonians, Risley was indefatigable; and they cannot be too grateful to him for his incessant attentions along the towing path, which during most of the practice presented a most untempting aspect, bitter winds, rain and snow, alternating with unpleasant regularity. The result was a mighty strong crew, who showed plenty of 'powder,' and were well taught how to use it. A very finished lot they certainly were not, for who could not help noticing discrepancies in height of feather, &c.; but though they could not be said to row like one man, they undoubtedly rowed as eight strong men, who, with less coaching than usual, have had sound principles drummed into them, might be expected to. Numerous are the instances of a strong rough crew disposing of a lighter lot who rowed far better together, and were neater to look at,—notably the Kingston crews who won at Henley in 1864 and 1865, and the Oxford Etônians of the two following years, none of whom were equal in finish with the Londoners, whom they defeated, though their power and dash were undeniable. The Oxford men were just the sort that the noble army of amateur touts, who know a *little* of rowing, would sapiently find fault with, utterly ignoring their merits, while the evenness of the Cambridge rowing found favour in

their eyes. Thus it happened that very small odds were at first taken; and it was not until the regular betting men, who, taking their cue from one or two judges, had invested at the best price they could, that the purchase of money at 2 and 3 to 1 became inevitable. However the more regular betting men go in for the race the longer the odds will be, as price will not stall them off a real good thing; so, for variety's sake, let us hope next year's starting price will be 3 to 1 on Light Blue.

### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—March Memorabilia.

MARCH, so dear to landlords and so dreaded by tenants, and to which the Steeplechaser always looks forward with such keen anxiety as solving the Aintree Problem, has been scarcely a less good friend to the undertaker than February, and the 'Memoir Men' of the newspapers have hardly ever been out of harness, for they had no sooner finished the epitome of one good sportsman than they were called upon to analyze the character of another; and in most respects the friends of the deceased cannot complain of their feelings having been outraged by the tone of the critics. The Racing Season has set in with its accustomed severity, and at Liverpool the cold, which literally drove the Admiral from Chelmsford, was of such a description that those who survived it were fully qualified to volunteer for another Arctic Discovery Voyage. But, in spite of wind and weather, the metropolis of Lancashire never had so many visitors in any previous year. In fact, the excitement extended all over the kingdom, and to all sorts and conditions of men. Comic singers at music halls introduced it in their efforts to please their audiences, and the terrific applause with which their announcement of the probable winner was received, testified to the popularity of the race. The sport at Liverpool opened with a 'Grand Combination Piece of Nature,' the principal parts being taken by the following elements, viz., Wind, Rain, Snow, and Hail; and where all may be said to have distinguished themselves so highly it would seem invidious to particularize. In short, it was what the Yankees call a 'caution' of a day, and the men who were out in it have consolation to bless them with, that they could not have been out in a worse, for there never had been known such a one since the time when Noah was compelled, by the force of circumstances, to take to his boat. In sober earnestness we must state that the rain converted the betting-books into pulp, obliterating, in a great measure, the bets recorded in them; and the wind was so violent, that some of the bookmakers had to hold on by their eyelids to escape being driven into the Course. Under such circumstances sport was out of the question, and the jockeys were real objects of compassion. The results of the galloping, however, were not unimportant, as they showed us that Guy of Warwick was as great an impostor in a hurdle as a flat race; and yet, strange to say, the mania for him among the Newmarket people was not in the least cured by the exhibition they had witnessed. In the Spring Steeplechase L. S. D. had its influence as usual, and 'The Despatch Company' were higher up in their stirrups than ever. In the evening soda and brandy left off a rising favourite; gin and Seltzer was in good demand; and whisky punch had a canny aspect. The Steeplechase morning opened fine, and all Liverpool was soon alive to the attractions of the day. The merchant forgot his bills of lading, the stockbroker his shares, and the brokers their insurances, in favour of

Aintree, and the exciting events to be decided there as the day advanced. When the Grand Stand was at length reached, the late comers found it packed as close as a drum of Eleme figs, and we think it would have become Messrs. Topham to have issued a pantomimic signal that the building was full, and no further admissions could be granted. The noise and confusion in the inclosure was the closest resemblance to Babel that modern civilization could produce, and drove the solitary snipe, the usual winter tenant of Aintree, into closer retirement than before. Despatch was 'the observed of all observers,' and with his coat no fault could be found; but he carried his head so high, probably on account of what he had done at home, Mr. Edwards could not have found him quite such an arm-chair as he had the previous year; and his want of middle piece so frightened some of his backers that they shunted, because they thought he would never get home. If Guy of Warwick had been any other colour he would not have been so much condemned, for he had many useful points about him. Alcibiade looked as smart, and had as fine a coat on him, as his jockey; while Harcourt seemed to have been made to order. Globule was a miniature; and Fan, who is backed as regularly for this event as Newcourt was wont to be for the Chester Cup, had filled out and expanded into a magnificent mare, and every one said this was to be her day. The Q.C., who represented Croydon, was a very useful wear-and-tear sort of horse, but had evidently had too much 'chamber practice' to come out in his true form. However, he is a useful Junior, and will be heard of again to advantage next year, when he has had more 'business.' The Colonel was a model of what a steeplechase horse should be, and as he only took his last sweat on the Ludlow racecourse on the Monday previous to the race, it was not surprising the public thought he tired at Nottingham, but his party were as strong in their faith as Mahometans, or any of the great Religious Sects. Art had done all that it could effect for Pearl Diver, and left Nature to accomplish the remainder. The Nun looked as pretty and as well as Miss Saurin, and we were glad to see Mr. Thomas on her, because we knew he would be far kinder to her than Mrs. Starr, and not impose on her tasks which were impossible to accomplish, and so the result proved. But impatient as the spectators had been for the contest, they were not kept waiting long, and almost directly after the flag fell the great portion of those who were interested in the fate of the favourites were put out of their misery. First, to their horror, Fan refused, and fell at the first 'obstacle,' as she did last year. Then 'The Cingalese' beheld with amazement that Pearl Diver had suddenly acquired the knowledge of how to fall, of which his friends persisted he was in a state of savage ignorance. Guy of Warwick shortly afterwards told his friends that steeplechasing was not acquired by private tuition, but by the competitive system pursued in public examinations. Globule took the squadron along at a merry pace while he had anything left to do it with, and half a mile from home a signal of distress was hung out by the favourite, Despatch, who was in need of some speedy balls and some strengthening powders. In the meantime George Stevens, who had been waiting patiently, like Nat used to do with Alarm, brought his horse to the front, and cantered in alone. Hull Court was second for the second time, and Alcibiade and Gardner made a gallant running fight of it, for third, in which the professional just beat The Fusileer by a neck, and so saved all the place books the dressing they would otherwise have received. And so ended The Liverpool, on which more money was betted than was ever known on a Steeplechase before the contribution made by the general public through Mr. Wright, amounting to near fifty thousand pounds. We doubt, however, if the lot were a very gay one, seeing that Captain Machell's hunter was third; but time will

show whether we are right or not in our surmises. After Liverpool, the next place of Assize is Warwick, where Mr. Samuel Merry always provides a well-filled Calendar. The weather was a little more genial than that of the preceding week; and there was a striking increase in the number of thieves, who may be said to have had a rare week both in and off the Course, patronizing, amongst others, Mr. T. V. Morgan, whom they taught an instructive lesson not to carry so much money in his note-case. The Chapter of the Knight of the Garter was held on the first two days, Fordham officiating as chief officer on each occasion, and Lord Poulett proved, by the way Tusculanum run in the Steeplechase, that he had made no second mistake in his trial with the Lamb, for all the Despatch money was got back, and the sufferers by him endeavoured to be recouped for their losses by that horse. The Old Berkeley Hunt Steeplechases took place at the usual place of Meeting, near Rickmansworth, but the good things on the Course did not come up to those at Mr. Casenove's *déjeuner*, that he gave at his residence close by the scene of action. Northampton may be said to have been a great benefit for the Brothers Dawson, who showed to very great advantage, for they divided nearly all the stakes amongst themselves. The Marquis of Carabbas, a turned loose four-year old of Count Batthyany's, ran up to his form, and won the Northamptonshire Stakes in a canter, and at the same time apparently making the Newmarket Handicap an equal certainty. The gambling on Lord Spencer's Plate was very great, and unlimited in amount. But Alec Taylor squandered all the hopes of the Newmarket Division, by having made the Aunt Hannah colt, correspond to Indian Star at 6st. 9lb., and, as might be anticipated, it beat the Morning Star, tried better than Perfume to sink below the horizon, and the others to canter in behind like the crowd at a Coursing Meeting. The winner is the first of the Atherstones and the last of the Touchstones, and from the enormous speed he displayed, he resuscitated Portsmouth from oblivion. The Exhibition of Two Year Olds on the second day was marvellous, and delighted every one; but the Macaroni Filly had been tried so high, and having had all Joseph Dawson's winners behind her, she was quite the Belle of the Ball, and so she acquitted herself to the last, proving herself a better advertisement to Macaroni than all the *affiches* in the Calendar; Blue-skin, who did not start for the Stakes, having been found inferior to Lancet, was sent for the Queen's Plate,—as a sort of lifeboat to rescue those who had got among the breakers—and performed its duty admirably.

The Hunting season has nearly come to an end, and may, without any exaggeration, be termed the most fatal one that has occurred in this country within the memory of the oldest sportsman. During the past month there have been but few good scenting days. In the early part of it, east winds, so common at this season of the year, dried up the surface of the ground, and there was little scent upon the plough. In the third week came wild, unsettled weather, which lasted to the end of the month, and interfered with sport. Yet there have been some good runs. The Queen's have been doing moderately well with Lord Cork; but he has had as yet nothing particular to boast of in the shape of a clipping run, such as the records of the Royal Pack can boast of in the Davis era. Lord Colville's testimonial dinner is to take place early in the month, and, 'from the information we have received,' it bids fair to be quite equal to the occasion—as honourable to the givers as to the receiver. Thursday, 11th of March, a very cold day, with snow-storms. Mr. Tailby was at Ilston-on-the-Hill. He found in Norton Gorse, and ran very sharp for fifteen minutes over a fine line nearly up to Rolleston, and it looked as if he was going to have a fourth first-rate Thursday in succession. But fate

decreed it otherwise, for, finding a second at Shangton Holt, and running up to Ilston, they could do more good with him; nor could they find another during that afternoon, though all the country round was drawn. The fact is, hounds have scarcely been out of these covers for a week together during this long season. On Tuesday, the 9th, when Mr. Tailby met at Knossington, occurred the unfortunate accident to Lord Wilton. He was on a horse he was not in the habit of riding with hounds; not liking him as a hunter, he used him merely to go from cover to cover. Coming to a gap, the animal jumped unusually high, and his Lordship not having one of his feet home in the stirrup, on account of a touch of gout, was not only loosened in his seat, but his spur sticking into the horse's side, he began backing, and galloping away down some falling ground, where he threw Lord Wilton, and passing over him, struck him as he lay on the ground. It was well it was not worse, for it was a very nasty accident. We believe he is going on favourably. On Tuesday, 16th, Mr. Tailby had a pretty good thing from Launde Wood to Priors Coppice, and on to Owston Wood, which was done in fourteen minutes by his watch (certainly sharp work). On through Tilton Wood, and round again, finally running to ground in Overton Park Wood. On this day, we regret to say, Captain Boyce, who has gone so well throughout the season, met with a bad fall (we believe in a rabbit-hole), dislocating his shoulder. It is time hunting was over, if it were only to put an end to the accidents, which this year seem endless. Monday, March 8th, the Quorn were at Backby, in which cover they did not find, as it has been cut this year, and the wood sale was just over; but as they proceeded to draw Baygrove, a fox got up in a ploughed field, and led them a long dance at a hunting pace, skirting John of Gaunt cover, and on leaving Tilton village to the right, to ground at Loddington Reddish. In returning they drew John of Gaunt, and not finding there, put the hounds into Cream Gorse at five o'clock, but did no good. They also had a tidy spin from Wymeswold on Friday, 12th, losing near Shoby Scholes. But Monday, 15th, when they met at Great Dalby, was the red-letter day. A clinking thirty-five minutes in the afternoon from Cream Gorse, all over grass, without a check, and a kill in the open, reminded one quite of old times. There had been a frost over night, and a light coating of snow lay on the ground in the morning, which, however, gradually melted towards twelve, the time of meeting, and produced, perhaps, the most perfect hunting day of the season. The first fox was found at Gartree Hill, and soon killed without much result; a second, in Thorpe Trussels (a cover never drawn blank), proved a vixen, and the hounds were taken on to Ashby Pasture, which did not hold one. However, they were more fortunate in Cream Gorse, close by, and a brace came away in a few minutes, running parallel within a field of each other; the hounds being on the one who took his course down the big field at Gaddesby, leaving Mr. Cheeney's house to the right over the brook, and on by Barsby and South Croxton, as if to Barkby Holt, but bearing to the right up the bottom, he turned by Quemborough Spinny, and came back, no doubt, hoping to reach Cream Gorse again; but the scent was too good, and he was pulled down in a hedge-row, by the side of the brook below Gaddesby. This was a decisive thing, without the slightest check, and perhaps the fastest of the many fast things these hounds have had this season, for they run as keen as needles; and Leicestershire may now congratulate herself on being thoroughly well hunted with Mr. Musters on one side, and Mr. Tailby on the other. Had this run been straight it would have been very select, for the fencing was strong, and plenty of it, but the turn let a good many in. Mr. Corbett's Holland cut out most of the work, getting well over a thundering big bottom.

Mr. Powell and Mr. Coupland also took a prominent part with some others, and last, but not least, Mr. Musters himself, who went wonderfully for his weight.

A Suffolk boy once replied, when questioned as to his affection for his father, 'that he was not wholly wrapped up in he;' and we fear a Leicestershire Sportsman would say the same of Suffolk; but still, when a good pack of hounds and a well-managed establishment get into a plough country, they not only make the best of it, but often show sport their grass friends might envy. This same Suffolk has had some good runs over its dingy ploughs and blind tangled fences, especially on that part hunted by the Essex and Suffolk, who generally keep their best days for the Suffolk side, as Manor Wood, Bull's Cross, Hintlesham Hall, and Groton Wood, can testify. The best run of the season was probably from Manor Wood, when a real old-fashioned fox took them sixteen miles, and yet beat them, owing to darkness coming on. Mr. Nunn, who we are happy to learn will still continue the mastership, not only provides a good pack of hounds, with every help in the shape of a most competent huntsman, but, although seventeen stone, contrives to ride to hounds in a manner that a good many lighter men fail to surpass. Having given away some of his country to Lord Rendlesham, several of his good covers, and one very stanch fox-preserver (Sir George Broke 'Middleton), are lost to him. Lord Rendlesham has, in the kindest and most sportsman-like manner, come forward to hunt a nearly new country, and has had as much sport as could be expected; but still, in some quarters, and those most influential ones, has not been treated in fox preserving as his generosity deserved: we must hope for better things next year, when a more liberal and friendly spirit may be awakened. His best days have been from Holbrook Park and Bullen Wood, two clipping runs from the latter being especially remarkable. It would hardly be fair to mention Suffolk without 'Frost,'—not that hardened sinner, 'hated by all the talent,' but a certain Charles of that name—who, though a hard 'un in every sense of the word, we would be sorry to style 'a 'sinner,' as he always keeps the proper side of a cover, never heads a fox, but, when they run, heads every one close, on a grey, whose destination, were he in other hands (he could not be in better), should be at Melton. The best thanks of Suffolk Sportsmen are due to Colonel Anstruther, of Hintlesham Hall, who has, with the utmost good feeling and generosity, taken care that foxes are not only shown, but preserved, in his valuable covers.

On Monday, March 22, Mr. North's (the Bicester) hounds had a good old-fashioned run, with a fox that jumped up on Mr. Eustace's farm, near Addington, and took them over the Stratton Audley country to Bucknell, three miles beyond Bicester, where they caught him—a ten-mile point, and hounds ran it half as far again, and nearly all over grass. Time, 1 h. and 37 min.

The York and Ainsty country has been occasionally hunted by the neighbouring packs. The Bedale had a couple of days, one on the Copgrove, the other on the Hill Moor side of the country, but not much sport. The 16th of March was a great day. Sir George Wombwell and the Members of his Hunt invited Mr. Hall to bring his famous Holderness Hounds to meet at Dring Houses. And what a meet! Every man who could sit on a saddle turned out; every carriage, every fly, every man who could walk; also a heavy train from Leeds and Harrogate, and a good number by train from the Holderness country—all anxious to see this far-famed pack. And nobody was disappointed. At 12.30 Mr. Hall arrived. If ever he had a chance to feel shy, it must have been on this occasion, when he found such a mass of horse-

men prepared to receive him. However, he had those well-known sportsmen, Holliday, Lambert, and Botterill with him, and he faced the crowd, feeling confident that he had brought something worth looking at. Backhouse, his huntsman, rode into 'the ring' with 18 couple of particularly smart clever bitches. Mr. Hall, his two daughters, and six servants, very magnificently mounted, made up a most splendid and business-like tableau. Even old 'Will Danby' said 'he never seed ou't like it afore.' The first fox was found in Askham Whin; but the scent was bad, and the crowd a little troublesome. The second fox, from Askham Bog, went away well, and after a few fields the hounds settled to work, and ran a capital good pace for 50 min. Unfortunately they ran to Red House, the residence of Captain and Mrs. Leslie, the late Sir C. Slingsby's sister, and Mr. Hall at once had the hounds whipped off. However, it was a good run, and the hounds proved themselves good, hunting and driving in beautiful style. Mr. Lane Fox also gave a couple of days' meeting at Buckle's Inn, and killing a brace of foxes each day, but—ringing foxes!

It is impossible to avoid reflecting upon the great prosperity of foxhunting. With racing, it continues to increase in popularity. These two grand amusements—one for winter, the other for summer—are not to be put down. The sale of hunters at York and at Scriven show that rich men will give any price for a safe conveyance over the country. The late Mr. Robinson of York was a fine horseman, rode well-bred horses, and was always close to hounds. Mr. Lloyd was a heavy man, rode straight and well, and stuck to hounds all day *upon one horse*. Hunting men from all parts flocked to York to buy these 'well-known' hunters. The crowd was enormous, many pushing to get a sight of the horses, others to see Lord Henry nod to the auctioneer. Decidedly the best-shaped horse and most perfect hunter in Mr. Robinson's lot was Laddie, and he was knocked down to Mr. George Thompson, who bought him for Mr. Villiers, and we are glad he has fallen into such good hands. We should have grieved to see Sherry, Spurs, Uncomfortable Bridle, and Bouquet blundering over the country on him. Lord H. B. bought a neat ch. horse, Cock Robin; but Sir George Wombwell secured Kildare, a better horse. It is low to talk of money. Humpty Anderson always said, 'What signifies 'price'? Still it requires pluck to give the price that was given at the hammer for Laddie, 360 gs. The best horse in Mr. Lloyd's lot was bought by Colonel Gascoigne, of Parlington, a heavy man, and well known with the Bramham Moor hounds, Tophorn, 290 gs.—a useful horse. At Scriven the attendance was not so great; but there were some few substantial men from all quarters of England and Scotland determined to buy Rosamond, a bay mare, bred by Sir G. Cholmondeley. She carried the late Sir Charles Slingsby five seasons most brilliantly. Her limbs had not a scratch on them: short legs, good shoulders, most perfect formation of back and hind quarters, good head, and game expression, looked thoroughbred, and able to carry 13 stone. She was knocked down to Mr. Bucannon for 430 gs. Snow fell, and silence for a moment prevailed. The stud was not a very good one. A grey horse, a charming light-weight hunter, was bought by a 'non-jumping local' for 310 gs. The brothers Vyner bought two or three nice horses, at not very unreasonable prices. Many of the 'old screws,' saddles, bridles, &c., were bought by men who were anxious to have something that had belonged to 'Sir Charles.'

Mr. Craven has succeeded Captain Thomson as Master of the Pytchley; and if at the termination of his career he is only half as popular as his predecessor has been with all classes, he will have no reason at all to complain. Captain Thomson possessed every qualification that a Master of

Hounds should have, and his position was the more difficult, as he hunted the hounds himself. He was kind and courteous to all men alike, from the highest to the lowest, and he never forgot that fox-hunting depends quite as much on the goodwill of the farmers as of the nobility and gentry. Mr. Oswald Milne has given up the management of the North Warwickshire, and is succeeded by Mr. Lant and Tom Firr, late with the Pytchley, and as good and civil a servant as ever we saw in a hunting field will be his huntsman. As far as Hampshire is concerned, it may be said that the hunting season is come to an end: that is a fact, and a melancholy fact too. On March 2nd, the H. H. met at West Tisted, where the Hunt were regaled with all that was good by Mr. Stubbs. A fox was found on Bramdean Common; went away by Tisted Rows to Ashton Wood, by Privett, over the Petersfield road, and killed in a small covert opposite the lodge of Basing Park; 55 min. On going away from Bramdean Common to Tisted Rows it was a most beautiful sight to see Mr. Thomas Scotland, who, it is said, is in his eighty-fifth year, riding alongside of the hounds on his thoroughbred one, with his fine hands and seat; alongside of his hounds, not, as some writers say, at the tail of hounds, which is a most unsportsmanlike place to ride, and drives hounds over the stent, but alongside, two or three hundred yards behind the leading hounds, and at least a hundred yards wide of them, to give them room to turn. No wonder his grandson, Mr. Arthur Yates, is such an accomplished sportsman and such a first-rate horseman, both in the field and over a steeplechase course. A second fox was found at Brookwood, which took a wide ring, when Mr. Deacon had the hounds stopped, not wishing to kill another, which he would have accomplished in five minutes more, saying, 'A man that is merciful is merciful to his beast.' He was wrong in saying beast, he should have said 'the noble animal.' There is a testimonial to Mr. Deacon to be subscribed for by the gentlemen and farmers that hunt with him, and no one deserves such a mark of public esteem more than the Master of the H. H., for the continued sport he has shown, and for his urbanity to all who come out with him. The Hambledon have not had any remarkable runs to record. On Monday, March 15th, they had a fair hunting run of 1 hour and 20 min., but did not kill: the fox was found in one of Sir Clarke Jervoise's coverts. Why does Sir Clarke Jervoise have plenty of game, and yet hounds, directly they go into one of his coverts, find a fox? Please let some game preserver work this problem out. Wednesday, March 17th.—Met at Southwick Park. A blank day: drew acres of woodland. Why does Mr. Thistlethwayte have plenty of game, and when hounds draw his coverts they don't find a fox? Let anybody with some spare time upon his hands work this problem out. On Friday, the 19th, they had a capital 35 min., and run to ground. They have not been fortunate in killing. The following conversation was heard in the field one day. An ex-M. F. H. said, 'What an extraordinary field there is out! so many shopboys on hacks; it never used to be so in my time.' The answer was—'They are not shopboys, they are young officers that these competitive examinations have brought forward.' People do turn out in the present day in very extraordinary costumes in the provincial countries. Some years ago, when that celebrated Master of the New Forest Hounds, the late Mr. Nicoll, hunted that country, a certain captain who had been in the dragoons, but not much accustomed to fox-hunting, came out one day dressed in white cord trousers, a scarlet coat, and white hat. A ringing fox was found and killed. He rode up to Mr. Nicoll and said, 'Will you give me the brush?' 'Certainly,' was the answer; and when he presented him with it, he said, 'Will you oblige me by telling me the night you intend to come out at Astley's?' In Devon-



shire Lord Portsmouth has not done so well during the past month as in the earlier part of the season; but on the 18th, after badgering about for two hours in some big woods of Lord Polkimore's, an old dog fox broke away all over the open heath and moor, and finding the pace too great, he then turned into the inclosures, and was run into under Molland Common, in a water meadow: time, 3 hours.

Hunting in The Vale is over, and the greatest grumbler must admit that the past season, has been a most successful one. Hunting was not stopped by weather for a single day. Up to the middle of November the ground was dry, and, consequently, sport was indifferent; but as soon as the rain came down the Whaddon Chase hounds never went out of kennel for three months without showing a good day's sport. On the wettest of days the Squire would turn out in wind and weather scoring garments, on his head a sou'-wester, on his body a red, or rather brickdust-coloured waterproof, with fishing-boots up to his hips, affording a happy contrast to the Jemmy Jessamy young gentlemen from Town, with their French polish boots and bouquets in their buttonholes. After the middle of February scent changed for the worse, and, with the exception of a couple of good days on the 9th and 16th of March, these hounds did nothing worthy of mention. Lord Galway has put five bitches to the Squire's Druid, which Jack Morgan declares to be 'the sensiblest hound I ever know'd.' Druid's own sister Dahlia is equally as good as he is: they are by Lord Yarborough's Leveller.

The sport with Baron Rothschild's staghounds has been quite up to its usual form. The run of the season was on Monday, March 1st, from Eythrop. Hounds ran hard for one hour and twenty-five minutes, with one slight check, over one of the wildest hunting countries in the kingdom. They crossed Fleet Marston, Waddesdon, Windmill Hill, Wotton, the Pollicott Brook, Brill, up to Boarstall Wood, where they turned and took the deer at Oakley village. After the first hour the hounds ran clean out of sight, and were not again viewed until after the turn at Boarstall; but as the old Lord Jersey used to say, 'It wants an eagle to fly over Brill Hill.' This was the best run the Baron's hounds have had for many seasons. Of long laborious chases we may select the Buckingham day, the Grendon day, the day in the Hampden Woodlands, and the day over the Marsh country, as being the most trying for hounds and horses. Of the shorter, but sharper and more decisive sort, we must not pass over that afternoon burst from Mentmore to Weston Turville—eight miles from point to point in less than forty minutes—when Captain the Hon. Charles White, on Tinderbox, made the rough places smooth, and the crooked paths straight, for those that came after him, and discovered that he had in his stable the future winner of the Guards' Cup. Nor ought we to omit the run from Hogston to Maids Moreton, when the pretty Mrs. Brooke went so gallantly upon her chesnut, and when Mr. Edgar Hibbert, with a beaten horse, attempted to swim the river at Thornton. The rider swam out on the right side, but the son of Dr. O'Toole was nearly sacrificed to the impetuosity of his youthful owner.

Well, the fun is over, and Linslade, the sporting suburb of Leighton Buzzard, is pretty nigh deserted. The Boxes, where lately a hundred gallant hunters were stabled, are now without tenants. The hunting-room at the Elephant no longer rings with merry laughter at the pleasant stories of Whyte-Melville, or the quips and jokes of the cheery Charles Beville. The obliging landlord, Mr. Shearman, and his indefatigable assistant, Miss Lucy Parker, for the next six months are doomed to inactivity.

'Each season has its joys, 'tis true,  
 And none can reason spurn,  
 And they that Nature rightly view  
 Enjoy them each in turn :  
 The courser, racer, angler, shot,  
 Take each as each is born,  
 But the season of seasons is it not  
 When the huntsman winds his horn ?'

Sir Joseph Hawley's Emancipation Bill for the Relief of Two-Year Olds, and the consequent restoration of those good old five and six-year old Cup horses, which at one time were our pride and delight, increases in interest in proportion as the time for its decision draws near. That the question will be fiercely debated, the tone of the correspondence that has been published clearly indicates, and Sir Joseph's measures are looked upon much in the same light as those of Mr. Gladstone with reference to the Irish Church, and the division-list will show whether gambling, or the judicious and moderate use of young horses, has the most advocates in the Jockey Club. The rules of Nature, the advocates of early running argue, are exceptionally reversed in their case, and Thormanby is quoted an instance of the truth of their arguments. But one swallow does not make a summer; and why we are to run the risk of losing all our best horses, because Mr. Merry won the Derby with the much-knocked-about Thormanby, we are at a loss to discover. It occurs to us, also, as a strange circumstance, that the Anti-Hawley party do not see that if the two-year olds are not permitted to run so much at that age, they are compensated by having the greater portion of the following year to them, selves. They have, therefore, every inducement to treat their young horses tenderly. Whether the running of such a filly as Bonnie Katie twenty times is calculated to add to her value as a brood mare, or a racehorse, we leave others to determine. But we should think it very doubtful if she would either stay better, or throw a more useful colt or filly. These are not the stuff of which Derby winners are made. The great advantage Sir Joseph Hawley will have, strikes us, is having the question debated in London, because he will be able to obtain the votes of many noblemen and gentlemen who are not *hackneys* of Newmarket, and who are thus likely to overcome the opposition of Young England. We will also here take the opportunity of correcting a very erroneous impression that is current in society, that Sir Joseph Hawley is the first person that originated this discussion; whereas, in reality, it dates back from 1593, when Shakespeare, in 'Venus and Adonis,' contends that—

'The colt that is backed, and burdened being young,  
 Loseth his pride and never waxeth strong.'

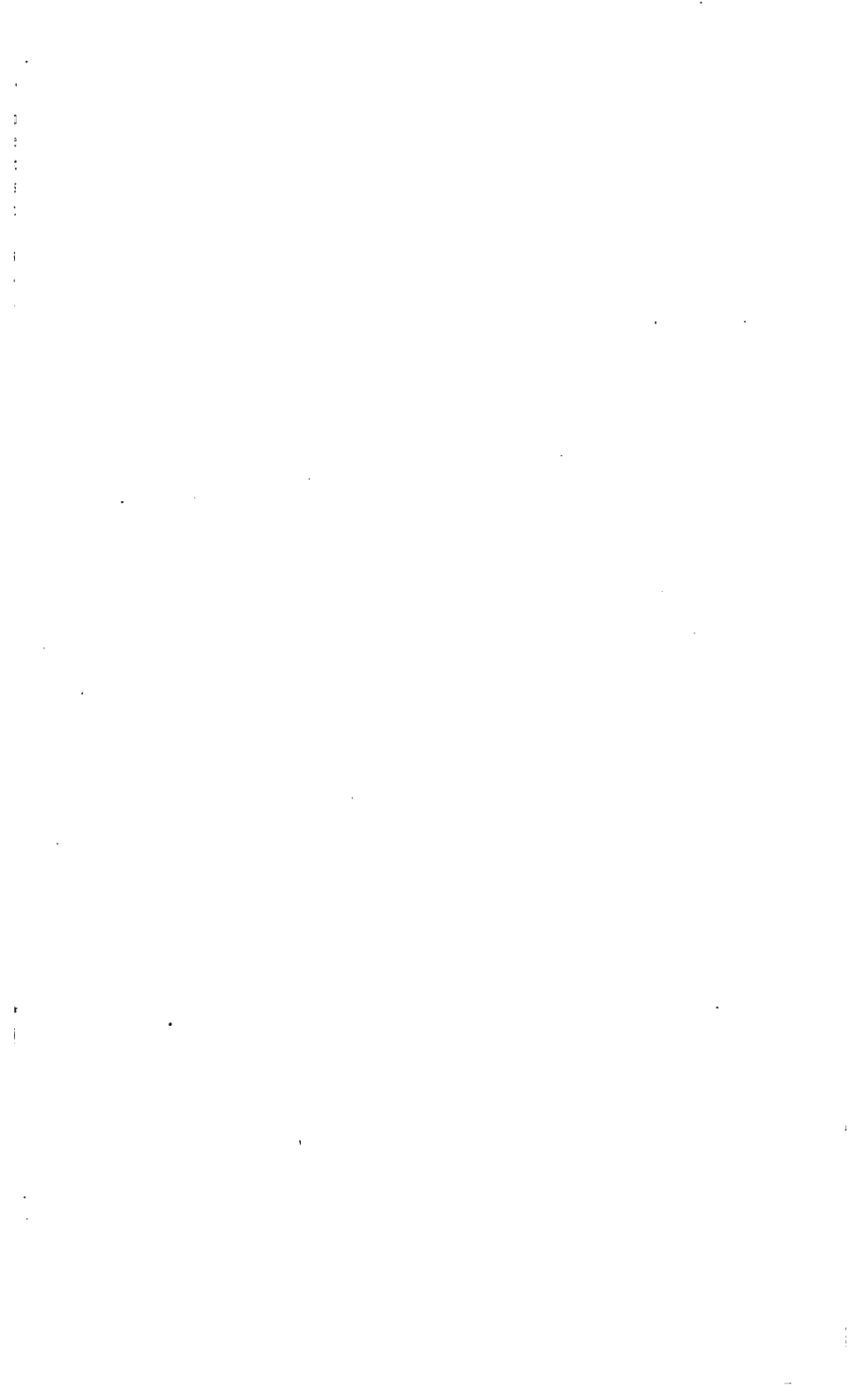
The Mortality of the Month has been unusually great, and has embraced all sorts and conditions of men, from the great Scottish Earl down to the Irish adventurer, Jack Holmes, who, we perceive by 'The Sportsman,' a short time back, paid the only debt that he could not avoid doing, viz., the debt of Nature, for which she would take no refusal. Of Lord Glasgow so much has been written, and the biography of him which appeared in our pages has been so extensively copied in the newspapers, that little is left for us to say here, more particularly after the eloquent tribute that has been paid to his memory by 'Amphion.' Still there are certain personal reasons that render it almost incumbent on us to pay the last tribute to his memory. Lord Glasgow's errors were those of the age in which he was reared, and had he been one of

the modern generation, they would soon have been corrected by the force of public opinion, which at the outset of his career was a dead letter. His kindness of heart was as notorious as his honour, the purity of which was unquestioned and unquestionable, and, to use a sporting phrase, it hedged a greater portion of the results caused by his ill-temper, which were materially increased by his neuralgia, which frequently kept him in perfect torture. He raced as became his high station, and his popularity arose from the deep-seated conviction, in the public mind, that his horses ran solely upon their merits, and with no other view than to the accomplishment of the actual race before them. In this respect he has left behind him but few imitators; but then it may be said that every one has not sixty thousand a year, as Lord Glasgow was blessed with, or the results would be the same as in his case. As a proof of the interest he took in his stud, we may state that he never sold one of them in his life, and whenever he gave an animal away, it was always with the condition it should be either returned to him or destroyed. And as these terms are imposed upon General Peel and Mr. Payne, with regard to his stud, we think that in all 'probability the whole of the Berbatases, Miss Whips, Physalises and Co., are a 'doomed race, for which an address of thanksgiving ought to be presented by the lovers of the Turf to the above gentlemen. He lived to a ripe old age, and retained his faculties to the last, while he took an interest in everything appertaining to his horses until the closing hour of his existence, which was hurried on by the quantities of laudatum which his physicians were obliged to give him to procure sleep, and which gradually reduced his frame so much that he could not stand its power. The aversion which he entertained towards 'Argus,' it was thought, he would carry to his grave with him. But in this idea people were mistaken, for we understand that within the last two months, on that writer expressing to him his annoyance at the constant repetition in the Sporting Comic Papers of the reported observations he made on him, he received a prompt and satisfactory reply on the subject, indicating a total change in the weather had taken place at Hawkhead. We do not think we can add another word in behalf of Lord Glasgow, who, with all his foibles, we fear has left no imitator of his conduct as a Sportsman of the Old School, which was founded on the purest principles of honour and rectitude. Sir John Johnstone was one of the best specimens of 'The Fine 'Old English Gentleman' extant, and looked and dressed the character to perfection. In fact, he always reminded us of Farren in one of those domestic dramas which Planché used to put on the stage under the Vestris dynasty. He was a very hard man with hounds, and went very fast at fences, and he rode as fearlessly as ever until he met with his accident, which carried him off to the universal regret of all his friends, both sporting and political. With his title and fortune, his son has inherited his popularity to its fullest extent. Mr. Arthur Heathcote, the idol of Epsom, is another of the remarkable men who have been cut off in the prime of life in the present eventful year. He was the youngest son of the late Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and being to very fond of horses, he spent most of his early youth in the stables, where he acquired that knowledge which he possessed, and which afterwards proved of so much use to him. Sly as a woodcock, he never sought the society of his equals, but preferred to mix in agricultural and social circles, in which he could indulge his talent for humorous and descriptive anecdotes. As a yearling judge, he had but few equals, and he dearly delighted to take stock of the young things at Middle Park, or Hampton Court, where his marked catalogue bore a close comparison with the return

list. As Master of the Surrey Stag Hounds, he showed excellent sport during the fifteen years he had them, as no day was too long, no distance too great, but what he would encounter. He knew the points of a racehorse as well as those of a yearling, and he was a fine judge of performances, winning at times good stakes of the bookmakers, with whom he was a great favourite. His death arose from a cold, which he caught from going out when ill, to see Sloman tried (and a great many of our acquaintance would go to see the same sight), contrary to the advice of his medical attendants, who foresaw the danger from it. But he would persist in going, and sent to have another couple of hundred put on Sloman, who, by his performance at Warwick, made himself as unpopular as his namesake in Chancery Lane is with impetuous persons. Mr. Heathcote's funeral was almost a public one, and one great proof of the manner in which he was esteemed was, that the Prince de Joinville was among the mourners. This compliment was at once marked, and delicate. The next person we come to, is one of a very different stamp, and yet who played a conspicuous part in the Racing Drama a quarter of a century back—we allude to Mr. William Stebbing, who was familiarly termed 'The Emperor,' both from his personal resemblance to Louis Napoleon, and possessing many of the same attributes of character. At one time, he was one of the largest bettors on the Turf, and as ripe fruit is always picked at first, his Twenty Thousand Pound Yearling Book was secured about Peddington, West Australian, and Daniel O'Rourke; upon all of which he paid in full. He was at one time at the head of the B Green-Confederacy, when they had Assault, Beverlac, Flatcatcher and Swiss Boy, all in the Derby, and got a cartload of money out of them, afterwards, purchasing Shylock, of Lord Caledon, to run in that race for them. The star of 'The Emperor's' destiny first began to pale in Voltigeur's year, when he laid an awful stake against Lord Zetland's horse; and as he could not get out of it, at the post, because there was no money in the market, he was obliged to stand it, and came to an arrangement with his creditors. Having thus failed as a bookmaker, he next turned breeder, but failed in that also, and from some cause or another, he never seemed to get a turn, and finally settled down at Hatchett's, which he made his St. Helena, and where he used to discuss 'men, manners, and things in general,' with all the men of the world, who make that hotel their head-quarters. His conversation was eminently amusing, and he delivered his opinions in a self-assured, dignified style, which strongly resembled that of Doctor Johnson. Few men possessed a better memory, and his anecdotes of racehorses, and racing men, were eminently instructive. He was a great admirer of Admiral Ross, whose confidence he enjoyed, and on his death-bed, he assured us, he never abused it. Like most Emperors, his expenditure exceeded his Civil List, but that did not prevent his sinking quietly away at Hatchett's, from whence his remains were removed to Crown Court, a fit place for imperial remains to rest in. From thence they were ultimately removed to the Brompton Cemetery, in which, through the kindness of the Duke of Argyll (*né* Bignell), the body of the Emperor found a last resting-place. In his closing hours, he was abandoned by his few surviving relatives, whom he had advanced in the world, with his money; but one of them, who 'on his former bounty fed,' came up to see him, and before his dying eyes were closed, despoiled his Imperial uncle's pocket of a solitary penny, which constituted the latter's reserve fund, husbanded for a special purpose. Such a petty-larceny robber is just the sort of person who would be mean enough, after sending a man a hare, to ask him, a day or two after

he supposed he had dressed it, if he would be good enough to oblige him with the skin, in order that he might make three halfpence of it. Yorkshire has lost another of its old racing men in Jack Robson, who was about the last surviving friend of poor Bill Scott, and was one of the trusty guardians appointed to keep 'watch and ward' over him, when Sir Tatton Sykes won the St. Leger.

Racing news is not particularly plentiful, but the mania for betting continues unabated, so much so that Doctor Shorthouse himself has engaged to superintend an Agency, with the guarantee of his name for the liquidation of all losses, and for the keeping of good faith with the supporters of it. This Agency offers also such novel and important advantages that we cannot resist pointing them out to our readers, who will, no doubt, experience the benefit of them, as they are perfectly unique of the kind. In the first place they will send their customers the first odds of the morning on which they receive their commissions, and not the afternoon prices, which very often are widely different. In the second place, they pledge themselves, never on the receipt of a large sum of money, to send directly for the owner of the horse wished to be backed, and ask him whether he will like to stand the odds to half that sum, so as to insure the non-starting of the horse in question. And thirdly, that every transaction shall be kept inviolably a secret in the office. This will be of rare advantage to backers, and had the same regulations prevailed at other offices, poor Captain Carstairs of the 78th Highlanders would have been a far richer man, and would not have to complain of his thousand-pound cheque, and other three-figured slips of paper being cut up by those to whom they were consigned. The Captain's folly in this transaction has been much condemned, and it certainly does not say much for the value of military examinations. But he is entitled to some credit for the persistent way in which he enforced his legal rights for a recovery of his money. The sale of the Marquis of Hastings's effects drew 'The Goldsmiths' Company' to Phillipp's, in Bond Street, where they were put up to an admiring audience. The display of plate was equal to that of St. George's Hall on the night of a royal banquet, and the prices ruled so high that half of the company seemed to have flexible wigs, for their hair stood up erect at some of the biddings. When we ourselves were there the plate was fetching three pound per ounce, and finding there was no article in the catalogue that would be within reach of our 'added money,' we took our departure, and viewed the majority of the lots at Hancock's on the following day. Some of them were truly magnificent, as, for instance, his Lordship's gold dressing-case, which originally cost as much as a small Freehold in Middlesex, and was as useless as it was splendid, being the size of a moderate portmanteau, and requiring a couple of footmen to look after it at the same time. It was purchased by Mr. Padwick, and will vibrate between London and Horsham weekly, in which case we expect that the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will provide an extra van in which it may be placed. Johnny Osborne, so long the aim of every Trainer's wife in the north with eligible daughters, has at last resolved upon going to 'The United States,' taking with him as a partner Miss Bradford, a lady of that neighbourhood, and we are certain that all lovers of skilful jockeyship, and sterling integrity, will wish them a happy career in that country. The case of the officers of the Hussars and the Scotch bookmaker must stand over till next month, but we think the former were ill advised to rush into a court of law, for defamation of character, which only brought them, by way of recompense, the smallest coin almost known in the currency of the United Kingdom.





*Wm. H. P. photo.*

*Leonard H. Pinkham*

*Leonard H. Pinkham.*

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### SIR REGINALD GRAHAM, BART.

PROMINENT among the young men of the period who patronise our 'National Sports,' is Sir Reginald Graham, who bids fair to be as great an ornament to them, as his father, Sir Bellingham Graham, whose name is still held in grateful reminiscence at Melton, and wherever fox-hunters most do congregate.

Sir Reginald Graham was born at Norton Conyers, in Yorkshire, in 1835, and succeeded his father, as the eighth baronet of that name, on June 15th, 1866. He received his education at Sandhurst, on quitting which, he joined the 14th Regiment, and proceeded to the Crimea. While here engaged, he served at the siege of Sebastopol, and, after its capture, was appointed to a company in the Rifle Brigade, in which corps he served until 1863, when he finally retired from the service. The son of such a distinguished Master of the Quorn and of one who, when on the Turf, had won the St. Leger with The Duchess, was naturally born to race, and hunt, as a young Stockwell is to run. And it was not long before the Sporting World saw that the subject of this memoir was his father's son, and afforded every prospect of treading in his sire's steps; for he may be said to have been scarcely 'out of his eggshell,' before we find him owning Liston and Marble Hill, with whom he did a fair share of business in the steeplechase line. But Sir Reginald had a soul above Selling Stakes, and Consolation Scrambles, and, aiming at higher game, he purchased from John Osborne Miss Euclid and Romping Girl. This proved a fortunate venture for him, as the latter, when running in Lord Westmoreland's name, after having been placed third for the Cesarewitch to Julius, carried off the Great Yorkshire Handicap, the Shrewsbury Cup, the Great Midland Handicap at Warwick, besides the Queen's Plates at Doncaster and Warwick. She is, moreover, at the present time one of the prominent



favourites for the Chester Cup, which is so shortly to be decided. That the son and heir of Sir Bellingham Graham should be a patron of the Noble Science may be deemed a foregone conclusion, and in the Beaufort Hunt, of which he is a member, and, from his close intimacy with its noble Master, a constant patron, he has given undeniable proof of his ardour for the Chase, and among the Buff and Blue there are none that play a more conspicuous part with hounds. And he was one of the Duke of Beaufort's Expeditionary Corps, which he formed some six years back, for the purpose of killing wolves in the south of France, and which created such a sensation in that country, although a single wolf only rewarded the Beaufort hounds. As, next to hunting, Sir Bellingham preferred yachting to any other amusement, so his son has evinced the same partiality for the amusement; and he is as well known at Cowes, as at Newmarket, although the Cygnet cannot bear comparison with the Flirt, which was his father's crack vessel, and considered one of the clipper of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Of Sir Bellingham Graham as a Master of Hounds, we may state, that he was *nulli secundus*, at a time when giants may be said to have existed in the land. For he was contemporary with Osbaldeston, Sir Harry Goodricke, Mr. Musters, and Assheton Smith. During his career, he commenced with the Badsworth country, which he took from Mr. Musters, and hunted for two years. He then succeeded Mr. Osbaldeston in the Atherstone country, and, after a short time, he took the Pytchley, on the resignation of Sir Charles Knightley, and from thence he went to the Quorn, where he had the largest subscription ever known to be paid to a M.F.H. From the Quorn he went to the Albrighton, and he finally settled down in Shropshire. In all of these countries he showed extraordinary sport, and kept his fields in the most wonderful order, simply by his own gentlemanly behaviour, which made it always a pleasure to hunt with him. As a judge of hounds he had no equal, as may be imagined, when Mr. Osbaldeston gave him eleven hundred pounds for twenty-five couple. And he may be said to have educated some of the best hunting servants of the age, such as Joe Maiden, Will Staples, and Jack Wrigglesworth, all of whom were striking evidences of his tuition. Of horses, he knew as much as he did of hounds, and he may be termed an 'all-round judge,' for nothing came amiss to him, a hunter, a coach-horse, or a hack; and when he had the Quorn, no one possessed so many good big horses. Many years before his death he had ceased all connection with the Turf, and the Sporting World. But he occasionally might be seen in the bow-window of Boodle's, with Mr. Maxse, Colonel Lowther, and one or two of his contemporaries, who belonged to a set of men who have now ceased to exist. Upon his model Sir Reginald Graham has moulded himself, and from his popularity with all classes in the Sporting World, we should say, with perfect success—so much so, indeed, we are induced to think he could not have adopted a happier Exemplar.

## MORITURUS.

HAS it come to the worst ? Draw the pen through his name—

Let him die as he lived—be there never a stain  
To blazon disgrace on his scutcheon of fame,  
That deeply imprinted shall ever remain.

Let it never be whispered that hunger for gold  
Retarded an instant the seal of his doom ;  
That into the hands of the Philistines sold  
He feasted the vampires who rifled his tomb ;

That he lured to their fate, like a false beacon-light,  
The victims who strove with the waves of despair ;  
Deluding a moment the mariner's sight,  
Then leaving his lost hopes to vanish in air.

No—fondly as o'er our departed we mourn,  
And cherish the lineaments fading away ;  
We hasten the festering corse to inurn,  
Nor taint with its presence the sweetness of day.

Engraven on brass are the records of grace,  
Unwritten the annals of infamy stand ;  
What story of Thormanby's fame can efface  
The horror The Earl's recollections command ?

The rose which has bowed her fair head to the rain,  
And wept all her petals, like tears, to the earth,  
No transient gleam can awaken again,  
No zephyr her glory renew from its birth.

The pale scattered leaves ye may deftly embalm,  
And prison a while the last sweets of her breath ;  
But vainly ye cherish each mouldering charm,  
And sickly and faint is the odour of death.

Your hero is dead—let the curtain descend,  
Like a shroud o'er the features so ghastly and hard ;  
No semblance of life should his ashes attend,  
No folly his funeral honours retard.

Far better his name, like a tale that is told,  
Should float on the waters of Lethe away ;  
And Pity the fleeting remembrance uphold  
Of all that was brightest and best in his day ;

Than that Infamy's curse to his memory should cling,  
While bitter Contempt points the finger of scorn  
At deeds to which time no oblivion can bring ;  
A night which shall never be gladdened by morn.

AMPHION.

## CURRANT JELLY.

BY B. T. C.

*'Fecundæ leporis sapiens sectaberis armos.'*

WHETHER the accomplished satirist who thus wrote of the art, among many other things, of carving a hare was inspired with a gourmet's point of view in selecting the 'wing'—whether, indeed, the latter word may be accepted as a correct translation of the ultimate here-above quoted, or should, according to our modern ideas, give place to 'thigh'—whether or not the poet participated in the vulgar notion of the day that hares were rather more masculine than feminine, but that they were always good eating, and had no close season—these are points on which we might perhaps have cobbled a fair paper some ten years ago in the upper fifth, but which find us now a little past mark of mouth, and, to tell the truth, somewhat more indifferent from day to day. More readily would we speculate as to the probability of the excellent gentleman having kept a few couple of beagles on his Sabine farm, and enjoying an occasional brush with a fox over the wild campagna—timber fences, doubtless, wholly unknown—a feature with regard to which Prince Napoleon and Mr. Knight must rejoice that they live in altered times.

We have often heard it complained that, in the more numerous and fashionable devoteeism accorded to foxhunting, harriers do not quite receive their due share of recognition, and are but inadequately expounded as a large and important branch of the field-sports of Great Britain. Authors of every degree have poured forth prose and verse in the apparently inexhaustible subject of 'the chase.' The great 'Nimrod' himself dedicated his best pamphlet, of 'Quarterly' fame, under this very title, to the wearers of scarlet—'all that' (as the auctioneers would say) series of pleasant stories, of which we can now, alas! hope for no more, so amusingly told by Mr. Surtees, so inimitably illustrated by John Leech, are for the greater part drawn in favour of the M. F. H.—anon a quondam Master of the Pytchley, and a Regius Professor at Cambridge, each in their charming novels make the very cry of foxhounds echo in our ears—while, with Bedford's thoughts in the past school, and Scrutator's in the present, the 'science of foxhunting' can complain of no dearth of prophets. Yet, with the exception of an 'extraordinarily good day' with, let us say, the Duc d'Aumale or Mr. Everett, how rarely do we see a word in print in the interests of harriers! Not, indeed, that concoctions of this sort are always to be accepted without a margin, or that, on the contrary, their absence denotes that there has come to pass nothing worth telling; but it seems strange that hounds, which now-a-days undoubtedly show by far the greatest amount of sport, in the truest and most legitimate sense of the word *hunting*, should receive such comparatively slight patronage either at the covert side or in the columns of the sporting journals. Who ever heard, for instance, of a special commissioner being told off to an establishment of currant

jellies, though the readers of 'Baily' know well enough that these learned and agreeable gentlemen often find their way to foxhunting quarters which, for breeding of hounds, kennel management, general turn-out, and *sport in the field*, could not hold a candle to many a well-appointed pack of harriers? And is it not the fact, that when we hear or speak of a 'hunting man' in the ordinary acceptance of the term, we do not intend or understand it—at least few of us would do so—as being predicable of any one who only joined in the pursuit of puss?

Yet if we turn to the annual kennel list published by the 'Field,' we see the list of harriers by no means very greatly in a minority of their more fashionable rivals; while if we include numberless other *bonâ fide* packs which send up no 'field-state,' and are perhaps scarcely heard of twenty miles from home, to say nothing of a host of little-goes all over the country, there appears an array with which nothing can compete in the way of numbers, and with regard to which, this fact being placed beyond dispute, we can but inquire the cause of their occupying so second-rate a position in the scale of veneration. We seem here to have two propositions:—on the one hand, a vast number of people, with a proportionate amount of horses, servants, and all sorts of 'plant,' representing a considerable quorum of the sporting population of these islands, breeding and drafting their establishments with the greatest care, hunting often three and four days a week, frequently in the most charming countries, under the most favourable circumstances, and with everything done, where the menage is of the first water, in very faultless and tip-top style indeed. And yet so modest a reputation does this species of hunting, with which so many are content, season after season, command, that by no possibility, as it seems to us, could it ever be elevated to the rank of a national pastime, or be placed on even terms with the chase of the fox. Let us suppose—for in these days it is well to anticipate any eventuality—let us suppose that in the disturbance of affairs that would ensue on the accession to power of a more than ordinarily democratic and revolutionary government, some one should carry a bill, being supported by a certain section of the community, to put a stop to the preservation of foxes, or indeed to extirpate them altogether, after the manner of the wolves in former years—can we believe that men who have hitherto been accustomed to foxhounds would find themselves satisfied with the sudden substitution of what they now do not care to go near, and that, in fact, hare-hunting would assume the principal position among the field-sports of the United Kingdom? We trow not. And the reason why it has so little hold upon the mind and affections of going men is, its essential *tameness*—it has no *dash*.

We have no fear whatever of being misinterpreted or misunderstood by the most sanguine M. H., or of appearing to cast a slight upon a sport which is conducive to the happiness and enjoyment of an infinity of good men and true. Nay, we can even confidently appeal to them, and ask whether they do not in their inmost hearts

feel that the more they hunt hare, the more they want to hunt fox? Will they not confess to a fondness for an outlyer, and to a thrill of pleasure at a genuine tally? Do they not yearn for something wilder than the finding of a poor creature crouching in her form, the getting her away, if possible, without a view, the frequent chopping, and then, after being fairly settled to the scent, and going right away without a turn for perhaps a mile, everything looking propitious for a good thing—then, horror of horrors! to see her, without rhyme or reason, come lopping back into the very same field with the hounds, or else jumping up in front of them, and spoiling all the nose-work, by making every hound chase his game with no more appearance of ever having run by scent than Master M'Grath or Bab at the Bowster.

'Poor is the triumph of the timid hare.'

And few thistlewippers will disagree with us when we say that the most brilliant thing of the season falls not a little short of that completeness which should be the ambition of every huntsman when the finale takes place, and he sees his hounds run into what has always seemed to us one of the most distressing sights that can be witnessed—a beaten hare,

Much as may be alleged in favour of harrier-craft, it amounts in the main to very little. Men may plume themselves upon possessing it; but even those (and there are many) who are most entitled to do so will acknowledge the utter uncertainty attending, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a cast for a hare. Perhaps this cannot be fairly understood without watching her running from some favourable hill-top, the not infrequent post of observation of wary hare-hunters; and then as she tacks and twists and turns in the vale below, meshes backwards and forwards in and out of the same field, runs up and down a furrow, and in other ways, as it has been not inaptly termed, 'makes her works,' it will be difficult to decide whether stupidity or cunning has most to do with these inexplicable antics; but we shall certainly learn to see the hopelessness of attempting to help the hounds to unravel such labyrinths.

The fact is that there is no science in hare-hunting. The only science is of a negative kind, and that is to leave the hounds alone. It is, as we have before remarked, in the absolute *hunting* qualities of this breed of hounds, in their keenness of nose, their pertinacity and their patience, that their true charm consists—and whether they are bred to be fifteen inches high, or as in some countries where there are stone walls to get over, or stony-hearted fields to get away from, twenty-three, it matters little, so long as they do their work *more suo*—and if they cannot always find their own game, at least show themselves able to hunt and kill it without aid or interference.

If a flashy, lift-expecting pack of foxhounds is to be denounced, of all things must harriers that are encouraged to get their heads up be the greatest incongruity and burlesque on hunting; and men who love to see hounds work will be more inclined to be wroth with them

for doing so than with the less self-reliant and sagacious foxhound. There are indeed some countries where the conditions are so favourable to harriers that the most fastidious men for straight-going and pace are satisfied—where hounds seldom go out without excellent sport, and where the hares seem only to want to grow their scuts longer to be mistaken for a real greyhound fox. This pleasant but exceptional state of things is not, however, by any means indispensable to the enjoyment of a great deal of sport; and it is good to think of the multitudes of people who, through the medium of harriers, are enabled to see so much hunting at a comparatively small expense, and with little of the complications and troubles that are inseparable from foxhounds. More especially would we beg to recommend it to that class of equestrians for whom the famous Dick Christian used to say (why, we have no idea), that the Rufford Hunt (which is *not* to be a thing of the past) was particularly suited, namely, the ladies.

It is often urged that harriers are a useful preliminary to a Master of foxhounds, whether he handle the latter himself or not; but, except perhaps for becoming familiar with hounds generally, there is not much in the comparison. The two sorts of hounds are so essentially and widely different, that it can but rarely happen that the same man can throw himself into both with equal facility; and if a huntsman is not part and parcel of his pack, they are better without him.

There is, however, one reason why harriers may be looked upon with gratitude by hunting men. Their popularity with farmers, who are ever ready to see them on their land, and who indeed are in numbers of cases the proprietors of a little 'cry,' goes far to disprove the unceasing charges brought against the pink of damages to fences and wheat. And if occupiers can welcome the presence of a field of green-coats, who find their hares, run and kill them, often within a radius of a mile, pounding in the course of an ordinary day twenty times over the same ground, they may fairly be expected to tolerate any visitation in the shape of hounds.

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## THE WARD UNION HUNT.

*(Dedicated, by permission, to Mrs. Leonard Morrogh.)*

BY G. J. WHYTE-MELVILLE.

THERE are flowers on the earth, there are gems in the sea :

There's the pearl and the ruby—the lily, the rose ;  
But the emerald green is the jewel for me,

And the shamrock's the dearest of posies that grows.  
For the flower and the gem are combined in the sward  
That gives pleasure and pace to a run with the Ward.

Oh ! the harrier makes music that's sweet to the ear,  
And the note of the fox-hound rings home to the brain,

But the sport we love best is a spin with the deer,  
O'er the pick of the pasture—the pride of the plain,  
Where the men of the Hunt, and the men of the sword,  
Are at work with their spurs to ride up to the Ward.  
Not a moment to lose if you'd share in the fun,  
Of a gate or a gap not a sign to be seen,  
Ere the dancers are ready the ball has begun  
To the tune, if you like it, of 'Wearing the Green';  
For a horse may be grassed, and his rider be floored  
In a couple of shakes, when they start with the Ward.  
'Now loose him!—now lift him! Your soul, what a place!'  
An embankment between, and a yawner each side.  
What delivered us over alone was the pace,  
Never spare when you're 'on an engagement' to ride!  
For the whip must be drawn, and the flanks must be scored,  
If you're called on in earnest to live with the Ward.  
Then forward! The hounds are still fleeting away.  
How they drive for a scent, how they press for a view!  
Now they have it! and strain at the flanks of their prey,  
As he scuds by Dunshaughlin, and on to Kilrue;  
While the field are beat off, from the lout to the lord,  
For the tail of a comet's a joke to the Ward.  
The boldest are baffled, the best are outpaced; '  
For wreckers and ropes at each fence there's a call.  
What with riders dismounted, and horses disgraced,  
You'd think not a leap was left in us at all.  
But these humours your bard hasn't breath to record,  
For disasters come thick in a run with the Ward.  
Like fairies we whirl by the Fairy-house. See,  
They are down in the gripe, and the mare's on the man!  
But a voice cometh up from the deep, and, says he,  
'It's pretendin' ye are! Sure ye're *schaming* it, Fan!'  
So we leave them, in hopes they may soon be restored.  
There's no time to look back in a run with the Ward.  
At the finish, how few are there left in the game!  
And the few that are left are well pleased to be there.  
But an Irishman rides for the sport, not the fame;  
And it's little he'll trouble, and less that he'll care  
For the stakes, when the pieces are swept from the board.  
It's diversion he likes. So he hunts with the Ward.  
Then success to the Master! More power, and long life!  
Success to his horses, his hounds, and his men!  
And the brightest of days to his fair lady-wife!  
May she lead us, and beat us, again and again!  
Thus from Sorrow we'll borrow all Fate can afford,  
And with Morrogh to-morrow we'll hunt with the Ward!

## THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

XII.—A CIRCUMSTANTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS MATCH FOR A HUNDRED A SIDE BETWEEN DOCTOR SUTTON'S BAY HORSE, KELPIE, AND REGINALD WOODRIDGE ESQUIRE'S CHESNUT MARE, BLOUZELINDA, WILL BE FOUND IN THIS CHAPTER ; TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS RELEVANT TO AND ARISING FROM THAT ENTHRALLING EVENT.

'MAT, they tell me thy maister's gannin' tee ride a match wi' that Woodridge, o' Shipley,' said umpire John Golightly, to our friend Crisp, on the morning after the bills were published. Crisp was jogging home with Kelpie's stable-companion, Widow Malone, after treating her to a canter over the course.

'And they nobbut tell thou what's true, Jack,' replied Matthew, with appropriate gravity.

'Verra good. Now harks' thou, Mat—there's naebody aboot—I'm summat hard up just noo; but I mun back the Doctor if he has a chance. Has he?'

'Yes.'

'Rosy?'

'No.'

'Why what's thou been aboot, Mat?' asked Golightly, opening his eyes to the fullest extent, in sheer wonderment. 'Didn't they ask *thy* advice, afore making the match? how, that thou didn't crab it right off?'

Briefly, but gloomily, Crisp related the legend of the wager; indignantly, and *not* briefly, commented on the artful dodge of Mr. Patrick Ryan. Golightly spared not his condolence—nor proofs of his native prudence.

'Friendship is friendship, Matthew, but niver a friend in the wide world wad persuade me to back owt that hadn't a chance. That yap, Essom,—he *is* our secretary, thou sees, Mat, and I'm in a manner bound to be civil to him,—offered to lay me two to one again' the Doctor. I dinnot think, after what thou's tell'd me, that thy maister's gotten much prospect of pulling it off: but I shall tak' Essom's two to one nane the less. Accidents 'll happen i' steeplechasin' as weel as i' cricket, and mebbly there'll be sike 'n a thing as hedgin' to a profit on the day.'

'Please thyself', Jack,' rejoined Crisp, 'please thyself'. We can ride a bit, remember; and we'se try all we know. Dinnot forget that.'

'All right. I shall tak' his two to one. Ta, ta!—Oh! isn't that the nag he mēans to run?'

'Noa!' replied Crisp, in a tone the least bit contemptuous. 'This is't mēar. He can give her a stēan and a bëatin'—ony distance!'

'Why, thou dissent säay so? He can, can he?—Then I SHALL tak' that Essom's two to one. Ta, ta!'



And Mr. John Golightly straightway proceeded to the establishment of the Leviathan of Heatherthorp, there to book two to one against Kelpie—in crowns. It is peradventure needless to remark that the stone and a beating to which Crisp had so nonchalantly adverted existed solely in his fertile brain; it was literally a flight of fancy. Kelpie and the mare had never been tried together since they came into the Doctor's possession; but Mat plainly saw (or fancied he saw, which amounted to the same thing) that it was not improbable his master would fall a victim to the machinations of Ryan and company, so he made up his mind to a little scheming on his own account, with the laudable intention of worsting the conspirators at their own game. Mr. Arthur was too honourable for 'em, but not *he*! *Only wait.* He knew intuitively that Golightly would chaff Essom—after the Leviathan had booked the bet—and he cunningly suspected 'it would come out' in the course of the wordy encounter, that Kelpie could give Molly Malone one-and-twenty pounds (Jack would never stop short at a stone!) and beat her out of sight! Making the utmost allowance for the unbelief of 'the talent' assembled within the walls of the local subscription rooms, Mr. Golightly's mild assertion would, he was sure, make Kelpie a better favourite. When the price shortened, Crisp would be prepared with another card, and—another; so that, win the match or lose it, he would touch some of their coin. Of that he was resolved.

The little fiction which Crisp had contrived was promulgated, as he conjectured, by Golightly 'with illustrations and additions;' and it produced the anticipated effect. Kelpie became a better favourite. The Leviathan declined now to offer more than seven to four against the Doctor's champion. Crisp chuckled when he heard of this change in the betting, and felt strongly tempted to saunter down to the Single Arms himself, for the purpose of adding still further to the perplexity of Mr. Daniel Essom and his speculative following. On mature consideration, however, he decided to remain away; he might—there was no telling—be drawn into saying more than was prudent, and anyhow it would be better to keep his whip still until the Doctor's return to Heatherthorp.

Touching whose absence there were many rumours, and some of them not very wide of the actual truth; for latterly his reputation as a sportsman had in some sort overborne his right to be deemed 'a good young gentleman' (the appellation originally bestowed by Miss Priscilla Cardmums), while it nearly equalled his celebrity as a medical practitioner. Barjona, egged on by Essom, made it his business to call upon Robson at the surgery to inquire about the case that had called Doctor Sutton from Heatherthorp. It would have been more conducive to the comfort of the man of frigid morals and rigid collars if he had stopped at home. Amiable Mr. Robson was simplicity itself. He *knew* as much about the real cause of the Doctor's departure as Barjona; and he suspected nothing. Accordingly when the Quaker, ungratefully declining to indulge Mr. Robson (who naturally suspected he had come

for advice) with a sight of his tongue, put the question which Essom had inspired, Mr. Robson simply repeated the answer his principal had provided. A voluminous technical description of an imaginary malady, and a similarly fanciful enumeration, in professional phraseology, of the remedies that had been vainly applied—both bewildering beyond expression to Barjona—were all that estimable member of the people called Quakers got for his meddling. Yes, Mr. Robson gave him some advice. This was more disconcerting than he would have cared to own. Barjona never felt so much ‘above himself’ as he had done when he put his foot inside the surgery; now he was quite ill! He turned suddenly on his heel, thereby bringing Mr. Robson’s well-intentioned professional homily to an abrupt termination, and it was only the recollection of what he owed to society—that is to say, the Society of Friends—which prevented his giving utterance to a Friendly equivalent to a good rousing expletive. Ill! he never was better in his life. Ill!

Crisp saw the Quaker enter the surgery, and, as he had not had an opportunity of exchanging a word with him since the morning Teddy O’Toole (otherwise, and subject to the approval of the monthly meeting, John Woolman) ran away and pitched the perspiring Quaker upon a certain savoury mound—as hereinbefore thrillingly described—he thought he would just have a snack at him as he came out.

‘Thy master remains absent longer than was anticipated, Matthew,’ remarked the Quaker, in what may be termed the interrogatory manner.

‘Does he, now?’ responded Crisp, promptly.

‘Doesn’t he?’

‘Depends upon what ye anticipated, Mr. Barjona. For my part I have never troubled my head about it. But then I doan’t need him; how ill *you* look, though! That hunter o’ yours is ower mony for ye, sir. But what am I talking about? I hear you are going to subscribe to the H.H. Now that’s hearty, and liberal. Did you know about our match? I suppose you’ll have a bit on; I am sure Mr. Arthur would back you if you entered Teddy O’Toole in the Wimple Cup, and steered him yersel’! Now there’s——’

But the Quaker had vanished; driven from the field by a tongue that, on the topic with which it slyly dealt, was more caustic than his own. In his heart Barjona banned the hour when, in view of his too rapidly augmenting rotundity, he was waited upon by Ryan and Teddy O’Toole, and resolved to witch the world with noble horsemanship.

That night saw Crisp at the railway station awaiting the arrival of his master and Kelpie. He had ridden over beside the driver of the Sursingle omnibus, and had presented that cross-grained but sporting handler of the ribbons with what he was pleased to term ‘the straight tip’ about the forthcoming match. The driver was happy. He comported himself accordingly; and his weather-mottled visage, as far as it could express anything, told the world of Heatherthorp that

the proud possessor 'knew something.' It is true that he knew nothing at all; but Crisp had bidden him keep his money until the day; was not *that* significant? He had only to say, when he returned to the kitchen fire of the Sursingle, that he had had Doctor Sutton's man on the box all the way to the station; that they had talked about nothing but the match;—to thereupon mutter something about reserving his investment until the day; and to sapiently shake his head, in order to convince his hearers that he was a very well-informed person indeed—in the confidences of the Sutton stable at the very least.

'Look sharp with that horse-box there!' cried the station-master, as the last train glode into the station. 'We are five minutes late. Good evening, Doctor Sutton. I hope I see you well, sir.'

'Perfectly well, I thank you. Ah! Crisp,' continued he, in a cordial tone, 'you will look to Kelpie. Mr. Heston here—you know him—will lend you a hand. Anything new?'

'Barjona's called to see you. They *only* lay seven to four again' you. But they'll lay more yet,' he added to himself.

'Ah! I shall patronize the 'bus. Shall see you for a minute before you go to bed.'

The Doctor took an inside seat of the omnibus, and Crisp, accompanied by Mr. Heston (who was no other than the famous school-master under whom Kelpie's steeple-chase education had been perfected) looked after the horse-box, which—as on a former never-to-be-forgotten occasion—contained a couple of nags.

'Whew!' whistled the somewhat amazed Matthew, when the pair had been safely landed and stood side by side. 'I couldn't ha' thowt it.'

'What are you whistling and muttering for here?' growled Mr. Heston, evidently not favourably impressed with the first ebullition of Crisp's peculiar humour. 'Can't you twig we're not by oursels? Wait till we get outside.'

Not another word did Crisp utter; and the station-master, porters, and telegraph clerk—speculators to a man—together with a tall angular individual who might be a bagman and who spoke with a brogue, had to take their several ways, unenlightened as to the cause of Crisp's whistle of surprise. The brief warning of Mr. Heston they had *not* heard.

'Here, let me give you a leg up,' said Heston, when they got outside the station.

'No, not on this—I——'

'Jump up! and *do* keep that silly awd tongue of yours between your teeth, WILL YER? Never mind me, I can manage. 'This is the road to He'thorp, isn't it?'

Crisp nodded assent. Speechless as 'the dumb old servitor' who steered 'the lily maid Elaine' to the court of Arthur was he now: speechless and grumpy.

'Come on, then; we can talk by-and-by.'

Crisp again nodded, and the pair trotted gently off, inspected by

station-master, porters, telegraph-clerk, and bagman-looking stranger, the latter of whom, in his obvious thirst for equine knowledge, had allowed the omnibus to depart without him. They rode on without exchanging a word, or altering the pace, until they reached the top of the hill beyond the bridge that crosses the Wimple—a spot the reader has haply not forgotten—where Mr. Heston pulled up.

‘Now, Crisp,’ said he, encouragingly, ‘you can speak.’

‘I ha ’nowt to say,’ responded Matthew, surlily.

‘Come, come,’ retorted Heston, ‘you musn’t begin to show temper! that’s a fool’s game, when there’s nowt to be got by it. A precious fine pal you are, to jib when you’re wanted to collar the hill. Have they squared you, Matthew, my boy, that you want to play into their hands?’

‘Squared me!’ he exclaimed, with a look of sovereign contempt. ‘Let ’em try it on!’

‘Ha, ha!’ laughed Heston, ‘it looks like it.’

‘Never mind,’ rejoined Crisp, sulkily.

‘But I do mind, my old pippin; because we must pull together. First of all, tell me if you know what horse you’re across.’

‘No; but I can tell what horse I’m not across.’

‘You can; and that is——’

‘Kelpie.’

‘No!’ exclaimed Heston, his ruddy face broadening with a grin of mischievous import, ‘and what else have you discovered, Mr. Crisp? Now be careful,’ he added, adopting the manner of a cross-examining Q.C., ‘be careful, sir, if you are not on your oath!’

‘Why, I’ve fand out this, Mr. Heston—where you gat him or how he is bred I dinnot knaw—but the nag I have hod on noo is as like Kelpie as ivir he can be! Two cherries fra ’t säame branch couldn’t be mair alike. I don’t think there’s another man i’ this country, barrin Mr. Arthur and me—and happen yoursel’, for ye’ve studied them together, could tell ’t difference.’

‘That will do, witness,’ rejoined Heston in the forensic manner, and gleefully withal, ‘you may stand down.—Mat, my lad, if thee thinks the nag thou’rt on so much like Kelpie here, they’d never tumble to the difference up yonder, eh?’ and he pointed in the direction of the town of Heatherthorp.

‘Never, but——’

‘Stop a bit. From what I’ve heard about Blouzelinda, I think Kelpie is just about good enough to do her at the weights. But that’s not everything. We must have a bit of money out of them.’

‘That’s it!’

‘And I fancy I see my way to getting it. You saw that three-cornered Irishman—him with the red nose and whiskers to match at the railway station?’

Crisp nodded.

‘That’s a pal of Mr. Clever Ryan’s. He’s got some money to lay against Kelpie. He rode in the same compartment as me.

‘He told me he was in the Irish linen line, and asked me if I knew a Misther Essom who lived in Heatherthorp. Crisp, Essom hasn’t added another branch to his trade, eh?’

‘No.’

‘This schaming broth of a bhoy must be looked afther,’ proceeded Heston, mimicking the brogue of the designing stranger. ‘Depend upon it, he’s Ryan’s commissioner. We must have *him* on the bounce. And now look here. The Doctor has given me full permission to work this little business as *I* like. You go on home with Devilskin and put him up just as you would Kelpie—don’t make a face at it; d’ye think I’d leave Kelpie a minute! and *we’ll* stop at the Stork and Castle, where I am known. You see what I mean?’

Crisp signified an uncheerful assent: the idea of parting with Kelpie went sadly against the grain.

‘We’ll have it got up for them to-morrow—my Irish friend will probably stop at the Stork and Castle: I recommended him. I shall tell him that there’s to be a sort of trial in the morning.—Very well: I’ll turn out with Kelpie, *in my clothing*; you with Devilskin’—Crisp’s face lengthened at this—‘*and I should not wonder if Devilskin was beaten by twenty lengths*. If that does not set ‘em a task, we must break Devilskin—I mean Kelpie—down, the morning before the race; we can manage that easily enough beforehand, with a white handkerchief spotted with red ink—or a cut finger, which is better. Now we understand each other.’

Crisp could not speak, his heart was too full. He gripped the hand of his fellow-conspirator—he looked him full in the face—he winked. ’Twas a powerful contraction of the dexter eyelids, and it spoke libraries. They rode on in silence, for they understood each other.

They were not the only plotters who that night compared notes about the match. Outside the borough boundaries, by the side of the river Wimple, two figures might be seen, deeply engaged in conversation. We have long known one of these; we have met the other to-night for the first time. Listen.

‘And so you think, Mr. Macarthy, that it is “a moral” for the mare?’

‘Indade I do, Misther Essom—that is, my friend Royan thinks so, and shouldn’t he know now?’

‘Just so; just so. Then we must get his money on, somehow; but I am afraid we shall have to lay stiffish odds. However,—you will not show at the Sursingle to-night, I suppose? I fancy you’d better not. I will go and see what’s moving. Look in in the morning and give us the office about the rough up.’

‘And would I fail ye, now, Misther Essom?’

They returned to Heatherthorp immediately afterwards, Mr. Macarthy to his quarters at the Stork and Castle, to be crammed like a Christmas turkey by Machiavellian Mr. Heston, and Mr.

Daniel Essom to Martin Sillery's—by the back way—increasedly anxious 'to lay a fair price' against Kelpie.

It was well for Matthew Crisp and John Golightly, likewise plotting on the bankside without the boundaries of the borough, that the hairdresser and his coadjutor did not run against them; well for both couples of conspirators, for a discovery would have been awkward.

'See Leeson, and Dale, and Emsden King, and tell 'em how the land lies. They will be able to get the money on quiet enough next Wednesday, just six days fra this, and the day before the meeting begins. There'll be heaps of Shipley folk here up at market day.'

'All reet, Mat.'

'And they're not to mind what they hear about Kelpie being beaten in his trial; or aboot his brekking down. He 'se mebbly dee baith afore 't day. When there is a screw loose I'll let 'em know quick enough.'

'All reet, Mat.'

'Noo, haud thee ways to Sillery's and shut Essom if he offers mair than two to one.'

'All reet.'

'Keep thy eye—baith eyes—on an Irish feller who'll mebbly be wi' Essom.'

'I will.'

Still plotting, but of another description. Timothy Wilson, Esq., who had retired to his study to read (as was his custom after a strictly family dinner), leaving the girls to amuse themselves as best they might, was sound asleep; a condition which bespoke a contented mind, and a capacity for speedily mastering Professor Carbonifero's celebrated paper on the adulteration of bone-manures little short of wonderful. The girls were about as keenly wakeful as two young ladies with a relish for mischief, and a taste for correct intrigue, could possibly be. Their chosen retreat was Kate's little room—well, *boudoir*, if you like the word better—where there was a bright fire, and not the least prospect of an intruder more formidable than Burroughes. The lamp was out (what was the use of lighting it to talk? Sylvia said), and Kate and her friend sat on the hearthrug, and cosily took the bright fire into their confidences.

'So they are both coming, you see, Syl,' observed Kate, musingly, 'and, to speak vulgarly, my dear,—there'll be a row.'

'Why? This is not the age of pinking—or at least this isn't the country for it. Gentlemen don't riddle each other with bullets in their host's drawing-room; and you surely *don't* expect your Doctor to pull off his coat and invite Mr. Woodridge—I rather pity that young gentleman—to remove his, do you?'

'How can you be so foolish, Sylvia? I did not mean that. I meant——'

'To say that if Mr. Woodridge loses this match, or *vice versâ*, he

'and Doctor Sutton will, with malice prepense, enter into a pleasant little discussion over your father's hospitable board immediately the ladies retire. What do you take your *affancé* for? An idiot? Isn't it his policy to conciliate your dear perverse papa?'

'I suppose you are right, Sylvia; you generally are—indoors; but I wish it were over.'

'Wish away, my love; it's sure to be eventful, and you must be ready for any emergency; for if I interpret our delightful Doctor aright, he is becoming desperate. Nothing would surprise me less than to see him attempt to take the castle—I mean your papa and yourself—by storm.'

'Sylvia!'

'You need not make such big eyes over it: I am serious. Our arrangements are as perfect as we can make them, thank goodness! If I mistake not, we have not undertaken more than we can accomplish (always keep within your resources in party-giving, is a maxim worthy of Tupper), so keep up your heart. We honour Sir Harry Sursingle with our presence on the Thursday; he honours the Place with his august presence on the Friday, to take part in a heavy dinner, a carpet-dance, a charade,—no, to witness a charade; he comes and his party come with him.'

'Although I am the hostess, Sylvia, darling, what *would* I have done without you?'

'Done?—nothing. You are in love. Hope deferred, and so forth. You will be a cipher in this ancestral hall (by the way, is it ancestral?) on Friday next, perhaps worse than a cipher. But shall I desert you in your hour of trial? No!'

The interview ended, as their interviews generally did, by Kate kissing her eccentric friend, and telling her she was 'a strange girl.'

'Pray don't enter into a long rigmarole about what Heston means to do. He has my full permission to do what he likes, and so you and he had best pull together. I just wanted to tell you not to forget to back Kelpie whenever you have a chance of getting on at a decent price. Oh—and if any of my friends ask how I am, say you fancy I am not so well as I should be. Say, I am awfully thin: which is quite true, Mat, for I have been training a bit. And I shan't be offended if you shake your head and wish I was a trifle stronger. Do you understand?'

'Do I not!' Mat exclaimed, significantly.

'Wonderful what sense Mr. Arthur has—when he likes,' added Crisp, meditatively, as the Doctor turned his back. 'He's bent on winning this time—evidently. Poor owd Kelpie! I wonder how he gets on at the Stork and Castle? I'd rayther he'd been in his own snug stall.' Crisp heaved a sigh. 'I mun put up wi't, I suppose; I mun put up wi't. Noo let's see and mak' his double comfortable for the night. Astonishing how like Kelpie he is. Couldn't ha' believed it. Come ower, owd Devilskin! Surprisin' likeness. Poor owd Kelp! I wonder if Heston understands his little ways?'

Mr. Macarthy's interior was thoroughly whiskey-proof; although

he had 'kept it up' with Mr. Heston until far beyond the hour of retiring observed by the inmates of the Stork and Castle, he rose before the Boots and sallied forth, just as Heston, on Kelpie, was disappearing round the corner of a by-street that afforded a short cut to the road which leads to the racecourse. There was not a soul astir at that end of the town, and as he could not distinguish what was going on at the other, he was unaware of the advent of Crisp, on Devilskin,—likewise *en route* to the course. The 'three-cornered Irishman,' as Heston had somewhat irreverently termed him, made his way as if by instinct to the best place for witnessing the spin, but, to his embarrassment, when he had taken up a snug but commanding position, he found he was not alone. The fact was John Golightly, although he knew the result of the trial beforehand, had been unable to resist the opportunity of seeing how the Doctor's horse took his fences.

'Good mornin', sir,' said Jack, aloud—and, to himself, 'this is the Irishman Crisp said I had to look after—yes, it's him for a hundred!'

'Good mornin',' replied Mr. Macarthy.

'We're bāith on t'sāame arrand,' proceeded Jack; 'they're going to try 'em.'

And he pointed cabalistically to the two nags, by this time cantering up to the start for the steeple-chase course.

'D'ye moind the waights, now?' asked Macarthy.

'I dinnot. But if Kelpie's beaten—keep down, or they'll see you —I hedge iviry penny of my money. They're off!'

Spare the chronicler, in prospect of the great event so near at hand, the necessity of following the pair stride by stride through their humbugging rough-up. Devilskin was beaten many a length; could not act at all during the last half-mile; and Golightly, cursing his luck, left the Irishman to make the best he could of the trial. Essom was waiting for him, and 'the tip' he brought would have been altogether reassuring but for one thing. Mr. Macarthy was not the only witness of Kelpie's ignominious defeat: Golightly had seen it—the whole town would know before noon.

'We shall have to lay three to one on Blouzelinda. I don't like doing it. I'd sooner take it. Only, as you say, it *is* such a certainty.'

That night, at the Sursingle, Emsden King partook of champagne; he was not so very far gone. Oh dear no! In the exuberance of his heart he offered to back his friend Doctor Sutton 'for anything in reason.'

'One of th' besht cricketersh in t' Northridin', bar NONE! What do I care about this—this trial? Here, will anybody—*is* there anybody game enough t—t—to lay me four to one 'gainst Doctor Shutton's horse? I'll take three to one. What! will none of you lay?'

'Yes, oi will!' suddenly exclaimed Mr. Macarthy, who happened to be present. He would have shot Mr. King before; but he



feared, as that enthusiastic yeoman was in his cups, the bet would hardly be deemed valid. Essom whispered him it would be all right, and therefore he spoke. 'You can have three ponies.'

'Done.'

'Three fifties?'

'Done again, sir. One hundred and fifty golden sovereigns to fifty 'ditto—Doctor Sutton's horse Kelpie,' muttered Mr. King, as he slowly entered the wager. 'And your name is—'

'Macarthy, sorr,—Dennis Macarthy. Mistor Essom here knows 'me—or shall we stake the money with the landlord?'

'Cert'nly not. Your name is sufficient, if Mr. Essom says it's all right.' Essom nodded, and the bet was made valid.

The succeeding day some more of the Doctor's, that is to say the stable's, money was invested, chiefly in driblets, partly by Crisp and partly by Leeson; the victim being Mr. Macarthy's commissioner Essom, whose book, had the 'laying' portion of it been his, would have occasioned him no little uneasiness. Then Essom must have a bit on of his own (he meditated), they said it was such a good thing; why, they told him that even if Kelpie was all right, Blouzelinda could afford to fall down—and then win! But he could hardly make up his mind to lay such odds, and it was likely to be worse on the day when the Shipley puddlers and blast-furnace men backed the mare; as back her they certainly would, if they had to lay as much as twenty to one. It was a new game for him, this laying threes to one on anything; and he did not half like it, although the money was not his. Yet Essom considered this the very best thing he ever knew in his life!

The trainer's *ruse* had wrought admirably, and he rubbed hands over its success with Crisp. There would be no occasion to 'break 'Kelpie down;' for the odds they were laying on Blouzelinda were quite as big as Crisp and Heston desired, under the circumstances.

Another trial of Kelpie—if a prudent bit of schooling over the country he was to travel in the match might be termed a trial—came off in the grey of the evening four days prior to the eventful day; but there were no witnesses present. Thanks to Crisp's ostentatious exhibition of Kelpie (that is to say, of Kelpie's remarkable double Devilskin) in and about Heatherthorp, the real Simon Pure was graciously vouchsafed an undisturbed amble to the course, steered by Heston, and accompanied by an accomplished cross-country nag, his property, under the guidance of a dried-up articulated pupil, whose conspicuous virtues were an indisposition to augment in bulk, and a capacity for keeping his tongue between his teeth—at the call of duty.

Doctor Sutton was waiting, and, as he meant business, no time was lost in stripping the pair of their clothing, and getting them ready for their rough-up. Kelpie behaved like a gentleman, took his fences in great style, and collared the last quarter of a mile, which was on the rise, in a fashion that spoke eloquently for the careful preparation of Crisp and Heston—collared it three lengths in front of his adversary.

'We shan't break down from want of condition, Heston?'

'Nor for want of being properly handled either, Doctor,' rejoined the trainer, admiringly. 'Bar accidents, sir, we shall win.'

'If we don't, we must try and stretch the other one's neck, at all events.'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the article pupil, touching the place where his intellectual faculties were supposed to reside, 'I suppose it's good enough for my couple?'

'My lad, keep your money in your pocket,' replied the Doctor. 'If you were to invest your couple, as you call it, the Blouzelinda party might suspect something. You stand a tenner with me.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied the delighted mannikin, more determined than before to invest his couple.

Messrs. Tagrag and Bobtail, in the shape of a ragged regiment of unsavoury vendors of correct cards, swarmed into Heatherthorp on the following market-day, and an unlovely band of north-country disciples of St. Nicholas followed in their train. These were especially artful in their generation: by coming on the Wednesday, they were enabled, as some of the butterwives found to their cost, to 'get their hands in,' by way of preparing the way for the more audacious investigations of the morrow. Essom lathered not, neither did he shave on that day; his earlier hours were occupied with visits to the Sursingle and the Stork and Castle to look after the arrivals; then, later on, came solemn interviews with the printer; and, later still, he must take his place in the committee room, and wait for entries for the over-night stakes. 'There's lots of horses,' with an air of grave satisfaction said one sporting haunter of the Sursingle to another, 'and that last 'un's a clinker.' Essom was making his way to the committee when this remark was made. He said nothing, but immediately repaired to the Sursingle stables to have a look at the aforesaid clinker. It was Blouzelinda, who had just arrived from Shipley.

'Has Mr. Woodridge come by this train?' asked Essom, meaningly, of the groom, who was making the chesnut comfortable for the night.

'No, he hasn't,' replied the man, not very sweetly; 'but I can tell him first thing in the morning that ye were asking for him—I should say, I would tell him if I knew your name.'

'My name's Essom.'

'Come in! Now what *do* you want here?' ironically inquired the groom of the loungers who crowded the stable-door. 'Can't you see the mare's not used to be gaped at? Get out!' He banged the door, and turned the key. 'If your name's Essom, it makes all the difference in the world. Get over, Blouzy, old girl! Now, will she do?'

Blouzelinda was a showy mare. 'Taking' in colour (a rich golden chesnut), she was particularly attractive from the park-hack point of view, albeit her size—she stood exactly sixteen hands one inch—was rather against her. Her head, neck, and shoulders were

little short of perfection; she was fairly ribbed-up, had a capital barrel, and large, handsomely-turned quarters, set off by a gaily-borne flag. Her thighs were light, and hocks small, both these and her knees being a trifle further from the ground than a hypercritic would care to see. Perhaps her weakest point, however, notwithstanding her fine barrel, was want of girth; in fact, she was big behind the saddle, instead of before and beneath it.

'Do! I should think she will!' replied Essom, enthusiastically. 'Why, if she had not the best of the weights, and'—he added in a lower tone—'they tell me she has, she is big enough to pull right over the Doctor's pony: and almost long enough in the legs to take all the obstacles in her stride!'

The match was set for the opening day, and was the first event on the card; the Doctor had solicited this arrangement as a particular favour. A lovely autumn morning brought a motley crowd of district excursionists to the town—already thronged with visitors from remote neighbourhoods. As the chronicler is not writing this with a view to enlightening the dark minds of a far-off nation—say Japan—he will be forgiven the task of describing a scene that may be witnessed almost anywhere within these dominions, on any day during the colder months of the twelve.

'This is a capital place, Kate,' said Sylvia to our darling; 'it seems to me that we can see everywhere.'

The convertible brougham was open, and the two young ladies, half buried in a cosy mass of bright-coloured rugs and some of the choicest 'peltry' of the Hudson's Bay Company, might well be congratulated on the position they had selected. By coming early they had, under favour, secured a place nearly opposite the judge's box. Mr. Wilson was absent, enjoying the society of his aristocratic friend the gout.

'Yes, I thought of that when I sent to Mr. Essom. There's that dreadful bell; now they're going to clear the course. Oh, Syl, if *he* should be beaten! Do you see Arthur anywhere? There he is! Don't you see? he lifts his hat. Poor fellow! I think he is pale, don't you, Sylvia?—There, there's Woodridge, turning away from Sir Harry's carriage. Oh! you horrid young man,' she said to herself, fervently, the while acknowledging Woodridge's salute with much outward and visible sweetness; 'it is very wrong to have such wishes, I know, but I should like you to hurt yourself, just a little, so that you get beaten!'

'Katherine Wilson! why you grow positively diabolical.'

'I don't care. See, see! There's Kelpie, glorious fellow, walking as sedately as though he knew all about it (I half believe he does), and Crisp leading him. And here comes the other. What a peacock!'

'Upon my word, Kate, a very beautiful animal: why your Kelpie looks quite mean beside it.'

'Sylvia, allow me to know something about a horse, please,' said Kate, severely. Miss Vandervelde shrugged her shoulders in silence.

‘ Now they are putting the numbers up—and there’s the starter—  
‘ and, that noise in the ring is the betting men, Sylvia, you know,  
‘ and, oh dear, here they come !’

They were both accomplished horsemen, you might learn that at a glance, and there was no fault with the appearance of either ; perhaps, however, the *toilette* of the Doctor was a trifle more workmanlike than that of his adversary.

‘ How handsome he looks in our colours !’ whispered Kate.

‘ How handsome they both look for that matter,’ replied Sylvia.

‘ Woodridge’s colours are remarkably pretty.’

‘ I would not be absurd, if I were you, Syl,’ replied Kate.

‘ White with green braid and orange cap ! Why he might be a but-tercup.’

‘ I don’t care, Kate the crusty ! he looks charming.’

‘ Oh, those horrid men !’ peevishly exclaimed Kate, apostrophising the dulcet-tongued who were offering mellifluously to take four to one. ‘ Now they are cantering—how ever you can admire that long-legged creature (I wish its legs were not so long though) —how charmingly Kelpie moves ! Sylvia, give me the glass ; they will be off directly.’

Crisp waited until the pair had finished their canter, and then, mounting the mare, crossed to the far side of the course, where a thick crowd of the many-headed indicated the whereabouts of the water-jump. Crisp was as sober as a conscientious member of the United Kingdom Alliance. His present mission was to ascertain if the take-off of the water-jump was, in accordance with a pledge had and obtained from Essom, cured of its rottenness.

‘ Just as I thowt,’ he said to himself with an oath when he saw the state of affairs. ‘ Now if Mr. Arthur taks my advice, and lets the other mak running, I can give him the office. There, they’re off !’

The flag fell, and the two sailed away together for the space of a distance, when the Doctor took a pull at Kelpie, and Blouzelinda went away with a strongish lead. Kate wore her hero’s colours in her sweet face now—*rose and white, and French grey* !—so keen was her excitement. The Ring roared less loudly than heretofore,—as yet, the race afforded little encouragement for ‘betting in running.’

‘ I hope Arthur won’t let him get too far away,’ said Kate, nervously ; ‘ and now Crisp rides up to him,—what can it mean ?’

After landing over a fence a field removed from the water-jump, the Doctor, still clear of Blouzelinda, in the rear, *was* joined by Crisp on Widow Malone—as Kate had wonderingly descried.

‘ That’s right, Mr. Arthur,’ said Crisp, pounding along by his side, but fairly out of the track. ‘ Let him cut it out. You’re safe to do him. Only keep on the whip hand in the take-off : t’other part’s as rotten as touchwood.’

Crisp pulled up, and the Doctor continued on his careful career, mindful of Mat’s warning. The superior stride and ‘bigger’ jumping power of Blouzelinda served her in good stead at the water :

she took off from a sound bit of turf and landed safely. Not so Kelpie! Just as the Doctor was following, an over-eager spectator leant too far forward and 'put his foot in it,' the exploit eliciting a shout of ridicule from his companions. For the first time in his cross-country career Kelpie swerved, and—refused.

'Oh, Sylvia!' ejaculated Kate, her face whitening, and the tears starting into her eyes in the extremity of her excitement, 'Kelpie has refused!'

'Refused what?'

Kate could not reply. The *contretemps* was seen from the stand, and the dulcet-voiced broke out in a simultaneous roar.

'Ten to one on Blouzelinda!' shouted Mr. Macarthy.

'Put it down to me—a hundred to ten,' shouted, in response, Emsden King. 'They don't win there.'

The bet was booked.

'Oh! Sylvia, that horrid Woodridge is going to win.'

Quicker than it takes to hint it, the Doctor put Kelpie at the water, and in brief space was following, with set teeth and grimmer resolution, in pursuit of his rival. That rival looked round and smiled. He forgot the old proverb.

'Woodridge wins—by Jove!' exclaimed the mildly excited baronet. 'Here's fifty to ten on Blouzelinda!'

'Put that down to me, Sir Harry,' cried Heston, who had not taken his eyes off the combatants.

Sir Harry put it down.

There was a bit of plough to cover ere reaching the dip before the turn for home—said turn a quarter of a mile off—and there Kelpie made up some of the difference.

'I think—I hope—Arthur—oh, Sylvia, if Kelpie should win after 'all! Now they're out of sight—now they reappear, and Kelpie 'is only a length behind. Splendid fellow! how he charges the hill '—and he *can* charge a hill, I know!—he is catching Reginald—' now they're together!'

With rare patience, the Doctor—never forgetting for a moment that he was carrying the heavier weight—waited, for he knew the ascent to the distance would tell its tale. It did: Blouzelinda's heart was not big enough to pull her through the struggle, notwithstanding all the advantages of superior stride, lighter impost and 'the 'lead,' when that was almost everything. Woodridge felt the least flustered and anxious—the Doctor was catching him up at every stride; while Sutton himself, bravely seconded by Kelpie, who, with his ears pricked, lay down like a lion to his work, rode with unflinching determination. Woodridge did all he knew; he fought the battle inch by inch; but it was of no avail. When the level ground was reached they were girth and girth; two hundred yards from home the mare 'came again,'—too late!—one dig of the spur, one cut of the whip, one encouraging steadier, and Kelpie won the match—as the local paper afterwards said, 'after a most magnificent 'finish by a neck.'

## COMPARATIVE MERITS OF ARABIAN AND ENGLISH HORSES.

It is very generally believed that the horse of this country called 'thoroughbred' has attained to such a degree of excellence that he is incapable of any further improvement. This opinion is strong in the mind of most sportsmen, and also that it would be absurd to go back to the Arabian, from whom our horse is, at all events, very largely indebted for his excellence (I may say entirely, as the Barbs and Turks, who were also among his ancestors, were the pure or impure descendants of the Arabian), either for improvement or for the establishing of a new and pure breed. One argument is, that as they consider the thoroughbred to be a superior animal to the Arabian, the former could not now be improved by any return to the original pure blood, and another, that it is hopeless to expect to get size, power, and speed from an animal only about fourteen hands and a half in height. A contrary opinion is held by a few, and I think is gradually, although perhaps slowly, gaining ground. A plan is also in contemplation for procuring horses and mares of the purest blood from Arabia. It has also been stated in comparing the merits of the racers of the last and present centuries, as a proof of the superiority of the modern, that the lowness of stature of the older racers must have prevented them from having either the stride or power of the modern, which are certainly a hand to a hand and a half higher, or they would have been out of all proportion.

This, I conclude, is on the supposition that the taller and longer the horse the more power and the greater stride; therefore for every horse under the maximum standard there must necessarily be a graduated scale of diminished speed and power.

Facts, however, give constant proofs to the contrary: even during the last few years smaller horses as to height and apparent length have been the victors over horses of much greater size and more apparent length; when this has been the case, I presume it is but correct to infer that the smaller horses did really possess more power and greater speed than the larger ones. As examples, I would refer to Teddington winning the Derby against much larger horses than himself, and afterwards beating the great Stockwell; Caractacus winning the Derby from horses like The Marquis and Buckstone; and Macaroni winning the Derby from Lord Clifden. Little Lecturer would also be another case in point. No one would believe for an instant that a gigantic cart-horse of seventeen hands or more would have the stride of even a small racer. Nor has he. But why has he not? Because the limbs of progression are not so placed as to be capable of great extension, and the powers of his frame are not so concentrated as to be able to move and extend those limbs with the greatest amount of force and with the least expenditure of power. A man being tall does not insure his being either a fast runner or a quick walker. Many men of less stature will excel

men of greater height even in length of stride in both walking and running.

It is also frequently stated that no Arab can possibly race with the modern thoroughbred horse, and which is considered a proof that our horse has progressively improved. A due consideration of the following facts will show, I think, that an incorrect opinion has been formed.

In 1828, Recruit, by Whalebone (a horse of some celebrity), was matched against Pyramus, considered the best Arabian in Bengal. The distance was 2 miles. Recruit won easily by several lengths. Time, 3 min. 57 sec.

Another trial subsequently took place between Champion (described as a first-rate Arabian) and the English horse Constance. The Arabian won in a canter.

Of late years thoroughbred horses from Australia have been tried on the Indian Turf, as well as English-bred racers, and in the opinion of many Oriental sportsmen the former are very little inferior, if at all, to the latter. Yet the Arab still can and does put in an appearance with them both, and not only with honour to himself, but successfully too. The following accounts, taken chiefly from the 'Oriental Sporting Magazine,' of some of the performances of two Arabs even in the last few years, will, I think, confirm what I say.

'The Arab Grey-leg is a flea-bitten grey; he stands about 14 hands  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch, has a fine neck and shoulders, grand back and loins, and carries a most intelligent head. During his career on the Turf he ran 80 times, won 51 races, and was never out of training for a period of seven years, from 1861 to 1868. He was a lazy horse to ride in a race, but had rare staying powers and undeniable pluck. He ran at all distances and under all weights. At Bombay, in 1864, he won the Forbes Stakes, 2 miles, beating the English mare Shah Rook and the Australian gelding Van Dieman; he also won a Handicap,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  mile, carrying 9 st., beating the English mare Mary Glen, who also carried 9 st.'

Hermit, during his career of eight years, seems to have been equally distinguished for his speed, for his weight-carrying power, and ability to go a distance. He also ran under all weights and at all distances, and won 32 races, besides two disputed ones which he had won with ease.

He ran for the Trades Cup at Calcutta, 1862, against the English mare Voltige, who had distinguished herself in India, and three others, amongst them the Waler Sampson and Ellerton, both horses of note.

I give the account of the race in the words of a well-known writer:—

'They came by the Stand, Voltige leading, Sampson second, and Hermit third, having done the first quarter in 26 sec. Almost immediately after Hermit ran up to the mare, and remained with her, doing the mile in 1 min. 52 sec. Soon after this the others were out of the race, for the two were keeping up the pace and

‘gradually dropping them, passing the mile and a half in 2 min. 49 sec. Sampson was quite told out half a mile from home. As they turned the Calcutta corner, Hermit went up and collared the mare, but under persuasion she drew away slightly and finished a couple of lengths in advance of the Arab. The time was the best of which we have any record. 1 mile, 1 min. 52 sec.; 1½ mile, 2 min. 49 sec.; 2 miles, 3 min. 46 sec.’

But the next day Hermit had his triumph: he ran for the Calcutta Stakes, 2 miles. Voltige and Sampson ought to have met him, but did not put in an appearance. Ellerton, a good Waler, and to whom Hermit gave 8 lb., came to the post. ‘Hermit was full of running, and won, hands down, doing the two miles in 3 min. 51 sec.’ On a subsequent occasion, Hermit met the Waler Sampson in a three-mile race, when ‘he struggled, stride for stride, with his gigantic competitor with a gameness that would have been rewarded with success, but he got jammed against the rails; however, he only lost by a head.’ It is recorded, the pace was so severe that Sampson never again showed on the Calcutta course.

Hermit’s height is, I believe, 14 hands 3 inches: he is a grey, slightly flea-bitten, and is described as being of immense bone and substance, fine head and neck, with a perfect shoulder; he has a fine fore arm, short cannon bone, large knees and feet, good barrel round in the ribs, whilst his loins, length of quarter, and superb back leave a judge nothing to say but that ‘he must be a goer.’ His temper and constitution are alike perfect.

In all his work he never had a puff even, in any of his legs, and one purgative ball at the commencement of the training season was all the medicine he required or had.

It was deemed a pity that this grand horse was not sent to England for stud purposes. He is now the property of an Indian prince, who holds him in such high esteem as a riding horse that he is not often used for breeding.

Although the foregoing examples speak for themselves, the following inferences may be drawn with advantage.

That the English horse has not progressed since the time of Recruit, 1828.

And that the modern racer being of a taller growth does not necessarily prove that he is a superior horse, even in speed, to the racers of an earlier date.

The fact of the little horse, Grey Leg, 14 hands  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch, being able to run so continuously at all distances, and weights, and not only able to race with, but to beat English and Colonial horses, shows that power, ability to carry weight, and stride, are compatible with lowness of stature, and a compact frame, and, without doubt, his proportions were truer and more symmetrical than those of his taller competitors.

Although Hermit was beaten for the Trades Cup by Voltige, the triumph was more Hermit’s than the English mare’s: had the course been a quarter of a mile, or perhaps even a furlong longer,



there is every probability she must have come back to the Arab beaten. The event of the next day goes to support the belief. The English mare could not put in an appearance against the Arab, whose race, as before described, showed that he, at all events, was none the worse, and stamped him as a better and more lasting horse, although he might not have had quite the flash of speed for a few yards.

In Hermit we have also an example shown of very good speed, but, above all, that bottom which enables a horse to last and come out again as he did on the following day, which excellence was more frequently met with among the racers of former days than among those of the present time.

Hermit's three-mile race with the Waler Sampson cannot but be regarded as another triumph, when the big horse, hopelessly beaten, both in speed and bottom, by the Arab, quite exhausted, rolls helplessly upon him, jamming him upon the rails. It must have been a bitter thing for the judge to have had to place the Waler first; and who can blame the rider of Hermit when he shed tears of vexation at the disappointment of his gallant horse?

Now I can well believe a high degree of speed can be gained, as other things are achieved, by education, and in breeding also by continual selection. With Arabians, we have not had the same opportunities. The sportsman in India is dependent upon Arab dealers resident in Calcutta and Bombay for their Arabs; these again upon other dealers or agents in the North-East of Arabia or Eastern Syria and Mesopotamia, and, until lately, they were hampered by an embargo upon all Arabs exported.

It is known that the horses of the tribes located in these districts are not of such great excellence as those of Central Arabia; and even from those northern tribes, it would not be consistent to believe, that the best are drafted for the Indian market; the inference to be drawn, is, that there are better Arabians to be found than even the famous Hermit, and a very little more would make the speed equal to the modern racer—the only advantage he can possibly claim over the Arabian. By the same train of reasoning, we may arrive at the supposition, that the more celebrated horses of Central Arabia might possibly possess, besides their greater endurance, a speed equal to, or even beyond, that exhibited by the average English racer.

By considering the many and combined excellences of the Arabian, should the purest and best blood be introduced into this country, carefully cultivated (but kept pure and free from any admixture), no other conclusion can, I think, be arrived at, but that the pure breed would surpass our present racehorses, not only in endurance and continuance but also in speed.

I will even venture to go further, as I believe there to be horses in Arabia, were they only sought after, which, if carefully and properly trained, would show their heels to our best horses.

A few more words upon size.

Professor Gamgee has stated, in an essay published a few years

ago in the 'Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society,' 'When little horses like Little Wonder and Daniel O'Rourke, that were sensibly under 15 hands high, are seen to outrun horses of 16 hands for the Derby, it is generally thought that the little horse has gained over the larger, through his quicker movements, that more strides must be taken in the one case than the other, or else that the lower horse keeps up the pace the longest, as is really the case, the larger horse being the weaker. But as regards the length of stride, the notion of the little horse having the shorter is very probably wrong, and when he has beaten the larger animal it generally is by his length of stride; and the same construction which gives that faculty confers the power to keep it up.' Further on he says: 'Moreover, the distance at which each foot is implanted from where it was taken up is no way dependent on mere length of limb, but represents the *product of all the motive powers* exerted; the velocity at which the body is moving through the air determines the distance of stride.' Again, it will be recognised from the tenor of this essay that height and long legs do not necessarily give long stride.

It was the opinion of the late Charles Davis, the royal huntsman—a superb horseman and a very tall man—that during his long career, he had been equally well carried by horses of all sizes. Another horseman of great experience, a nobleman and hard rider, has said, whenever anything particularly brilliant has been done in a severe run across country, the performer has been a small thoroughbred horse. Darvill wrote, 'For racing we want a horse with the greatest amount of power, muscle, and speed, in the smallest possible compass.'

Let me ask, in what horse are these attributes so fully exhibited as in the Arabian? The shoulders of the Arabian are stronger and of a more perfect slope than those of the English-bred horse (I should say, were the scapulæ from skeletons of each breed compared, that of the Arabian would be found longer from its base to the junction with the humerus, and the base of greater width, giving more strength and affording more room for the attachment of the muscles), the hocks and knees are as large, the bone beneath as large or larger, the fetlock joints bolder and more developed, the pasterns stronger, and the feet also, as a rule, larger than those usually seen in the English-bred horse.

Should the pure Arabian breed be established in this country, I do not anticipate the stature would be increased to that of the modern racer; a height of 15 to 15½ hands might be attained.

Great size is not an attribute of pure blood; the increased height of the modern racer, often accompanied with a want of symmetry, is, I think, consequent upon its being of mixed blood, and not so much the result of care in cultivating the breed.

Emilius, generally considered as having been the very model of a powerful thoroughbred horse, measured, I find, below the knee, 8½ inches. I believe Emilius was nearly 16 hands, say 15 hands 3 inches. I know of an Arabian horse of the highest blood 4 years old, 14 hands 2 inches in height, who also measures 8½ inches below the knee.

## A MAY FOX; OR, THE FOREST VIXEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CHARLIE THORNHILL,' 'LORD FALCONBERG'S HEIR,' &c.

'Do you recollect finding a May fox two years ago, De Vere, on the edge of the forest, late in the afternoon, and running him into another country—fine run for the last day of the season?'

'Of course I do; I've reason to recollect it. It proved to be a vixen.' Upon which one of the loveliest women in London, struggling to conceal her laughter, and blushing more deeply every minute, rose from her chair as the first speaker rejoined—'and what makes you think that?'

'Old Tom says so to this day, and he knows more about it than either of us.' Saying which, with apparent gravity Philip de Vere held the door for his beautiful young wife to go out with her guests, adding, *sotto voce*, 'What's the matter, my dear?' which did not, however, appear to mend it.

There's a charming story attached to this little episode, which no man knows so well as Philip de Vere, but which, to save his modesty, I am obliged to tell.

The De Veres and the Deringhames were and are great names in one of those grand midland counties remarkable for rich grass, hedgerow timber, hard-riding farmers, and out-and-out politics, Whig or Tory. One lived at one end of the county and the other at the other, but that only presented a grander opportunity for fighting whenever an occasion occurred. The matter is all set straight enough now, as in these milk-and-water times it was likely to be, without even the intervention of matrimony. When no man goes to bed knowing what he may get up, in a political point of view, it would be absurd for good people to quarrel about the representation of heaven knows how many more freeholders than are necessary for the dispersion of public promises or private capital. But it was not so when the great Deringhame and De Vere election took place. Then everybody knew what he was, and gloried in asserting his party and his opinions.

Without at all desiring to fetter my readers, or to tie down their notions to my own antiquated views, I must say that I much admired the grand simplicity of principle which marked that era. You were not bothered to find an excuse for voting for church rates, or the ballot, or anything else. It was quite sufficient to know that you were a Tory or a Whig, as the case might be. The petty details of conscientious intelligence were left to the public flunkys whom you had elected because they were one thing or the other. They knew their business and did it without mixing up shades of opinion which, as opposed to the light of the prism, end by producing total darkness. If strong of arm or lungs, you might fight or shout for an indefinite period, which you can now only do in a very modified degree. If wealthy or thirsty you might open public-houses to

the million or drink at them for six months together. Your mind was as free and unembarrassed as your body was occupied in the material glories, pleasures, or penalties of an endless contest; and the most that could be expected of an independent elector was to select his colours before he knew what they meant, and to fight for them, lie for them, eat, drink, and dance for them, nay, beggar himself for them, if need be, to the end of his life.

Now this was just what had happened to the two houses of De Vere and Deringhame some thirty years before Philip de Vere and his wife had been ushered into the world. The De Vere of Wolfhamstone Towers, grandfather of Philip, called himself a Tory. He said and felt that all the De Veres had been Tories from the time of the Stuarts, when there came a hitch in the name. To do him justice, he was a very unmistakeable Tory too; and in no less degree the Deringhames were Whigs. They always had been Whigs (always excepting the time that the eldest son was at the university), for it was well known that one of them had held a command in the Puritan ranks, and had supported the Hanoverian cause until the hitch before-mentioned arrived. To be sure, no one pointed out to old Squire Deringhame that, if he had stuck to his side, he would have been a Tory too. The great point they recognised was this, that a Deringhame and a De Vere had never been at one.

And more than this, the whole county seemed to recognise it too. They had no mutual friends any more than feelings. To have dined in one house was *taboo* for the other. The rival editors of the rival papers had each their own party to toady, and they did it to perfection. If De Vere sent a man to prison for poaching, the Deringhame advocate called it cruelty and oppression, and said there was one law for the rich and another for the poor. If the Deringhames supported a society for the propagation of virtue throughout the land, the De Vere organ was loud in its insinuations of hypocrisy and its denunciations of virtue as the cloak for disaffection and dissent. In fact, by the time Philip de Vere and May Deringhame were born they were bound to hate each other's name in proportion to their ignorance of each other's nature.

It must be confessed that in these contests the families had not come out equally scatheless. They had divided the county between them pretty equally for a length of time, one up and the other down, always giving their superfluous influence to some hanger-on of their own. At last came a grand fight, in which the strength of both houses was to be tried to the uttermost. It was tried to the polling of the last man. No one knows how much money was paid for the last two hundred. They were locked up in a room together, and the Deringhames won by an awful bribe. They held the seat for two sessions, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and left the country, locking up the old house, and putting the estate out to nurse against better times. A De Vere stepped into the seat at little expense, and the Deringhames, having lost their money, retained their right to curse the very name of their competitors.

There was no love lost when a Deringhame married a lord mayor's daughter, and struggled into life at the Abbey again.

Such had been the situation of affairs years before my little tale unfolds itself. At that period a jolly old squire represented the De Veres. He was stout, kindhearted, prejudiced, and irascible. He bowed stiffly to a Deringhame and continued to prosecute poachers, whom, however, he regarded with much less hostility than vulpecides. He was Master of the county hounds, a power which he wielded with much energy, and to which he taught his two sons to aspire. 'Parliament is gone to the devil,' said this graceless old Tory, 'but you may still be Master of the Hounds; and while you are, a Deringhame can't be.' Which speech shows sufficiently that circumstances, not will, prevented Miles De Vere from being a good old Tory still. 'If you and May must hunt, George, I wish you'd go as often as possible on to the other side,' said old Deringhame to his children. 'It's a monstrous nuisance having those De Veres here, though the woodlands do belong to their country.' So the present De Veres and Deringhames not only had tempers and memories, but wives and children to whom they imparted and transmitted them.

The women of a good class are always the best. So it was that Mrs. De Vere, the daughter of a fine old Tory baronet, smoothed down asperities before her children, and allowed the Squire to expend his wrath upon the whips (the huntsman wouldn't stand it), the scent, and herself. The name of Deringhame was less frequently mentioned as the boys grew up, and if it had not been conspicuous by its absence would scarcely have been known at Wolfhamstone. And Lady Frances, the daughter of a Whig peer of high position (the lady mayoress, the old Whig families were happy to say, died as soon as she had brought the money into the family), so far cultivated the *suaviter* in the stiff old Whig commoner, that Mr. Deringhame ceased to abuse the hounds, and left his son and his daughter at liberty to choose their line of country on hunting mornings.

De Vere's eldest son was a quiet, gentlemanly man, not likely to set the Thames on fire, and, if he did, not at all likely himself to perish in the general attempt to put it out. He gave himself no trouble about anything, being perfectly satisfied at having become Mr. De Vere of Wolfhamstone without any trouble of his own, in which he imagined most of the pineapple-juice of this world to be concentrated. He did everything that he thought a young country gentleman of large expectations ought to do, and he knew very little about the Whig magnates of the county in general, or of the family of Deringhame in particular. His brother Philip was conspicuously the reverse of this. He was, as a boy, the handsomest lad in the county, and the pet not only of his own neighbourhood but of every place into which he had managed accidentally or intentionally at odd times to fall. Harrow delighted in him, and even his grim old army tutor declared there wasn't an examiner in Chelsea Hospital that could resist him.

I suppose this was really the case, for after due time he was gazetted to a light-cavalry regiment, and went to India.

George Deringhame was not like either of these brothers. He was a clever, actively-minded man, given to the new line of politics, something of a Radical, perhaps, finding fashionable Whiggery a little slow for him ; a thing well enough in a previous generation, when men did not always think for themselves, but very much out of place in the present day. There was another thing that weighed upon George Deringhame, and had an influence upon his character. He could not help feeling the altered circumstances in which his family was placed. It is true he was once more in the old house, to which his father had come after long banishment. The City heiress had brought them back ; but it would have taken half a dozen City heiresses to make Deringhame Abbey quite what it was in his grandfather's early days. So he saw the necessity of mending broken fortunes by political influence, and he set himself valiantly to the work. No wonder he and the De Veres saw little or nothing of one another. For the peace of the county, the elders of each family attended different benches.

But Lady Frances Deringhame had a pet notwithstanding, a sort of Philip in petticoats—a daughter May, as good and as beautiful as her mother had been. Her large brown eyes and luxuriant hair, with its golden tinge, owed nothing to art ; and her clear bright cheek and well-formed mouth and teeth said much for the climate of Deringhame Abbey and its forest glades. She it was who led even her steady brother out to look at the hounds occasionally, and who made two-thirds of the happiness of a house in which propriety filled up a great part of the scheme. On her side of the county May Deringhame was omnipotent. One thing only was clear to all who would have aspired to her hand—she could not well marry a poor man, and she had not yet seen a rich one that she liked.

When Philip de Vere had been five years with his regiment, when he had won several garrison steeplechases in Calcutta, a gold cup or two at Poonah, shot most of the tigers in the Neilgherry Hills, and otherwise distinguished himself on the regimental drag and elsewhere, a piece of luck, which he valued almost as highly as getting first spear, brought him home. An aunt of his father's died, and, having a charming death-bed recollection among other things of Philip's large blue eyes and handsome smile, left him sixty thousand pounds in landed property, and a comfortable house in Mayfair. It was the sort of thing to bring most men home ; and accordingly, having effected an exchange, and taken leave of his regiment, he reached England about the middle of April, 1866.

‘ But, my dear Philip, the season's over, I tell you. We've been ‘ in the Woodlands these three weeks, and we haven't advertised for ‘ the day after to-morrow. The ground's hard as iron, and the ‘ hounds are ordered to the home kennels. Besides, I've no horses, ‘ and the——’

‘ Come, sir, just to oblige me. I've been away so long, and only

‘seen one good run since I came back.’ And Philip looked at his father with one of his bright smiles that recalled the old Harrow days. Still it was a consideration, so he didn’t give way at once.

‘There’ll be a row if we don’t let the people know.’

‘I’ll let ’em know,’ said Philip. ‘We’ll send round a couple of men on hacks to-day, and post notes to those who are too far off. I’ll take care of that.’

‘What a restless fellow you are, Philip! Why don’t you go over and see your cousin Bella? She’s grown a charming girl. Besides, I know you’ll be running a vixen, or some mischief.’

‘Not I, sir. There, I’m sure you’ll let us go, and I’ll ride the old horse. You always used to kill a May fox, you know.’

‘Ah, well! it’s just like you. You always were confoundedly spoilt. Your mother spoilt you, and—and—old Mrs. Trelawny—and all the women.’

‘Thanks, my dear sir; that’s so kind of you. I’ll go and tell Tom; and I’ll arrange about the notes. You’ll go yourself, won’t you?’

‘No; I can’t go, Philip. Your brother and I must go to the ‘magistrates’ meeting at Byport. But take care of the old horse, and do mind the vixens, that’s a good fellow.’

## CHAPTER II.

THE 1st of May was a lovely morning—not one of your southerly wind and a cloudy sky days, but bright and sharp, after such a frost as your gardener shakes his head at after peering knowingly into the fruit trees. There’s a popular notion, extending from about Bow to Turnham Green (not further, we hope), that such weather is inimical to scent. We know better. I know that the most brilliant runs over the grass not unfrequently take place with a considerable dash of east, and something of clearness in the atmosphere. Tom the Huntsman, and Master Philip, as he called him, certainly were of that opinion, and possibly two or three dozen of neighbours, farmers and others, who are always ready for a day’s hunting, if it came in the middle of the night or in the dog-days. So much the better. I honour the man who hunts when he can.

Tom touched his hat cheerfully to the field; and giving a sign to his whips, he jogged off to a plantation which hung upon the slope of a hill at the distance of half a mile. The field was select. The London men were gone to their Clubs and the Row; the county gentlemen had become suddenly alive to their duties as Justices of the Peace; and the boys and young ladies, who hang on to the skirts of sport to the latest moment, had not seen the Wolfhamstone Hounds advertised in the ‘County Argus,’ for the best of all possible reasons. As our attention is not distracted by the crowd, let us look at the country. It presented a scene peculiar to the skirts of the best hunting country in England. Here and there were planted small snug spinneys in a somewhat open country, all grass, and enclosed at intervals with most unmistakeable obstacles to the progress

of anything but a very hard man and good horse. Bending away in the distance was what is known as the Forest, being an interminable line of magnificent woodlands, which afforded an excuse for three weeks' or a month's additional exercise of the noble science. When others gave it up altogether, the Squire gave it up in the open, and fell back upon the woodlands. We see that he had delegated his authority to Philip de Vere in the present instance for *one more day*, who proceeded to make the most of it.

But Philip was not lucky; before he reached the forest he had found a fox, which, with an instinctive knowledge that discretion is the better part of valour, ran to ground after a very sharp ten minutes—a ten minutes which served only to make the mouth water for another twenty. The young pig-sticker and tiger-hunter was Englishman enough to declare that there was nothing like fox-hunting when you could get it good, and that his own father's country was the *crème de la crème* of the Shires. So onward he travelled till after two vain attempts, which ended in having to whip off from vixen, he found himself on the verge of the Forest rather late in the afternoon.

'I'm afraid we must give it up, sir,' said Tom, gloomily, 'until next season, and then, 'odd rabbit 'em, we'll give 'em a dustin.'

'Ah! What's that?'

'Gorn away!—gorn away!' says Bill, who was round the corner of the cover.

'Oh, Tom! if this should be a vixen!'

'But it ain't, Master Philip; Bill's not such a fool:' saying which away they both went down a ride of the plantation, emerging over a very ugly-looking fence, already alive with bright-green leaves and white thorns, which made the old horse lift his legs when he found it out. The pack had got away pretty close to his brush, and he lost no time in making for the woodlands, into which hounds, huntsman, Philip, and his field rushed to a melody which was more like a gallop than a *minuet de la cour*. Oh! what a burst of music when they entered the dank rides shadowed by the lofty forest trees, and smelling of moist earth! How they galloped, and how the horn went toot-toot-toot in search of a straggler or two which could scarcely catch the flying pack! How Tom and his followers slipped down one glade and up another, now hearing a faint cry, and anon hearing nothing at all but the crashing of the underwood here and there, or the ponderous thong of the whips, as they stopped a moment to bring up defaulters.

Philip was no bigger a fool than anybody else at three-and-twenty, in a woodland country of which he doesn't know a yard; but he could not help thinking himself a little cleverer—that's how he came to take a line of his own. If he would but have stuck even to the second whip or Joulter, he might have been out of it, but he wouldn't have come to the grief that he did. As to Jack, the first whip, he had left his sub. to do the dirty work when the business got really warm, and was bowling away, enjoying himself amazingly, a trifle wide of



old Tom, and devoutly hoping they would soon be in a bit of the open again. This might have come about if the old dog fox they had before them had been a blockhead ; but he had too much sense for that, so he kept turning and turning, always the wrong way for Philip, who kept on as straight as if he'd been running from Waterloo Gorse to Harborough, and lost himself for his pains.

The longest lane has a turning, and the rides in the woodlands had a great many, but at length Philip caught sight of what looked like the beginning of a new world. He saw straight before him the blue sky, and a positively tempting post and rails with a lovely haw-haw on the further side of it. The forest trees cleared off on either side, and the fresh green grass looked most inviting beyond it. At the same moment he heard a toot-toot-toot — and again the cry of hounds to the left. 'Once in the open,' thought he, 'and I shall be 'with them in no time. Come up !' and with an additional persuasion from his spurs he rode straight at the fence. The view that opened upon him as he landed was not quite what he expected. At first he saw squibs, crackers, and fireworks all round him, then a thousand pheasants getting up all round him ; and then a thick darkness. In a minute or two things got better. There was a vision of fair spirits ; the old horse was on his legs, that is, on three of them, the fourth he did not like to put down. A plush-coated keeper was pouring some fiery liquid down his throat, and a beautiful girl stood staring at him, more amazed than frightened, from a grey Arab. On the right hand on a rising lawn of great extent and beauty rose a long low house of that indescribably religious character which could be nothing but an abbey or a priory, and which must have belonged to some descendant of the long-ago church despoilers — the aristocrats of a Tudor court. Far beyond were the rich lands and fertile fields which had fed its early tenants, and which still fed an owner's mortgagees. It was essentially a gentleman's Place.

'What a cropper !' said Philip.

'Drat them rabbit-holes !' said the keeper.

'I hope you're not much hurt ?' said the maiden.

'No, not much,' said Philip for himself, 'thank you ; but I'm 'afraid my old horse is lamed ; and I don't know the least where I 'am,' having said which he became less confused, and proceeded to collect himself, his hat, his whip, his senses, and his horse.

The horse could not stir, that is to say, on his fourth leg. So the young lady suggested that the keeper might bring him slowly up to the abbey, if the gentleman would accept of the keeper's pony as far.

Of course Philip, who, notwithstanding his long absence, made a guess that he was in the enemy's country, was about to decline in favour of his father's prejudices ; but when he looked at May Deringhame the refusal died on his lips, and he was led away captive. So they two came to the court-yard of the abbey and the keeper followed slowly behind.

Behold an hour and a half later and Philip de Vere was on his

way home on a hack borrowed from the sturdy old Whig representative of his father's enemies. He didn't scruple to rattle him along over the grass towards the temporary kennels as hard as if he had belonged to an old Tory, for he was very late, and on his way he met with old Tom coming to look for him in the Forest. Great was his surprise at hearing of Philip's discomfiture, and still greater his dismay when he heard where he had been consoled with cold chicken and Madeira, and a sound hack.

'Eh! but it's lucky I met ye, Master Philip. You mustn't go home that figure. Here, take old Camarine, and I'll ride the Deringhame horse back and get yours away. Oh my! but the Squire 'll go mad if he knows where you bin.' Saying which off he jumped, and proceeded to lengthen the stirrups.

'Will he, Tom? I'm sorry for that, for he must know.'

'Bless you, he'd never forgive us. We'd never hunt another fox together. He told us to look arter you the very last thing last night. "Tom," says he, "he'll be running a vixen or something—" and don't let 'em draw within miles o' that old villain's property, "whatever you do"—and now, danged if ye aint got on one o' the old man's horses.'

'I can't help that, Tom; the beggar put his foot into a rabbit-hole opposite the drawing-room windows. I couldn't walk home.'

'Oh my! I know the Squire. How he will swear!—he do hate a Whig. You mustn't tell him.'

'But, you old fool, I must tell him; why I'm late, and what's become of the old horse—and where we ran—and—what am I to say?'

'Say—why say the hounds got away with a vixen, and you jumped over the haw-haw on purpose to stop 'em; but I know I shall lose my place—I know I shall.' So off went Tom in high dudgeon, and Philip rode home determined to make the best of a bad job, and wondering when and how he should see May Deringhame again.

Strange to say, Mr. De Vere was satisfied with very little, and his brother Godfrey with less. When he heard they found plenty of foxes, but couldn't run them, he said he knew it—they were vixens. 'Very glad you didn't, and would have been very much surprised if the old horse hadn't been lamed; never go hunting a May fox any more.'

And then they went to London for the season.

Now, people moving in the same class of society, though not in the same set, do meet occasionally. They can't help it. So the De Veres and Deringhames used to see one another, and said, 'How do ye do?' to one another with freezing politeness; and nothing more.

But this season Lady Frances would be so persistently bewitching in her civility, the first time that she met the De Veres, that the Squire couldn't make it out at all. She was much too charming a woman to be thrown over by an old country gentleman, so she

carried her point of getting into conversation, and hoped his son was quite well, and none the worse for his fall.

Old De Vere naturally enough only had *politically* and *matri-monially* one son, and that the heir; so he said that he wasn't in town. 'Not in town?' and who was that young man that Lady Frances had been talking to, who was now dancing with Miss Deringhame? 'That—ah! that's my other son,' and then out came the story of the tumble, the horse, the chicken, and the Madeira. And while Philip was still running his May fox, the Squire sought Mrs. De Vere.

What an invention is a mother, to be sure! If there were no other reason for honouring womankind, a man with a mother could never help himself. What a receptacle for family secrets to come out just at the right time and the right place! What a soother of irritabilities and assuager of pains! So Mrs. De Vere took the Squire in hand and told him all about it. It was all that fool, Tom, who was afraid of losing his place—at which the Squire laughed heartily, and when you can get a Squire to laugh half the battle is won. So the two ladies began to be intimate; for the female Capulets and Montagues cared less about the family honour than their husbands; and May and Philip met oftener.

A man can't *happen* to go to the British Museum, or the Dudley Gallery, or to Waterloo House, or to see Gustave Doré's pictures twice a week, and meet the same people there by accident without its being talked about. That can only *happen* in the Row, at the Opera, and at St. Shibboleth's once a week. May and Philip did happen to meet at the latter places, and then people began to talk. Mr. Deringhame, and his son George, who was a bit of a prig, were disgusted at first, when they heard it was not the eldest son who was so constantly in Lady Frances's box; but got better when they heard of his old aunt's liberality. Yet it took a little time and prudence to overcome the prejudices of two centuries, and provincial associations. A ruler in Israel had not yet appeared to educate them. The women made it all right at last: Godfrey De Vere and George Deringhame approached each other at first like rather ill-tempered schoolboys; but upon closer analysis of their opinions by impartial judges, it was found that there was less difference between an advanced Liberal and an enlightened Conservative than between the real old-fashioned Tory and the aristocratic Whig. In fact, there was very little difference at all; and as May is married to Philip, possibly at some future occasion they may divide the county on amicable terms between them. When Philip or his family wish to apply a term of especial endearment to his wife, mindful of his escapade in killing a May fox, they call her 'The Forest Vixen.'

## ROUTED BY A DRUM.

FROM the land of the scorpion, half-broken, half-burned,  
A home-loving soldier at length has returned.  
Ah ! nobly Sir Gerard his duty has done  
In the carnage of strife and the glare of the sun ;  
And though in the conflict his bones have been grilled,  
His pension is won and his mission fulfilled ;  
And there's light in his bosom as homeward he bends  
To the scene of his manhood, his love, and his friends.

But a decade or two what a change may it bring,  
Like the fall of a blight on the best hope of spring !  
No kind voice is there as he draws near his dome ;  
No smile on the threshold to welcome him home ;  
And he shivers to find, as he enters his hall,  
Not a friend of his youth within reach of his call ;  
And lone, as he turns him from strangers apart,  
Comes a tear to his eye, and a chill on his heart.

Up again and away—in the night—all alone—  
From the home of his fathers Sir Gerard is gone ;  
And he, who had ever been foremost in place  
To dash at the boar in the wild burst of chase,  
Who had traversed the jungle by night and by day,  
And fought, single-handed, the tiger at bay,  
Steals away in the dark, and spurs from the spot,  
Unmanned and appalled by his desolate lot,

To a City of Refuge—the Star of the West—  
Whose women are brightest, whose fountains the best ;  
Where, warm and pellucid, the waters have birth,  
And leap into life from the hot womb of Earth.  
The soldier of India, to shake off his chains  
(For the fever is lingering still in his veins),  
Alights at its gate ere his courser is dry,  
Or the first blush of morning has purpled the sky.

Ah ! Pool of Bethesda, that virtue of thine,  
Though it come from the clouds, or spring from the mine,  
A beneficent Power, on mercy intent,  
To the bodily-stricken thy blessing has sent !  
But if, as of old, one angel sublime  
Brought health on his wings to one wretch at a time,  
Here legions attend, ay, and bless, if they can,  
Every suffering soul in the garb of a man.

Braced and dowered each day by the mineral wealth  
Gushing forth from its fountains in rivers of health,  
As an eagle Sir Gerard his vigour regains,  
Till the last spark of fever is quenched in his veins.

Then who in the front, without scruple or fear,  
 Crams his horse at a fence like this bold cavalier ?  
 Or who in Terpsichore's mazes can trace  
 The galop or waltz with such infinite grace ?

Ah ! happy Sir Gerard ! how glistens his eye  
 As the sparkling Belinda responds to his sigh !  
 Her soft, sunny cluster of ringlets unrolled  
 O'er his chest seem to ripple in streamlets of gold ;  
 Or playfully straying, his senses entrance,  
 As they fan his warm cheek in the whirl of the dance.  
 One other such night, and that sweet little fay  
 In her chain of enchantment will hold him for aye.

But the dull time of Lent only gives, when it comes,  
 Heavy dinners, and concerts, and crushes, and drums ;  
 So Terpsichore's salon, where darkness is spread,  
 Is silent and sad as the tombs of the dead ;  
 For frail is the nature, and carnal the will  
 That fain would indulge in a homely quadrille ;  
 But the passionate waltz by the fair and the brave  
 Will meet with no mercy on this side the grave.

If we gaze on a river, how little we know  
 Of the eddies that curl in the caverns below !  
 'Tis thus with a man whom we know but in part :  
 'Tis the surface we see, not the deeps of his heart.  
 So Belinda, Belinda, beware how you try  
 The fine lusty fellow that springs to your fly :  
 The barb has struck deep ; but it needs a light hand,  
 Or that captive, believe me, you never will land.

But, *Vo Triumphé* ! She drags him about  
 From a whirlpool of crushes to concert and rout ;  
 And he writhes in his flesh, like the Faquir afar,  
 'Neath the merciless wheels of her Juggernaut car ;  
 And Sirens, in chorus, his senses benumb  
 With the witchcraft and wail of a musical drum ;  
 Till, too gallant is he, or Sir Gerard would fain  
 Have sealed up his ears like Ulysses again.

Alas ! for Belinda ! once more all alone,  
 Away and for ever Sir Gerard is gone ;  
 But the maiden still clings, like a child to a toy,  
 To the skirts of a hope and to visions of joy ;  
 While he far away from the Sirens of song,  
 On the shores of wild Garry is stalking along,  
 Now landing a salmon, now lost in a dream,  
 Enrapt by the roar of the turbulent stream.

RING OUZEL.

## A SYSTEM OF FIGURE SKATING.\*

## A REVIEW.

THE world is divided into two great classes—the men who understand things, and the men who write about them. Now and then, by a happy accident, some one who knows how to do something writes a book to show other people how to do it too, but these are exceptional cases ; and among the exceptions we have to note the clever little book called ‘A System of Figure Skating,’ by Messrs. Vandervell and Witham. One the most powerful, and the other the most elegant skater of the famous club, they ought to have somewhat to say to aspirants of a humbler order ; and we are very glad to see that they do not content themselves with soaring to the heights of the art, which few besides themselves have mastered, but condescend to the level of ordinary humanity, and show a feeling regard for the weakness of schoolboys, and a delicate attention to the ambition of the ladies.

To all classes of skaters—from the beginner who has not learned how to keep his ankles stiff, to the adept who seeks to discover the last new combination in threes and Q’s, and turns and serpentines—this practical little book will be equally welcome. The last new achievement—Mr. Vandervell’s rocking-turn, by which the outside forward is transformed in a twinkling to the outside backward—is fully explained to readers, of whom one in a million may be able to follow the skate-steps of the author. At the other end of the scale we find a chapter for ladies, containing the best possible instructions for learning to progress upon ice without going through the usual allowance of falls and bruises.

Between these two extremes every intermediate stage of skating proficiency receives its due meed of attention, and no learner who does (if only he can do) what Mr. Vandervell and Mr. Witham tell him to do need despair of one day wearing a silver skate at his buttonhole. One great feature of the book is the rehabilitation of the inside-edge forward, which has hitherto been pertinaciously snubbed by our best skaters. As performed in the butcher-boy fashion, with stick in air, and the unemployed leg hovering in graceless fashion on the interior of the circle, nothing can be more hideous than this inside edge ; but our authors have devised an entirely new attitude, which in their picture makes the inside edge look almost more graceful than the outside. One of the best features of the book (for beginners at any rate) is the collection of figures indicating the correct and the incorrect attitudes for the various movements, and these are enough to redeem the long-neglected inside-edge from the contempt with which it has been undeservedly treated. We have not space to point out in detail the many useful hints which the book conveys to all who are ambitious to learn to skate ; but those of our readers who have already made themselves familiar with the mystery will comprehend at once the importance of the eight maxims on which, according to our authors, good skating depends.

1. The straightened knee.
2. Approximation of the heels.
3. The semi-sideways position of the body.
4. The vertical momentum.
5. The horizontal momentum.
6. The forward turns on the toe.

\* By H. E. Vandervell and T. Maxwell Witham, Members of the London Skating Club. Macmillan and Co. 1869.

7. The backward turns on the heel.
8. Double practice on the left leg.

These wise saws may be unintelligible to the tyro, though, when accompanied by our authors' explanations, he, too, will appreciate their value: but the weakest and the feeblest skater may be grateful for the 'Ladies' Chapter,' which takes the edge off those preliminary difficulties of the art which frighten so many of both sexes off the ice.

It may seem, after a winter has passed without a frost, a strange time to recommend a book on the art of skating; but our authors, with a creditable freedom from prejudice, point out that the first elements of skating can be acquired as well with the wheel-skates upon boards as with the real instrument upon a frozen lake. This is a hint which no beginner should neglect; and to all who desire to commence their skating career next Christmas, and not less to all who are anxious to study the most recondite intricacies of the art, we cannot give better advice than that they should read and meditate the fruitful and practical hints which Mr. Vandervell and Mr. Witham have drawn from their ripe experience.

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### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting element is at present *in futuro*, though the Thames clubs have issued most liberal programmes, and almost every tide not utterly impracticable is to be responsible for at least one fixture. Rowing has also hitherto been confined to club matches; but we must mention the plucky challenge sent to Oxford and Cambridge by Harvard College, U. S. It will be remembered that in 1868 these gentlemen sent Oxford a proposal for a race to take place here this year, but as there was a difference of opinion as to the desirability of coxswains, besides which the then President of the O. U. B. C. was strictly not entitled to make engagements for his successor, the matter fell through. Harvard has now, however, called again, and very liberally agrees to carry coxswains; so a four-oared race will take place during August or September, from Putney to Mortlake, between the O. U. B. C. and Harvard College, U. S. A., which, besides claiming the delightfully sensational title of international with a big I, will be especially interesting from the chivalrous conduct of the visitors, who, in their anxiety to try their metal against the *crème de la crème* of England's oarsmen, have yielded a most important item. Cambridge have not yet accepted the challenge, but will, doubtless do so. We wish to suggest, however, that it would be more satisfactory were the challenge not confined to the 'Varsity oarsmen, and if the pick of the Henley fours, whoever they be, took part in the struggle. No one knows yet who will turn out the crack team of the year; but whether London, Kingston, Leander, or the Colleges take the Stewards' Cup at Henley, it would be interesting to us, and doubtless to the Harvards, that the winners, and perhaps a runner-up, should have a turn against them. The London Rowing Club, as present holders of the chief Henley prizes, might, we think, send a friendly letter to the Americans, proposing something of the kind, as it would be a pity if, from ignorance of the relative importance of the various English clubs, the Americans should pay what might be afterwards thought an incomplete visit to England. Perhaps Mr. Wilkes of the 'Spirit' can enlighten them; if we remember rightly, he knows Putney, and 'Who's Who' on the Thames.

## PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

THERE is no denying the fact that we have had a very dull spring here, and that Sport as well as Life has not been up to the annual average. We had a very early Easter, and so a very brief Carnival, and when people 'say fare-well to flesh' so early in the season they do not as a rule go in for much previous dissipation. Now a certain amount of dissipation is essential to Paris Life, and, in a word, the city of Lutetia is deuced dull if she is proper. We had no official masquerades, no private masking and mumming, and even the semi-hemisphere respected the rules of decorum, and were as dull as their so-called respectable neighbours. Then as to Sport. We do not, as you know, begin our amusements as soon as you do. Our racing only began on Sunday, 11th of April, but we have had a series of small steeple-chases, weekly and weakly, nearly every Sunday since Christmas. That clerk who rules the weather does not seem to approve of minor meetings and small cross-country events, as nearly every day it has rained in torrents. Now even 'T'Leger' run in the rain is a bore, and so judge what are the meetings of La Marche and the gatherings of Vincennes! If you like seeing a crowd, and do not care for sport, go, I say, on a fine day to either course; but when it rains, when your glass will be hazy, and the drops of water fall from your hat on to your card or book, then, I say, tell Antoine to call you again when it clears up, and stay not only at home but in bed. For my part, I only went to one meeting, a fine, though an off day at La Marche. We had a very good party, capital carriage, and a lunch worthy of the '1st Life Guards' drag. We were all 'très egayés' by the air, the scene, and the Pommery and Greno, and so voted the affair a success. I believe there were some races, but all I saw of the sport (?) was the struggle of two men and two horses to tumble into the brook, a diluted enjoyment which they both succeeded in obtaining. There were a good many English 'swells' present, and as it was not Sunday I will give you some of their names—Earl Paulett, Lord Charles Hamilton, Captain Townley, Sir Edward Falkiner, Major Carpenter, Mr. E. Stracey (*en route* to the East), Mr. Francis de Burgh, Mr. Gordon, Mr. Trafford, Mr. Roberts, Mr. Tom Hohler, Mr. F. Wombwell, Lord Howard, and many other 'distinguished fashionables,' as a polite contemporary delights in writing. A very perilous drive home, not from the fault of our coachman, who was as steady as a bishop's cob, but from the wild vagaries of certain undrilled rustics, promoted from the pig-trough and the cucumber-frame to the coach-box, left us, after a decent time of allowance for reaction, 'pretty 'fit' for a dinner at Durand's. You dine well at the Café de la Madeleine (Durand's), and no wonder, for there you see diplomatists studying the 'menu du jour' and holding close consultations with the officers accredited by the kitchen to the dining-room. Now when a diplomatist dines, he usually dines well: *experto crede*, whenever you see Ambassador, Nuncio (especially on 'fast' days), Minister, or Chargé d'Affaires, order dinner, call the waiter quietly and tell him to give you that which artists call a 'replica' of his Excellency's bill of fare. Well, my friend and reader, we dined well after the perils and dangers of a drive back from the Hampton Races, or rather, I should say, the Clapham Junction Steeple-chases of France.

On the 11th April we had the first day of the legitimate season at 'Long-champs,' or, as your readers will better understand it, in the 'Bois.' Nature abhors a vacuum, we are told, and so perhaps she likes to see the Tribunes (which you call Grand Stands) of a racecourse well filled, and therefore



ordered a day of June for the opening of our flat-race campaign. Beginning with the Emperor, the young Prince Imperial—who was ‘entered’ to racing very early—and the ex-Queen and King of Spain, everybody now in Paris was present. It was so hot that white hats and even white umbrellas—unpleasantly reminding one of Malta—were the orders of the day. The sport was of no great account, and has been discounted for weeks; but it was so far interesting that it proved the excessive strength and perfect early form of the de Lagrange stable, which in two days has won seven races out of twelve, besides being second and third once, and second once or twice, and has credited itself with M. Grandhomme—whom I delight to say looks as fresh as the proverbial paint—to the pleasant little amount of 2500*l.* in stakes alone. The Count has got his hat very much on one side and looks in terrible form; he deserves all he wins, but his force and form are great bores for the general public, as they paralyze speculation and despoil half the races of their interest. ‘Why don’t you look at the race instead of the ladies’ ‘stand?’ asked a duchess of a member of the Jockey Club. ‘My faith, I am ‘sick of seeing that red and blue arriving first and second,’ was the very natural reply. Two wisecracks were discussing the best way to make money by betting, and they agreed that to bet odds on the ‘Ecurie Lagrange’ in every race in which it was represented would be a sort of private mint! As they were talking a race was being decided, ‘betting 4 to 1 on the stable,’ and the stable was beaten. The lucky Count has, however, got the best three-year old filly in France, L’Oise, who will win several good things if she does well. Mdlle. de Fligny has been defeated but not disgraced, for she was not fit, not well ridden, and yet ran as game as a pebble. Mizen seems to have succeeded to the Lagrange saddle, which used to be the Sunday pulpit of the Grimshaws.

I fear I have not got a great deal more sporting news to give you, so I will look about for anything social, civil, military, musical, or otherwise improving to mind or morals which may strike me. To begin, then, we missed our Easter visitors this year, and the usual parliamentary sittings in the courtyard of the Grand Hôtel could not be held because we could not ‘make a ‘house,’ but I hear that Whitsuntide is to avenge Easter. Many of your readers will be glad to hear that among our few visitors has been a ‘badger,’ which I will so far draw as to say that he is a popular ex-cavalry officer, who is *en route* to Vienna, where he has an excellent appointment in the K. K. ‘Haras’ establishment under our well-known friend M. Cavallero—a great Emperor has conferred this position on a great Rex. We had a section of the Prince of Wales’s party through Paris *en route* to England, and they spoke of the delights of Eastern climate and the hospitality of Orientals in a way to bring tears into the eyes and water into the mouths of the dwellers in the North. They have had a wonderful season at Nice, from which trains now run to roulette and rouge-et-noir three times a day, the last ‘return train’ to Nice being, you may be assured, a quarter of an hour after the last ball has rolled, the last card has been turned, and ‘nothing goes more,’ and not a minute earlier. The real life of Nice is then to play whist pretty high in the train, which, on the winning of four rubbers, will get you to the club, where, if industrious, you may play till the early birds begin to sing in the orange trees, and concierges in carpet slippers shake the dust from their door-mats. If you have luck, you may walk home with winnings so large and so heavy that they require yourself, a friend, and a tablecloth to convey them; but then, on the other hand, you may awake in the morning with a nasty vision of a vista of I. O. U.’s (or, as the Irish gentlemen would call them,

'You owe we's'), and have to pass your forenoon in buying 'stamped paper,' and concocting a letter to your banker or agent. Well, every one says it has been a 'good time at Nice,' so of course everybody has won. There has been no great play scandal in Paris lately, though the babies in short clothes do pop it down pretty heavily at their baby-house in the royal street leading to the Elysian fields. There is a scarcity of Pachas, however, as well as infidels and heretics in general, and if there are any Greeks they are probably Paris-made. *Apropos* of plays, the French, and then the English papers, have been circulating a report that the Marquis and Marquise de Caux are to be separated because, while in Russia, the Co. lost at play all the money gained by the Patti. It is a simple falsehood. The Marquis de Caux, who never played high, now never plays at all; and I should say that they were the happiest couple in Europe. The voice of 'La divina' is better than ever, and she has just turned the fortunes of the Italian Opera here. She was paid in Belgium 320*l.* a night, and was offered 3,200*l.* for ten performances. General theatres are a little dull here, and nobody but Schneider could have saved Offenbach from a 'fiasco' in his last operetta, 'La Diva.' The Fair Helen of Gerolstein can, however, do what she likes with a Paris audience, and she decided it was to be a success. Mons. Vartel, our great 'trainer' here, has a very strong 'string' indeed, and they are in very forward preparation. If some of them do not 'do a good thing' before long, I shall be much astonished. Shall I to keep up the metaphor—which will doubtless offend them all mortally—give you the names of some of the team? First of all there is Mr. Tom Hohler, of whom his masters predict 'montes y morenas;' Mdlle. Marie Rose, who is studying for the Grand Opera, and who sings with her eyes, her mouth, and her teeth, as well as her voice; Mdlle. Gaetano, an Italio-American, a soprano of wonderful talent, taste, and promise; and a young Russian lady, whose name, I regret to say, I do not know, though doubtless it begins with 'D,' and ends in 'osticoff,' for whom her master and all who have heard her predict a great career. And now I think I must conclude this paper. Next month I hope it will be warmer, and so we shall all be more genial, and that I shall write and you read under the influence of sun instead of coal and charcoal. By-the-by, I forgot; you must send us over both your clubs (like a modern Hercules) for the great pigeon match in the Grand Prix week, and also let them know that they may possibly be called on to shoot at Baden Baden on one of the off-days of that great race meeting, which this year is so happily arranged that a clear week elapses between the great Baden Steeplechase and the greater Doncaster St. Leger, therefore our pleasant parties will not be dissolved so prematurely, and 'Noch eine flasche marcobrunner' may be consumed in the gardens of the Baths of Stephanie without damaging our digestion. Of the coming season at Baden I hear wonderful promises. M. Dupressoir intends to surpass M. Benazet. Fishing, shooting—nay, there is a question of hunting—dancing, music, gardens, concerts, pigeon matches, a week's racing beginning the 1st of September, 'Grandes chasses,' with picnics for ladies 'added.' This is the 'farrago libelli,' the contents of the little book-programme which the present proprietor of the pleasantest holiday place and the prettiest booth in the Vanity Fair of Europe is about to issue to his patrons and patronesses—a list which comprises all the dwellers in London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, who are not too good (which means too stupid) to go to a place where there is amusement because of the temptation.

## 'OUR VAN.'

## THE INVOICE.—April Annotations.

APRIL, the favourite month of Chancellors of the Exchequer and Assessed Taxes Collectors, has produced nothing sensational in the Sporting line. Favourites have gone and come again like April showers, and it would fairly puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how the strings are pulled in the great races of the year; for between certain parties a means of communication would seem to exist, which is quite as mysterious as that which prevails among the Hindoos, and which was so notorious during the late Indian Mutiny. Owners of favourites now lead a life, to which that of Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kara, must have been a positive luxury; and a great racing stable is now besieged like Sebastopol. Touts take the place of spies, and a telegraphic wire often does the owner of a racehorse out of thousands, which virtually belong to him. The trainer sleeps with one eye open and the other never shut; while the head lad is required to be as acute and watchful as Fatima in Bluebeard's Château. How much longer such a state of things will have to prevail we cannot say, but owners are heartily sick of it, and complain that racing has lost its chief charm, for it continually keeps them at war with their neighbours. However, when things come to the worst, they generally mend, and it is more than likely, we understand, that the Government will raise the sieges of Kingsclere, Isley, and Lewes, and so remove the apprehensions of those who are in possession of those racing strongholds. The Derby seems likely to be confined to a select few, and the Two Thousand will determine whether it is to remain in the Sunny South, or Yorkshire, as in days of yore, is to have a slice of the Epsom Prizes. Pero Gomez has won golden opinions by his gallop in the Craven Week, but yet we are induced to think his price is an exotic one; and had not his backers been placed in a peculiarly perplexing position by the death of Mr. Stephenson, longer odds might have been obtainable about him. Still the public crowd to him as to a successful pantomime, and if we mistake not, the enclosure at Epsom will resemble, on the Derby day, a vast bed of poppies from the red neckcloths, of the Peros. Up to the present time, Danebury has made no sign, having last year, we suppose, created sufficient sensation to last for twelve calendar months; but from the signs in the horizon, we gather that all their interest is centred in the Duke of Beaufort, and that in more senses than one. Whether Pretender will successfully maintain his 'pretensions' remains to be seen, but according to report, his most dangerous rival is Thorwaldsen, who has a large party of admirers, who insist he is capable of 'cutting his way' through any field of horses that may be brought against him. If so, Mr. Johnstone is a veritable child of Fortune to have a couple of horses good enough to win the Derby, for most people deem themselves lucky to have one. However, it is a long time since we heard a Yorkshire roar of triumph at Epsom, and whether it be achieved by a Malton or a Middleham champion, it will be heartily taken up and re-echoed by Southern throats. Ladas has met with a most flattering reception at Isley, and Professor Target has been engaged to assist Professor Dover in his preparation; and if she is only as successful with her new pupil as she was with Hermit, Lord Rosebery's golden dream of life will be realised, and Isley achieve as great a character for Derby winners as Malton did when John and William Scott were at the head of affairs. The Drummer (we are writing before the Two Thousand is decided) has a lot of 'boys' always playing into people's ears that he will march off with the Derby; but it strikes

us forcibly he must get an extra turn of speed put into his constitution, to enable him to play the Drummer's March at Epsom in a manner that will be satisfactory to his friends. Belladrum is surrounded by quite as much mystery as attached to any of the heroes of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, and the public are evidently not oblivious of the conspicuous part he played last year with all the crack two-year olds of the day. That he is as handsome as a picture we do not deny, but the old saying of handsome is that handsome does, applies equally to horses as to human beings; and if we err not greatly, Mr. Merry's horse will show that Nature, although she has not taken from him his natural good looks, has visited him with such 'an impediment in his speech,' as to prevent him displaying the promise of excellence he once showed; and, in fact, there can be no doubt that Belladrum has 'fallen from his high estate,' and Mr. Merry may well exclaim, 'Save me from my friends!' The breaking down of Wild Oats, as it were, in the moment of victory, was a sad blow to Mat Dawson, particularly as it was accompanied by the black-balling of his owner for the Jockey Club, which produced quite a sensation in the little world of Newmarket. Two such calamities do not often befall a man in so short a time, and the idea that he would ever commit an act in any way unworthy of the Club is as erroneous, as it was foolish. The Admiral, we are given to understand, was almost aghast when he heard the state of the poll, for he was aware that, in all human probability, Newmarket would lose a fine stud of horses, and an owner who ran them as straight as the late Lord Glasgow. It is true the Duke, like other young men, had his follies, but they were incidental to his age, and as time is said to work wonders, so it may be presumed to do the same with him as with other people. And we challenge the world to prove him guilty of one dishonourable act, or ever to have rendered himself incapable of becoming a Member of the Jockey Club of England. In future, we imagine, Candidates for the Club will have to put in certificates from their Godfathers and Godmothers and the Clergyman of their Parish as to their morality and regular attendance at Divine service before they are ballotted for. However, the manners and customs of the Palais Royal are not likely, as it was feared, to be introduced into Old Burlington Street, for the Duke will not give a third chance away to those who dread coming in contact with him. The whole subject of balloting, however, loudly calls for revision; but we confess we do not see how it is to be carried into effect with success, and are therefore not surprised to find the Meeting at Arthur's turn out to be a failure. At that Club a complaint exists that the black-balling is universal, and that a perfect mania exists for Life Guardsmen, inasmuch as a Member when asked the other day how many were in the Club, was told the whole regiment with the exception of 'The Band,' and it was hoped to get them in shortly. But we have diverged from the Derby to the Duke of Hamilton, and Wild Oats has led us to a discussion on the ballot, which we should not have touched upon had not the Sporting Press made such a feature of it, which in our humble opinion hardly came within their province; but as the Duke of Hamilton was put up without his knowledge, they perhaps think he is not answerable for his rejection, and therefore they did not hesitate to give publicity to this very disagreeable and wholly unexpected occurrence. We must, however, now get on the Epsom line again, and as the Derby will have been run before we next address our readers, declare our belief to rest in Ladas, who, we fancy, is not unlikely to achieve for Lord Rosebery, at the onset of his career on the Turf, what Surplice gained for Lord Clifden, and what Hermit accomplished for Mr. Chaplin. The extreme length of the Parliamentary Debates has prevented the continuance of the controversy on the effects of running

two-year olds at so early a period of the year; and the arguments, pro and con., will not be heard until Sir Joseph Hawley brings his motion on next month. It will then be urged, we suppose, with great effect, that running a two-year old sixteen or eighteen times in a season is a certain means of increasing his value at the stud, and making him the progenitor of a stout and hardy race. And we imagine also the number of old horses in training at the present moment, capable of carrying ten stone over four miles, will be pointed out as illustrative of the policy of maintaining such a state of things in a country which has the reputation of being the first in the world for its breed of horses. If so, well and good; but if Sir Joseph shows that everything at the present day tends to further an increase in two-year old racing to the prejudice of that of any other class, that few young horses can stand the repeated calls upon them, and that in a short time an aged racer, with sound legs and feet, will only be seen at the Islington Show by payment of a shilling, then we trust his motion will be carried, and become the law of the land, for in such case the Jockey Club will have displayed a greater partiality for the horse than the pencil. It is argued that the measure of Sir Joseph tends to interfere, in a great degree, with the liberty of the subject, and is a gross interference with the rights of private property. But we confess we cannot discover this ourselves, for although we have game, we cannot kill it before a certain day, because such a rule is deemed beneficial to all classes. Again, if we have a factory, we deem it to be very hard we cannot work our hands except at the hours sanctioned by the Legislature, which we think has as much right to concern itself about racehorses, as about partridges and pheasants. Great curiosity exists in the racing world to know the opinions of the various Members of the Jockey Club, and ascertain whether they are May or July men. Among the warmest supporters of Sir Joseph Hawley are stated to be Mr. Savile and Mr. Chaplin, while the opposition, it is stated, will be led by Admiral Rous and Lord Falmouth, both of whom are understood to take the deepest interest in the question, which will affect the Turf more than any measure that has been passed for the last quarter of a century. All the Clerks of Courses are of course up in arms against it, for it will lead to the destruction of their Spring Meetings; and it is reported they will seek compensation from the funds of the Jockey Club for the loss of their Brocklesby, Althorp Park, and other two-year old Stakes, which used to form such an ornament to their programmes. The great objection to July seems to be that it will interfere with Ascot, and it is not thought desirous to have the Royal Meeting shorn of any of its attractions, to which the July men reply, that the Great Berkshire Meeting has always such a quantity of horses, the two-year olds will never be missed. As may be expected, the debate excites the greatest interest, and we trust the speeches may be published, that we may learn the arguments on which the Club base their decision.

The Craven may be said to have virtually commenced the racing of the month, but the Return List led to nothing very important beyond shortening the odds against Pero Gomez for the Derby, showing a marked improvement in the Duke of Beaufort, and the proof that Mr. Savile had not sacrificed Lancet to Blueskin at Northampton, as the friends of the latter had so pertinaciously insisted upon. 'Argus' was also restored to the privilege enjoyed by the rest of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, of seeing the races on Newmarket Heath, instead of being compelled, as he had been for the last seven years, to take down the winners from the window of 'Bell's Life,' and which that Writer duly acknowledged in fitting terms. Durham came out in great force with its new Grand Stand, and all the Yorkshire, and local Upper Ten

Thousand assembled within its enclosure to enjoy the holiday time of the period. The sport was quite equal to the occasion, the fields large and respectable, and we were glad to see that on more than one occasion Honesty was shown to be the best policy. The Albemarle Club had a pleasant day's outing at Kingsbury. The display of Drags was very fair, the sport far from bad, and from all we learn, the Meeting seems destined to become popular with the Hansom Division and the votaries of Venus Cytherea, who may be styled its Lady Patroness. Bromley was, as usual, a great Meeting for the Plating Interest, the chief members of which took part in the proceedings; and the various objections which were urged in the course of the two days would have done credit to a Middlesex Registration Court. Aldershot was, as usual, the *beau-ideal* of a Military Meeting, where racing plays a second fiddle to eating and drinking, and regimental horses invariably enlist the sympathies of the different corps on the ground. Close finishes are here of rare occurrence, and 'the manly form' of the Military Jockeys is generally seen to more advantage here than on most racecourses. Thirsk had, as usual, nothing to complain of in respect to horses; but poor Mr. Robinson was sadly missed among the Gentlemen Jockeys, for he dearly loved to perform here, and the Hunters' Stakes did not look itself without him. The racing calls for no remark, save that Mr. George Thomson was in his usual form, showing that his Agricultural labours had not diminished his powers in the pigskin. Croxton Park, almost for the first time in its existence, was deprived of Lord Wilton as a Gentleman Jockey, his recent accident of course preventing him getting into the saddle. The company consisted of all whose names are to be found in the Leicestershire 'Who's Who,' and the *élite* of Wellington Street were there to receive them. There was more than enough racing for one day, and plenty of betting on the different events, which ultimately turned out in favour of the Professional Gentlemen from London. The Granby Handicap inflicted a heavy blow and great discouragement on the House Party, as Curio, voted a perfect certainty on his Epsom running, again took the sulks, and would not go up to his bit at all, in spite of all Mr. Bevil's exertions, and Drewitt provided the winner, who, an hour before, had secured in a similar capacity the Belvoir Castle Stakes. In the Billesdon Coplow, one of the oldest Stakes of the Meeting, Colonel Knox was fortunate enough to get hold of Lord Calthorpe's Acceptance, of which he made the most, although hardly so much as had been anticipated by those acquainted with its real value.

The prominent features of Punchestown we have described so often, there is no occasion to repeat them, and if ever a Meeting deserved the epithet of Princely attached to it, this is the one, from the patronage extended towards it. Prince Arthur supplied this year the place which the Prince of Wales filled on the last anniversary, and was received as became the brother of the Heir to the Throne. He was accompanied by a Lord-Lieutenant who has had no equal as a sportsman since Lord Eglinton was Viceroy, and who took a warm interest in all the proceedings. The weather was tolerably fine on the first day, but on the second it was infamous, the rain coming down with an intensity that would have done justice to India, and set any macintosh at defiance. The attendance was enormous, including all the English Steeplechase division, a large number of hunting men from the Shires, and every officer that could be spared from the garrisons of Dublin and Newbridge. The air conduced greatly to mastication, which was employed on a series of *dejeûners* of which the London Tavern might have been proud; while the champagne that was consumed would have floated the Himalaya had she got on shore in the Thames. Of course large fields are always the order of the

day at Punchestown, which shows that the conditions are not of such a restrictive nature as represented; and on this occasion there was no exception to the general rule. Nearly all the events were well contested, and fewer objections urged than usual. In fact, the Meeting was as successful as its promoters could have desired, but it is to be regretted that some arrangement is not come to respecting the conditions, some of which are looked upon to be too strict and too complicated to be generally understood. That which has been most objected to is the one which empowers the Stewards to impose a penalty of a stone on a horse whose condition in their estimation warrants it. Such a power in the hands of some Stewards is far from being desirable. But the character of the present Stewards of Punchestown entirely negatives the idea that it would be abused or used to the injury of any individual. In conclusion, we may say of Punchestown, that every year it stamps itself more emphatically as the Race Meeting of Ireland. And one of the great inducements for strangers to visit it, is that in Dublin the landlords of the Gresham and Fleury's do not treat their customers as Indians do their prisoners at war, by eating them up; but by their civility and their economical charges, regard them more in the light of private friends, who wish to be independent of them for the entertainment they receive. And if this was the case in England, people would be more desirous to go into hotels and less anxious to quit them.

The scene which Newmarket Heath presented on the Two Thousand Day, was confirmation strong as proof of Holy Writ, that the days of obstructiveness are over at the head-quarters of the Turf, for the people of England took possession of it, and defied all interference. In fact, every landmark was removed, and every custom peculiar to the place, and which from long observance had become of the force of law, was ignored. The people knew their power, and were fully determined to exercise it; and the crowd of pedestrians was so great, that all Surrey and Middlesex seemed to have been transferred into Suffolk. One innovation which shocked the nerves of the old school, was the number of picnics on the Heath, which before had never known anything in the shape of refreshment beyond the fragment of a biscuit, or the tag end of a sandwich; whereas now the appearance of the Heath transferred us in imagination to Goodwood or Doncaster. 'Have the Ring got 'Belladrum?' was the question in everybody's mouth, and nobody seemed disposed to reply to it; and as for Mr. Merry, he left the public to judge for themselves, which he deemed more advisable than complying with the repeated requests of several Newspaper Correspondents, that he would have the kindness to scratch his horse, because they professed not to be able to understand the mysteries of the betting ring. Greatly to the disgust of the professional horse watchers, Belladrum arrived too late the day previous to have his inventory taken by them; and all they saw of him was a very fine horse, wrapped up like an infant in swaddling clothes. Pretender was among the earliest arrivals that we noticed, and on his first gallop was pronounced by the Newmarket critics to be 'a perfect tiring brute, and a pitching goer,' which made Tom Dawson smile, and take an extra pinch of snuff, remarking that he went well enough to please him, and that was all he cared about. The Duke of Beaufort got to Newmarket at the same time as Belladrum, as we suppose it would never do for a Duke to travel in an ordinary train with ordinary horses. From the spurt he had with Pero Gomez, Mr. Brayley was sanguine to an extraordinary degree, and had the entire support and confidence of Danebury, which up to the present time, we may remark *en passant*, has not made any great show this year. Martyrdom, who had been put through his paces by Vespasian, came into tremendous force the night before the race, Lord

Stamford being at the head of affairs, and all Newmarket stood on him. On the day of the race Newmarket surrendered itself at discretion to the *profanum vulgus*, who immediately took possession of the most Conservative town in England. On the Heath the gathering reminded us of some great political meeting during the Reform agitation, and the authorities had great difficulty in preserving order. The race requires but little description, for Belladrum overpowering Kenyon, tore away, and soon squandered all the lot, with the exception of Pretender, with whom Johnny Osborne waited to the last, when Belladrum finding the effects of the hill injurious to his respiratory organs, Johnny moved ahead his horse, and he became the winner of the Two Thousand, and first favourite for the Derby. And as these honours he acquired in the short space of 1 min. 52½ sec., it shows the pace must have been a cracker. The result goes far to prove that Pero Gomez is not the absolute flier his friends assert him to be, and there is yet chance for a real good horse to win the Derby. Belladrum very nearly gave the nobbling division a lesson they would never have forgotten. And we hope it will teach them to consider that no horse is safe that starts, provided he is trained by a respectable man, and ridden by a square jockey. The Prophets, when they had the market to guide them, were tolerably correct in their judgment relative to the issue. But the chief share of credit must be awarded to the author of 'A Leap in the Dark,' in the March number of this Magazine, who boldly went for Pretender, in large letters, and now, in the May number, sees his prediction fulfilled. We are forced to hear that Kenyon, annoyed at the reports in circulation respecting his riding of Belladrum, has requested Mr. Merry to let him off his engagement to ride him in the Derby. We are also requested to give a distinct denial to the report circulated at Newmarket, that Baron Rothschild had named his filly Mahonie, after Major Mahon.

The second week in April saw the end of the Hunting Season. The custom of killing a May fox was the fashion of days gone by—now-a-days there are but few countries that can afford to kill vixens when heavy, or with cubs laid up, even for the gratification of giving just one more day to the boys home for the Easter holidays. Besides, when the spring crops are getting forward, the grass lands rolled, and the gaps made up, Masters have to consider the farmers, who themselves are too good friends to the sport to cry out.

The Pytchley have wound up a fair average season with their usual visit to Brigstock, and met at Dene Park, Rockingham, Boughton House, and their other forest fixtures. This locality is not popular with the 'beautiful-for-ever' young gentlemen who only care to show their tooth-picks, nosegays, and pretty polished boots at a swell Meet. Having now seen Captain Thomson in the woodlands, we boldly confess that we would far sooner meet him there on a good scenting day, with only forty or fifty men who understand woodcraft, than be one in the charge of the four hundred and odd men in the regular Wednesdays country, when the majority, provided they are always powdering along, do not know or care if the blessed hounds are hunting or not. The country round Brigstock is the perfection of woodland hunting, and some of our readers will perhaps be astonished when we tell them, that in the vicinity of Boughton House, near Kettering, there are (supposing, of course, that they were set out straight) sixty-seven miles of avenues with beautiful, broad grass rides. Having spent a great portion of our time in playing at blindman's buff in the very deepest and densest of the Hampshire woodlands, we need not say that a day at Dene was a great treat. We have been both surprised and sorry to hear that the Subscription List at the Union Bank at Northampton for the testimonial to Captain Thomson, which is to be a portrait,



has not filled as fully and as rapidly as we expected; but the farmers have come forward with their guineas to a man, and are still not to be comforted at their loss. As only subscribers to the testimonial will be entitled to, and able to obtain an engraving, and as Captain Thomson has so many friends and admirers both in England and Scotland, we cannot believe that the testimonial can fail from want of funds. The Atherstone have had an extra good season; and we have never seen any man more improved as a huntsman, in one season, than Stephen Dickens; certainly no man can keep closer to his hounds than he does; but, like all young huntsmen, he is at present a little too eager, and so often fails to account for his fox; but time will rectify this. The Duke of Grafton has had as good sport as anybody in England; and we can safely aver that Frank Beers is as good a huntsman as we have ever seen. A good day with the Duke is a thing to look back on. Generally the field is not large, and there is an absence of that peculiar Pytchley cramming and jamming, and things are done 'decently and in order,' as they should be; but in a great measure this is due to the presence of the Duke, whose quiet manner cannot fail to insure respect and obedience. Mr. Oswald Milnes' resignation is a positive loss to the North Warwickshire gentry. With the field he was courteous and quiet almost to a fault: for, with a wild harum-scarum crowd all greedy for a start from Hillmorton Gorse, a Master should not only be seen but decidedly heard; and we hope that Mr. Lant, who is Mr. Milnes' successor, who we hear is a good sportsman and understands hunting, will, at the end of his career, be as successful and popular as his predecessor has been, and that we shall hear no more bother about Frankton Wood. Mr. Leigh's (the Hertfordshire) hounds finished the season well, on Friday, April 9th, with a fine run over a country that of late years has seldom been crossed by hounds, although it used to be a favourite part with my Lady Salisbury, half a century ago. Late in the afternoon Mr. Leigh's hounds found a tough old fox in Northaw Wood, which, after a couple of rings back to the cover, set his head straight for the Hoddesdon woods. But in April there is plenty of daylight, and, thanks to Ward's condition, the hounds gave him no rest, and pulled him down upon Cow Heath, at the end of 1 hour and 40 min. Bob Ward and his hounds had a long jog home and did not reach the Kennels before ten o'clock. The Cheltenham Hunting Season terminated last week, the finishing Meet taking place at Winchcomb on Wednesday, the 7th; it had, consequently, extended through more than five months—having commenced on Monday, the 2nd of November. Some idea of the sport which, during this long period, the Cotswold Foxhounds have afforded to the gentlemen of Cheltenham and its environs, may be formed from the fact of their having kept no less than seventy-two regular appointments; and, with byes and cub hunting, been out ninety-three days. In this particular, the season just over has been without parallel in this part of the country, and it may be questioned whether any other Hunt enjoyed an equal amount of sport, the open winter having, of course, contributed materially to this result—for it was only upon three occasions that hunting was stopped by the frost. In the sport thus afforded fifty-nine foxes were killed, and twenty-seven others run to ground; incidents which sufficiently vouch for the ardour with which it was pursued, and the hunting qualities of Mr. Colmore's establishment. Of what this establishment consists, our readers may form some notion when we tell them that it includes fifty couples of hounds—with twenty-one couples of young hounds already fit to enter—and a man must travel a long way, and visit many packs, before he will find handsomer or better hounds. That with such certainty of sport,

such appointments to render it thoroughly enjoyable, and with such a varied country to ride over as the hill sides and the table land of the Cotswolds afford, the Meets should be generally well attended was only reasonably to be expected. Hence, not unfrequently, as many as three hundred gentlemen—ay, and ladies too—put in an appearance thereat, the number seldom falling below a hundred, even when the Meets were in quite out-of-the-way places. Fortunately, these have been of rare occurrence, the Vale Country relinquished by Lord Fitzhardinge having abundantly compensated for the Broadway coverts formerly hunted by the Cotswold Hounds. In this there were eight advertised Meets during the past season, and their coverts were not unfrequently drawn from Dixon, Shurdington, Cooper's Hill, and other contiguous places. Talking of coverts, it may not be amiss to note that those which furnished the best sport during the past season were Willis's Copse, the property of Mr. Dent, and those on the farm of that capital preserver of foxes and lover of good fellowship, Mr. Hanks, of Charlton Abbots. Of course such sport must entail considerable cost upon the Master, upon whom all expenses incident to the Hunt, including, as these do, the preservation of the country and the compensation for injury, practically falls. This ought to be understood, and thought of, by those who avail themselves of the sport, but, we fear, is not sufficiently so, seeing that during the last season Mr. Colmore was called upon to pay heavily for one of the days in the Vale country, owing to certain of those who followed the hounds thoughtlessly riding over fields which they might have avoided, and doing thereby considerable damage. And with reference to this, it would be well if before the commencement of another season, gentlemen who follow these hounds would bear in mind the kindness and liberality of the farmers, in not only allowing them to ride over their lands, but also in preserving foxes, and the hospitality they almost uniformly evince whenever the Meets occur in their neighbourhood. A little forethought would often prevent injury. When hounds are running fast no one objects to getting to them by the shortest and quickest route, but at other times every care should be taken to 'spare the industrious farmer.' Some consideration should also be shown to the absent Master, and to the gentlemen—Sir Alexander Ramsay, and Mr. Watson—deputed by him to take his place in the field, who must necessarily find it very disagreeable to have to find fault at a time when all are come out for amusement. In a season in which an unusual number of serious, and some fatal, accidents have taken place in the hunting-field, it is peculiarly gratifying to be able to report that only two have occurred in the Cotswold Hunt, namely—Mr. Dangar, who early in the season broke his leg, and Captain Grant, who fractured his elbow—at least we cannot recall to mind any others. That so few casualties should have happened in so long and active a season is indeed somewhat remarkable, and speaks well for the jockeyship of those who follow the Hunt, since the country over which they ride is not quite as 'smooth as a bowling green.' Seeing, then, how very satisfactorily the operations of the Cotswold Hunt have been conducted throughout the past winter, it is peculiarly gratifying to know that its arrangements for next season have been already completed. The contribution towards the expenses of the establishment required from the town has been assured, and Mr. Colmore has again generously accepted the responsibilities of the Mastership. Gentlemen who are fond of fox-hunting may therefore safely calculate upon as good sport as they can well desire, should they select Cheltenham for their winter quarters; and as the Great Western Railway Company undertook last season to convey passengers and horses to and from several stations upon their line at considerably reduced fares, they will doubt-

less be able to do so again, and so render the Cotswold Meets more accessible to those who may prefer a country to a town residence, or may wish to be nearer the Meets of other packs.

From Hampshire we hear that Mr. Standish has given up the Hursley, after a most wonderful display of almost superhuman patience. We have often wondered how this gentleman, so fond of hunting and so good a horseman, could have spent so much money, and wasted his time, trashing about in everlasting woods, and in a country, which, in some parts, is only fit for a wild-duck. Mr. Standish ought to be the Master of a really good hunting country, as he has the happy manner of making himself popular, and is very active and energetic. Fox-hunting, under the management of Mr. John Harvey, is flourishing in the Isle of Wight. This pack had some quick things, and some long days' work, in February, on one occasion not getting back to their kennel before eight o'clock. On March 9th they had a capital run of one hour, in a pouring rain, from Norton across the parish of Freshwater, and killed near the military road at Compton. On the 17th, from Elmsworth, they had a run of three hours, leaving off in the dark; and on the 25th a famous thing, winding up with a kill in the Forest. From Scotland we learn that Lord Eglinton has had a good season, and killed over seventy brace of foxes, and that his Lordship has a nice entry of young hounds. The Duke of Buccleuch has only done very middling. 'The sport has been very variable, or, as the Scotch say, 'nows and agains.' The Lothian, and the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire have both suffered from a want of scent, and on the whole have had rather an indifferent season, but they had some very good runs in the beginning and also at the end, especially in their grass country; but the last day of the season was one not to be spoken lightly of, as they had two splendid runs of about one hour each, as fast as they could go, and, strange to say, they have finished thus for the last three seasons, as if both the foxes or the hounds dreaded the cessation of hunting. These hounds are in first-rate order, and can run fast enough for anybody, but they have only killed about seventeen brace of foxes. Both these Hunts are to be given up, and the horses of both to be sold; and also the hounds of the Linlithgow and Stirlingshire. The huntsman, John Atkinson, and the hounds of the Lothian are engaged to hunt both countries, one day in the East, and one day in the West, and the odd day alternately in both. The Master, Captain Kinloch, does not go with the hounds, but will take up his abode in St. Andrew's, where he will have lots of golf, and two days a week, if he likes, easily with the Fife. Colonel Gardyne, in Forfarshire, is working away very pluckily, of course not pleasing everybody with the sport or the number of the kills, but he is getting up a good pack, and better things are expected next season. The Fife have had an excellent season. Some of the veterans, Whyte-Melville and Co., think that it is the best since old Walker left; but young and old agree that they have not had such sport and brought so many foxes to hand since Captain Thomson left. The scent during the greater part of the season has been above the average, it having been particularly good during December and January, when complaints were common from more highly-favoured countries than Fife. After Captain Thomson went to England, in 1864, Colonel Babington took the hounds, and got Ben Painting from the Cotswold, and had fair sport. The year 1865 saw Mr. John Balfour, of Balbirnie, as Master, which office he has held until the present month, but he now retires, and hands over the hounds to that enthusiastic foxhunter Sir Thomas Erskine, who very properly retains Painting, who deserves very great praise for the way he hunts the hounds. When he came, in 1864, he was, like many young huntsmen, very fond of hunting his fox himself; but now, no matter how poor a scent

there is, he generally shows sport. The hounds, especially the dogs, are uncommonly level, and can carry a famous head, and can race their fox down like a hare.

Our Stud Intelligence is not very extensive, but all is bustle and activity at the various Haras in the country. In the north, we are given to understand, no young stallion is so much admired as Camerino, and he bids fair to have a very good season. Young Dutchman, also, if he gets good mares, is evidently destined for higher things, and we may say he has earned this distinction by 'honest' means. Cathedral, the son of Newminster, is full, which is rather early in the season for so young a horse; but the love of Yorkshiremen for his sire will readily account for this preference. Oxford, Breadalbane, and Blair Athol have become close boroughs, and Lord Portsmouth expects—as he has a right to do, from the character of his mares—that Lord of the Isles will 'improve' the occasion of his visit to Hurstbourne. We hear great things of Thunderbolt's stock, and that he stamps them all as his own, by their capital backs and quarters. Sundeelah's young things have just made their appearance, and confirm in every respect the anticipations of Sir Lydston Newiman, while the running of the Craters, up to the present time, shows that he only wants time to make a stallion. Gemma di Vergy, although, from some unaccountable reason, he has failed at the Stud, has succeeded very well in regard to Steeplechasers, all of his stock being natural jumpers. The Nelly Hill colt is a good advertisement for Kettledrum, and Newcastle has done well for Clumber, by means of Charnwood and Abstinence. At Rawcliffe, The Claret is as much admired as ever, and we are told that a yearling by him out of Katherine Logie is one of the handsomest now at Newmarket. William Day is said to be in raptures with the young Men-at-Arms, and vows if they are not racehorses, he is most grossly deceived. The Macaronis seem to be running, and such of his stock as have yet been out have been much admired; and in consequence thereof he has got a nice assortment of mares to work upon. Adventurer, whom we have always spoken of in the highest terms, and predicted a glorious career, may now be said to have made himself, and will require no further advertising, and before our next number is issued it is far from improbable he will be gazetted to a Derby winner. General Peel—the winner of the Two Thousand, and not the ex-Secretary of War—still continues to stand at Fairfield; the mention of which place reminds us, the late owner of Blair Athol is said to have left behind him a sum exceeding eighty thousand pounds, which shows that his profits on the Turf must have been very large.

Racing News is not very plentiful; but the Government having put down the Sweeps, it is said, are going to turn their attention to the Betting Lists, with a view to their entire abolition. Such a step will be hailed with the greatest satisfaction by the owners of horses, who will no longer be kept in the state of watchfulness to which they have recently been subject, but will have the siege of their premises raised. The public, however, will be deprived of an incalculable convenience for getting on their money, and will be obliged to have recourse to the various ready-money Betting Clubs that are springing up like mushrooms all over the metropolis. The step on the part of the authorities can hardly excite any surprise, seeing that they have put down the Lotteries with such a high hand, that they are never likely to be renewed in this country. For although everything connected with them was conducted with the utmost honesty and propriety, yet the large sums that were distributed through their agency, showed that they had taken with the lower classes. And when the many evils resulting from an indulgence in horseracing are considered, a Paternal Government could not do otherwise than endeavour to put an end to it.

Besides, where some Lotteries were good and well managed, others were simple robberies, in which the public were victimized of every sixpence they contributed to its amount; so that it would not do to make fish of one, and fowl of another. We are old enough to recollect the sensation created at York, in Surplice's year, when Tommy Smelt's Lottery was in full force, giving very valuable prizes to the fortunate holders of the lucky tickets. In that year, an impudent stable-boy, who was present at the drawing of the tickets, put his hand into the wheel, and glancing at the card he had chosen, exclaimed in a loud tone, 'Surplice, by ——!' which so astonished Smelt, that, in the excitement of the moment, he burst out with an announcement, 'Why, he is not 'in it!' This at once opened people's eyes to the character of the Lottery, which was immediately dissolved, and never revived again. We are given to understand that one of the Chifney family, being in great distress, has conceived the idea that a republication, in its original shape and form, of that curious book, called 'Genius Genuine,' by Samuel Chifney, might be the means of extricating her from the embarrassments by which she is at present surrounded. Now as this is such a racing age, and the book in question is so little known, the opportunity presents itself of combining an act of charity with the means of acquiring an amount of information which is not to be obtained elsewhere. And if our owners of racehorses, and our great Trainers, were to purchase and distribute it among their jockeys and stable-lads, great good might result from it. We perceive that the Touts still cling to the system of adopting the names of our great Jockeys, as advising upon all the important races of the year, and as, from the cost of their advertisements, the practice must be a paying one, it gives evidence of the striking necessity that exists for an increase in the number of Asylums for Idiots. The lovers of Four-in-Hand will be glad to hear, that although Steam has monopolised the greater portion of our public roads, they still have an opportunity left them of enjoying their favourite mode of travelling, as the Brighton Coach, which was so successful last year, is again on the road, doing the distance between the Great Metropolis and London-Super-Mare in as short a time as an Irish fortune-hunter would convey an heiress or a widow there. The names of the proprietors are a sufficient guarantee that the teams are composed of useful short-legged machiners, and as the air is very conducive to the exercise of the digestive organs, half an hour is allowed for lunch, while ample time is given for those who merely want a toothful of anything. The Ship, at Charing Cross, is made the starting-point, instead of Hatchett's, in order to avoid the sharp collar-work over the stones between these two places. Its days of leaving London are Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, returning from Brighton on the alternate ones. And to such of our readers who would like to enjoy a mouthful of fresh air, and have a drive through a beautiful country, we would recommend a run up and down on the Brighton Coach, and feel convinced they will not grudge the time spent between the milestones. Another advantage is, that shouldering is done away with. In our last number we commented somewhat strongly on the conduct pursued by the friends of the late Mr. Stebbing towards him, and we did so on what we conceived to be sufficient authority. We have since been informed that these statements were wholly untrue, and we therefore have no hesitation in entirely withdrawing our remarks which were founded on them.

# BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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### LORD BRIDPORT.

LORD BRIDPORT is a Nobleman not particularly well known in the Sporting World, but as General Hood he has been so long associated with the Mastership of the late Prince Consort's harriers as not inappropriately to come within the compass of our Illustrations.

Lord Bridport is the son of the late Lord of that name, and is descended from the well-known Admiral Lord Hood whose services to his country are even yet recollected in this age, when steam has almost superseded seamanship in the management of the wooden walls of Old England. He was born in December, 1814, and after having completed his education at Eton entered the Foot Guards, in which he remained until he had attained the rank of Major-General. Early in life Lord Bridport had the good fortune to attract the attention of the late Prince Consort, with whom he was a special favourite, and who appointed him Master of his pack of harriers, and on the lamented death of that Prince he was continued in his office by the Prince of Wales. The proof of royal confidence reposed in him was still further increased by Her Majesty entrusting him with the management of the royal farms, which he has held since 1852, which is a convincing proof that our gracious Sovereign is satisfied with his watchful superintendence of the royal domains. Of Lord Bridport personally we may remark that Prince Albert's regard for him is a quite sufficient guarantee for the possession of every good quality of head and heart, and that from 1852, the period from which he has had the management of the royal harriers consigned to him, up to the present time, his conduct in the Field has been such as to earn for him the cordial respect of the Windsor farmers, who recently subscribed for his portrait to be painted by an eminent artist, and presented to Lady Bridport.

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## NEWMARKET—OUT OF SEASON.

(Concluded from '*Baily's Magazine*' of January, 1869.)

TRAINING towns, all such at least as have been visited by the writer of these lines, have one striking resemblance, and that is supplied by the tradespeople of the place. There never yet was training town that did not contain at least one sporting barber, and many tailors and bakers learned in turf matters. Men engaged in these particular occupations appear to take more kindly to horse-racing than their fellow-labourers in other crafts; and if there happens to be a naturalist's or bird-stuffer's shop in the place, ten to one that there the sporting youth will congregate, smoke pipes, make small bets, and talk Calendar, Handicap and Stud book (especially in winter time), until the proprietor's patience and fire are alike exhausted. In such snug little rooms the morning gallops of the cracks of the training ground will be commented on, their chances for forthcoming events passed in review, discussed and rediscussed with never-tiring gusto. The conversation never flags. The sight of a passing trainer, the occasional entrance of a jockey, are sufficient provocatives to detain the loungers for an extra half-hour at any time; and should some London owner of horses trained in the town be seen wending his way from the station toward the stables where his youngsters are located, there will be quite a rush of idlers to the window or hatch-door to gaze curiously after the distinguished visitor, and then speculation will become rife as to the object of his coming, and as to what is about to be put 'through the mill.' As men who have spent the morning on heath or moor drop in towards midday, the scraps of information they from time to time let drop relative to the doings they have witnessed are greedily swallowed by those who have lazily remained within doors; and so amidst a heavy cloud of smoke from many blackened pipes the day wears on, enlivened, it may be, by sundry quarts of beer occasionally ordered in from the nearest public, until, as the season may dictate, winter darkness sets in, or summer twilight brings the telegraph boy hurrying from the station with the 'tissue' containing that day's winners.

In no town sacred to racehorses have we been more surprised at the little apparent interest taken by the inhabitants in the success of the 'native horses' than at Newmarket. At any Yorkshire training quarter, where possibly not an eighth of the number of horses are to be found that Newmarket boasts of, seven-tenths of the folks you might meet would to a certainty be more or less interested in turf matters, and more or less acquainted with the make, shape, general appearance, and latest bulletins respecting any great notability or notabilities trained there. We doubt much whether one quarter of the Newmarket folks, not professionally interested in horse-racing, know Rupert from Ryshworth. We have been struck

even at race times at the little heed taken by folks of the class above alluded to of the stirring doings on the heath, and have heard with wonder that many of them, although they have resided for years in this great centre of horse-racing and horse-training, rarely, if ever, see 'an event' decided, and only at very long intervals walk out on the heath at all. Another noticeable peculiarity—this amongst such portion of the inhabitants as do interest themselves in the contests of the green sward—is the calmness with which the news of any great victory achieved by a Newmarket horse is received. 'We had 'ceased to think about it at all in an hour,' said to us a 'native,' in alluding to a grand and very celebrated coup brought off a few years ago by a horse on whose chance the town had been wonderfully sweet. There was a little exaggeration in the statement, no doubt, but not so much as many will believe. Newmarket racing men are naturally and justly proud of their unrivalled exercising ground; and they have been so successful of late years, the present one included, that some of them are perhaps rather too much inclined to under-rate the worth of training grounds elsewhere, and of the horses 'educated' on them. A lurking jealousy has always existed between Newmarket and Yorkshire, and favourites sent from Middleham, Malton, or Richmond are inspected by the *cognoscenti* with eyes keenly anxious to discover a fault. The comments of the touts upon Pretender when he arrived at head-quarters last month to run for the Two Thousand were amusing for the almost spiteful eagerness shown to pick the brown colt to pieces. We readily admit, however, that there are good reasons for the Newmarket men holding their own galloping grounds in such high esteem. All the year round nearly these are in good order, and when trainers elsewhere are fretting on account of hard ground, or grumbling because of heavy going, the Newmarket horses have almost invariably sound elastic turf on which to receive their educations—a fact that fully accounts for the vast number of races won by them between March and November.

As previously remarked, Newmarket 'out of season' is certainly one of the most dead-alive places on the face of the earth; and no one dropped suddenly into the centre of the main street about mid-day in January could by means of anything short of supernatural instinct suspect that his feet trod the stones of the most famous training town in the world. Even when the day's work is done there appear to be few or any of those incitements for relaxation which most small country towns can boast. It might well have been imagined that in a place so largely tenanted by the racing community, a theatre would have commanded a fair amount of patronage, turf men, as a rule, being devoted admirers of the Thespian art. Such, however, does not appear to be the case; and when the 'poor players' do now and then venture upon a campaign at 'head-quarters,' the encouragement they meet with is, we fear, by no means commensurate with their merits. Concerts and balls appear to be but few and far between, although at one time the followers of



Terpsichore at Newmarket had, we believe, constant opportunities of indulging, and we had almost written that unsociability was a prevailing characteristic of the place. However much this may be the case amongst the inhabitants themselves, it would be highly unfair to hint that this 'exclusiveness' was carried out so far as strangers to the town are concerned. Nowhere is hospitality more freely and cheerfully accorded to the visitor than amongst the racing portion of the community; and those acquainted with Yorkshire liberality in such particulars will well understand how high is the compliment when we remark that in this respect Newmarket is quite on a par with the county of the countless acres.

The horse-racing enthusiast can find ample enjoyment, no matter what the season may be, in wandering out on to the heath, taking care, of course, to give a wide berth to all trainers whose fiery dispositions may lead them to use such strong measures to warn fancied interlopers as have recently given rise to a *cause célèbre*, for nowhere else will he meet with such numerous and well-ordered strings of horses, and nowhere else, if he be content to confine himself within reasonable limits, will he have such opportunities accorded him of inspecting them to advantage. Even should he wander unwittingly on to the heath during the hours held sacred, and, as was once the writer's case, come unexpectedly upon the scene of a 'rough up' of no ordinary importance, he will, provided that he is known to be respectable and reticent, probably be pardoned for the gross breach of etiquette committed. The outside public are apt to regard all 'trials' as being of a terribly mysterious and hidden nature, and they believe that no trainer ever attempts anything of the kind without previously ascertaining by most rigid examination that there are no hidden witnesses of the awful test about to be applied. The over-coloured pictures drawn occasionally of the wiles and stratagems employed by the noble army of touts to procure information, and of the various counter-mines laid by trainers to defeat such intent, have led to exaggerated notions of what is actually done in such cases. Now-a-days a trainer, saving in some few favoured localities, knows that it is all but impossible that a trial, let it take place at what time it may, should escape the observation of some of the countless 'watchers,' amateur or otherwise. He lays his plans accordingly, and by means of weights adjusted, of course, beyond the knowledge of the lookers-on, and by making the finish of the real trial take place at quite a different spot to that at which his horses are finally pulled up, he can put the fraternity off the scent as completely as if they had never witnessed the gallop at all. A very recent instance of the kind is in the writer's mind at the time he pens these lines, and he may safely aver that every one of the unwelcome spectators of a spin that was really of great importance went away with an utterly erroneous notion as to the real merits of the animals that finished first, second, and third in the cleverly-arranged struggle.

Apart from the delights the heath affords there is little to interest the visitor. People have an evil habit of staring at any stranger

who may endeavour to amuse himself by strolling backwards and forwards between the Severals and the top of the town, and the loungers at the 'Wellington' corner (never are they lacking) drop remarks respecting the personal appearance and presumed occupation of the wanderer almost as much calculated to give pain as the half-brick which is said to be the usual greeting bestowed on the traveller whose ill fortune takes him into some of the villages of the pottery districts. The shops are not particularly attractive to the *flâneur* to whom Regent and Bond Streets are only too familiar; although we must own to having derived some minutes' gratification from a diligent inspection of the faces and jackets of our friends the jockeys, as occasionally displayed on a sheet of photographic portraits in the window of the obliging Mr. Wright. Moments of happiness are to be enjoyed every now and then also by studying the contents of a window where the bright silken toggery and jaunty caps are displayed, destined some day or other to flaunt before a roaring and excited crowd. A third shop available to the gazer is that in which enough wedding-rings are displayed to marry all the pretty young ladies in Newmarket for years to come; and here, too, if our memory serves us, is displayed a bronze racehorse and jockey of such astounding ugliness and want of symmetry that the person who has courage enough to buy it and remove it from the public gaze will confer a special obligation upon one not unfrequent visitor to head-quarters, for whom the contemplation of it has a strange and horrible fascination.

Newmarket, oddly enough, is not rich in ghost stories. Probably its inhabitants are of too practical a turn of mind to put faith in the shadows from phantom land. It is true that a story obtains to the effect that jockey-lads object, from some unknown reason, to pass Queensberry House after nightfall, but as to the cause of their objection to do so history is silent. The one well-authenticated ghost legend relating to Newmarket has quite a German smack about it, and reminds one of the pleasant story of the Elves and the Tailor, related, if we mistake not, by Jacob Grimm, that best of friends to romantic youth, the immortal narrator of 'Hans 'in Luck' and 'Rumpelstilzchen.' Thus runs the tale of dread. Some years ago a particular room in a particular house situated not far from the top of the town was more than suspected of being the resort of 'uncanny' beings, and that such was really the case was at last proved in the most conclusive and convincing manner. It so happened that a large quantity of linen, newly dried, was one night deposited in this mysterious apartment, the door securely locked, and the key removed. Midnight arrived, and as yet no ghost or goblin was seen to enter or emerge from the chamber. Morning dawned, and nothing had occurred to suggest to the inmates the appalling transaction that had taken place during the hours of darkness. The key was turned, the room was entered, and with a cry of horror (we presume) the mistress of the house sank senseless to the floor. For behold, though no mortal foot had crossed the threshold since

the preceding evening, there lay the linen in orderly heaps carefully smoothed, and, to borrow the language of the laundry, 'mangled.' If any one, after reading this authentic narrative, dares to doubt the existence of supernatural agency we have indeed written to no purpose.

Newmarket has ceased to be out of season for some weeks past, and the bustle of the training time is now at its height. We have delayed so long to sketch the town during the dead months that to do so now would be as completely out of place as were we to offer the readers of 'Baily' a story the component parts of which were Christmas time, holly, mistletoe, and blazing fires. Let us in a few words describe the last moments of that dreary period which just ended, when 'Out of Season' might still be the term applied to the great training town. The sight on the platform at the Eastern Counties Station is a pleasant one to the man wearied with the long, dull interval that has elapsed since last he wended his way to the classic town to which two counties lay claim. We take it for granted that he has not previously set foot on race-course since winter broke, save perhaps on the City and Suburban or Northamptonshire day, so that his palate has merely been whetted for the sport, and he gazes curiously from the window of the carriage in which he cosily reclines, eager to recognise the old familiar faces of those who delight in horseflesh, and never, consequently, miss a Newmarket meeting. He gazes on a somewhat motley group, it is true, as well-nigh every type of sporting society has its representative on the crowded platform. The betting men proper are not of engaging aspect, although even to this rule there are some notable exceptions. You would not care about trusting yourself in a dark country lane perhaps with that broad-shouldered, black-visaged man, whose shifty eyes wander with suspicious frequency to the neck-pins and guard-chains of the people around, as if at some period of his career a livelihood had been earned by an occupation still more precarious than that he pursues at present. You think you would prefer not playing at cards with that shabby-genteel, sneaking, used-up looking being whose eyelids and lips droop and twitch so constantly, and whose long fingers are never still. It may be that your judgment is not at fault. That 'gentish' man with the swarthy face, the dirty hands loaded with rings, and the diamond studs, has been 'broken' once and again before now, and is probably once more on the high road to that ruin from which he will speedily extricate himself again. Our friend with the flaring neckcloth we know of old, as well at Catterick Bridge as on Newmarket Heath. We cannot divest ourselves of a notion that some carelessness on the part of officials at Hanwell has permitted his presence here to-day, so wild is the expression of his eyes, and so impetuous his bearing. The flowery epithets strewn by his never-ceasing tongue would scarcely pass muster in a Belgravian saloon, but for all that this very rough diamond is not 'not so bad as he seems,' and his comrades tell many a story to prove that, despite

an unprepossessing exterior, his heart is in the right place. There comes 'the Admiral,' with a footman at his heels bearing a pile of wrappers. May we catch a glimpse of the great turf arbitrator on the Shoreditch platform for years and years to come, for you may be sure, when the time arrives for that tall form to be missing, then will arrive evil days for the Turf. There is Mr. Payne, another of the old school of sportsmen, of which, alas! so few remain. Let us hope that a good week is in store for the 'black and white stripes,' and that Newmarket Heath may yet ring with the name of some Fyfield steed capable of emulating the feat long ago accomplished by Glauca. Here stands the stalwart leviathan whose shoulders at least are well equal to bear the load of responsibility and anxiety inseparable from the dignity of the leader of the Ring. That singularly tall man, who reminds you of President Lincoln, is a noted owner of horses and bookmaker. He is deep in conversation with the owner of a sensation Derby horse, with whom the 'talent' are sadly out of love. What a sensation there would be at the Rooms to-night if the owner of the 'Drum' was to bid a commissioner put a couple of 'thou' on the safe-un!

As the hour draws nearer at which the train will start on its slow journey to Newmarket, intending travellers pour rapidly into the station. Still they manifest marked reluctance to take their seats, and up to the last available instant little groups will be scattered about the platform, talking and laughing loudly, or exchanging mysterious communications in a studied undertone.

The Fourth Estate is strongly represented, some of its members particularly conspicuous for their gallant attire, brave in silken scarves and raiment of gorgeous hues, and all preternaturally knowing and important in their conversation. Well, well! let the little foibles and follies of the 'profession' pass unnoticed, for despite dissensions and strife, and discord now and again amongst the brotherhood, they are not on the whole unkindly disposed one towards the other, and there are many good fellows and clever men amongst the turf-writers. By-and-by the warning whistle is heard that announces to stragglers hurrying up in Hansom cabs that they have missed the train, and with a jerk and a bang the long row of carriages moves slowly away, rolling through the suburbs, and gradually increasing speed as the green hedgerows and fenny pastures tell us that the open country has been reached. Three hours of cigar-smoking and Sunday literature are to be got through before the wished-for haven is reached, and reclining comfortably on a pile of rugs we can pass the time smoothly enough, our meditations interrupted only when the train halts at some small station, by a voice in the next carriage exclaiming, in hoarse tones, 'A nick, by ——!' the meaning of which technical expression we of course quite fail to understand. Then as the evening shades are beginning to fall on Newmarket, we glide into the well-known station, and learn from the bustle at its door, and the throng of gazers in the main street, that to-morrow the loved old town will be once more 'In Season.'

In or out of season, however, Newmarket has always a certain charm about it that to our fancy is lacking in every other great horse-racing town. There is a business-like air about the heath that is wanting on the great Yorkshire courses, York and Doncaster, notwithstanding that each of them is in its own way delightful. To our fancy, the week's sport in the July Meeting, when the other side of the Ditch is the *venue*, is the most delightful that the racing man enjoys in the whole course of the year. It is true that, with three or four exceptions, the stakes to be run for are unimportant in their character and of no great value; but there is a pleasing compound of matter-of-fact Newmarket, picnicking, country meetings and Yorkshire enthusiasm about the proceedings that renders a journey down in the hot summer season something very like an imperative duty. Be the sun scorching as it may, the branches of the plantation afford full protection from its rays, and if the racing is, like the plantation, a little 'shady,' there is endless amusement to be obtained by any one who has a soul beyond betting in the contemplation of every tuft of green turf, with its busy swarm of insect life called into existence by the July warmth, in the sight of the clouds of pale-winged butterflies that now and again flit in mimic regiments around the sweet-smelling wild flowers that grace the top and banks of the Ditch. Never have we enjoyed those lazy, happy, careless, quarters of an hour when tobacco tastes so rarely that it seems a sin to expel the entrancing vapour from the lips and nostrils, and all the happiness of the opium-eater is experienced without dread of the inevitable Nemesis that awaits him, more perfectly than on the top of the Ditch. There, with the distant hum of the Ring in our ears (and how much pleasanter is the sound when distance lends enchantment to it), the song of the larks overhead, speaking of peace and fidelity and happiness, we have lain entranced from hour's end to hour's end. There, in the calm and gentleness of the summer's afternoon, we have mused, and vowed, and built castles in the air innumerable—the easiest and pleasantest labour that can be assigned to the mind of man. There we have made those mental promises of future well-doing to which a man is so prone to commit himself when in the state of beatitude produced in certain minds by the combined influence of the soothing weed, pure air, solitude, and a digestion improved by the tonics that Newmarket breezes afford. No matter if these promises have not been subsequently fulfilled. There is the memory of their having<sup>1</sup>been at one time honestly made with which to flatter our own self-esteem, and we are grateful, therefore, to the place which induced such unusual acts of virtue, and so bestow a sincere blessing upon Newmarket.

## ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

THE casual visitor to the Halls of Wolsey, intent on the fading glories of the cartoons, the intricacies of the maze, or the glories of that avenue whose 'milky cones' are now in their height of splendour, will be apt to think that his survey has been complete, when, after a long and weary hunt for the lions of the place, he retires to take his ease in his inn and to finish his day in the manner prescribed by custom to every true Briton—the siesta sacred to pipe and glass. But with just a glance around those cool cloisters, 'branched like mighty woods,' their shade sacred to the declining days of decaying names, and a veritable bower of scandal, propriety, and exclusiveness: along that broad walk whose silence is broken at intervals by the hollow reverberations of the tennis-court close at hand, and through those fantastically-wrought gates which look down the chesnut vista, so gay with Lord Westmorland's colours; and our way lies straight before us to that tranquil enclosure where the warrior steed rests, after his honourable toils, in royal state, and the seclusion of a happy valley, free from all cares save those which delight nursing mothers, receives the stud-matron into a dignified and unbroken repose. A quiet as placid reigns here as in that stately pile by the river, and the jealously-walled paddocks are deep in rich herbage, where mares and foals of high degree stand staring wistfully at us as we pass by; while from their cincture of stately trees, undeveloped as yet into that exuberance of massive foliage which the summer hour shall mature, comes the clear fluting of the blackbird—the St. Swithin of birds—to welcome the coming as he speeds the parting shower. The Lords of the Harem are in readiness to receive our salaams, and St. Albans, somewhat lighter than his wont after his labours of love, yet not the less to be approached with the respect due to so mighty a potentate, glares round upon us with somewhat of malice yet in that evil eye, and forces upon us the conviction that, whatever time and gentleness of rule may have done towards civilizing the 'noble savage,' the padded chamber is at times no useless precaution against a by no means saintly temperament. Young Melbourne, to whom we make our bow for the first time, stands before us the type of substance as St. Albans and Cambuscan are of quality; and looking upon the sturdy brown (not without a somewhat melancholy recollection of his best son, The Earl), we are carried back to the old Glasgow days when Aldcroft brought 'crimson and white' to the rescue, and loud and clear rang Jackson's shout of 'Lord Glasger wins!' Sadly as his accident has marred the symmetry of old Melbourne's son, we lose sight of its effects in our contemplation of his powerful, well-knit frame, magnificent quarters, and short steely legs, and feel that he is no unworthy successor to Orlando, albeit cast in far different mould to the departed bay. Those ancient rivals, Cambuscan and Ely, have met here again to wage a more peaceful though not less eager competi-

tion for the honours of successful sirehood; and although on the Turf the delicate chesnut faded before the evergreen bay, like their namesakes of the woods, yet we cannot doubt that the Newminster horse will have his ample revenge at the stud. How often did the fortunes of the fight vary between them, and how great was the contrast still existing in make and shape and all the attributes which distinguish the 'high-mettled racer.' Cambuscan, long and low, of delicate constitution, of sedate and regal carriage, and action low and sweeping; Ely, short, corky, robust, of gay and gallant bearing, with bounding elasticity of stride. Such were they of old; but while time has developed the frame of the chesnut to magnificent proportions, and has added substance without subtracting quality, the bay seems to have enjoyed the good things of this life, like Dives, in days gone by, and 'the beautiful' would seem to apply more truthfully to his neighbour than to himself. Mentmore, from whose lips the cup of pleasure is often so ruthlessly dashed, seems in no way to repine at his lot, and on the principle, we presume, of not muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn, he has been permitted to claim for his own two pledges of love, whose names are duly registered in the Royal Catalogue. A bay, with two cheshuts following for their afternoon walk, first attracted our attention to the yearlings, and their leader, a most unmistakable Orlando out of Jacqueline, we at once put down for a speedy one, while for neatness and action there were few to compare with the little chesnut Saunterer filly out of Volley, whose union with the Birdcatcher horse we anticipate will be as successful as with Orlando. A lady of highest lineage and most illustrious relationship brought up the rear, and Bay Celia, if she has given pledges of greater size to posterity, has thrown nothing to her many lovers of higher quality. Beside her the little Kettledrum filly, neat as she is, looked sadly out of place, and more at home 'in couples' with the Mentmore-Rosebud filly and her half-sister out of Garnish, neither of which stud-matrons have as yet achieved distinction during their sojourn in the Royal Paddock. Two pretty fillies by St. Albans out of Catawba and Lady Anne—'the latter for choice,' as the racing echo goes—were next paraded for our inspection, and then the sister to the speedy Pericles with all that high quality and level lines of beauty which Newminster has so indelibly stamped on most of his offspring. The Venus filly hardly gave such promise as we might expect from her breeding, while the half-sister to The Knave was one of those 'regulation' mouse-coloured Wild Dayrells, rather on leg, but still giving fair promise of speed in company well and duly selected. Following her with long, swinging, racing-like stride, came the queen of that gallant coterie, a whole-coloured bay filly by Stockwell out of Julie, whose future destination will not be reached without much and grave anxiety and liberal relaxation of purse-strings on the part of the purchaser. With many of the good points of her illustrious relative, Julius, she is endowed with far greater degree of substance, and her muscular frame is more

closely and compactly knit. The fillies by Ely, out of Lady Blanche and Heroine of Lucknow, were a useful-looking pair, though we confess to a dislike to many of that sire's get, partly on account of their want of quality, but mainly because they have in most cases seemed to us, as yearlings, to lack freedom and elasticity of movement. Lady Melbourne's daughter by St. Albans was neat, and not without character, and the filly by Saunterer out of Ariadne an excellent specimen of what Mr. Blenkiron's horse can get; and as nearly all the 'black's' two-year olds run, if not many of them have hitherto fulfilled the high promise of their youth, we may safely predict a victorious career for this very useful youngster. We hardly liked so well the Newminster-Hepatica filly as her next-door neighbour, a very racing-like specimen by Orlando from Himalaya, the dam of Imaus, who seems bound to come to hand early and give her owner that good start, so encouraging in Turf affairs as in the ordinary business of life. Sister to Little Lady has given us another edition of herself in the St. Albans filly who owns her parentage, and a filly by the same sire out of Lady Gough is quite one of the gems of the sale, and when led into the ring, even in the dearth of sensational purchasers, will be fought for as fiercely as the fair Helen by Trojans and Greeks. The first colt we were introduced to was a useful-looking one by Wild Dayrell out of Flirt, which we hope may somehow or other contrive to break the charm of ill luck which has hitherto so closely hung around the descendants of the giant son of Ion for the great events of the year. The colt by Ely from Amazon we certainly admired more than any youngster we have yet seen by the same sire, as, in addition to his possessing an excellent share of quality, he is well made all over and looks as if he would move well, though we had no chance of criticising his action on this occasion. The St. Albans-Arrow colt we have marked A 1, and in the same category may be placed the Rosabel colt by the same sire; and as good wine needs no bush, it would be superfluous to enlarge more on their merits in the limited space allotted to us. The Lady Palmerston colt, though it does not, in our opinion, quite reach the standard of excellence attained by the last-mentioned two, is nevertheless a well-bred, useful animal, and out of a mare, too, whose produce have shown some form on the Turf. The Ely-Eulogy colt (for which, with all respect, we would suggest the name of *Elegy*) is a fair sample of Ely's get; and should Martyrdom not belie to-day the sanguine expectations of his friends, is sure to find favour in the eyes of those who with no error of judgment are content to follow 'running blood.' It will be seen by a perusal of the pedigree of the youngsters that although Mr. Scott has dipped very freely into St. Albans (and with justice, considering the really great things he has already achieved), other sires of repute have not been neglected, and no foolish ban of exclusiveness has been placed upon good blood wherever it was to be found; while the stallions now located at the Royal Paddocks have received a full share of public patronage, and the choice of sires by Her Majesty's advisers



has been ratified by the rapidity with which their subscriptions have filled. All the youngsters appear in good, sound health, and there is now no appearance of that ungainly neck-swelling which for some unexplained reason has heretofore disfigured so many of the juveniles bred at Hampton Court.

Fain would we linger a while in Mr. Scott's snuggery, and listen to his recollections of Old Melbourne and his still more illustrious son the peerless 'West;' but time warns us to be on the move, and once more we emerge from the calm retirement of the Paddocks into a world of rollicking cockneydom. The last loiterers still hang about the Palace Gardens, and the 'snow storm' in the avenue is falling silently to its rest, like feathers upon the velvet sward beneath. We speculate not on the ancient line of kings whose voices in yonder silent chambers have long passed away, but our talk is of the Monarchs of the Turf and the giants of old days, which ever wax greater with advancing time, even as the deeds of the past are wont to shine with more exaggerated light to posterity. The grey river seems to glide into the twilight, the last rook has cawed his farewell as he flaps lazily homewards, and soon the all-devouring Babylon enfolds us again in its smoky embrace.

AMPHION.

## CRICKET.

HARDLY had the season opened when large scoring became the order of the day. Mr. E. L. Fellowes and Mr. Evetts at Oxford, and Mr. Montgomery and Mr. Pulteney at Cambridge, got over a hundred each in college matches; and Mr. Yardley made a still more successful *débüt* in the first great trial match at Cambridge, between two elevens of Freshmen, who were captained respectively by Mr. Stow and Mr. Brune. Mr. Yardley played a magnificent innings of 154, and his old Rugby schoolfellow, Mr. Tobin, made 40. Mr. Bray, late captain of Westminster, also distinguished himself by obtaining 36. Mr. Stow's side made but a poor fight against their formidable antagonists, though Mr. Thornton, who has gained in defence without losing any of his hitting ability, contributed 66 and 17. The only other important score was Mr. Steadman, who in his second innings obtained 41. Of the many bowlers who tried their hands in this match, Mr. Wilson of King's and Mr. Bray of Trinity are the best. The Seniors' Match at Cambridge was drawn on account of rain, but so far as it was played out it showed Mr. Preston of Caius (by far the most brilliant field at the University) to be in fine batting form, and Mr. Harrison-Ward of Jesus to be quite at home in the bowling department.

Oxford was the first to appear against professional bowling, a very strong All-England Eleven going down to give them a trial in the second week of May. The Eleven was a real North-of-England team, such as we have not seen in London for years, nor are likely

to see under present circumstances. The four Cambridge men, Carpenter, Hayward, Tarrant, and Smith; the six Nottingham men, A. and J. C. Shaw, Parr, Daft, Tinley, and Tarrant, and Emmett, the representative of Yorkshire, made up an aggregation of cricketing ability against which it was hardly likely that any University sixteen could successfully contend. But on the whole Oxford made a much better fight than was expected. They began well in their first innings, the first two men, Messrs. Fortescue and Mathews, getting 40 runs between them; but after that the wickets fell rapidly, Mr. Evetts and Mr. Göschén alone of the remainder obtaining double figures. The total was 95. We were much surprised, however, at their getting rid of their formidable adversaries for so trifling a score as 131, and we were more surprised still that Mr. Miles was the bowler who contributed chiefly to this result. He got 7 All England wickets at a cost of 65 runs. Mr. Belcher bowled well, though he was rewarded with only one wicket, but five other dark blues who essayed to bowl appear to have made very slight impression. In their second innings the Sixteen got the very creditable number of 156 runs, Mr. Evetts, whose batting has improved wonderfully since last year, contributing 36, Mr. Göschén 26, Mr. Hill 22, and Mr. Tylecote (the hero of 404 'not out,' and a great acquisition to his University) 17. All England had thus 121 runs to get to win, and had lost one wicket for 25 when 'time' was called and the match was declared drawn. On the whole, we are of opinion that this was a trial creditable to Oxford batting, which has been underrated on account of the great public prestige of several of the Cambridge batsmen. We are less satisfied with the bowling, for Mr. Miles is generally very expensive at Lord's, and, in addition, does not field well to his own bowling. Five extra men in the field make all the difference to a slow bowler, and to this we attribute his great success against All England. Immediately after this was over a fresh set of antagonists arrived to try the prowess of the Oxford eleven. The Marylebone Club and Ground sent a very strong eleven, the professionals being Hearne, Price, Wootton, and West, and the gentlemen including Mr. W. G. Grace (a host in himself), Mr. Sutton, Captain Stewart (the well-known Winchester wicket keeper), Captain Watson, Mr. Case, and Mr. Sandford. Oxford won the toss, but made a poor stand in the first innings against the bowling of Wootton and Mr. Grace. Mr. Tylecote got 18 and Mr. Evetts 21, but no one else got into double figures. Mr. Miles did not play, and Mr. Grace treated all the best bowling that Oxford could otherwise provide with scant ceremony. Two sixers, and a multiplicity of fours and threes, helped to swell his score, which amounted to 117. Mr. Grace was, in truth, a rather severe trial to Oxford bowling. It takes a pretty good ball to give him much anxiety, and of a sort that few amateur bowlers have at their command. But it must be remembered that the other ten batsmen, most of them of a superior class, averaged little more than ten runs each. In the second innings of Oxford Mr. Tylecote and Mr. Evetts again took the lead. Mr. Evetts got 31 and Mr.

Tylecote 21, and Mr. Digby added 20. But as the total only reached 124, the M.C.C. won in one innings with sufficient to spare. If the match proved nothing else, it proved that Mr. Tylecote's reputation was not exaggerated, and that Mr. Evetts, while retaining all his freedom, has acquired a considerable defensive power. We must now glance at the corresponding matches at Cambridge. The All-England Eleven was, with one exception, the same as played against Oxford, Oscroft taking the place of Daft. A good deal more was expected from Cambridge than from Oxford, particularly in batting, the batting strength of Cambridge being so great that it was generally believed there was a plethora of batsmen, and that there would be little or nothing for several of them to do for a year or two. Fenner's also being a run-getting ground, a large score was anticipated; but, as it turned out, Cambridge did not get so many runs as Oxford in either innings, and suffered an easy one-innings defeat. Mr. Brune got double figures in each innings, 14 and 26. Mr. Thornton followed his example with 12 and 13. Mr. Welldon (from Tunbridge School) made 15 in his first innings, but the crack bats, Mr. Yardley, Mr. Money, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Dale, quite failed to accomplish what was expected of them on their own ground. Tarrant and J. C. Shaw, were very fatal, the Cambridge man getting 15 and the Nottingham man 12 wickets. The single innings of All England shows a long list of double figures, of which Carpenter's 73 (not out) and Oscroft's 41 (run out) are the highest. Mr. Absolom did not play, and with the remaining bowling at the command of the University it was hardly possible to get rid of such an eleven on such a ground under 200 runs. In fact, the University bowling was neither better nor worse than was anticipated, but the batting made the layers of 5 to 2 on Cambridge for the match in June look uncommonly glum. The next performance of Cambridge, against the M.C.C. and Ground, was considerably better, but this time the Marylebone Eleven did not include Mr. W. G. Grace. The professionals were Grundy, Wootton, Hearne, Price, and West, and the gentlemen were Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Green, Mr. Onslow, Mr. Round, and Captain Watson. The M.C.C. had two innings of 109 each, or about their average at Oxford, minus the contribution of Mr. W. G. Grace, and the University got 164, and then pulled off the necessary runs with the loss of three wickets. Mr. Yardley got 65, and Mr. Thornton 21 and 28. These two gentlemen have hardly ever missed getting into double figures since the beginning of the season, no matter to what bowling they have been opposed. Mr. Yardley was so finished a batsman last year that it was scarcely possible for him to improve; but Mr. Thornton has gained immensely in defence. Contrariwise, some of the older hands appear to have gone off, though there is time for them to get into form before the great event of the year. Comparing the performances of the two elevens in these trial matches it will be seen that though on paper Cambridge is considerably the stronger both in batting and bowling, yet Oxford made the better fight of the two against the

strong All-England Eleven; while the presence of Mr. Grace in the M.C.C. match at Oxford, and his absence in the corresponding match at Cambridge, made all the difference in the results of those two encounters. On the whole we see no reason to believe that the University match will be the one-sided affair so sanguinely anticipated at Cambridge. We think that the game ought to be pretty evenly contested—always assuming, that is, that the Oxford men do not miss five catches in five minutes, as they did last year. Anyhow we are persuaded that 5 to 2 or even 2 to 1 are ridiculous odds to lay at the present time, and that those who have thus plunged will very likely repent their temerity before the match is over.

We must now look at what has been going on at Lord's. At the Annual Meeting of the M.C.C. it was reported that the Committee had made overtures to the Northern players, which, if accepted, might have terminated the obnoxious squabbling by which English professionals have of late years so discredited themselves and so insulted their patrons. Though there seemed a chance at one time that the liberal offers of the M.C.C. would have been thankfully accepted, the negotiations ultimately fell through, and it is clear that as long as certain well-known 'obstructives' continue to live and retain their influence, these unseemly differences will be perpetuated. From seeing Surrey v. Nottingham once more in the Surrey programme, we concluded that matters were tending to a favourable arrangement, but we were mistaken. Well: it is disappointing, no doubt, to be hindered from witnessing the best cricket obtainable in the country; but we know who will suffer the most in the end. At the same meeting it was wisely resolved that the Grand Stand at Lord's should be purchased by the Club; and thus an undesirable monopoly, by which individual members profited at the expense of the Club generally, was very properly extinguished. The opening match of the season was between the Colts of the North and those of the South. To the former eleven Yorkshire contributed three aspirants; Nottingham, Durham, and Cambridge, two each; Lancashire and Northumberland, one each: to the latter Sussex contributed three, Hampshire two, and Kent, Surrey, Middlesex, Northampton, Worcester, and Warwick, one each. The wicket was difficult and not at all in favour of run-getting, and, in our opinion, Lord's is not the ground to try colts on. Men to whom it is strange do not understand its peculiarities, and those who have been accustomed to perfectly level ground and perfectly true wickets are usually nonplussed at Lord's until they have had a certain amount of practice on it. Large scores were consequently not anticipated, and large scores were not made. The South made 77 and 83, the North 59 and 40. Potter (Northampton) made 35 (not out) for the South;—by the way, why is Northampton in the South of England if Cambridge is in the North?—and Milward (Worcester) backed him up with 21. For the North, Veitch (Durham) made 11 and 14, and Barratt (Durham) 12. If the Colts could not show off their batting powers, they were at any rate on a

ground where their bowling abilities could be seen to the best advantage. And there was a good deal of good bowling on both sides ; but Shoesmith (Sussex) fairly bore away the prize in that department. He was not changed during either innings of the North, and he took six wickets in their first innings and seven in their second. He has been known for some time at Eastbourne and in that neighbourhood as a fast, straight, and dangerous bowler in country matches ; but at Lord's he was evidently on a ground that just suited him, for his bowling broke down the hill tremendously. He bowled 26 overs for 7 runs and 6 wickets in the first innings of the Northerners, who could not make him out at all. In their second innings he bowled the same number of overs for 18 runs and 7 wickets. Millward (Worcester) backed him up well, bowling 26 overs for 19 runs and 4 wickets. The best of the Northern bowlers was Arber (Cambridge). He got 11 wickets in the match, and Laxton, also from Cambridge, got 5 ; but the latter was only put on in one innings of the South. The general fielding was good, and Davey (Sussex) and Martin (Notts) are promising wicket-keepers. We should mention that Grundy was captain of the North and Hearne of the South ; but neither took any active part in the match. Shoesmith, we should say, will be played for his county (Sussex) after his great success at Lord's, but whether his bowling will do similar execution on the Brighton ground or the Oval remains to be seen.

The Whitmonday match was this year the M.C.C. and Ground against the South of England, and was played for the benefit of the M.C.C. Cricketers' Fund. The Marylebone Eleven consisted of Mr. W. G. Grace, Mr. Green, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Kingscote, and Captains Stewart and Watson, assisted by Hearne, Price, West, Grundy, and Wootton. The South of England Eleven, chosen by the Committee of the Surrey Club, comprised Mr. I. D. Walker, and Jupp, Humphrey, James Lillywhite, Silcock, Charlwood, Pooley, Mantle, Griffith, Willsher, and Southerton. It will be seen at once that the M.C.C. Eleven was somewhat overweighted, and, in fact, their chance of success depended pretty much on whether Mr. W. G. Grace happened to come off or not. He happened not to come off, either in batting or bowling ; and as soon as his wicket had fallen in the second innings, it was the proverbial guinea to a hayseed on the South of England. Curiously, the first ball of the match was splendidly hit by Mr. Grace for 5, and he went on playing in faultless style till he had made 18, when he was unluckily caught in the slips off a bumping ball which hit his glove. Price and Captain Watson made a good stand in each innings, and if Mr. Cooper had been better backed up while he was getting his 31, the single-innings defeat might have been averted ; for he was master of the very best bowling that could be sent down to him. Willsher bowled splendidly, and had a wicket that just suited him. He got nine M.C.C. wickets. Southerton got eight, and Pooley kept wicket as well and as demonstratively as ever. The M.C.C. innings amounted to 95 and 90, and the single innings of the South of England closed for

202. Jupp and Humphrey began so well, each getting 37, that their side was put in good spirits, and their example was followed by most of their companions. Griffith made 35, Mr. I. D. Walker 28, and five more got into double figures. Grundy and Wootton did the lion's share of the bowling; but they had very up-hill work, and were not always well backed up in the field. The match could not, on the whole, be considered a very interesting one, as several names were wanting on the M.C.C. side that would have materially helped to equalize matters. It cannot be expected that Mr. W. G. Grace will always make a hundred runs; and yet it was clear that if any mishap befel him, his side would not have the ghost of a chance. We fear that the prospects of the Gentlemen this year against the Players are not very bright.

Lastly, we may notice a match between eleven gentlemen of the M.C.C. and eleven of 'Na Shuler.' This latter Club is supposed to be in Ireland what I Zingari are in England; but, unfortunately, in the purely Irish parts of Ireland cricket does not flourish. In those parts where Scottish immigrants and others have possessed themselves of Irish soil it has been found practicable to introduce the game, as well as other diversions neither so harmless nor so amusing. With one or two obvious exceptions, the gentlemen who ten days ago decorated themselves with the green-and-gold ribbon represented modern Ireland, or Anglo-Scoto-Hibernia, not old Ireland or Hibernia proper. Still there was just a flavour of the genuine article, for which, in these days of small mercies, we may be thankful, just as a teaspoonful of wine in a glass of water may be called wine and water without absolute falsehood. There were two Irish words printed in a manner intelligible to Saxon eyes on the top of the official card, and there was the chief of the most illustrious Irish house but one actually taking part in the game. And therewith let us be content. Now-a-days, when a man flies from arrest out of one county to-day, and plays to-morrow for another, which has reluctantly received him and his encumbrances, more could scarcely be expected.

The great match in the North between the two Elevens of England was entirely spoiled by the rain. We regret that Anderson thereby lost a considerable sum of money, as he was not only a splendid cricketer, but also a highly-respectable man. So far as the game proceeded, it promised to be well and equally contested. All England completed one innings for 131, of which Hayward made 43 and Smith 23; and Plumb distinguished himself highly at the wicket, getting rid of Daft, Smith, and A. Shaw. The United were just getting well to work, two wickets having fallen, about 25 runs having been scored, and Plumb and Iddison being well in, when the hopeless state of the weather necessitated the abandonment of the game.

The Surrey Colts have been tried on the Oval, and West Surrey beat East by nine wickets. There was only one run difference in their first innings, the East getting 73, and the West 74. Then the East, helped by Hall with 46, and Carter with 37, ran up 151; but

for the West, Potter and Trodd got together and won the match, the former scoring 64 and the latter 80, and both being 'not out.' There appears to be plenty of rising strength in batting in the county; but from what we have heard there was no bowling much above the average—nothing, for instance, to be compared with that of Shoesmith, the Sussex Colt. Surrey wants one or two good straight effective bowlers sadly; but they are very scarce articles, particularly in the South of England.

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TO CHARLES BUXTON, M.P.,

WITH THE HORSE 'WHITE-MIST.'

THUS speaks young Arthur's brother to C. B. :—

The sequel of to-day dissevers all  
This triplicate of stark, straight riders, stiff,  
Hard men to hounds—the flyers of the hunt . . .  
Such leaps they leapt, the men I loved ! . . .

I think

That we shall never more in days to come  
Hold cheery talk of hounds and horses, each  
Praising his own the most; shall steal away  
Through brake and coppice-wood, or side by side  
Breast the sharp bullfinch and deep-holding dyke,  
Sweep through the uplands, skim the vale below,  
And leave the land behind us like a dream. . . .

I tear me from this passion that I loved—  
Though Paget sware that I should ride again—  
But yet I think I shall not; I have done :  
My hunt is hunted : I have skimmed the cream,  
The blossom of the seasons, and no more  
For me shall gallant Scott have cause for wrath,  
Or injured Smallpiece mourn his wasted crops.

Now, therefore, take my horse, which was my pride  
(For still thou know'st he bore me like a man—),  
And wheel him not, nor plunge him in the mere,  
But set him straight and give his head the rein,  
And he shall bear thee lightly to the front,  
Swifter than wind, and stout as truest steel,  
And none shall rob thee of thy pride of place.

H. C. P.

## OUT-DOOR SERVANTS.

## NO. III.—THE HUNTSMAN.

## BY THE 'GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.'

A GREAT many years ago a well-known and caustic divine taxed a great political opponent with a rashness of self-sufficiency, the exaggeration of which is well excused by its wit. So small was the modesty of the gentleman in question, that he would undertake at a moment's notice the command of the Channel fleet, or a surgical operation (which shall be nameless) of the most dangerous and delicate character. There was a third illustration of hardihood, which (I am quoting from memory) I have forgotten, but I will tell you what it was not, after the fashion of the Irish guide-posts, whose erectors believe, with respect to the place to be found, that the best information is to state where it is not. The witty divine did not suggest that the political leader would have undertaken to 'hunt a pack of fox-hounds.' Perhaps it was that he himself was ignorant of its difficulties, though the church in those days was not said to be behindhand in furnishing representatives of prowess in the field. I will, however, venture to say that he would have been quite as unsuccessful in his attempt to kill a fox as to win a battle or to save a life. The combination of qualities requisite for the performance of a huntsman's duties in the field, or the kennel, are so varied that it would be difficult to put self-sufficiency to a higher test. If every one cannot reach Corinth, fewer men can handle a pack of hounds without natural capability, and specific education for the task.

To make this clear to our readers, I shall endeavour briefly to point out in this article the more obvious duties required at the hands of a huntsman; and to show that if the true poet is born and not fashioned, the high-class huntsman requires to be born, as well as fashioned by training, for the work he has in hand.

When hounds run well on a good scenting day in an easy country, not impeded by covers, nor interfered with by casual obstacles—in other words, when there is nothing to do but to sit on your horse and leave hounds to themselves—the difficulties are not great, to a sportsman. A good amateur horseman, who has seen something of hunting, if satisfied to leave well alone, might possibly kill his fox. But this state of things is highly exceptional. For the interruptions to fox-hunting are indeed many and unforeseen. Presuming that your material (*i. e.* your hounds and horses) is up to the mark, you have to contend with the peculiarities of weather, atmosphere, soil, country, the ignorance of some of your followers, the ambition of others, and to run the gauntlet of as much criticism as falls to the lot of a prime minister, or an actress at the Palais Royale. You will want physical courage, temper, quickness of apprehension, observation, a strong sense of duty, self-reliance, and a disregard



of criticism, equal to that displayed by Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli to the leaders of 'The Standard' or 'The Telegraph.'

With these characteristics we are compelled to take him from the lower classes; for I must regard the amateur huntsman of his own hounds as purely exceptional. And what an opening it is for a poor man! He follows a pursuit of his own choice and of almost unmitigated pleasure, for which the gentleman pays some hundreds a year. His *business* all his life is pleasure. He is riding other men's horses, to other men's hounds: over other men he is monarch of all he surveys, an irresponsible tyrant for the time, can control with a nod, or an oath, spoiled children, and royal dukes; and receives handsome wages for doing so. Heavens! What a prospect have I here opened for myself! Would that I were younger, and had never had an education!

But all this power and prosperity cannot be had for nothing. Let us see how it can be got.

The huntsman may be the offspring of poor but—I was going to say honest, but that is not necessary—undetected parents; for he will begin life in some good stables or kennels, and see plenty of hunting as a child. If he have a love for it, it will develop itself early. Mine did when I rode a pony to *one little* dog, and an aniseeded rabbit-skin. He will be early accustomed to horses, and, if his heart be in the right place, a fair lad over a country. Possibly his first lessons will be taken on a young one to educate for the young master or the ladies. His ambition will lead him to the place of second whip in an establishment where his riding will be remarked upon, and where his talent might be displayed more to advantage than is usually demanded. However, that is not our business at present; so *en avance*.

Having once or twice distinguished himself by riding right in front when he ought to have been doing the dirty work behind, and years having qualified him, like Penelope Anne, for bettering himself, he will be able, by character for sobriety, honesty, and general capacity, to get a place as a first whip, possibly in a crack country. I shall not leave him there, as I have at present nothing to do with that department, but carry him straight on to the eminent position of huntsman. To this post he has a right to aspire; and if he have made use of his previous opportunities, he will have fitted himself for it. Some men never will do so; and they had better remain, as they are, first whips. But more good whips are fit to be huntsmen, than good huntsmen to be whips.

Before proceeding, the reader will recollect that in the science of hunting there are, as in everything else, huntsmen of different grades. 'Mr. Bradlaugh is a Liberal, so is the Duke of Grafton,' said Sir Rainald Knightley, 'but there is a great difference between 'them.' There is a Mr. Bragg and a Mr. Pigg; both are huntsmen, both creations of the same artist, but widely different. The Messrs. Bragg are not perhaps so effective as they might be, nor the Messrs. Pigg so pleasant, and the illustration only serves as far as the differ-

ence is concerned. To do justice to the character, we must abjure the extremes, and take only the good average huntsman of the day. I have said that a good huntsman is born, not made ; but every one who feels a vocation to that pursuit must not be disappointed if he fall a little short of the genius of a Tom Smith, of Hambledon notoriety. He may give much satisfaction to his employers, and show 'a deal of sport,' without having reached such an eminence as that. But as it is a man's business to get as near the top of the tree as he can, without risk of a fall, so I will endeavour to give him a hint for climbing, more in detail than these previous generalities.

The mere possession of brute courage in an Englishman is a small matter. It is not unfrequently a question of digestion. Add to that, a moderate weight, and early and constant practice in the saddle, and you have a very fair sample of the riding of 'the huntsman.' He must be a bold rider, he ought to be a good one ; but few are elegant horsemen, and there are plenty of amateurs who could beat their heads off in the Liverpool. They should not allow a practicable place to shut them out, nor their hounds to get away from them. There are occasionally young 'thrusters' who will ride at or over them ; but a huntsman's business is with his hounds, and not with his rivals, except to rebuke them. Speaking of them as horsemen, in the aggregate, they are apt to ride too much on their horses' mouths, though there are some brilliant exceptions. Possibly if we had to do their work we should do the same. 'Carries half your weight in his head, my lord,' said a very effective huntsman and rider over a country to his master : which is unpleasant when you do not require it.

I put down 'temper' high in the list of qualifications, as 'angelic.' Of course it includes patience and parliamentary language. And the temper ought to be exercised not only with the field, and those ardent spirits that love to spoil a run, or save the life of a beaten fox, but with the shirkers, the hallooers, and the infallible man in a buggy, who has always seen the fox, and never headed him. Above all, must it be exercised with the hounds. A bad-tempered huntsman is apt to forget that it is his business to make hounds love him, and fly to him : and that is one reason why whips, when they have to take the place of the huntsman in temporary absence, are seldom as well obeyed. The first qualification in a woman or a huntsman is temper : for the want of it in either may, at any moment, spoil the happiest day of your life. Both have a great deal to put up with : and here we may leave the woman out of the question : but the huntsman, who has not philosophy enough to see his hounds overridden just on the scenting day that they want most room, had better turn naval officer, if it be true that the oath is the powder wanted to carry the shot to its proper distance. Experience will teach him that it is no use to curse the weather, the scent, or the country ; and that the greatest virtue is to make the best of the bad business that Providence has sent him.

Quickness and observation are essentials to success. A fox must be half killed, or ought to be half killed, if at all, in the first twenty minutes. A stern chase is a long chase; and if your fox gets a good start, and you are able to press him at no part of the run, the odds are that he gets away. The slogging old gentleman who potters about in a heavy woodland, when the fox is gone, must be thinking of his three o'clock mutton chop. The genius of hunting a fox is quickness, for he is both bold and wily; and the sooner you are after him the less opportunity will he have for practising his wiles. The 'thief o' the world' is very much like the 'thief o' the night;' and there's no necessity for any delicacy in taking him red-handed. It is a great fault in a huntsman to kill his fox unfairly: I mean by trusting to halloos, to clapping round to the far end of a cover through which he has come, to urging his hounds when themselves fairly hunting, or to that system of mobbing which must prevail where the excellence of the sport is estimated by the noses on the door. But those methods, with others I could name, are different from the recommendation which I have made, to lose no time in getting to your fox, either in leaving the cover or in making your cast. It should be done with despatch: and one of the main characteristics of the huntsman, and which I have here called 'quickness of apprehension,' is the capacity to take in at a glance the circumstances of the case. Some men know at once what cause or causes are likely to have interfered with the fox's line. Where the offending team or sheep or herd was likely to have been when the fox ran up to it, not when the hounds crossed it. He will know whether to cast forward, or to bring his hounds back on the line they have come. Others take five minutes, five valuable minutes—most valuable to the fox—to decide which course to pursue; and after listening to a shepherd's boy, a sporting parson, and the oracle of the hunt, do exactly that which could only be of use had they done it ten minutes before. 'Procrastination is the thief of time,' and the 'time of the thief' might be added. My business in this article is not to tell huntsmen what to do in the field. He must be a very great fool who, in his own province, cannot instruct me. I am setting forth broadly the duties and principles on which a huntsman should act, not the maxims by which he should be guided. But if I may presume to give the results of my experience, and much thought, I should say most huntsmen do too much. They trust more to themselves than to their hounds. Now *they* are to hunt the hounds, and the *hounds* are to have the honourable distinction of hunting the fox; and this should never be forgotten.

A huntsman should know his country and the run of his foxes: but this latter qualification should never induce him to take liberties. It is one of those dangerous accomplishments which require much self-control. It is equivalent to riding cunning; which the best horsemen will do on a line they know too well.

Neither is it my business to say when a cover should be drawn up wind or down, though I think the latter might be practised with

some advantage under ordinary circumstances. If the huntsman does not know these things, this is not the place to teach him.

Temperance is a necessity. A huntsman whose evenings are spent in a public-house will not be fit to hunt hounds or to manage a field in the morning. Insobriety in an educated man is ungentlemanly and vicious, in a poor man it is pitiable, in your cook it is excusable on great festivals (at least they tell me so), but in a huntsman it is self-damnatory and impossible. It is the greatest fault he can commit. Cleanliness, in all men next to godliness, is perhaps a matter of taste; but whether he turns himself out, or has a valet and a helper to do it for him, he is responsible for giving a tone to his country, and an example to those who are under him. It is not a virtue of the deficiency of which we have to complain. As his business is smart, so should be his appearance; and a cheery, happy occupation is seldom found allied to slovenliness of demeanour. He may dispense with obedience altogether: for if he is not master of the science of hunting he is nothing; and a master has no more right to interfere with his servant in his mode of hunting than I have with a bishop for performing a service in his cathedral. The huntsman should be absolute so long as he carries a horn, and there never should be two.

These are unquestionably the pleasantest duties connected with the office. There are others connected with the kennel quite as necessary, and not so agreeable; but if a man love his hounds, as every huntsman should do, even these duties are very much lighter than they would appear to us. A huntsman does not do his duty properly, however long or wet or fatiguing the day may have been, whose first care is himself on his return to the kennel. He ought to look to his hounds like children. It is not my business to tell him how that duty should be performed, only to state it here as one of the obligations of a huntsman. Not only should he be fond of a hound, but he should know his nature, his diseases, and his constitution, or he may commit the error which a schoolmaster might commit, of physicking and flogging the idle and the stupid, the strong and the weak, with the same bolus and the same rod. Hounds want discrimination in their kennel management quite as much as horses in the stable; and a huntsman is not fit for his place who has to call in a professional every time some trifling disease exhibits itself. In the summer months too, if not actively engaged, it will be his business to superintend all the details of physic and exercise, and to give instruction in the cub-hunting months necessary for their perfection when the real season returns. He is responsible to the Master for their condition and behaviour, as well as for their appearance; and (if competent to give it) his opinion on breeding and drafting will always be listened to with respect, even though it be not necessarily followed. The Master is as much a king upon the flags as the huntsman is so in the field.

Add to these qualities and characteristics a natural cheeriness at the cover side, a good and civil manner (not always a mark of sport-

ing servants), a clear voice, and musical dog language, with a hard, wiry frame capable of much endurance, and what is the value of a huntsman?

I have not asked them all round what their salaries are, or I should be able to tell you the average. Let us put it, for a tolerably good country, where the expenses may be covered by about two or three thousand, at a hundred a year, with the usual house, garden, and perquisites, and we shall not be far from the truth. There are great swells among huntsmen, like Mr. Bragg; there are dirty beasts, like Mr. Pigg. I prefer the mean. The one may have his horse brought to him, and turn over his hounds to the feeder, while he sits down to his cutlet and sherry, on his return home; the other may be fit only to strap his own horse, black his own boots, and thrash his underlings. I do not contemplate either of these in the hasty sketch I have given you. With the presents which a good and popular servant may expect in a fair provincial country, he is certainly worth a couple of hundred a year; and, the responsibilities considered, it is not too much for such a man to look forward to. What! twice the stipend of our curate! Yes; and no wonder. It would not be impossible to find plenty of huntsmen who, caught young, would have made very good curates; but it would certainly have taken more than two curates to make one huntsman.

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## STEEPLECHASING.

BY B. T. C.

WHEN newspaper writers undertake the exposition of a theme they know little, if anything, about, they may be suspected of one of two or three things—either an amount of self-confidence and presumption, unusual even in public instructors, or of a hope that no one who reads their essay may happen to be much wiser than themselves on the subject, or, a more pardonable but somewhat humiliating position, of mere scribbling against space, in other words, of providing a certain portion of padding for the columns in which their winged words go forth to the world. Now of all topics that suffer at the hands of this utterly careless class of ‘indolent reviewers,’ none is more unfortunately mutilated than that with which sport, in any shape or kind, is connected. And of all such mutilators, commend us to our versatile friend, the ‘Saturday Review.’ That eminent journal, in one of its numbers for last April, gives vent to an effusion on steeplechasing, the like of which we could not have thought it possible for the most wanton scrawler to foist upon all-tolerant readers. When an author’s object is to instruct, it is desirable that he maintain, at all events, some decent approach to truth; if he wishes to amuse, his humour should be applicable, and his wit good. Perhaps, however, there is less hesitation in offering a dish to guests who for the most part may be suspected of being not much at home with its proper

taste; and it is fairly and without offence presumable that the habitual swallows of the 'Saturday Review' are not likely to trouble themselves greatly as to the soundness of a disquisition on sporting concerns; indeed, one does not exactly see to which of the four specialities to which this paper distinctly pledges itself, it can belong.

The whole conception of provincial and suburban steeplechasing here set forth, resolves itself into an exaggerated and most exceptional caricature of the amateur rider, an assertion of the motives that principally draw people to see the sport, and a tirade against the evil effects of the meeting upon the neighbourhood in which it takes place. The aptitude for a sneer for which the journal has earned so just a reputation, is well sustained in the picture drawn of the gentleman who, while steering fairly across a country in the ruck of the field, reminds our 'candid and outspoken critic,' when he sees him mounted on the course, of nothing so much as a performing monkey in a dog-steeplechase at a circus. We should have thought that no one who had graduated with even indifferent honours in the hunting-field, could, in whatever place he might appear outside a horse, come within range of so unmeaning and extravagant a parallel as this. If a man cuts a ludicrous figure on these occasions, by reason of his seat, his ill-fitting costume, or his want of control over his nag—and there are undoubtedly many who do—he is, we acknowledge, a pitiable object, and the sooner the race disposes of him the better; still, even to such an one we should be inclined to deal out good-humoured rather than cynical shafts, and if he affords us a laugh by coming cheerfully to grief, we ought at least to wish him well through his troubles. There is much in the change of dress—the approach, as it always seems to us, to the confines of nudity—to spoil the appearance of even the neatest jocks, and to make it difficult for their own friends to recognise them. Much of the 'odious comparison' on this as well as other scores would be done away with if the good old-fashioned style of steeplechasing were renewed, and the picked men of a hunt met in their covert-side accoutrements to go straight across a country to a given point. This would undeniably test horsemanship, but it would 'spoil sport;' and if the object of the 'Saturday Reviewer' is to put steeplechasing down, he could not do better than devote himself to the revival of this custom.

Gentlemen appear, too, at a great disadvantage in the unaccustomed preliminaries of a race, and we wish more of them would discard the conventional and useless practice of going down the course before the start. Perhaps it is due to the public, in a serious affair like the Derby, to see their nag canter before they back him to gallop; but there is no earthly object to be gained before a steeplechase in taking a spin of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards, to say nothing of the probability of trying your horse's temper, and of making him doubtful, when he is really 'off,' whether he is going to be pulled up in front of the first fence, or expected to take it.

There is, of course, in nearly every race, whether on the flat or over 'leaps,' the 'hard-mouthed brute that bears heavily on the wrists 'and throws his head wildly about ;' but these animals do not by any means invariably fall to the lot of the amateur rider, who if he either puts himself up, or mounts for a friend, in a hunters' or farmers' stake—a not uncommon class of race, by the way, at a country meeting—is more likely than not to be on a horse with at least some pretence to good manners, and with sufficient tractability to allow him to feel the reins in his hands without 'numbing his 'arms to the shoulders with the strain.' It may, too, be observed that whatever may be the dimensions and depth of a Derby saddle, steeplechase weights almost always admit of a roomy pigskin, with a good many sheets of something heavier than 'brown paper' besides. The occasions from which the artist has drawn his view must indeed have been of the most unfortunate and lugubrious kind. He may rest assured that the course does not invariably lie through a sea of mud or a path of clay, and perhaps be comforted in learning that few riders are obliged to train so 'spasmodically' as to lose half their natural weight and all their spirits. But the climax of descriptions sums itself up in one pictorial sentence, as near perfection of its kind as anything we have ever read: 'The bitter wind blowing off the 'bleak fields cuts through his thin jacket like a hundred-bladed pen-knife, drives the hail and sleet into his face, and pastes his wet 'sleeves to his arms.' So, then, the gentleman rider may expect to be more exposed to and suffer more from the adverse elements than his professional opponent, who, from not partaking of the same nature of flesh and blood, may be supposed to be impervious to such influences and to 'get up,' as the Oxford scout used to say of the man who never troubled him with a tub, 'nice and dry and comfortable.' This much, at least, we will aver, that if the choice had to be made betwixt gentleman and professional to go through work under trying and unfavourable circumstances, we should eagerly select the amateur, whose heart may be fairly believed to be in the task before him—a sentiment which in the other's case can be only hoped for, and that not always with a great degree of confidence. And from this point of view alone, if from no other, it would be immensely desirable to encourage the appearance in the saddle of gentlemen jocks.

So then, too, although able to hold his own with hounds, the amateur's riding is all at once at fault between the flags, and 'unless 'his horse be a miracle of speed, staying, and cleverness,' he either makes him go outside the posts, or else sends him blundering at his fences. There are of course, as is sapiently remarked, horsemen and horsemen; there are men who lose their heads, if they do not lose their seats; there are men to whom, whether from bad luck or bad management, it happens that they retain neither; but, admitting an ample representation of 'modest muffs,' and 'ashhfully awkward 'duffers,' and leaving it optional to vacillating riders to accept the flattering offer of a mount first, and when they have got it to 'despise

'themselves' for having done so, we vigorously protest against this sweeping denunciation of amateur performers, and say that on a pleasant afternoon, across a fair course, with hunter's weights, average horses, and riders to match, the ludicrous is not the chief appreciable element in a country steeplechase. If a man requires nerve and ability to distinguish himself with hounds, these qualities will also alone enable him to pull through in a severely-run race, where he has not a moment's breathing-time either for himself or his horse, where, even if he has the advantage of knowing the jumps, they come faster and on the whole with more severity than in an ordinary run, and where the smallest mistake is generally fatal to success. For ourselves, we beg to disclaim any partiality for steeplechasing, and confess to being more than half inclined to range ourselves on the side of the sportsmen of the good old school, in whose day it was a new thing, and who are inveterately opposed to it as a hybrid and inadmissible sport altogether. Nevertheless we repeat that it is a good sight, and one which should not be condemned, for amateurs to show their pluck by going round a stiff course, and their quality by winning at the end, and they are deserving of very different criticism from that, if such it can be called, which is bestowed upon them by the 'Saturday Review.'

In hunting a man chooses his own line, and except now and then, need not fear the 'impact' of his neighbours: he makes play at his own pace, in accordance with his love of being with hounds, his desire for distinction, or perhaps the capabilities of his horse. He helps himself with open gates, with weak places in his fence, with cutting off a sly corner as the hounds turn, and with the hundred and one chances that occur to a quick-witted workman in the course of a burst.

Not so is it with him who dons the silk. Perhaps he starts in a large field of horses, and the first three fences at least must be passed before there is much falling into places, or, rather, taking open order. When the ground is light, and the race begins at a great pace, it cannot be one of the pleasantest things to find yourself in the middle of the ruck, all crowding, hustling, rushing at the jump, and with so little width allowed between the flags that a horse swerving or refusing is almost certain to put some one or two others out of their stride, if not to bring down himself and them altogether. The sensation of knowing that if your own animal falls, you are not unlikely to be jumped upon by your immediate followers, cannot be a comfortable one; and it is stated of the famous Capt. Beecher, that when at the post for one of the great steeplechase matches of the day, and which were after the manner alluded to above, he would turn to his opponent, and beseech him that whatever he did he would not jump upon him. This contingency must of course be greatly increased in larger fields and within circumscribed boundaries; and it is really a wonder that favourites are not, from the fear of being upset, taken more care of, and made to run a waiting or at all events a patient race. This was strikingly exemplified in this year's Grand



National when the winner was brought so quietly along, while many of the others were tumbling one another over—

‘*Post equites sedet ater Stevens:*’

a doctrine, however, that suffers some disturbance when we remember the performance of Mr. Edwards in the previous year with very different tactics, and, to come to closer dates, his brilliant five-fold victories at Hambledon last April.

But let us pass to the next point of view taken by our essayist, the principal relish enjoyed by spectators, in a morbid desire to witness accident, or even death. ‘A sporting character who has invested in a railway ticket feels as disgusted after a bloodless day as the *majo* at a bull fight when the *picador* has declined to shorten his lance.’ ‘Casualties, though not acknowledged to be so, are as essential a part of the programme as anything else;’ and lastly, ‘It is hard indeed if you have not a broken-backed horse or two, and a crushed rider or so, to enliven your talk on the way home.’ We pause to ask ourselves whether it is actually possible that such excessive and ultra bosh can be written in earnest, and with the expectation of its being received as truth. Surely even the most misanthropical would hesitate to pass so extraordinary an estimate of the feelings that fill the hearts of the majority of an assembly of English holiday-keepers. We do not now speak of the roughs; the rabble always rush to an accident, and their coarse expressions and unfeeling stare are not to be noticed any more than they are to be wondered at. But what is true of one race may be true of another, and so perhaps we shall be presently told that the real cause of the enormous attendance at the University boat-race is the hope that some frightful collision of the steamers may take place, or that hundreds of people may, by the collapse of Hammersmith Bridge, be thrown into the river to be crushed or drowned. People who own or who have backed a horse cannot, of course, but rejoice in the discomfiture of an opponent, in whatever way it may come. Beyond this, however, we do not believe in the English, rough and ready as they are, being so savage and bloodthirsty as to delight in the mere spectacle of a broken-backed horse, or to ‘brighten up’ when a rider is crushed. On the contrary, such an event always seems to detract from the day’s enjoyment to quite as many as not, and with those who do not go so far in feeling, there is not much ‘cheery satisfaction’ in contemplating a ‘shattered man,’ or in hearing the pistol that seals his horse’s fate. As to the charge of cruelty to horses, it is not one whit less necessary in the case of hunting, and it is difficult to see where there is more consideration in riding an animal to a standstill, or breaking his leg, with foxhounds, than in doing so over a steeplechase course. Hunting casualties are less considered because they are witnessed only by a few, and are, moreover, as common as blackberries, but they are not the less severe in their consequences to life and limb; and the obituary list for this last season will testify to the proportion

of deaths in the hunting-field as compared with those of steeple-chasing.

It is often said that the pleasure and animation of which horses partake when following hounds forsake them at the post, but this is absurd; and though an old hunter will prick his ears when he hears a find, and will, from the force of habit, turn to the pack of his own accord when in full cry, he can know and care nothing whether he is galloping for a plate or for a brush. If the Legislature is to be addressed on the subject, hunting men will have to look to themselves as much as any one else; and we cannot but think there is less 'cruelty,' if there is any at all in either, in sending a horse round a course, than in wearing him out through long exhausting days, week after week, and often not only without any of the preparation a steeplechaser receives, but very far short of condition at all.

With regard to the dissipation these meetings produce among the rustic population, we will not so readily join issue, though the case of Hodge receives more elaborate treatment than it deserves. If stewards of minor races could be persuaded to do all they can to 'keep up the purer associations of the country,' by strenuously expelling all doubtful genii, whether presiding over gaming tables or other nets not spread in vain in the sight of rural birds, they would do much to raise and promote the real object of the meeting. Betting upon every event connected with sport is now apparently so inseparable from it that we cannot expect even the most primitive 'chase' to take place without more or less speculation; but if the country folk must take their pleasure therein, for goodness' sake let them not be advised to lay aside the chivalrous if innocent idea of standing the man or horse they know or like best, for a more scientific but less generous style of bookmaking. There is, after all, only one branch of sport in which this sordid and wagering element has no part: long may the day be before it becomes the fashion at the meet to take the odds about finding in any given covert, the point the fox will make, whether he will go to ground, be killed, or lost, and twenty other eventualities that might afford much exciting scope for betting, in double, treble, or any combination of events. Betting against there being a scent, for instance, would on the whole, in an ordinary season and in an average country, be good business for the layer; but some discussion would possibly arise as to the presence of this ticklish and varying article.

Many representatives of the pencil muster at the covert-side—for it is now, unfortunately, no uncommon thing to see the gentlemen figuring as metallicians; and in these days, when there is a feverish excitement to make a 'good thing' out of every possible contingency, there is really no reason why business should not be combined with pleasure, and price-lists appear on a man's saddle-flap or at his back, as the fortunes of the day go on. Let us not, however, joke in so profane a manner on so sacred a subject, but rejoice in the belief that as nothing can approach so nothing could detract from all that makes the sportmanship, pure and simple, of foxhunting.

## MY CRY FOR HELP.

I AM not naturally of a vindictive nature, far from it, but if there is any one thing that I nourish a fierce hatred for it is a thorough race-course scoundrel; you may call him what you like, welsher, three-card man, roulette-table keeper, pickpocket, thief, for his vocation merely varies with opportunity.

Almost every created animal, I believe, man included, has a violent antipathy to some body or thing. It is a recognised fact that the most plethoric of bulls cannot calmly graze with a red object in view, no matter whether it be the sash of the matador or a petticoat; provided only it is of the obnoxious colour at it he goes half frenzied with rage.

The 'rough' has a mortal dread and aversion to either a policeman or soap and water; the garotter in loud outcries protests against the inhumanity of flogging; while the mamma of the period (if she will pardon me for introducing her in such company) shows by a cold manner, vulgarly styled as 'snubbing,' or by a sudden interest in nothing at all going on in an opposite direction, that the object of her peculiar detestation, the younger son, approaches. Well then, as I said before, I confess to an indomitable hatred for all sorts and conditions of race-course swindlers. I wage fierce war against the three-card man; having studied his craft for the purpose, I glory in taking an occasional half-crown or two from his ill-gotten gains; and if, as is very often the case, he is one too many for me, I deliberately set the police at him.

I draw the betting-ring for the welsher, and head him too if I can, as he steals away, and, stonyhearted, wonder, after he has been stripped, whether I could proceed against him under Lord Campbell's Act, his light and airy costume after a rough handling being often more suitable to a native race meeting at Magdala than to one in our less sunny clime; and my feelings towards him are of a similar character to what the sentiments of the late King Theodore might have been towards a native bookmaker, who might have rashly laid his majesty a thousand to fifteen a few times over against a 'dead one.' But the roulette-man is my especial enemy: I have broken up several unfair tables, and I am at this present moment, to inspire my pen, writing on a roulette cloth, one that I keep as a trophy. But how are the mighty fallen! this cloth, on which piles of gold and bank notes have once been, has now on it all that remains of the 'fiver' I went up to London with yesterday, a modest fourpenny piece, my ink is on zero, and a box of Partagas (nearly empty, I regret to say) occupies rouge.

But you will ask, Why should I cherish such a revengeful feeling towards the roulette-man, more than against any other ruffian? I will tell you. Charlie Egerton and I were in the same regiment; I was staying with him for a few weeks' hunting, during the 'long leave,' at his father's place in — shire. We were smoking our

cigars one morning after breakfast when we saw an advertisement of the Betterton steeplechases in the local newspaper.

'We can easily get to Betterton from here by rail,' he said, 'or at least within three or four miles of it; there are two days' racing; we might sleep there one night; what do you say?'

I agreed to his proposition at once, so we wrote to secure beds at the Angel, the only respectable inn Betterton could boast of, also for a dog-cart or fly to meet us at the station.

It was a drizzling cold morning, as, enveloped in great-coats and wraps, and struggling with an obstinate portmanteau that positively refused to come out from under the seat of the railway carriage, we stepped out of the train, as, groaning, it reluctantly, as it were, stopped at the small station of Betterton Road—a bleak and shelterless station was Betterton Road—the railway company, as a sort of practical joke, having playfully painted on a wretched-looking, tumble-down shed the words WAITING ROOM.

Into this shed we shivered, while the porter collected the luggage. There was a strange dreariness about the sound of his footsteps on the damp gravel—a dismal kind of sound peculiar to small stations on a wet day, and particularly to be observed when there happens not to be a single vehicle to take us on to our journey's end. 'Has not a dog-cart or fly come to meet us, porter, from the Angel?' asked Charlie.

'No, sir, there ain't.'

We thought it very strange, and went to look up the road towards the town; nothing but cold sleet met our disappointed view.

'Well, what do you propose doing?' I asked of Charlie; 'we'd better get a trap.'

'Get a trap! I am afraid you might as well try to get a balloon. Here, porter, is it possible to get anything to take us to Betterton?'

'There an't anything,' answered the porter, 'leastways, not as I know on; you see the excursion come in better nor an hour ago; the bus and every fly was filled by the gents, and then some on 'em had to walk; the course an't far from here, about two mile and a half; you'd better walk, and I'll send your portmanteau to the Angel by the bus.'

So acting on this advice we soon arrived at the stand, being just in time to pick out the winner of the first race.

We had a capital lunch at the drag of the —th Regiment, who were quartered in the neighbourhood, and after luncheon some of the officers proposed having a turn at roulette. Charlie and I accompanied them for a specific purpose. One young officer had lost a considerable sum of money. I watched the game carefully for some time: I had seen enough. I whispered a few words to the young officer; he gave me two five-pound notes. I bided my time: there was five pound on the black; I put five pound on the red, before the ball was started—when the ball had got full into play I quickly placed the other five pound on zero. No sooner had I done so than

the man who turned the wheel by a sudden movement endeavoured to snatch up the ball ; but I was prepared for this, and seizing his arm I held it forcibly back, while the ball revolving slower and slower finally rested in zero. By this manœuvre I won back for the young officer almost all he had lost. We gave the scoundrel who kept the table ten minutes to be off the course, or the alternative of being given in charge for swindling. On arriving at the Angel we requested to be shown our rooms, and inquired of the landlord why he had not sent to meet us at the station as directed. Mine host opened his eyes so wide with astonishment, that I began to have serious misgivings as to whether he would ever be able to shut them again ; and when we informed him that we had written for rooms, he declared most solemnly he had never received our letter. (I may here mention that Charlie found it six weeks afterwards in his pocket).

The landlord was extremely civil, and appeared to be greatly vexed at the supposed loss of the letter, for every room in the inn was occupied. What was to be done ? He feared we should not be able to obtain beds in the town, so great had been the influx of visitors that day. We could have dinner though in half an hour, that was one comfort ; so we agreed to defer looking our difficulties in the face until after we had dined. With the cheese came the intelligence that an enterprising chambermaid had discovered that a bed might be made up in a diminutive room for one.

We tossed up for it and Charlie won. The landlord had sent all over the town to try and get me a bed, but every place was full ; so as the rain had ceased and it was getting late, I determined upon sallying forth to see what I could do myself. As Charlie complained of cold and shivering, I insisted upon him remaining at the hotel. I tried one or two places suggested by the boots as likely, but in vain ; not a bed was to be had, as, at one place I was told, for love or money. Partly reconciled to my hard lot, I had just made up my mind to pass the night in the arm-chair in the coffee-room of the Angel, when I passed a small public-house ; I stopped, and having scrutinized its exterior, and found it promised to be clean inside, I entered. Making my way through the parlour, filled with suspicious-looking men and tobacco smoke, I entered the inner sanctum, where I found a woman serving out drink. On making known my difficulty she left, shortly returning with the landlord, her husband. He started visibly when he saw me ; I knew his face ; where had I seen him before ? In vain I taxed my memory. On my inquiring whether he could give me a comfortable bed for the night, he took a good many pulls at the stump of a cigar he was smoking and then answered that he could. Could I see it ? Oh yes, his wife would show it me, and he walked unconcernedly away, as she, taking up a candlestick, led the way up a narrow, winding, creaking staircase, emitting a peculiar ' micey,' stuffy smell, anything but exhilarating. The room though small appeared to be clean ; I examined the bed carefully ; the result being satisfactory, I engaged the room for the night.

I returned to the Angel in order to get such things as I wanted for the night out of our portmanteau, and it being late, and as both Charlie and I were tired, I wished him good night, promising to come to the Angel at nine o'clock for breakfast the next day.

I had no difficulty in finding my way back to the public-house where I was to sleep; on arriving there I found the door closed; it was opened cautiously on my knocking. On entering I found the rooms deserted, the landlord and his wife apparently having been sitting up for me. They wished to know whether I should like a cup of tea, as they had kept some water boiling for me, or a glass of hot brandy and water. As the latter would probably do away with any ill effects I might have received from my wetting on the race-course, I ordered some to be brought up to me in my bedroom. The landlady soon appeared, bearing a steaming glass of hot mahogany brandy and water; it struck me at the time as having a most peculiar and disagreeable taste; but as I dislike dark brandy, I thought nothing of it. I drank about half of it and opening the window threw the remainder into the street; then taking off my coat and waistcoat, I placed the latter, with my watch and money inside the pockets, under the bolster.

There was a door leading out of my room opposite the one I had entered by: I tried to open it, but found it locked. I heard a knock at the door I had entered by; it was the landlady. She wished to know whether I would take any more brandy, or if I wanted anything she could get for me before she retired for the night. On my pointing out to her that there was no key in my door, she regretted that it had been unfortunately lost, and taking up the tray with my empty glass, wished me good-night. When she had gone down stairs, I began to wonder where I had seen the landlord's face before. All of a sudden it struck me that he was in the roulette tent. I wondered whether he could have been playing, or whether he might have had any interest in the tables. I then began to consider by what means I could fasten the door. I remembered when a boy having many a time effectually done so by placing against the door a chair in a diagonal position with its back under the door handle. This plan I carried out at once, but on trial I found my scheme to be scarcely successful, for on employing some little force, the chair would give way, but with so much resistance, that I felt convinced that any attempt to force open the door must necessarily awaken me. Both tired and sleepy when I came up to my room, the brandy and water had made me strangely wakeful, and as I felt inclined for a pipe, having put on my coat again, I sat on the foot of the bed and began to smoke. I had been smoking for about ten minutes when I experienced a sudden giddiness: I have an indistinct idea that I laid down on my bed and fell asleep with my pipe in my mouth.

How long I had been asleep I have no idea, when I had the most horrible dream. I was in a forest that I knew well in Germany, fishing in a stream flowing at the bottom of a hill on which stands

an old ruined castle. Suddenly I was beset by a band of robbers; I fled, but they being mounted were fast overtaking me. On, on they galloped, and on I sped, leaping over fallen trees, skimming over rivers, gliding as if on wings over huge obstacles, till I reached the old castle just in time to shut the doors in the face of my pursuers. Then they attempted to hammer in the door, firing muskets at the lock; I could see the flashes of fire, and remember how real and vivid they seemed to be. The door could not hold out much longer; in an agony of fear I awoke. Was I still dreaming! or was my door being violently forced open! Each time, as it partially opened, a gleam of light came in. It must be nightmare: I tried to awake—to speak—to scream—but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I was in a trance, powerless to move hand or foot. Then I began to wonder whether the door would open. It was, it could be only a dream; so I watched the door with interest. The chair was slipping back: what was that? a man's arm? Yes, through the small space the door had been forced open an arm appeared and grasped the chair. In a moment it was removed and the door slowly opened. The man then entered followed by a woman bearing a candle, and shading its light from my eyes with her hand. I recognised them at a glance as the landlord and his wife. I knew now it was no dream. What could they want? again and again I strove to speak, to move, but my efforts were useless. I watched them with breathless interest. They approached the bed; I noticed the woman trembled violently, and her lips twitched in a peculiar way. The man then put his hand under the bolster and drew out my waistcoat, handing it to the woman; he then signed to her to shut the door; my heart stood still as I watched their every movement, unable as I was to stir. My head was not on the pillow: he took the pillow in his hands, and bent down over me. Great God! what was he about to do! still I could not cry out or stir. Then the woman seizing the pillow, in a hoarse whisper said, 'For God's sake don't!' He threw her roughly from him, and in wrenching the pillow from her it struck me full in the face."

Thank God! the spell that had bound me was broken: I was awake—I could move—I felt each nerve strengthened, every muscle braced and strong as steel, from the excitement I had undergone. I felt no fear now. With a yell of 'MURDER! HELP!' I leapt upon him and caught him by the throat: I should have borne him down, though he was a far more powerfully-built man than I, had not the woman seized me by the hair of my head, and with marvellous strength dragged me down. It was the man's turn now; seizing the pillow, he attempted to place it over my face; I wrestled with the strength of despair, and succeeded partly in raising myself up again, but my strength was failing me fast. Seeing the window close to me, I dashed my fist through it, and with a loud cry of 'MURDER!' fell completely exhausted. It was all over now, I thought, as the man, savagely placing the pillow on my face and sitting on my chest, with his knees on my outstretched arms, pressed the pillow with all his force

upon my face. 'D—— you,' he hissed, 'you broke my table up, 'and now I'll have your —— life!'

One agonized word for mercy was all I could breathe. I thought then how awful the struggle for life would be, but it could not last long: even when the blood seemed to be bursting every vein in my head, I wondered whether they would be hanged for my murder. I must then have become insensible. When I regained consciousness I found myself lying on the bed, a candle burning on the table by my side. Was it all a dream? No; there on the floor by the window was a dark pool, and the wall spattered red, and my shirt sleeve literally soaked with blood. I heard voices on the stairs; too terrified to reason calmly, I thought they were those of my assailants; I rushed to the window, thinking to escape by dropping into the street; on looking out I saw two policeman below. I implored them to come up and save me from being murdered. At that moment a policeman entered with a surgeon whom he had hastily summoned.

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The following morning I was summoned to attend the search that was being made at the public-house. Charlie accompanied me; when we arrived there the inspector of police was carefully examining a round stone in the back yard; having procured a crowbar they raised it: it concealed a dumb well. As it was not deep a ladder was procured and a policeman went down. How breathlessly we awaited his return. 'Nothing there but broken delf and rubbish,' he called out, as he ascended the ladder. I asked the inspector if he suspected the well had ever been used for the concealment of murder. He shook his head as he answered, 'This is the worst house in the 'place: the landlord is a great scoundrel: he has only been here a few 'months, but all the crime in the town is hatched here: he had a 'roulette table on the course yesterday, and I hear some gentlemen 'found it was a swindling business.'

I told him that I was the means of detecting him. 'That accounts 'then for this,' he said, pointing to the cement dust and mould round the stone. 'This dust was here *before* we raised the stone just now, 'and this stone was raised last night for some cause or other, and 'after nine o'clock.' 'How do you know that?' I asked in astonishment. He pointed again to the cement dust and said, 'It rained 'up to nine o'clock last night: if this dust had been there before nine 'that last heavy shower would have laid it, or washed it away: *they 'did not raise that stone for nothing that time of night, you may depend 'upon that.*' I looked down the well, and shuddering turned away.

The landlord and his wife were convicted of attempting to rob with violence, although the line of defence taken was extremely ingenious. It was proved that the only means of entering their own room was through mine: they stated I had been informed of this fact, which was, of course, untrue. They insisted that I was drunk when I went to bed; that they were walking quietly through my room, when I attacked them savagely, evidently under the impression that



they were about to rob me, that the struggle on their part was undertaken purely in self-defence.

The man is now turning a wheel of a different kind to that of roulette, and one in which the feet are actively employed to give it a rotundary motion ; his wife, or consort for the time being, as was elicited at the trial, has oakum substituted for pockets, to wile away her hours of captivity ; and I have but little doubt that one or both would have been hanged, but for my having attracted the attention of a policeman who happened to be passing at the time I broke the window, and who fortunately heard my cry for help.

A. H. T.

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### HARRY KELLEY.

WHEN we witnessed the race for the Scullers' Prize at the Thames National Regatta in 1854, we had very little doubt that we had seen in the winner, the then future Champion of the Thames. Events have since proved that our judgment was correct, and since that time, in the aquatic world at least, probably no name was ever more of a 'household word' than that of Harry Kelley. It is impossible for us, in the space at our command, even to recapitulate the struggles he has been engaged in, and the prizes he has won. In the annals of the Championship of the Thames, from its first institution, we do not hesitate to say that no one ever had to contend against such men as Kelley has been called upon to meet. It is true that Bob Coombes held the distinction of Champion for years, almost without a challenge. He defeated, with comparative ease, all who ventured to try conclusions with him ; but the quality of his opponents was anything but first class ; and at last, although time had told upon him, and he was very inferior undoubtedly to what he once was, he was beaten by the first man he met, with any pretensions to be considered a first-class performer. Bob Coombes, however, was like Kelley in this, that he could not sit down quietly under a defeat while there was a possibility of retrieving it ; and in this they may both claim to contrast favourably with some others who quietly submitted to the first reverse, and preferred the more solid profits of business to the glories of true sport and the honour and fame of their native river. After Messenger's easy defeat by Kelley there was for some time no one to give him any more trouble. The matches with Buttle were a wretched *fiasco*, the latter having no chance whatever, although no doubt to any but a good general the sinuous course of the Yare would have been a difficulty. Mackinney was also nothing but an easy prey for Kelley. But soon there was to arise a man with whose name Kelley's will ever be associated. The great rivalry between North and South fairly culminated in the struggles between Kelley and Chambers. Never had North and South had two such champions. In the first race, as all the world knows,

Chambers was victorious, and that with ease. Kelley for the first time lost the lead at starting, got flurried, and was never able fairly to get into his swing. There was one thing, however, which he did not lose either then or since—his pluck; neither did he forfeit the confidence of his friends. Notwithstanding the result of the first contest, Mr. Charles Bush still stuck to his protégé, and it is greatly due to his generous and high-spirited support that the title of Champion was brought back once more to the banks of the Thames. Time went on—the title of Champion was held by a Tynesider, and not by a Son of the Thames; and this was a state of things not to be endured while Kelley had a pair of strong arms and a stout heart. Ever since his defeat he had taken great care of himself, and by constant practice had convinced his backers and himself that it was time to try conclusions once more with the Tynesider, and with a greater chance of success. They did meet again, and Kelley retrieved his laurels, beating Chambers as easily as Chambers had beaten him. That Chambers was not then the man he had once been, may be at once conceded; but neither had Kelley ever shown such a fine and matured style of rowing. And although Chambers had gone off, he was still good enough to beat a man like Cooper, as was shown immediately afterwards; so that at that time he was certainly second to no one but Kelley. With regard to Kelley's subsequent matches with Sadler, there is nothing very satisfactory, in one sense, to be said—they were not carried out in a sportsman-like spirit, and Kelley was not the one to blame. Sadler never had the smallest chance with him over the Championship course, as was abundantly proved. It then became a mere question how the money was to be saved; and accordingly the most unsportsmanlike proceedings were taken, and are now pending, to disturb the verdict of the Referee. Whether the Court of Appeal will decide according to law and justice has yet to be seen. If the verdict of the Queen's Bench is upheld, there is not a race which might not be fought in like manner. The only safe ground, and the ground supported by law, is this; that a referee's decision is final, as regards both law and fact, but even more emphatically so, if possible, with regard to the facts of a case, and the manner of exercising his discretion upon those facts. Might the Derby be indefinitely postponed because a horse refused to face the flag? It would have been well if Kelley had retired at this time without risking a defeat from a younger man. By all true sportsmen it was desired that he should meet Sadler again, to confirm the running; but as we have said, Kelley had done enough, and more than enough, to entitle him to rest upon his well-earned reputation, without entering the lists against a new man. Probably, however, for certain good reasons—and partly, too, because his pluck would not allow him to resign without a struggle, Kelley was induced to enter against the coming Champion, James Renforth, of the Tyne. We are glad this was not Kelley's last race. As everybody knows, his last contest was with Joseph Sadler; and although Kelley had but just been beaten, his pluck and form showed

that, if he must fall at last, it was not in the power of any one of such calibre as Sadler to effect such a result. In our opinion, Renforth is the finest sculler that England has ever produced, and that he could have given Kelley or Chambers, in their best day, a hundred yards start and a beating. No one before has ever put a boat along at such a pace as he can, and yet be able to stay. If he is ever beaten, it will be by time, or by some unfortunate fluke. England may well be proud of her present Champion. As to the relative merits of Kelley and Chambers, it is very difficult to speak with confidence. The men never met when each was at his very best—Kelley, it is true, won the rubber; but we think, upon the whole, that the question, 'Which was the better man?' will never be conclusively decided. But however much North and South may dispute the matter, there is, in our opinion, no doubt whatever of this—that, take him for all in all, Harry Kelley is the best man the Thames ever produced.

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#### YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting season on the Thames has hitherto been somewhat monotonous, and doubtless agreeably so to Mr. Earle, who won the first three matches of the season, the Royal London, New Thames, and Royal Thames, with the Sphinx, which Mr. Maudslay must now regret parting with. The Royal London opened proceedings with a match for any rig over 30 tons, from Erith round the Nore and back. The entries consisted of the Cambria (Mr. Ashbury), Fiona (Mr. Boutcher), Muriel, a new cutter by Hatcher (Mr. Bridson), Sphinx (Mr. Earle), Volante (Mr. Maudslay), and Julia (Mr. Moss), but the latter, which has recently been altered from a yawl to a cutter, was not ready in time, and the Cambria might as well have been at anchor, as, owing to the absence of wind, she had no chance of showing herself to advantage. What there was came N.W., though it was very slow work down to Purfleet, where they caught a breeze which Muriel made the most of, but off Greenhithe, Sphinx weathered her and held the lead past Gravesend, followed by the Volante. Rounding off Southend, Fiona led Volante and Sphinx, Cambria last, but Mr. Boutcher gave up at Gravesend, owing to a mishap, and Volante got home first, Sphinx taking the chief prize, well within her time allowance. The New Thames had six entries for first-class cutters, and all started, the Fiona (Mr. E. Boutcher), Muriel (Mr. Bridson), Rosebud (Mr. Chamberlayne), and the course fixed upon was a new one, from Gravesend round the West Oaze Buoy and back; but owing to want of wind it was materially shortened, the small craft rounding above the Nore and the others just below Southend. What breeze there was came from N.W., and the small fry having been got away, the gun fired for the large class to start, with a mere puff to help them. It was little but a drifting match to Mucking, where the little Muriel was doing well, but in Sea Reach the Rosebud showed the way, though the breeze was so poor that each puff altered their positions, and the Sphinx rounded first, followed by Volante, Rosebud, Fiona, and Muriel. On the return voyage, Mr. Earle's clipper retained the lead, Volante next, but Muriel gained second honours by time allowance. In the second class Thought and Oberon were first home, but a protest was entered by the latter, and the affair was referred

to the committee. The harmony of the steamer was interrupted by collision with a screw bound outwards. It was a severe shock to the passengers, but fortunately nothing serious occurred from the contretemps.

The Royal Thames last—though not least of the trio—secured a capital entry for their outter match—Erith to the Nore and back—Muriel, Fiona, Rosebud, Sphinx, Condor (Major Irving), Volante, and Menai. The wind was again very light, from N.E., and as the craft lay head to wind they started with mainsails set. Sphinx got her topsail up first, and balloon canvas was the order of the day, Fiona and Sphinx having apparently the best of it to Purfleet, where Muriel showed in front for a little; but at Grays the Sphinx led again until, off Tilburyness, Mr. Boutcher's vessel weathered her and had a short-lived advantage. Change upon change occurred until they rounded (a mile above the Nore) as follows: Fiona, Condor, Volante, Muriel, Sphinx, and Menai, with a bare twelve minutes between the first five. All set spinacres, and a very slow match resulted in Mr. Earle again taking first prize, Mr. Bridson getting second by time allowance.

Professional rowing is still at a discount, and there seems little chance of a revival of the halcyon days of a few years back, when Harry Kelley, whose likeness ornaments our title-page, contested with the Lion of the North for the proud title of *primus ante omnes*. The Northerner is dead after many victories, and of the Southerner we may say, with little hope of contradiction,

‘We shall not look upon his like again.’

Amateur rowing, however, flourishes. As we suggested last month, the London Rowing Club have sent a friendly challenge to Harvard College, U. S., and as they offered to row eights, fours, pairs, and sculls, all or either in any succession, something is bound to come of it. We do not wish to hold the O. U. B. C. responsible for the opinions of the local scribe who manifolds for London dailies, but the latter thought fit to dispute the right of the holders of the Grand Challenge Cup to represent English Champion rowing. So be it; but if they don't, who does? We pause for a reply, and are likely to keep on pausing if we wait for his satisfactory answer. A correspondent in a contemporary efficiently disposed of his ‘platform,’ by showing that Oxford and Cambridge ‘Varsity crews have frequently entered at Henley, and the last time they appeared they rowed splendidly and were beaten one after the other a few inches by the Londoners. However arranged, the coming American challenge is sure to lead to an exciting race. They have shown true British pluck in conceding coxswains, and by so doing deserve a victory we must admit ourselves too patriotic to quite wish them. Henley Regatta is fast coming on, and in spite of the marvellously idiotic propositions brought forward by the Committee, will probably be a successful meeting. We are not at present disposed to be discursive, or might enlarge on the attempts to ruin the prestige of the Wyfold, or the Hanwellish limitation of the dead weight a coxswain might carry to bring him up to the required standard of bigness. The Grand Challenge will secure the head boats from Universities, Oxford being represented by University College, and Cambridge by 1st Trinity; 1st Kingston we hope to see, though they are not doing much work at present. Of the College crews University will probably prove better than Cambridge, but neither will, we think, come up to London, who at present bid fair to hold the trophy another year. The stewards will, we fancy, lie between the holders and the Oxford four who are practising for the American

match; both are fine crews, and it is anybody's race, so whichever are freshest after the Grand Challenge should win. The spell which Surbiton holds over the Wyfold is mighty and mysterious, and as we at present know nothing of their antagonists we must decline an opinion. The goblets might almost have Long and Stout engraved on them beforehand, if they start, and in the souls Long will be *facile princeps*. So much for Henley.

The Metropolitan Regatta ought this year to be a success, for a change; and being fixed but a few days after Henley, crews have no excuse for not keeping in training, though we fear the fun of the last nights at the Lion will suffer in consequence. Perhaps the latter evil might be averted by all crews vowing religiously not to train, but this we leave to competitors.

### 'OUR VAN.'

#### THE INVOICE.—May Meditations.

MAY, so dear to Royal Academicians, Chimney-Sweeps, and Chester-Cup lovers, may this year be said to have celebrated her long-talked-of union with December amidst a perfect storm of disapprobation, which, to use a penny-aliner's phrase, was with difficulty repressed. In truth, 'our sea-coal fires' have rarely been put out, Ulsters have taken the place of Zephyrs, and the foot-warmers in the railway carriages, which had gone into dock for the season, have been again put into commission, by a long-suffering and patient-enduring people. In the meantime Sport has been pursued under difficulties, but at the same time with scarcely the same amount of enthusiasm, as we witnessed in the Hastings era, which we suppose will always be designated as the Golden Age of the Turf. During the month the Racing Man has had a busy time of it, and has scarcely known where to rest his head, and to have enjoyed as much locomotion as The Guard of the Midland Express, for North and South have claimed him at the same time; and as he could not be simultaneously in the same place, he has been compelled to give one day to one racecourse and another to its rival. On Saturdays the Suburban Meetings or the Pigeon Club have claimed him, so he cannot be said to live upon the bread of idleness. And when we consider the excitement the Ring undergo, the distances they travel, and the risk they run in these days of railway collisions, the profit attached to their winnings must be said to be hardly earned. Chester was the first great rendezvous of the month, but it has sadly fallen off in its attractions since poor Leman Rede was wont to depict its features in the 'Sunday Times,' and when that newspaper always contained in the subsequent week at least half a column of matter, with a leaded heading, entitled 'Aspect of the Roodee on the Morning of the Race,' and which was greedily devoured by 'Sporting Licentious Victuallers.' Those were the days when Davis stood in the bar of the Northumberland Arms in Serle Street, and pencilled down the odds to thousands of pounds, to the undisguised admiration of idle apprentices, and footmen of a sporting turn of mind. Then you had to make a start for Chester the day before the sport commenced, for Specials were unknown, and velocipedes only considered as toys for pet Heirs Apparent. Then Mr. Baker, of Manchester, achieved great notoriety by riding express with the name of the winner to Manchester, where he was received as if he had been the popular candidate for the representation of that city; whereas now, if you are not particularly desirous of witnessing a score or so of horses

gallop round a cheese-plate, you can remain quietly in London and have the result brought to you at your Club by a waiter on a salver, like a sandwich or a soda and brandy. It is this facility of obtaining information in such a rapid manner that deters many gentlemen from visiting distant race-courses, and hence the attendance is confined to those who have horses engaged, or to those persons who may be said to be professionally engaged to bet upon them. The two great pets of the public this year for the Cup were *Ægean*, who carried the hopes of Godding and one-half of the Newmarket division, and *Fairwind*, who represented 'Lord Frederick's' party, which are almost omnipotent in Chester Cups, and have long especially devoted themselves to that race. The Handicapper, whom it is generally good to follow, openly declared for *Knight of the Garter*, whom, if he had not fallen lame within a few days of the race, would probably have been a far greater favourite. All Epsom went for *Paul Jones*, who, according to the estimate of his owner, added the force of a steam-engine to his powers as a racehorse; but it would seem afterwards that he had not laid on sufficient supply of steam for the occasion, for his 'engineer,' *Butler*, before they came to the distance, found he could not go on without a fresh supply, which there was no time to obtain. As the race is now a matter of history, we need only remark that if *Captain Machell* had himself given the orders, it could not have been run better to suit *Knight of the Garter*, who waited until the last, and when *Ægean* and *Paul Jones* had cut their throats, went up and won as it were with one run; the nature of the Course not causing the weight to tell upon him. *Fairwind* could not stay, and as they said it suddenly changed, without giving notice to his backers. *St. Mungo*, who was second after sustaining several casualties which must have jeopardised his chance very materially, promises to make *Mr. Merry* the Cup horse he has been so long on the look out for, and the everlasting *Dalby* was third. This is the fifth year the Chester Cup has been won by a horse carrying over nine stone, and it was immediately seized upon as refuting the argument of *Sir Joseph Hawley* that the old horses are fast dying away. But still it should be recollected that one swallow does not make a summer. The other proceedings at Chester were lamentably dull to amateurs of the Turf, although they afforded plenty of materials for betting men, whose interest *Mr. Topham* is supposed to consult more than those of our national sport. But it should be recollected that Chester Races are designed for the Chester people, who choose to spend their afternoons in the booth on the racecourse, as may be clearly seen by their countenances, which appear to peculiar advantage in a blazing sun. Now if their wishes are not in some measure consulted, the funds for the Races will very materially diminish. So *Mr. Topham* has two very different interests to consult and provide for, which ought in some measure to be remembered by those who have the direction of public opinion on the subject. But he may rest assured that until he raises the character of his racing, the Roodee will only be supported by *Sir Watkin's* party on behalf of the aristocracy of the Turf, and he must rely on the million, to make up the loss of revenue occasioned thereby.

From Chester we must change the venue to York, where they had the same absence of gentlemen as was conspicuous at Chester, but the sport was of the true York excellence. The Craven Stakes having been cantered away with by *Vespasian*, who beat the others like garrison hacks, *Adventurer* gave us another advertisement of his prowess as a sire in *Lady Mary*, a two-year old filly out of *Mr. Jackson's* old favourite, *Lady Ripon*, and who only requires to be once seen to be remembered, for she was as near perfection

as could be arrived at, and who regularly played with the famous Blair Athol colt, The Swift, who could not live with her for an instant, although only 6 to 4 was betted against him to do otherwise. The Great Northern Handicap, although compiled with the usual accuracy of Mr. Johnson, had a very small acceptance, but yet it gave us as fine a couple of heats as was ever seen on Knavesmire between old Ploughboy and the youthful Lord Hawthorne, which the former won the last time of asking the question very cleverly. Paul Jones, who was at one time the favourite, was scratched by Mr. Hillman—a young gentleman who, although very small in point of stature, has been lately amusing himself with the idea of breaking the Ring. As may be imagined, success has not as yet rewarded his efforts, the phalanx of that body presenting an unbroken front at the time we write; nor will they be affected, we think, by the operations of such an assailant, who, if report is true, has already been very seriously crippled in the first rounds he has had with them. Old Honesty, whom no weight seems able to stop over certain distances, won the Consolation Scramble like the racehorse he has grown into, and every time he is pulled out is an excellent advertisement for Young Dutchman, who looks likely to become a popular sire in the North next season. The Londesborough Cup brought out one of the best fields of the week, and gave the Ring a capital turn, for the gentlemen could see nothing in it but The Border Knight, on whom they plunged according to the form in the statute in that case made and provided, being not all alarmed at the demonstration made by the De Vere Division, who stuck to their guns most manfully. However, in the race Sir Charles Legard's usual good fortune deserted him, and The Knight having lost start, never could get up, and De Vere justified the good opinion of his trainer and friend. Doncaster, which followed York, so as to take the pilgrims on their way to London, was but an emasculated second edition of York, and which we have not time to notice here. The Southern Racing Assize occupied the same days as the Northern, and as there are more racehorses trained in Hampshire and Wiltshire than in Yorkshire, so the gathering of the hawks around the carrion was larger. Of course Danebury, Woodyates, and Beckhampton managed to make up a capital Cause List, and many interesting issues were tried and set at rest. Lord Portsmouth took in most of the Jockey Club, and the attendance of county families for a rather early Race Meeting was most creditable, and showed there was no decline in the taste for the Turf in Hampshire, if it does not flourish in other counties. Mr. Graham here showed the immense force in which his stable was in, by his luck with his two-year old, and as the old gentleman goes as straight as a gun-barrel, and as his object is only that of winning, we trust that it will long continue; but we are apprehensive his confidence in The Drummer for the Derby is overrated, for that horse has hitherto most pertinaciously refused to show himself in his true colours. We may perhaps, however, be mistaken in our views, and perhaps have to acknowledge our mistake before 'Our Van' has finished its journey. In the Hampshire Stakes old Silenus made a gallant fight for his noble master, as if he was aware that every little helps in a struggle; but the weight told at last, and he was obliged to succumb to Walmer, the cleverly-named Arthur Wellesley colt, who won in a canter. The Squire of Wantage and Clement have of late years been a somewhat unlucky pair, while formerly, in our hot youth, they carried all before them on country courses; but here they were fortunate enough to pull off the Nursery with Nero, a very strong and useful animal, got by a sire who bids fair to make his name known at the Stud. On the second day Mr. Graham was again all the rage, and Sir Joseph Hawley

ran Blue Gown for the Queen's Plate, in order to discover if there was any truth in the report that he had lost his temper, when Blueskin ran him to a head. We need hardly add that he gave the most signal contradiction to the rumour by winning all the way in a walk, so this is the last time, we think, that the rumour will be circulated. Salisbury is the supplement of Winchester, and most of the professionals put in an appearance there, while Lord Rivers and Mr. Sturt supplied the natives with a peep of the Southern Racing Aristocracy. The racing does not call for any particular remark, save that Mr. Graham's run of luck was not yet exhausted, and most of the local stables were credited with a race apiece. In conclusion, it is only fair to observe that the hotel-keepers in the South are fast acquiring the fame of their brethren at Chester and in the North of England by regarding racing men as mere objects of plunder, and milking them, as they themselves would do a Derby favourite; but if a sturdy resistance was made to the demand, the hotel-keepers in the end would have to succumb. Bath had everything done for it that the energy and activity of Mr. Payne, the new Secretary, could effect, but yet it only preserved its position by its two-year old races, for two for the Somersetshire and half a dozen for the Beaufort Cup can hardly be called 'Bath form.' The weather was as cold as it is represented to be in Spitzbergen, and at last people got tired of seeing Mr. Graham pulling out another youngster and beating a field with him; and it was suggested that he had better be compromised with for the remaining engagements that he has with his two-year olds, so as to give other people a chance for them, which they clearly have not got at present.

Epsom has been so often described, that a repetition of its principal features would be as nauseating to our readers as the recital of an Execution or a Pantomime. Suffice it to say, all London was present on the Derby Day, and an 'eyelash,' by which the race was run, caused many gentlemen to have an appointment at Knightsbridge next week, whose address would otherwise have been Post Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer. There were no new features in the Derby mob, save that ribbons round the hats of the *oi polloi* seem to have become better favourites than nude dolls or fictitious nasal appendages; and to judge by the appearance of the majority of country-folks, the number of recruits for the army had received a sudden increase. The improvements in the business department at Epsom are very great, and there is ample room for investigating all complaints that may arise during the Meeting. The weighing department, which formerly was scarcely visible to the naked eye, and which facilitated the introduction of false weights and measures, is now as light as the Alhambra at midnight, and the slightest attempt at any unfair proceedings would lead to instant detection and summary conviction. The Grand Stand itself was crowded, and we believe room could not be found for the very smallest Aztec to have stood and viewed the race from it. The Paddock had also its usual share of votaries, and therefore the revenues of Epsom may be pronounced to be in a most satisfactory state. The voices of the Ring were well employed in dealing out the odds, and it is fortunate that none of them are subject to the same species of sore throats as that under which Mr. Sims Reeves labours, as they would have been great losers thereby. When we arrived at the scene of action, we found the two favourites as firm as Gibraltar, Belladrum gradually melting away, and The Drummer and Perry Down all the rage. The Knights of the Garter, with their usual boldness, were prepared to endure Martyrdom, and although the Crown Prince of Sweden was present, very few people were gallant enough to mention the



name of Thorwaldsen in his presence. Ample time having been given the jockeys to dress—we purposely do not use the conventional phrase of making their toilets—the telegraph boards, which are little better than ladders fitted up, were hoisted, and immediately, pencils enough to have filled all the factories in England were pulled out, and the starters pencilled down. Mr. Savile's pair were the first to show, then came Rupert, strong enough to carry Lord Strafford in his brougham to the House of Lords. Next to the Dutch Admiral's, the Middleham trio swept along, the favourite enlisting all sympathies by his make and shape, and gallant stride. The Drummer galloped as well as anything in the race, and seemed to say, 'I will atone to-day for my conduct on the Two Thousand day.' Belladrum was the only horse honoured with a cheer from the public, which showed how dear he was to them; and as he was not destined to meet a similar reception after the race, no one could grudge it to him beforehand. In appearance he looked like a hurried horse, and evidently had not improved much from a two-year old to a three. They were not kept waiting long at the post before Mr. McGeorge let them go, and the National Race of England was commenced. The pioneers were Neufchatel, Lord Hawthorn, and Thorwaldsen, who were on the staff of Rysworth and Pretender, to whom they rendered good service in their respective capacities. Going through the furzes, the outsider, Ethus, joined the strong favourite, Belladrum, and succumbed to the exigencies of his position. The Swedish Sculptor held a slight lead until they came to Tattenham Corner, where, swerving across the Duke of Beaufort, the latter came very nearly down; and, for fear of accidents, Wells pulled Pero Gomez out of the way, and, instead of going through his horses, had to go round them, which no doubt told upon his chance at the finish. Before they had come to the distance, Rysworth's quietus was given to him, and Perry Down stopped as if he had been shot by an air-gun. At the Stand, the front rank was composed of The Drummer, Pretender, Pero Gomez, and The Duke of Beaufort; of these, the Duke was the first to crack, and The Drummer shortly after declining from want of pace, the finish was left to the two favourites. A desperate struggle followed, and both jockeys rode for their very lives, and, as old John Day would have said, they were good boys, both of them. What the Chinese will say when the news of Pretender's victory teaches Canton and Hong Kong—places to which Mr. Jardine trades so much—we cannot say. But we suppose he will be made a Mandarin of the First Class, and Johnny Osborne presented with an Imperial Button. Certainly no less honour could be paid to the owner and rider of the first horse that may be said to have taken the Derby to the Celestial Empire. As we have promised to make the *amende* to Mr. Graham for speaking too lightly of The Drummer in the Derby, we here tender it, as he was quite a different animal to what he was in the Two Thousand, and ran more like being as good as Formosa at sixteen pounds. The Belladrum excitement is at last over, and we should think would never be revived; for the exhibition he cut, we should have imagined, must have cured the public of the weakness they entertained for him, and we have been assured by a jockey who rode in the race, that the noise the celebrated horse made in the Derby was equivalent to that of a West End German Band. Ethus, whose name was scarcely worth disputing about, ran very well to the top of the Hill, but failed to get down it. The Duke of Beaufort made a better fight for it than might have been expected, and but for being very nearly knocked down in the furzes, he might have been third instead of fourth; but his place showed the correctness of public running. Our task is now over;

and, in conclusion, we may say that Johnny Osborne, beside showing magnificent riding, displayed his usual common sense by not putting a cigar, the size of a cricket-stump, in his mouth directly after he had won, and washing out his interior by the pinkest and sweetest of champagne, but quietly put on his coat and walked as steadily down the course as if he had pulled off a Selling Stake or a Consolation Scramble. We should not forget to say, that Mr. Tod Heatley, who knows so well 'what to eat, drink, and avoid,' fully maintained his 'form' by drowning the cares of the losers, and keeping up the spirits of the winners on the race, and that he entertained his friends in a *salon* worthy of the days of Madame Vestris and Planché, and that Royalty, as well as every grade of the Peerage, had to acknowledge his hospitality.

The Oaks was scarcely worthy of such a Derby, and was run for in probably the worst day we have had for the last quarter of a century, and the unhappy spectators looked like fowls on a hen-roost. Although the field was a decent one in point of numbers, to the eye of the sportsman, Morna and Martinique were decidedly the flower of the flock, and it looked odds on them. Brigantine, the well-named daughter of Buccaneer, and as handsome as paint, it was feared was not quite big enough to cope with the two members of the 'M' division, although William Day imagined she could stay longer than either of them. And so the result proved, as the race was nothing but a match between her and Morna; and as the latter could not get a yard beyond the Stand, Brigantine, nicely waited with by Cannon, ran the longest, and won the first Oaks that ever went to Woodyates by a couple of lengths. Martinique was in Sir Richard Bulkeley's usual place of third. Of course, William Day was delighted at seeing the mare pull through, and her condition was almost enough to have brought old John Day from his grave to have seen her; and we fancied him going round the paddock, talking to every one about the race, and how well 'William' had managed her. During the afternoon the Breeders got up a petition to the Jockey Club, in opposition to the motion of Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin, and which, in newspaper phraseology, was numerously and respectably signed.

The Annual Breeding Sales are coming on, and during the next few weeks the 'Saturday Review' will be much sought after, particularly at Hampton Court, East Acton, and Middle Park, where Mr. Edmund Tattersall's eloquence and reasoning powers are heard to the most advantage. The returns will much depend upon the fate of the measures on the eve of being discussed in the Jockey Club; and if Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin succeed in carrying their proposition, the system of breeding will undergo quite a change. It will be no longer useful or profitable to breed smart, quick little animals of the Orlando stamp which by February have paid their way, and shortly after that are thrown up from their legs having gone; but breeders will have to produce a very different sort of racehorse, one that may be turned to various useful purposes if he fails at the stud. We don't want yearlings merely as dice and cards to gamble with, but to maintain the high character of our blood, which is unequalled in the world, and sought for, we may say, all over the world. The conduct of Sir Joseph Hawley and Mr. Chaplin in opposing the gambling spirit of the age is highly to be commended, and whether they carry the measure in question or not, they will have deserved the cordial thanks of all the real lovers of the Turf for endeavouring to put an end to so crying an abuse as that which they endeavour to abate, and which destroys both horse and owner simultaneously. As regards the yearlings this season, we are informed that some are very good, but the majority very bad, and we fear that for the

next two or three years, until we get some new blood upon the Turf, breeders will have to put up with prices very inferior to those which were so prevalent in the Hastings age, when a thousand guineas was thought to be nothing for a filly the size of a Newfoundland dog, because it was considered, that if sent to Joseph Dawson, that excellent trainer, by some magic system, would, almost before it had become two years old, have converted it into a gold mine. As an account of the 'Royalists' will be found in another place, we need not dilate upon them; but having seen the Mamheads the other day, we may state with confidence they are very superior to any that have yet been sent up from 'the Land of the West,' and that Sir Lydston Newman has been more than usually successful in his crosses. Among those which we think are likely to be most sought after are a couple of Craters, the one a filly out of Start Point, the other a colt out of *Ventre à Terre*, both remarkably fine animals, with every promise of excellence. The colt by King Tom out of Madame Clicquot will speak for himself, and requires no Letter of Credit from us, as he is not so overgrown as the majority of that horse's stock are, but is compact and well put together as a man of war. The Stockwell colt of Tournament's dam does not disgrace his lineage, and will bear looking at all over, for he is a fine, commanding horse, and ought to be placed where he will be properly estimated. The Mamheads have all been running this year, which may be attributed to the care and attention bestowed upon them by their stud-groom, who leaves no stone unturned to bring them to Mr. Tattersall as fit as they can be made. Mr. Graham's yearlings are also first class, the Oxfords being an extremely good-looking lot of youngsters. Mr. Blenkiron's series we have not yet seen, but report speaks very highly of them, more particularly of The Saunterers and Blair Athols. Since our last a distinguished Belgravian Mother, as it is the fashion now to term a noted brood mare, has gone to her final end, a friendly bullet having laid her low. We allude, of course, to Mendicant, who won the Thousand Guineas and the Oaks for Mr. Gully the same year that he carried off the Derby with Pyrrhus the First. She was a little black mare, but although there was scarcely a handful of her, she had wonderful speed combined with no ordinary staying powers, as she showed when she was only beaten a head by St. Lawrence for the Chester Cup, her defeat for which has always been attributed to Frank Butler's nervousness at riding her round such a cockpit of a racecourse. She was hardly as much distinguished at the stud as she was on the racecourse, for Beadsman was her best foal, and to him, it is said, Sir Joseph Hawley dates the success of his stud. Sir Joseph, who is always very happy in the choice of the names of his animals, is reported to be going to call the last colt he had out of her by Fitzroland by the very appropriate designation of Horsford, after the well-known Chief Constable of the Mendicity Society. Autocrat, by Bay Middleton out of Empress, who formerly belonged to Mr. Cooper, and who once was such a favourite for the Derby, is also among the returns of 'the killed and wounded' of the month. He was a remarkably handsome horse, and had very fine speed, but, like most of the Bay Middletons, he could not stay over a distance of ground.

Our Hunting News for the present month is of a very limited nature, but we hear that up to the present time, no Master has been found for the Hursley Country to succeed Mr. Standish, and from the nature of it, we cannot say we are very much astonished. With a full recollection of the capital runs that the Hon. George Craven used to have with his staghounds about the year 1835, when he resided at Brambridge House, we would suggest that another such pack be

established: and for this species of hunting this country is very well adapted. The expenses would be half those of the burlesque of fox-hunting, for the subscribers would have no earth-stopping, no ride-trimming, and no poultry-fund expenses to provide for. The coverts would not be disturbed, and the game, according to Mr. Velveteen's notions, would then be quite safe to die a natural death, and there would be joy among the battue gentry, who would bang away at their barn-door pheasants faster than ever. Then the galloping men would be sure of their air and their exercise also, and the Ensigns would go home delighted. But there would be an end to the coffee-house, and the riding up and down the Southampton Road, when the hounds meet in the low country, which some gentlemen fondly call fox-hunting. And as costume now-a-days goes a very long way with many people, let the Members turn out in scarlet, and sport a Club button. As a further precedent, we would call to mind the many good runs the late Sir John Halket had, when his pack was hunted by Mr. Alfred Dyson, and when nobody went better or enjoyed himself more than the late Mr. Campbell Wyndham. As a proof that the Hampshire gentlemen were then in favour of stag-hunting, we think that the largest meet we ever saw anywhere was at Lyndhurst, in the year 1836, when the Royal Staghounds visited the Forest; and we perfectly remember that nobody took more interest in the sport than Mr. Asheton Smith; and lastly, to come down to the present day, we have only to look at the wonderful runs seen with the late Mr. Arthur Heathcote in Surrey, over a country very much resembling this part of Hampshire. There was a very great gathering of hunting-men at Tattersall's on the 10th for the sale of Captain Thomson's hunters, more Masters and huntsmen being mustered together than we have seen since the great sale at Quorn in 1863. For, besides his late Pytchley followers, numerous friends of Captain Thomson, from all parts of the United Kingdom, met together on this mournful occasion. Amongst well-known Masters of Hounds, and of sportsmen whose names are household words, who were present, we saw Lords Macclesfield, Galway, Kesteven, Dacre, and Donerdale; Sir John Power, and, of course, Sir Watkin Wynn; Mr. Musters (and our old friend, Jack Goddard); Mr. Chaplin; the veteran, Mr. Parry, of the Puckeridge; Mr. Gerard Leigh; Mr. George Lane Fox; Mr. Foljambe; the great Mr. Greaves; and little Mr. Tailby. The old Pytchley servants were of course present, taking a farewell look at their old favourites; and there were also huntsmen and whips from many other hunts in England and Scotland. The hunters were all perfect pictures of condition, and reflect the highest credit on John Pye—Captain Thomson's stud groom—seeing that many were out hunting in the Forest but three weeks before. Our old friend Iris did not make as much as we expected, as we fully anticipated that he would have been made first favourite and headed the list, knowing that at Peterborough he took the first prize, beating the Islington winner—Lady Derwent; and again, at Wetherby, was placed number one, against the same mare, Mountain Dew, Brigadier, and other first-class hunters. He was bought by Mr. Padwick for 370 guineas. But the grand old Rainbow, who is a perfect specimen of a weight-carrier, headed the poll, and was bought by Mr. Rennie for 400 guineas. This fine old horse carried Captain Thomson in the great Waterloo Run on February 2nd, 1866, for more than two hours without making a mistake, and carried him home at night, when this memorable day was over, from Medbourne to Brixworth, a distance of nearly nineteen miles. The old chesnut mare, Valeria, who was also in the Run, was bought by Mr. Glyn, the Secretary to the Treasury, and who also secured Wanderer

for 300 guineas, and Landlord for 160 guineas, both being very good horses. Usurper, which Dick Roake rode in the same run, goes to the Hon. W. North, the Master of the Bicester; and Fresco, Tom Firr's horse on that occasion, became the property of Mr. Vyner, at 140 guineas. Fountain, a famous hunter, and one of the toughest we have ever seen, was bought by the Marquis of Harrington for 330 guineas. Sir Algernon Peyton got two very good horses in Man of the Age for 160 guineas, and the good-looking Borderer for 300 guineas. Mr. Musters bought Druid for 240 guineas, and Mr. Powell got Harold for the same price. It will, we think, be a long time before we see so fine and even a stud of weight-carriers sold again. The cause of their sale was to us, and many others, a sad spectacle; and although we shall no more see Captain Thomson on Iris hunting the Pythchley, yet we hope we may once more look on them both on canvas; and when we have become old and slow and garrulous of things and times gone by, we may gaze at an engraving of the noble pair, and talk with pride and pleasure of the sight we have loved to look upon. As there seems to be some doubt whether the Subscription will be sufficient to enable the Committee to engage the services of Sir Francis Grant, who is reported to be full for a couple of years, the name of Mr. Stephen Pearse has been suggested as a fitting person to perpetuate the likeness of Mr. Thomson on canvas. And if the Committee want any credentials besides his well-known repute, they have only to look on the walls of the New Academy, and we think they will speedily discover them in the portrait of the late Mr. Lort Phillips of Pembrokeshire, Mr. Brock of the Bexhill Harriers, and Mr. Borrow of Ardrossan, all of which have given the highest satisfaction to those for whom they have been painted. Mr. W. H. White, who formerly hunted the Essex and Suffolk country, has taken the East Essex, and will be found fully equal to the occasion.

In our notice of hunting in Fife in our last month's number, we accidentally omitted to notice the excellent pack of harriers kept and hunted by the Brothers Haig, of Cameron House. During the past season they had capital sport, and as a pleasant wind up, the Members of the West Fife Hounds entertained them at dinner and presented them with a silver horn. This is as it should be. It is pleasant to see harmony and good-fellowship between fox-hunters and currant-jelly boys; but in all countries there is not that tolerance which exists in Fife. There is a large class who look on harrier-men as poachers, and denounce their sport on all occasions; but they should remember the saying, 'Some like apples and some like onions.'

Our readers may perhaps recollect when Tattersall's was removed from Grosvenor Place to Albert Gate it was thought to be desirable to preserve a reminiscence of it in the shape of a picture embodying its chief features, and portraits of the principal subscribers. The artist selected for the purpose was the late Mr. Joy, who has executed his task very fairly, considering the difficulties to which he was exposed while carrying out his project. The time of the scene of the picture is the Saturday afternoon before the Derby, when it may be said to be High Change. Admiral Rous is of course one of the leading figures in the group, and the features of the Arbitrator of Europe have been well preserved by the artist, who, however, stands as upright as any drill-sergeant could make him, which we hardly think to be correct, for although Time has dealt lightly with him, yet he has been obliged in some measure to succumb to it. From his attitude we gather he has just finished an award, and is quite satisfied with its correctness. At the extreme end of one side of the picture stands Mr. Rudston Read, whom all Yorkshire will swear to. Mr. Read is

evidently puzzled to make out whether the favourite is a safe 'un or not. Near him stands Mr. Merry, looking very serious, as if the Ring were slipping into one of his horses. His portrait is also very correct. Then we have Lord Strafford, who will be identified by his aristocratic appearance, which betokens the true nobleman, which character he plays to much perfection. Poor Lord Hastings' extravagancies and follies are called to mind by the slim youth who lounges among the Subscribers, and who looks little likely to play the part assigned to him. Lord Vivian is well hit off, and Mr. Joy has been very lucky in preserving the features of Colonel Ouseley Higgins, who is discussing a case with Lord Portsmouth, Mr. George Payne, and the late Duke of Cleveland. The former's likeness is a striking one, and Sir Francis Grant could not have made it more true to nature. Mr. Payne is made rather too old, and although anybody would know him directly, if only by his neckerchief, the portrait is not perhaps as highly finished as some of the others; neither can we speak so highly of the late Duke of Cleveland's portrait, which few of his friends would recollect. Sir Robert Peel cannot regret having sat to Mr. Joy, for he has hit off his face, figure, and attitude to perfection. When we gaze upon the figures of the Ring we find some extraordinary 'photographs,' which shows that the members of that body gave more sittings to the painter than the aristocracy, and, to do him justice, we must say he has done them justice. Mr. J. B. Morris is hit off to the life, and we could well excuse a shortsighted man from paying the figure a pony. Mr. Steel, as may be imagined, plays a no less conspicuous figure than Mr. Morris, and has apparently just laid 7 monkeys to 4 against the favourite, who having no chance he is prepared to lay it again with renewed pleasure. Mr. Jackson is a speaking likeness, and we should say, judging by his features, he has just succeeded in hedging some money that he had thought was 'gone.' Mr. Herring is to the manner born, evidently contemplating some great coup. Mr. Robert Lawley is telling some facetious anecdote; Mr. Henry Hill is perfect, and to all intents and purposes he is laying down the law of some case that occurred about the time of Priam, or Cadland, or a year after the Deluge, or about that period, and upon which, as a matter of course, he would be consulted. Lord Coventry is well portrayed as, leaning on the arm of Lord Andover, he saunters into the yard. 'Lord Frederick' looks as sharp as a London sparrow, and Lord Exmouth is one of the painter's best bits. Mr. Edmund Tattersall and his cousin are both well portrayed, and are in strict harmony. Sir Lydston Newman, talking to 'Argus,' is also a happy conception of the artist, for the Devonshire Baronet, to all intents and purposes, has just been retailing one of his numerous puns, which would fully qualify him for a burlesque writer of the first class. But while the majority of the portraits are so good, we must, as critics, state that Lord Wilton is entitled to the greatest commiseration for the manner in which Mr. Joy has treated him, and an appeal to an 'intelligent jury' would readily give him heavy damages, for he is made to look exactly like a duck in thunder. Colonel Sturt's also is not a happy likeness, and his nearest and dearest relative could not recognise him. Still the picture, on the whole, is a very remarkable one, and very well executed by the engraver, Mr. Scott, who has wonderfully improved on some of the artist's sketches. We hear that a key to the picture is in contemplation by three well-known Sporting Writers, who, from their competency to deal with the subject, will render the work a popular one.

Racing Gossip is confined to very small dimensions, and the approaching retirements are freely canvassed. It may perhaps be said they have occasioned

no surprise in sporting circles, for every day the Turf is becoming more plebeian and less aristocratic in its character, and we hear of no recruits from the upper classes coming on. Nothing but the pressure of the Irish Church Bill on the Government has prevented them, we are informed, bringing in a Bill for the suppression of the List, and the principal feature of it forbids the publication of a Price List under very heavy penalties. And the severity of the fines on those public-house keepers who have been found guilty of allowing betting to go on in their parlours, is a pretty significant proof of what the intentions of the Legislature are in regard to horse-racing in general. Another coach, horsed by amateurs, has been started to Windsor, and, from its crowded roof, we should say that the taste for the road is not quite exploded, but that it promises to remunerate its promoters, who must be said to do the thing very well. It seems the report that the Duke of Hamilton is going to retire from the French Turf entirely is not altogether correct, as Lord Poulett bought in a small portion of his stud for him, which will be trained at Chantilly by Planner. It is, we hear, the intention of Mr. Graham to have a shy at the Grand Prix de Paris with The Drummer; and as Fordham has got a retainer to ride him, there is every probability that France will accord to him the great prize, which England denied to him last week. It is stated that the Duke of Newcastle is shortly about to resign the Stewardship of the Jockey Club; and it must be admitted that during his tenure of office he has been exceedingly popular with all classes of the Racing World. Fordham has become a Paterfamilias, but has not yet provided himself with an heir to inherit his greatness in the saddle. Mr. Masterman has been offered 1500 guineas for Honesty, which we are glad to find is so highly valued on the Turf, but we understand that 2000 guineas is his reserve price; and in the hands of those who know where to place him, he cannot be considered expensive at that sum. Great preparations have been made at Ascot for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales at the ensuing Meeting; and for the first year the electric telegraph has been extended to the Grand Stand, an improvement which will be gratefully welcomed by the Betting Fraternity.

END OF VOL XVI.

# RACING AND STEEPLE CHASE CALENDAR

## FOR 1868-9.

(The value of the prize estimated according to Rule 64.)

### METROPOLITAN GRAND STEEPLE CHASE AND HURDLE RACE MEETING.

(AT KINGSBURY.)

**TUESDAY, Dec. 8.**—*Military Steeple Chase of 25l.*; about 3 mi.

Panshanger, by Brocket, aged, 12st - Col Knox 1  
Bricket, aged, 12st - Capt Harford 2  
5 to 4 on Bricket. Won by a distance; Bricket fell.

*Selling Handicap Hurdle Race of 21l.*; about 1 mi. 6 fur., over seven hurdles.

Lady Glencora, by St Albans, 3 yrs, 1st 12lb w. o.

*Maiden Steeple Chase Plate of 40l.*; about 2 mi.

Little Ben, by Big Ben, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mumford 1  
Hawthorne, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr. Staines 2  
Pine Apple, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr. J. Reynolds 3  
Caustic, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - W. Cross 0  
Vigilant, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr. H. Brown 0  
Beauvallet, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - Rickaby 0  
Pam be Civil, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Griffiths 0  
Fairyland (h b), aged, 10st 12lb - Elphick 0  
5 to 1 agst Caustic, 4 to 1 agst Vigilant, and 5 to 1 agst Little Ben and Pam be Civil. Won by a length; a bad third; Vigilant and Caustic fell, and Pine Apple refused.

*Uxbridge Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 50l.*; about 3 mi.

Prima Donna, by Master Bagot, 4 yrs, 10st H. Day 1  
Clarina, aged, 11st 2lb - W. White 2  
Meerschbaum, aged, 10st 7lb - Mr. J. Mumford 3  
Juryman, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr. Edwards 0  
Arlescott, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr. Ellison 0  
Barumie, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Halley 0  
Black Prince, 5 yrs, 11st - Griffiths 0  
Atlanta, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb - Gregory 0  
Goosecap, aged, 10st 8lb - Mr. Bambridge 0  
Vivandiere, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - Pickett 0  
Maesgwatha, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - Elphick 0  
4 to 1 each agst Clarina and Black Prince, 5 to 2 agst Prima Donna, 6 to 1 agst Meerschbaum, 7 to 1 agst Juryman. Won by six lengths; a bad third; Black Prince, Atlanta, Maesgwatha, and Vivandiere fell.

*Handicap Hurdle Race of 200l.*; 1 mi. 6 fur., over six hurdles.

Life Guardaman, by Lifeboat, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb Knott 1  
Othello, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - A. French 2  
Brick, aged, 11st 5lb - G. Holman 3  
Chippenhams, 3 yrs, 11st 4lb - H. States 4  
Lord Ronald, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Tomlinson 0  
Harrington, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - W. White 0  
Ulphus, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - J. Potter 0  
Virginia Creeper, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - Elphick 0  
Beauvallet, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - Rickaby 0  
Excitement, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - Mr. Edwards 0  
Tavistock, 3 yrs, 10st - H. Day 0  
7 to 4 agst Brick, 4 to 1 each agst Harrington and Life Guardaman, 6 to 1 agst Othello, 8 to 1 agst Chippenhams, and 10 to 1 each agst Ulphus and Virginia Creeper, Excitement, and Tavistock. Won by four lengths; half a length between second and third.

*Selling Handicap Steeple Chase of 67l.*; about 2 mi.

Leotard, by Tumbler, aged, 11st 4lb - Mumford 1  
Rapture, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr. Shepherd 2  
St Patrick, aged, 11st 11lb - W. White 3  
Farleigh, aged, 12st 3lb - T. Barton 0  
Fakir, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - J. Cannon 0

Even on Leotard, 4 to 1 each agst Farleigh and Fakir, and 5 to 1 agst St Patrick. Won by six lengths; a bad third; Fakir refused.

*Admiralty Cup (2p.)*, value 90l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.

Roving Maid, by Rover, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb W. Reeves 1  
Beuses, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr. Edwards 2  
The Guide, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr. Ellison 3  
Woodbury Hill, aged, 11st 5lb - Mr. E. Dunn 0  
Polestar, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb - Murphy 0  
Plover, aged, 10st 10lb - Mumford 0  
Q.C., 4 yrs, 10st 5lb - Griffiths 0  
5 to 2 agst Plover, 5 to 1 each agst Beuses and Q.C., 5 to 1 each agst The Guide and Roving Maid, and 6 to 1 agst Polestar. Won easily by two lengths; a head between second and third.

**WEDNESDAY.**—*Hunter's Steeple Chase of 84l.*; about 2 mi.

Funny Man, by Canute, 4 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr. R. Walker 1  
Birdie, aged, 12st 4lb - Mr. Woodhouse 2  
Rifleman, aged, 12st - Mr. Laxton 3  
Tom Bowline, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr. P. Barker 0  
Bricket, aged, 12st - Mr. Reynolds 0  
Laura, aged, 12st 3lb - Hiscott 0  
Resolute, aged, 12st - Mr. Edwards 0  
Violet, aged, 12st 7lb - Ld G. I. Ker 0  
Rejected, 5 yrs, 12st 6lb - Kennedy 0  
Panshanger, aged, 12st 3lb - Col Knox 0  
2 to 1 agst Funny Man, 4 to 1 agst Resolute, 7 to 1 agst Birdie, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; a bad third; Bricket fell.

*Selling Plate (H.p.) of 40l.*; about 2 mi.

St Patrick, by Knight of Gwynne, aged, 11st 10lb - W. White 1  
La Pique, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Jos. Cannon 0  
Acrobat, aged, 12st 3lb - Mumford 0  
5 to 4 on La Pique, 2 to 1 agst Acrobat, and 4 to 1 agst St Patrick. Acrobat refused, La Pique fell, and St Patrick came in alone. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 30s.

*Hyde Handicap Hurdle Race of 100l.*; 1 mi. 4 fur., over four hurdles.

Life Guardaman, by Lifeboat, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Knott 1  
Roving Maid, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - W. Reeves 2  
Prima Donna, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb - R. Day 3  
Chance, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - R. Thomas 0  
Atlanta, 6 yrs, 11st - Elphick 0  
Ulphus, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - Potter 0  
Beauvallet, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr. Vallender 0  
Selamane, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb - Mumford 0  
Tavistock, 3 yrs, 10st 3lb - Ward 0  
Pole-axe, 3 yrs, 10st - R. l'Anson 0  
Cater, 3 yrs, 10st - Wheeler 0  
6 to 4 agst Life Guardaman, 4 to 1 agst Prima Donna and Tavistock (coupled), 5 to 1 agst Cater, and 6 to 1 agst Roving Maid. Won by a length; five lengths between second and third; Chance fell. Mr. Brayley declared to win with Prima Donna.

*Selling Steeple Chase of 63l.*; about 2 mi.

Faint Heart, by Defiance, or Barrowby, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr. Southbrook 1  
Frailty, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - W. White 2  
Susan, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - Mr. T. Spence 3  
Leonard, aged, 12st 5lb - Col Knox 0  
Donatempo, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - Elphick 0  
Farleigh, aged, 11st 10lb - Barton 0  
Ganymede, aged, 11st 10lb - J. Land 0



Bedford, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Daniels 6  
 Rapture, aged, 11st 10lb - - - - - Mr Shepherd 0  
 Fakir, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Jos. Cannon 0  
 Hawkshaw, aged, 11st 10lb - - - - - H. States 0  
 Sportsman, aged, 11st 10lb - - - - - Halley 0

5 to 3 each agt Frailty and Susan, 6 to 1 agt Dunsaffage, and 100 to 8 agt any other. Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third. **The Winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 50s.**

**Metropolitan Handicap of 400l.; 3 mi.**

The Nun, by Fly-by-Night, aged, 11st 13lb - - - - - Mr Thomas 1  
 The Lamb, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Edwards 2  
 Platecatcher, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - W. White 3  
 Alcibiades, aged, 11st 11lb - - - - - Col Knox 6  
 Despatch, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - Elphick 0  
 Gloster, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - G. Holman 0  
 Pensioner, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - Mr G. Walker 0  
 Stanton, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - - Knott 0  
 Q.C., 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - Griffiths 0  
 Caudie, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - Potter 0  
 Rhak, 6 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - A. French 0

5 to 3 agt The Lamb, 100 to 50 agt The Nun, 8 to 1 agt Pensioner, 7 to 1 agt Gloster, 8 to 1 agt Despatch, 10 to 1 each agt Alcibiades and Stanton, 100 to 6 agt Q.C. and 20 to 1 agt Caudie. Won by a short neck; two lengths between second and third; Caudie fell, and Pensioner refused.

**THURSDAY.—Hunt Cup, value 70l.; 1 mi. 4 fur. on the flat.**

Othello, by Farnetto, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Edwards 1  
 Cawdor, 3 yrs, 11st - - - - - Mr Wickham 2  
 Aurifer, 3 yrs, 12st 2lb - - - - - Sir C. Nugent 3  
 Chignon, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr James 0  
 6 to 4 on Othello, and 2 to 1 agt Cawdor. Won by ten lengths; a bad third. Chignon did not pass the post.

**Steeple Chase Handicap of 50l.; 2 mi.**

Moorpaul (h b), aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Edwards 1  
 Hawkshaw, aged, 11st 4lb - - - - - Capt Harford 2  
 Leotard, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - - Col Knox 0  
 7 to 4 on Moorpaul, and 4 to 1 agt Hawkshaw. Leotard ran against a post, injuring his rider; Hawkshaw refused, and Moorpaul came in alone.

**Handicap Steeple Chase of 130l.; 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Briek, by The Flying Dutchman, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Thomas 1  
 Blinze, aged, 11st 11lb - - - - - Mr Edwards 2  
 Lawrence, aged, 11st 11lb - - - - - Sir W. Call 0  
 The Dandy, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - Capt Harford 0  
 3 to 1 on Briek, 5 to 1 agt The Dandy, and 10 to 1 agt Lawrence. Won by four lengths. Lawrence and Dandy did not pass the post.

**Hurdle Race Handicap of 42l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over five hurdles.**

Chippenhams, by Knight of Avenel, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - - - Mr Edwards 1  
 Woodman, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - - - Mr James 0  
 100 to 30 on Chippenhams. Woodman threw his rider, and Chippenhams came in alone.

**Walter Cup of 20l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.**

Ads, by Lambton, 4 yrs, 12st 2lb - - - - - w. o.

**Hurdle Race Handicap of 70l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over four hurdles.**

Roving Maid, by Rover, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - - Capt Harford 1  
 Chippenhams, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Hobson 2  
 Chubb, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - - Mr Edwards 2  
 Fitz-Ivan, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 Chance, aged, 10st 4lb - - - - - Mr Buller 0  
 6 to 4 agt Roving Maid, 7 to 4 agt Fitz-Ivan, 4 to 1 agt Chubb, 6 to 1 agt Chippenhams, and 10 to 1 agt Chance. Won by a length and a half; a bad third. Fitz-Ivan fell.

**Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 30l.; 2 mi.**

Hawkshaw, by Gemma di Vergy, aged, 11st 6lb - - - - - Mr Seabrook 1  
 Woodbury Hill, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - Mr Dunn 2  
 Roving Maid, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - - Capt Harford 0  
 Moorpaul, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - Mr Edwards 0  
 Acrobat, aged, 11st - - - - - H. States 0  
 6 to 4 agt Roving Maid, and 5 to 2 agt Moorpaul. Won by eight lengths. The others did not pass the post.

**Walter Handicap of 50l.; T.Y.C.**

Warlike, by Weatherbit, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - - Col Pemberton 1

Rampart, 3 yrs, 11st - - - - - Sir W. Call 2  
 Fairfax, 3 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - - Mr P. Wickham 3  
 Fitz-Ivan, 4 yrs, 12st 2lb - - - - - Capt Harford 4  
 6 to 4 on Fairfax, 3 to 1 agt Warlike, 5 to 1 agt Rampart, and 6 to 1 agt Fitz-Ivan. Won by half a length; a length each between second, third, and fourth.

## BROMLEY WINTER.

**TUESDAY, Dec. 15.—Handicap Plate of 50l.; about 6 fur.**

Mars, by Marsyas, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Goodwin 1  
 Morning Star, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Milne -  
 Wild Bee, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Colet 3  
 Contempt, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Sherrington 4  
 Gulsar, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - Payne 0  
 Rampart, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Wyatt 0  
 Nannie, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Prior 0  
 Cawdor, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Thompson 0  
 Cheddington, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Hardy 0  
 Lymington, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Mordan 0

3 to 1 agt Mars, 5 to 1 agt Nannie, 6 to 1 each agt Rampart and Lymington, 8 to 1 agt Contempt, and 10 to 1 agt Wild Bee. Won by half a length; a length and a half between second and third; a head between third and fourth.

**Bickley Stakes (H) of 60l.; about 6 fur.**

Inheritor, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Sherrington 1  
 Cromwell, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Colet 2  
 La Sorrentina, 5 yrs, 8st - - - - - Mordan 3  
 Landlord, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Marsh 0  
 Peter, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Hardy 0  
 War Queen, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Prior 0

B g by Newminster—Lady Palmerston, 3 yrs, 7st 2 lbs - - - - - Jas. Clark 0  
 5 to 2 agt War Queen, 3 to 1 agt Landlord, 5 to 1 agt the Lady Palmerston gelding, and 6 to 1 each agt La Sorrentina and Inheritor. Won by a head; a neck between second and third.

**Selling Stakes of 41l.; about 5 fur.**

Lightning, by King of Trumps, 6 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - - Hibberd 1  
 Red Ribbon, 2 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Butler 2  
 Emelina, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Wyatt 3  
 Lady Annie, 2 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Mordan 0  
 Expansion, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Jas. Clark 6  
 Primula, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - - - Spencer 0

5 to 4 agt Lightning, 3 to 1 agt Emelina, 4 to 1 agt Red Ribbon, and 6 to 1 agt any other. Won by half a length; three-quarters of a length between the second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 155 gs.

**Selling Hurdle Race of 58l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over 4 hurdles.**

Pole-axe, by Lambton, 3 yrs, 10st - - - - - R. P. Anson 1  
 Lady Glencora, 3 yrs, 10st - - - - - J. Potter 2  
 Tom Cok, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - - - W. Reeves 3  
 Patti, 3 yrs, 10st - - - - - Richards 0  
 Balham, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr A. Yates 0

2 to 1 agt Pole-axe, 9 to 4 agt Lady Glencora, and 5 to 1 agt any other. Won by a length; ten lengths between second and third.

**Open Handicap Steeple Chase of 90l.; about 3 mi.**

Odd Fellow, by Thornham, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr A. Yates 1  
 Vivandière, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - - - Pickett 2  
 Nimrod, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - - Coomber 3  
 Bannockburn, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr R. Herbert 0  
 Flatcatcher, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - - J. Land 0  
 Roving Maid, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - - W. Reeves 0  
 6 to 4 on Roving Maid, 5 to 1 agt Odd Fellow, 100 to 8 agt Nimrod, and 20 to 1 agt Flatcatcher. Won by three lengths; six lengths between the second and third. Roving Maid fell at the last fence.

**Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 50l.; about 2 mi., over six hurdles.**

Pakritia, by Magnus, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - R. P. Anson 1  
 Ulphus, 3 yrs, 11st - - - - - Potter 2  
 Brown Jug, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Marsh 3  
 Vision, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Gregory 0  
 Virginia Creeper, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - - Elphick 0  
 Beantalk, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - - - Mr Vallender 0  
 Miss Skerratt, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - - - Tomlinson 0  
 Domino, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - F. Martin 0

2 to 1 agt Virginia Creeper, 5 to 1 each agt Miss Skerratt and Domino, 100 to 15 agt Brown Jug, and 10 to 1 each agt Ulphus, Beantalk, and Pakritia.

Won by half a length; same between the second and third.

**WEDNESDAY.—Stand Plate (Hp) of 40l.; about 6 fur.**

Variety, by Sedbury, 4 yrs. 8st 10lb - Goodwin 1  
Obeddington, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Hardy 2  
Wild Bee, 6 yrs, 8st 4lb - Coalest 3  
La Sorrentina, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb - Prior 0  
Cawdor, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Wyatt 0  
Expansion, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb - Jas. Clark 0  
11 to 10 agst Variety, 4 to 1 each agst La Sorrentina and Obeddington, 5 to 1 agst Wild Bee, and 6 to 1 agst Expansion. Won by a short head; a length and a-half between second and third.

**Bromley Winter Handicap of 105l.; nearly 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
Mars, by Marston, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Goodwin 1  
Contempt, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Sherrington 2  
Nannie, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - Prior 3  
Feodor, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - C. Goddard 0  
Warlike, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - J. Nightingall 0  
No-go, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - Chambers 0  
Cranbury, aged, 8st 5lb - Marsh 0  
Lymington, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - Barker 0  
Triana, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Jas. Clark 0  
Casse Tite, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - Butler 0  
Clarina, aged, 7st 7lb - Wyatt 0  
The Piper, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - C. Smith 0  
4 to 1 agst Mars, 5 to 1 agst Triana, 6 to 1 agst Casse Tite, 7 to 1 agst Warlike, 8 to 1 each agst No-go and The Piper, 13 to 1 agst Clarina, 100 to 8 agst Lymington, 100 to 6 agst Contempt, and 100 to 4 agst Nannie. Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

**Railway Plate (Hp) of 30l.; about 5 fur.**  
B g by Newminster—Lady Palmerston, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - Barker 1  
Wild Bee, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb - Coalest 2  
Peter, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Sherrington 3  
La Sorrentina, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb - Prior 0  
Waxwork, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - Butler 0  
Emelina, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb - Wyatt 0  
Piper, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - C. Smith 0  
Patti, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Jas. Clark 0  
Segar, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Spencer 0  
Skimble Scamble, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb - Hardy 0  
5 to 2 agst Waxwork, 5 to 1 each agst Peter and Piper, 8 to 1 each agst Emelina and the Lady Palmerston gelding, 10 to 1 agst La Sorrentina, and 20 to 1 each agst Patti and Wild Bee. Won by a short head; a length between second and third.

**WEDNESDAY.—A Selling Steeple Chase (Hp.) of 47l.; about 3 mi.**

Tom Coke, by Lord Albemarle, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - W. Haerens 1  
La Pique, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - J. Cannon 2  
Bapture, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr R. Shepherd 3  
Ganymede, aged, 11st 10lb - J. Land 0  
Applecross, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - Pickett 0  
Susan, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - Mr T. Spence 0  
Balham, aged, 11st - Daniels 0  
Lightland, 6 yrs, 11st - Mumford 0  
Polseax, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - F. Martin 0  
Heads or Tails (late Cassia), 3 yrs, 10st W. White 0  
8 to 1 agst Heads or Tails, 9 to 2 agst Susan, 5 to 1 each agst Tom Coke and Applecross, 10 to 1 agst Polseax, and 12 to 1 agst La Pique. Won by three lengths; six lengths between the second and third; Polseax, Heads or Tails, and Susan fell. Mr Keens declared to win with Heads or Tails. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for 100 gs.

**Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 50l.; winners extra; about 2 mi. 2 fur.**

Vision, by Loup-garon, aged, 10st 10lb - Gregory 1  
Barumite, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Harvey 2  
Wild Fowl, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - Tomlinson 3  
Taw Vale, aged, 11st 13lb - J. Cannon 0  
Chance, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - H. States 0  
Odd Fellow, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr A. Yates 0  
Pakriza, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb - F. Martin 0  
Under the Cloud, aged, 10st 4lb - A. Forster 0  
Pine Apple, aged, 10st 4lb - Mr Reynolds 0  
Order, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - T. Barton 0  
Vivandiere, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - Pickett 0  
Licymnia, 3 yrs, 10st - Elphick 0  
4 to 1 agst Vision, 5 to 1 agst Wild Fowl, 6 to 1 agst Odd Fellow, 100 to 12 agst Barumite, and 10 to 1 each agst Taw Vale and Vivandiere. Won by three lengths; half a length between the second and third.

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 40l.; about 2 mi., over six hurdles.**

Lady Glencora, by St. Alban's, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - J. Potter 1  
Brown Jug, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - Marsh 2  
Cromwell, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - Mr Maitland 0  
2 to 1 on Brown Jug. Won by a length and a half; Cromwell fell.

**TRAMORE (IRELAND).**

**MONDAY, Dec. 14.—Handicap of 57l.; 3 mi.**  
Nabocklish, by Shanbally, or Darby the - Whelan 1  
Hinst, aged, 10st 7lb - Gould 2  
Huntman, aged, 11st - Power 3  
Pretty Jane, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - W. Ousack 0  
Liberator, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - Won by a head.  
**Curraghmore Hunt Cup; 3 mi.**  
Brown Girl 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Mr Fitzgerald 1  
Evelina, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Heneberry 2  
The Earl, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr Maloney 3  
Fenian, aged, 12st 7lb - Capt Clayton 0  
Little Wonder, 12st 7lb - Mr Halley 0  
Won by ten lengths; Fenian fell.

**Selling Stakes; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
Spider, by Napoleon, aged, 10st 4lb - Whelan 1  
Surprise, 9st 11lb - 0  
Polly Dill, 10st - 0  
Banahoe, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb - 0  
Apparatus, 10st - 0  
Tiny, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb - 0  
Jane Bell, 10st 4lb - 0  
Dulcimer, 10st 13lb - 0  
Won in three heats.

**TUESDAY.—Selling Race; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
Surprise, by Napoleon, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - Nolan 1  
Polly Dill, 9st 4lb - 0  
Maid of the Mist, aged, 11st 2lb - 0  
Liberator, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - 0  
The Earl, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - 0  
Monksland Hero, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - 0  
Ned of the Hills, aged, 10st 10lb - fell  
Won in two heats.

**Handicap Plate of 20l.; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
Huntman, by Amphion, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr McGuire 1  
Ned of the Hills, aged, 10st 7lb - 0  
Brown Girl, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - 0  
Jane Bell, 9st 7lb - 0  
Won in two heats.

**FINCHLEY CHRISTMAS MEETING.**

**SATURDAY, Dec. 26.—Finchley Plate (Hp.) of 50l.; 2 mi.**

Under the Cloud, by Cavendish, aged, 10st - Forster 1  
Golden Cross, aged, 10st 7lb - Elphick 2  
Legerdmain, 6 yrs, 11st - Daniels 3  
Black Prince, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Griffiths 0  
Caustic, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - Potter 0  
2 to 1 agst Black Prince, 3 to 1 agst Golden Cross, 4 to 1 agst Under the Cloud, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by three lengths; a head third.

**Selling Plate of 30l.; 2 mi.**  
Faint Heart, by Deliance, or Barrowby, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - C. Jarvis 1  
Ganymede, aged, 11st 10lb - J. Land 2  
Frailty, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 3  
Balloon, aged, 12st 2lb - Mr Wodehouse 0  
Rejected, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr Seabrook 0  
Bedford, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - Daniels 0  
Banker, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr Fennell 0  
Howth, aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Reynolds 0  
7 to 4 agst Frailty, 3 to 1 agst Faint Heart, 5 to 1 agst Ganymede, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by three lengths; a neck between the second and third; Bedford fell, and Howth bolted. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 100 gs.

**Hunt Cup of 92l. 10s.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**  
Camillus, by Newcourt, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - Mr A. Poole 1  
B g by Cornerstone (h-b.), 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - Mr R. Walker 2  
Tom Bowline, aged, 11st 9lb - Mr F. Barker 3  
The Buck, aged, 12st - Hallam 0  
Lottery, aged, 12st - Elphick 0  
Redmire, 6 yrs, 13st - J. Cannon 0

Marhaway, aged, 1st - Pickett 0  
 Triumpher, aged, 1st 9lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 0  
 Alice, aged, 1st 9lb - Capt Unett 0  
 7 to 4 agt the Cornerstone gelding, 5 to 1 agt  
 Triumpher, 6 to 1 agt Redmire, and 8 to 1 agt Lot-  
 tery. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

**Selling Handicap of 40l.; 3 mi.**  
 Susan, by Commotion, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - Gregory 1  
 Ballou, aged, 10st 12lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 3  
 La Pique, 3 yrs, 11st 10lb - J. Cannon 3  
 6 to 5 on Susan, and 6 to 4 agt La Pique. Won  
 by four lengths; the same between the second and  
 third.

**Middlesex Handicap of 60l.; 3 mi.**  
 Ace of Trumps, by King of Trumps, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 1  
 Birdie, aged, 10st 6lb - Wheeler 2  
 Vision, aged, 11st 2lb - Gregory 3  
 Clarina, aged, 10st 12lb - W. Reeves 0  
 Order, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb - F. Martin 0  
 2 to 1 agt Ace of Trumps, 5 to 2 agt Vision, and 3  
 to 1 agt Clarina. Won by three lengths; the same  
 between the second and third; Order refused.

**MONDAY, Dec. 28.—Metropolitan Plate (Hp.) of 50l.; 2 mi.**  
 Wedding Peal, by Rataplan, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - W. Reeves 1  
 Pineapple, aged, 10st 2lb - Mr Reynolds 2  
 Oomus, aged, 11st 4lb - Griffiths 3  
 4 to 1 on Wedding Peal. Won in a canter.

**Selling Hunters' Stakes of 60l.; 3 mi.**  
 Atlanta, by Volunteer, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Mr Wodehouse 1  
 Leotard, aged, 12st 4lb - Mamford 2  
 Wade, 6 yrs, 12st - Mr R. Shepherd 3  
 Lord Lieutenant, aged, 11st 12lb - Petter 0  
 Panther, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Hobson 0  
 Pucier, 8 yrs, 12st 5lb - States 0  
 Banker, 5 yrs, 12st - Mr Freestons 0  
 5 to 2 agt Atlanta, 3 to 2 agt Panther, 5 to 1  
 agt Leotard, and 6 to 1 agt Lord Lieutenant. Won  
 by a neck; Wade fell, but was remounted, and came  
 in third.

**Plate of 50l.; 3 mi.**  
 Birdie, by Le Flippant, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr Wodehouse 1  
 Brown Peter, aged, 11st 9lb - Mr Charles 2  
 Order, 4 yrs, 11st - T. Barton 3  
 Danebury, aged, 11st 12lb - Daniels 0  
 2 to 1 on Birdie, and 5 to 1 agt any other. Won  
 by four lengths; Danebury fell, and Order refused.

**Finchley Open Handicap of 255l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**  
 Ace of Trumps, by King of Trumps, 4 yrs, 12st 4lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 1  
 Flamingo, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - J. Land 2  
 Nimrod, aged, 10st 13lb - Mr A. Yates 3  
 Tally-ho, aged, 12st 7lb - G. Holman 0  
 5 to 4 on Tally-ho, 2 to 1 agt Flamingo, 4 to 1  
 agt Ace of Trumps, and 7 to 1 agt Nimrod. Won  
 by a length; a bad third.

**Selling Handicap Plate of 30l.; 2 mi.**  
 B g Warlike, out of Cheerful Boy's dam, aged, 10st 10lb - Pickett 1  
 Frailty, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - Elphick 2  
 Ganymede, aged, 10st 10lb - J. Land 3  
 Susan, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb - Gregory 0  
 Balloon, aged, 11st - Mr F. G. Hobson 0  
 Acrobat, aged, 10st 12lb - H. States 0  
 Banker, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr Freestone 0  
 Rapture, aged, 10st 12lb - Mr Shepherd 0  
 Poleaxe, 3 yrs, 10st - W. Reeves 0  
 2 to 1 agt Susan, 6 to 1 agt Ganymede, 7 to 1 each  
 agt Poleaxe and Frailty, 8 to 1 agt the Warlike gelding.  
 Won by three lengths; the same between the second  
 and third. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold  
 for 72 gs.

**Free Handicap of 85l.; 2 mi.**  
 Vision, by Loup-garou, aged, 11st 7lb - Gregory 1  
 Barumite, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - Halley 2  
 Black Prince, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Griffiths 3  
 Goosestep, aged, 10st - Mr W. Bambridge 0  
 3 to 1 on Barumite, and 8 to 1 agt any other. Won  
 by two lengths; a bad third.

## MANCHESTER.

**SATURDAY, Jan. 2.—Trial Handicap of 47l.;**

Kingsley, by King Tom, 6 yrs, 8st - Palin 1  
 Harmony, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb - A. Heraud 2  
 Charon, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - Jarvis 3  
 Sweetbriar, 5 yrs, 7st - C. Martin 0  
 Contempt, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - Sherrington dis.  
 2 to 1 agt Charon, 5 to 2 agt Contempt, and 4 to 1  
 agt Kingsley. Contempt came in first by two  
 lengths, but was disqualified for going on the wrong  
 side of a post, and for carrying over-weight without  
 declaring it; and the race was awarded to Kingsley,  
 who came in second, beating Harmony by half a  
 length.

**Old Trafford Handicap of 43l.; about 6 fur.**  
 Contempt, by King Tom, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - Sherrington 1  
 St Valentine, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - Webster 2  
 Sweetbriar, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb - C. Martin 3  
 Harmony, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - A. Heraud 4  
 3 to 1 on Contempt, 4 to 1 agt St Valentine, and  
 9 to 2 agt Harmony. Won by half a length; a bad  
 third.

**Manchester Hurdle Race Handicap of 45l.; about 1 mi.  
 4 fur., over four hurdles.**  
 Lady Lyon, by Skirmisher, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb Bradshaw 1  
 Ross, aged, 9st 12lb - J. Terretta 2  
 Turmoil, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - J. S. Terretta 3  
 Even on Lady Lyon, 2 to 1 agt Ross, and 4 to 1  
 agt Turmoil. Won by two lengths; Turmoil  
 beaten off.

**Stratford Handicap of 76l.; about 3 mi.**  
 Miss Patch, 6 yrs, 11st - H. Ellison 1  
 Plum Cake, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - Mr Spafford, jun. 2  
 Paris, aged, 11st 5lb - Bradshaw 0  
 2 to 1 on Plum Cake; 3 to 1 agt Miss Patch, and 8  
 to 1 agt Paris. Won by twenty lengths.

**MONDAY, Jan. 4.—Match, 100l., 1 mi. Artist, aged  
 (Mr S. Hobson), beat Nelly, 5 yrs (Mr Reed), catch  
 weights. 7 to 4 on Artist. Won easily.**

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 18l.; about 2 mi.**  
 Lady Lyon, 4 yrs 10st - w. o.  
 City Handicap Steeple Chase of 72l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
 Sky Blue, by Solferino, aged, 11st 7lb - J. S. Terretta 1  
 Kate Terry, aged, 11st - J. Knott 2  
 Gleamer, 6 yrs, 11st - E. Jones 0  
 13 to 8 agt Gleamer, 7 to 4 agt Sky Blue, and 5 to  
 2 agt Kate Terry. Won easily; Gleamer did not  
 go the course.

**Hunters' Steeple Chase of 35l.; about 3 mi.**  
 Justice (h. b.), aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Brown 1  
 Old Tom, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Ellison 2  
 Huntsburn, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Wilson 0  
 Grey Prince, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr P. Smith 0  
 5 to 4 on Huntsburn, 7 to 4 agt Old Tom, and 4 to  
 1 agt Justice. Won by three lengths; Huntsburn  
 went the wrong course, and Grey Prince fell.

## COVERDALE.

**WEDNESDAY, Jan. 6.—Hunt Steeple Chase of 32l.;  
 about 3 mi.**

Maid of the Morning, by Valentine, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Backhouse 1  
 Mona, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - G. Waddington 2  
 Blacksmith (h. b.), 6 yrs, 12st - Lee 3  
 Berometer (h. b.), aged, 12st - T. Fletcher 4  
 Whitesocks, aged, 12st - Austin 0  
 2 to 1 agt Maid of the Morning, and 3 to 1 each  
 agt Mona and Whitesocks. Won by three-quarters  
 of a length; a bad third; Whitesocks fell. The  
 winner is objected to on the ground of age.

**Coverham Steeple Chase of 57l.; about 3 mi.**  
 Whitesocks, by Sheffield, aged, 12st - Austin 1  
 Topsy (h. b.), aged, 12st - Mr Harrison 2  
 Man of the Morning (late Hardi Canute) (h. b.), 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Backhouse 3  
 Pelly (h. b.), aged, 12st - Mr Robinson 0  
 Solferino (h. b.), 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - Whitehead 0  
 Carlowie, 4 yrs, 11st - Lee 0  
 Luck's All (h. b.), aged, 12st - Waddington 0  
 Even on Whitesocks, and 2 to 1 agt Topsy. Won by  
 three-quarters of a length; a bad third.

**Hunters' Selling Steeple Chase, about 2 mi.**  
 Blacksmith, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb - Lee 1

Governor, aged, 11st 8lb - - - - - 2  
Whitesocks, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - 0  
Wop by three leng. hs.

**HOP GROVE (NEAR YORK).**

**WEDNESDAY, Jan. 13.—Hop Grove Hunters' Stakes**  
of 60l.; about 3 mi.

Justice (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - - -	Brown	1
Birdie, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - -	Mr T. Spence	2
Whitesocks (h b), aged, 12st 7lb - - - - -	Austin	3
Topay (h b), aged, 12st 5lb - - - - -	-	0
Cheval de Chase, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - -	-	0
Mona (late Queen of Holland), 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - -	-	0
Alice (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - -	-	0
Tom Moody (h b), 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - -	-	0
Blue Peter (h b), aged, 12st - - - - -	-	0
Ebor (h b), aged, 12st - - - - -	-	0
Claret (late Flirt) (h b), aged, 12st - - - - -	-	0
Helen (h b), aged, 12st - - - - -	-	0
Curiosity (h b), 11st 11lb - - - - -	-	0

Won by three lengths; a bad third; Claret, Ebor, and Moun fell.

**Hunters Selling Stakes of 20l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**  
Deerfoot (h b), 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr Cuthbert 1  
Sportman (late Never-no-more), aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Wilburn 2  
Miss Nina, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Cunningham 3  
Harry (h b), 4 yrs, 11st - - - - - 0  
Lucy's All (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Magician, 10st 11lb - - - - - 0  
The Witch, (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Mina (h b), 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Kitty (h b), 11st - - - - - 0  
Won by three-quarters of a length; the same between the second and third.

**Maiden Plate of 20l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**  
Leo, by Eagleman, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Smiles 1  
Ebor (h b), aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Healy 2  
Keeper (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Brown 3  
Solferino (h b), 3 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - - 0  
Man of the Evening (late Hardy Canute), 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - - - 0  
Romping Girl (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - 0  
Corkey, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - - - 0  
Canny Woman (h b), 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Huntington Lass (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - 0  
Miss Lirriper, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Robin (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - - 0  
Carperby, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - - - 0  
Won by six lengths; a bad third.

**SUDBURY SPRING MEETING.**

**TUESDAY, Feb. 2.—Trial Stakes of 45l.; 1 mi.**  
Colonel P., by Thormanby, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Butler 1  
Sweet Boy, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb - - - - - Sherrington 2  
Little Coates, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 0  
B f by Rataplan, out of Palm Leaf's dam, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - Barker 0  
6 to 4 agst Little Coates, 5 to 2 agst the Rataplan filly, 3 to 1 agst Colonel P., and 4 to 1 agst Sweet Boy. Won by six lengths.

**Two-year-old Stakes of 50l.; 4 fur.**  
Mousetrap, by Vedette, 2st - - - - - T. Goodwin 1  
Hyndhope, 2st - - - - - Butters 2  
Candour, 2st 3lb - - - - - Penfold 3  
Avon Glen, 2st - - - - - Clement 4  
6 to 4 agst Mousetrap, 9 to 4 agst Hyndhope, and 4 to 1 each agst Avon Glen and Candour. Won by two lengths; the same between the second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 55 g.

**Sudbury Handicap of 70l.; 2 mi.**  
Nannie, by North Lincoln, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Prior 1  
Pole-axe, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Barker 2  
Visdon, aged, 7st 12lb - - - - - Chambers 3  
Whitworth, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - Butler 0  
La Sorrentina, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Jas. Clark 0  
Mathilde, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - Barnard 0  
Honor, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Wright 0  
2 to 1 agst Nannie, 5 to 1 each agst Whitworth, La Sorrentina, and Mathilde, 6 to 1 agst Honor, and 8 to 1 each agst Pole-axe and Visdon. Won by a head; half a length between second and third.

**Handicap Plate of 30l.; 4 fur.**  
Flash, by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Butler 1  
Little Coates, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - - Huxtable 2  
Peter, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - Payne 3  
Madora, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Goodwin 4

5 to 4 agst Flash, and 7 to 4 agst Little Coates. Won by six lengths; half a length between the second and third.

**Hurdle Race Plate of 30l.; 1 mi. 2 fur., over six hur.**  
Bedford, by Yellow Jack, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - Daniels 1  
Oldbury, 6 yrs, 12st 13lb - - - - - Gregory 2  
6 to 4 on Bedford. Won easily; Oldbury refused at the first hurdle.

**WEDNESDAY.—Handcap Plate of 40l.; 1 mi. 2 fur.**  
Flash, by Thunderbolt, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Barker 1  
Poleaxe, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - - Barker 2  
Whitworth, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - T. Goodwin 3  
Wild Blood, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Murphy 0  
Contempt, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Sherrington 0  
Nannie, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Prior 0  
Mathilde, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Barnard 0  
First Fiddle, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - G. Jarvis 0  
Colonel P., 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Jas. Clark 0  
2 to 1 agst Flash, 4 to 1 agst Nannie, 5 to 1 agst Contempt, 8 to 1 agst Poleaxe, and 10 to 1 agst Whitworth. Won by a length and a half; the same between second and third.

**A Hunters' Plate of 20l., 2 mi., was won by Lucy, by Tamworth, 4 yrs (Slater), beating Lisie, aged (Mr Seabrook).**

**Plate of 20l.; 3 fur.**  
C by Simple Simon—Ambush, 5 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 1  
Colonel P., 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Goodwin 2  
Mousetrap, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Badler 3  
May Queen, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Dunn 4  
5 to 2 on Mousetrap, and 7 to 2 agst the Ambush colt. A dead heat; Mousetrap beaten a length.—Deciding heat: 2 to 1 on the Ambush colt. Won by ten lengths.

**Spring Flying Plate (Hyp.) of 20l.; 4 fur.**  
Little Coates, by Lambton, 5 yrs, 8st 1lb Huxtable 1  
Peter, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Payne 2  
5 to 2 on Little Coates. Won by a length and a half.

**CARMARTHEN.**

**WEDNESDAY, Feb. 3.—Cambrian Stakes of 30l.; about 2 mi.**  
Farleigh, by The Cure, aged, 11st 3lb - - - - - Mr Ellison 1  
Paddy, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - - J. Pope 2  
Jack, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Samuel 0  
The Englishman, 4 yrs, 10st - - - - - Hitchings 0  
5 to 4 on Farleigh, and 2 to 1 each agst the others. Won by three lengths; The Englishman refused.

**Open Steeple Chase Handicap of 120l.; about 4 mi.**  
Whitball, by Sir Tatton Sykes, aged, 12st 6lb - - - - - G. Stevens 1  
Chance, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - - - Hitchings 2  
The Guide, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - H. Ellison 0  
6 to 4 on The Guide, 6 to 4 agst Whitball, and 9 to 1 agst Chance. Won by a length.

**Hunters' Stakes of 50l.; about 3 mi.**  
Governance, by Chevalier d'Industrie, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - H. Ellison 1  
Isle of Man, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr F. Morton 2  
Forester, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - G. James 0  
President, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - J. Johns 0  
Aprilis, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - H. Ellison 0  
5 to 4 agst Governance, and 3 to 1 agst Isle of Man. Won two lengths. Aprilis and Forester fell.

**THURSDAY.—County Members' Plate (Hyp.) of 50l.; about 4 mi.**  
Corkscrew, by Glenalvon, aged, 12st 1lb Mr Samuels 1  
Woodbury Hill, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - Mr E. W. Dunn 0  
The Guide, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - - H. Ellison 0  
6 to 4 on Corkscrew. Woodbury Hill and The Guide were pulled up, and Corkscrew came in alone.

**Borough Members' Stakes of 31l.; about 3 mi.**  
St Govins, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - H. Ellison 1  
Castlemartin, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Flatter 2  
President, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Johns 0  
Won by a length; President fell.

**Flying Stakes of 20l.; about 2 mi.**  
The Englishman, by Rinaldo, 4 yrs, 10st Hitchings 1  
Jack, aged, 12st 2lb - - - - - Mr Samuel 2  
Paddy, aged, 11st 3lb - - - - - J. Pope 0  
Won by two lengths; Paddy fell.

**Hunters' Handicap Steeple Chase, 7 mi.**  
Forester, aged, 11st - - - - - Mr Flatter 1  
Jack, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - - M. Samuel 0  
Paddy, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - - J. Pope 0

Paddy fell, Jack stopped and kicked, and Forester came in alone.

### EDGWARE.

THURSDAY, Feb. 4.—*Edgware Plate (H.p.) of 40l.; 2 mi.*

Frailty, by Hungerford, 4 yrs, 11st - Mr Hobson 1  
Black Prince, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - Griffiths 2  
Freedom (late The Yet), 6 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr C. Lloyd 0  
Merrimac, aged, 10st 7lb - G. Searle 0  
Inheritance, 4 yrs, 10st - Tomlinson 0  
5 to 3 each agst Frailty and Inheritance, 4 to 1 agst Black Prince, and 5 to 1 agst Freedom. Won by ten lengths; Merrimac fell.

*Plate of 40l.; 2 mi. 4 fur:*  
Jessie, by Middleton, aged, 11st 5lb Capt Harford 1  
Vigilant, aged, 11st 9lb - Mr Thomas 2  
Harlequin, 11st 3lb - Ephron 0  
Susan, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - Gregory 0  
Eldon (h b), aged, 11st 2lb - Mr Lloyd 0  
6 to 4 on Vigilant, 7 to 2 agst Jessie, and 5 to 1 agst Susan. Won by three lengths.

*Selling Handicap of 45l.; 2 mi.*  
Owen Swift, by Warlike, aged, 11st 6lb - Gregory 1  
Ganymede, aged, 11st 11lb - J. Lamb 2  
Swindler, aged, 11st 7lb - G. Searle 0  
La Pique, aged, 10st 11lb - J. O'Connell 0  
Even on Owen Swift, 5 to 2 agst La Pique, and 4 to agst Ganymede. Won by twelve lengths.

*Middlesex Hunt Cup, value 50 gu.; 2 mi.*  
Kingfisher, by Kingfisher, aged, 11st 5lb P. Barker 1  
Jamaica, aged, 11st 5lb - Capt Harford 2  
Wild Flower (h b), aged, 11st 9lb - Mr O. Saunders 3  
Pins Apple, aged, 11st 9lb - Mr Reynolds 4  
Vision, aged, 12st - Gregory 0  
Moorwatha, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - Mr Thomas 0  
7 to 4 on Vision, 5 to 2 agst Moorwatha, 5 to 1 agst Jamaica, and 6 to 1 agst Kingfisher. Won easily.  
Vision and Moorwatha fell.

*Middlesex Handicap of 40l.; 3 mi.*  
Broughton, by Lord's 6 yrs, 11st 5lb Bartlett 1  
Oswell, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb - W. Abbott 2  
Paint Heart, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb - Griffiths 0  
5 to 4 on Broughton, 5 to 4 agst Paint Heart, and 5 to 1 agst Oswell. Won easily. Paint Heart refused, and Oswell fell.

### TENSV.

THURSDAY, Feb. 7.—*Selling Stakes; about 2 mi.*  
Engelman, by Rinaldo, 4 yrs, 10st Hitchings 1  
Governess, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - W. Lander 2  
Fairleigh, aged, 12st - Mr Ellison 3  
6 to 4 on Fairleigh, 5 to 2 agst Engelman; and 4 to 1 agst Governess. Won by two lengths; a bad third, Fairleigh fell, and Governess refused.

*Open Handicap; about 3 mi.*  
Corkscrew, by Gamalarch, aged, 11st 5lb Mr Samuels 1  
Woodbury Hill, aged, 10st 5lb - Mr Deun 2  
The Guide, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr H. Ellison 0  
Even on Woodbury Hill, and 5 to 1 agst Corkscrew. Won by three-quarters of a length. The Guide and Woodbury Hill fell.

*Buck Stakes, for hunters; about 3 mi.*  
Owline, aged, 12st - Mr R. Platter 1  
Castlemartin, aged, 12st 7lb - 4 - 2  
Forester, aged, 12st 7lb - 4 - 2  
Pursen, aged, 12st - 0  
Miss Lettice, 5 yrs, 12st - 0  
Lale of Man, aged, 12st - 0  
Won by three-quarters of a length.

FRIDAY.—*Witchurch Plate (H.p.) of 30l.; 2 mi.*  
Black Prince, by Voltigeur, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb Griffiths 1  
Triumph, aged, 10st 4lb - Mr Hobson 2  
Susan, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb - Gregory 3  
Cromwell, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - Ablett 0  
Pineapple, aged, 10st - Mr Reynolds 0  
2 to 1 against Triumph, and 5 to 3 agst Black Prince. Won by twelve lengths; two lengths between second and third; Cromwell fell.

*Selling Handicap of 45l.; 3 mi.*  
Panther, by Rochester, aged, 10st 7lb - J. Foster 1  
Wade, aged, 10st 7lb - Mr R. Shepherd 2  
Frailty, 6 yrs, 12st - Mr F. G. Hobson 3  
Paint Heart, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr Wedhouse 0  
Even on Panther, 5 to 1 agst Frailty, and 5 to 1 agst Wade. Won by four lengths; a bad third.

*Edgware Open Handicap of 140l.; 3 mi. 4 fur.*  
Ace of Trumps, by King of Trumps, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Hobson 1  
Broughton, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb - Mr Thomas 2  
Hippolyte, aged, 11st 5lb - Lawrence 3  
Lawrence, aged, 12st - Sir W. Call 0  
Meerschaum, aged, 11st - Mr J. Mumford 0  
Zingini, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - G. Searle 0  
Lightning, aged, 10st 7lb - T. Barton 0  
5 to 2 agst Ace of Trumps, 3 to 1 agst Broughton, 3 to 2 agst Hippolyte, 5 to 1 agst Meerschaum, 6 to 1 agst Lightning, and 10 to 1 each agst Lawrence and Zingini. Won by four lengths; a bad third; Lightning and Lawrence fell.

*Selling Plate of 30l.; 2 mi.*  
Owen Swift, aged, 12st 3lb - Gregory 1  
Ganymede, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Thomas 2  
Bedford, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Daniels 0  
Heads or Tails (late Cassia), 4 yrs, 10st 13lb - States 0  
Acrobat, aged, 12st 2lb - Mr Maidland 0  
5 to 4 on Owen Swift, and 5 to 2 agst Ganymede. Won by ten lengths; Acrobat fell, Bedford refused, and Heads or Tails was pulled up.

*Scurry Cup of 51l. 10s.; 2 mi. 4 fur.*  
Kingfisher, aged, 12st 7lb - P. Barker 1  
Knight of Shewdon, aged, 12st - Gregory 2  
Lamy, aged, 12st - Mr H. P. Seabrook 0  
4 to 1 on Kingfisher. Won easily; Lizzie refused.

### BIRMINGHAM.

[AT BUTTON COLLEDFIELD.]

MONDAY, Feb. 2.—*Hunt Cup of 60l.; about 3 mi.*  
Salamanca, by Arthur Wellesley, 8 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mumford 1  
Brighton, aged, 12st 5lb - Mr Millard 2  
Lady Wellington, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - W. White 3  
Kangaroo, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - H. Stames 4  
Ganymede, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Mr Thomas 0  
Fairy Land, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - Elphick 0  
6 to 4 agst Salamanca, 5 to 2 agst Lady Wellington, and 4 to 1 agst Ganymede. Won by a neck; a bad third; Ganymede refused.

*Maiden Hunt Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi.*  
Teendale, 5 yrs, 11st, aged, 10st 7lb - G. Gray 1  
Freeman (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - J. Holman 2  
The General (h b), aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Thomas 0  
Even on Freeman, and 5 to 4 agst The General. Won by eight lengths; The General refused, and was pulled up. The winner, entered for 100 sovs., was sold for 60 gu.

*Button Handicap Plate of 40l.; about 2 mi.*  
Colours, by Ratanapl, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr Thomas 1  
Flying Scud, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - Thorpe 2  
Christmas Eve, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - J. Holman 3  
6 to 4 agst Colours, and 7 to 4 each agst Christmas Eve and Flying Scud. Won by a short head; four lengths between the second and third.

*Witching Plate (H.p.) of 100l.; about 3 mi.*  
Prima Donna, by Master Begon, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb - H. Day 1  
Traveller, 4 yrs, 10st - G. Gray 2  
Guy of Warwick, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - H. Stames 3  
Owen Roe, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - Elphick 0  
Catalogue, aged, 10st 7lb - W. Kears 0  
Arcturan, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - Pettit 0  
Won by two lengths; four lengths between the second and third; Traveller refused.

*Hunters' Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi.*  
Little Red Rover, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Charles 1  
Novelist gelding, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - Capt Tempest 2  
Huntsbury, aged, 12st 3lb - Brad 3  
Banaset, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Capt Holyoake 4  
Wetherby, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Davenport 0  
The Boomer, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Davidson 0  
Umber, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Mr Dabs 0  
Doubtful, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Thomas 0  
The Baron, aged, 12st 3lb - 0  
5 to 2 agst the Novelist gelding. Won by two lengths; the same between the second and third; a bad fourth.

TUESDAY.—*Licensed Victuallers' Plate (H.p.) of 50l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.*  
True Heart, by Mountain Deer, aged, 11st 5lb - W. White 2

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**Flying Scud**, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Thorpe 2  
**Merry Horn**, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - J. Knott 3  
**Ganymede**, 5 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 Even on **True Heart**, 3 to 1 agst **Flying Scud**, and 5 to 1 agst the others. Won by four lengths; a bad third; **Ganymede** did not pass the post.

**Farmers' Cup of 46l.**; about 3 mi.  
**Nebworth**, by Sabreur, or Underhand, - - - Mr Dabbs 1  
 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Mr Charles 2  
**Collier**, aged, 12st 6lb - - - Mr W. Hickaby 3  
**Titterstone**, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Capt Holyoake 4  
**Banaret**, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Mr Milward 0  
**Whitley Rose**, aged, 12st 11lb - - - Mr C. Davison 0  
**Umbra**, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - Mr C. Davison 0  
 7 to 4 on **Nebworth**, and 5 to 1 agst **Collier**. Won by three lengths; four lengths between the second and third.

**Birmingham Grand Annual Steeple Chase of 360l.**; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
**Meanwood**, by Onston, aged, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Wilson 1  
**Greenland**, aged, 11st 4lb - - - G. Waddington 2  
**The Robber**, aged, 11st 4lb - - - Mr P. Merton 3  
**Juryman**, 6 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - Mr Edwards 4  
**The Doctor**, aged, 12st 7lb - - - J. Holman 0  
**Philosopher**, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Billson 0  
**Tribune**, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - Wheeler 0  
**Orna**, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - W. White 0  
**Fan**, aged, 11st - - - Thorpe 0  
**Prima Donna**, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb - - - Ward 0  
**Lord Waldegrave**, aged, 10st 11lb - - - G. Holman 0  
**Banockburn**, aged, 10st 10lb - - - Tomlinson 0  
**Plover**, aged, 10st 6lb - - - Mumford 0  
**Malvern**, aged, 10st 2lb - - - H. Day 0  
 3 to 1 agst **Banockburn**, 5 to 1 agst **Prima Donna**, and **Malvern** (coupled), 7 to 1 agst **Plover**, 5 to 1 agst **Orna**, 10 to 1 each agst **Lord Waldegrave**, **Meanwood**, **Doctor**, and **Malvern**, and 100 to 8 each agst **Philosopher**, **Juryman**, **Tribune**, and **Greenland**. Won by a short head; three lengths each between the second, third, and fourth; **Orna** refused, **Malvern** was pulled up, **Prima Donna** fell, and broke her neck. Mr Brayley declared to win with **Malvern**.

**Scurry Handicap Plate of 25l.**; about 2 mi.  
**Christmas Fare**, by Plum Pudding, - - - J. Holman 1  
 5 yrs, 10st - - - J. Forster 3  
**Teesdale**, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - J. Forster 3  
**Little Ben**, aged, 10st 5lb - - - Mumford 3  
**Colours**, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Thomas 0  
 6 to 4 on **Little Ben**, and 3 to 1 agst **Teesdale**. Won by half a length; the same between the second and third; **Colours** refused.

**Ocean Cup of 50l.**; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
**Benaset**, by The Flying Dutchman, - - - Mr Edwards 1  
 aged, 12st 8lb - - - Mr Edwards 1  
**Lord Ronald**, aged, 11st 5lb - - - Tomlinson 3  
**Coot**, 6 yrs, or aged, 11st 5lb - - - J. Knott 0  
 6 to 4 on **Benaset**, and 7 to 4 agst **Lord Ronald**. Won by five lengths; **Coot** did not pass the post.

## WILTSHIRE COUNTY AND BEAUFORT HUNT.

[AT CHIPPENHAM.]  
**WEDNESDAY, Feb. 10.**—**Wiltshire County Handicap of 65l.**; about 3 mi.  
**The Guide**, by Knight of Avenel, aged, - - - Mr Ellison 1  
 1st 7lb - - - Mr A. Yates 3  
**Contraband**, aged, 11st 1lb - - - Mr A. Yates 3  
**Chance**, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - Hitchings 3  
 Even on **Chance**, and 6 to 4 agst **The Guide**. Won by two lengths; five lengths between second and third; **Chance** fell.

**Beaufort Hunt Stakes of 101l.**, for hunters; about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
**Scipio**, by Leamington, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - J. Rudd 1  
**Monitor**, aged, 11st 5lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 2  
**Lady Lyon**, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - E. Richards 0  
**Danebury**, 6 yrs, 12st - - - E. Richards 0  
**Isle of Man**, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr P. Merton 0  
**Phantom**, aged, 12st 12lb - - - Mr A. Yates 0  
**Howard**, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - Donnelly 0  
 2 to 1 agst **Phantom**, 3 to 1 agst **Monitor**, 9 to 2 agst **Scipio**, and 5 to 1 agst **Lady Lyon**. Won by a length; only the two placed passed the post.

**Great Western Selling Stakes of 21l.**; about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
**Governance**, by Chevalier d'Industrie, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Rickard 1

**Farleigh**, aged, 11st - - - Mr Ellison 2  
**Forest King** (late Smallbrook), aged, - - - Horton 0  
 10st 7lb - - - Horton 0  
 6 to 4 on **Governance**, and 2 to 1 each **Forest King** and **Farleigh**. Won by five lengths; **Forest King** refused, and bolted.

**Wooded Plate of 30l.**; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
**Vigilant**, by Vedette, aged, 11st - - - Mr P. Merton 1  
**Golden Drop**, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 2  
**St Magnus**, aged, 11st - - - Mr A. Yates 3  
**Paris**, aged, 10st 12lb - - - Brachell 0  
**Allow Me**, aged, 10st 12lb - - - J. Rudd 0  
**Try Again**, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - J. Dixon 0  
 5 to 7 on **Vigilant**, and 2 to 1 agst **St Magnus**. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

**Farmers' Plate of 30l.**; about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
**Deerhound (h b)**, aged, 11st 9lb - - - Mr Parry 1  
**Vendetta**, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Godwin 2  
**Helen (h b)**, aged, 12st - - - Mr West 3  
**Charlie**, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - 0  
**Prowle**, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - 0  
**Lord Albemarle**, aged, 12st - - - 0  
**Black Prince**, aged, 11st 9lb - - - 0  
**Wigmore**, aged, 12st - - - 0  
**Elity Dawson**, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - 0  
**Butterfly**, aged, 11st 9lb - - - 0  
 5 to 2 agst **Butterfly**, and 5 to 1 each agst **Deerhound** and **Frolic**. Won in a canter; a bad third.

**THURSDAY—Dreagot Plate (H.p.) of 15l.**; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

**The Guide**, aged, 13st - - - Mr Ellison 1  
**Phantom**, aged, 11st 2lb - - - Mr A. Yates 2  
**St Magnus**, aged, 11st 6lb - - - Capt Hunt 0  
**Try Again**, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - J. Dixon 0  
 6 to 4 agst **The Guide**. Won by ten lengths; **Try Again** fell, and **St Magnus** did not pass the post.

**Badminton Stakes of 55l.**, for hunters; about 3 mi.  
**Deerhound (h b)**, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 1  
**Oakley**, 5 yrs, 12st 1lb - - - Mr A. Yates 2  
**Volunteer**, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr P. Merton 0  
**Gladiator (h b)**, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Capt Hunt 0  
**Portugal**, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - Mr F. West 0  
 5 to 2 agst **Deerhound**, and 6 to 4 agst **Oakley**. Won by six lengths; **Gladiator** and **Portugal** fell.

**Chippenhams Handicap of 55l.**; about 3 mi.  
**Corvedale**, by King of Morn, aged, 12st 13lb - - - w. o.

**Free Handicap of 15l.**; about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
**Farleigh**, by The Cure, aged, 11st 11lb - - - Mr Ellison 1  
**Howard**, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - Salt 2  
**Butterfly**, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Harding 3  
**Forest King**, aged, 10st - - - Horton 0  
 5 to 2 on **Farleigh**, and 4 to 1 agst **Butterfly**. Won by twenty lengths. The winner, entered for 25 sovs. was sold for 50s.

**Saunders Forest Stakes of 15l.**; about 3 mi.  
**Governance**, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Chaplin  
**Fair Rosemond**, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Mr P. Merton  
 5 to 2 on **Fair Rosemond**. Won by five lengths.

## STREATHAM FIRST SPRING.

**THURSDAY, Feb. 11.**—**Norbury Plate (H.p.) of 50l.**; about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
**Domino**, by Colsterdale, aged, 11st - - - F. Martin 1  
**King of Spades**, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Fickett 3  
**Novice**, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Mr Hobson 2  
**Vivandiere**, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - W. Reeves 0  
**Copenhagen**, aged, 11st 12lb - - - F. Key 0  
 5 to 2 agst **Vivandiere**, 3 to 1 each agst **Novice** and **King of Spades**, and 4 to 1 agst **Domino**. Won by two lengths; a bad third; **Vivandiere** fell.

**Sweepstakes of 50l.**; about 3 mi.  
**Licymnia**, by Ivan, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - Elphick 1  
**Beaudevert**, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - Mr J. Knott 2  
**Nimrod**, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Richards 3  
**Leotard**, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Mumford 0  
**Trampsey**, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - W. Reeves 0  
**St Etheldreda** (late Sorrel), 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - Kennedy 0  
 10 to 3 agst **Nimrod**, 3 to 1 each agst **Licymnia** and **Beaudevert**, 5 to 1 agst **Leotard**, and 100 to 1 each agst **Trampsey** and **St Etheldreda**. Won by three lengths; the same between the second and third; **Trampsey** and **St Etheldreda** fell. This winner, entered for 100 sovs., was sold for 225 gs.

**Streatham Spring Handicap of 155l.**; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
**Roving Maid**, by Rover, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - Potter 1

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Tom Cuke, 6 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - W. Reeves 2  
Hippolyte, aged, 12st - - - Lawrence 3  
Lord Waldgrave, aged, 11st 5lb - - G. Holman 0  
8 to 4 agst. *Horling Maid*, 5 to 2 agst agst Lord  
Waldgrave and Hippolyte, and 8 to 1 agst Tom Cuke.  
Won by three-quarters of a length; six lengths be-  
tween the second and third.

*Surrey Hunt Cup of 25l.*; about 3 mi.

Wade, by King Tom, aged, 11st  
10lb - - - Mr J. T. Shepherd 1  
Patcham, by Sir Robert, aged, 11st 7lb - Pickett 2  
Zingyn, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - G. Seale 3  
Lady Borth, aged, 11st 9lb - - - Mr Abernethy 4  
Nine Strike, aged, 11st - - - Mr Baker 0  
6 to 4 agst Wade. Won by four lengths; a bad  
third; Nine Strike fell.

**FRIDAY.**—*Suburban Plate (Hc.) of 40l.*; about  
2 mi.

Vivandiere, by Voltigeur, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb W. Reeves 1  
King of Spades, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb - - Pickett 2  
Rod in Pickle, aged, 10st 11lb - Mr Youngman 3  
Domino, aged, 11st 9lb - - - F. Marian 4  
Norice, aged, 11st 11lb - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 0  
Copenhagen, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Potter 0  
St Etheldreda, 4 yrs, 10st - - - Kennedy 0  
7 to 4 agst Norice, 4 to 1 agst Vivandiere, 5 to 1  
each agst King of Spades and Domino, and 8 to 1  
agst Rod in Pickle. Won by half a length; a bad  
third; Norice won on the wrong side of a flag, and  
returned home; Etheldreda refused, and Copenhagen  
fell.

*Selling Handicap of 6l.*; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Reppure, by Stockwell, aged, 11st 2lb - - - w. o.

*Hunters' Handicap of 54l.*; about 3 mi.

Wade, by King Tom, aged, 11st  
8lb - - - Mr R. Shepherd 1  
Kingfisher, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr P. Barker 2  
Panther, aged, 11st 4lb - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 0  
Tipperrary, aged, 10st 12lb - - - Elphick 0  
2 to 1 on Kingfisher, 3 to 1 agst Panther, and 8 to 1  
each agst Wade and Tipperrary. Won by a distance.

*Selling Stakes of 20l.*; about 2 mi.

Patcham, by Sir Robert, aged, 12st 3lb - Elphick 1  
Ganymede, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Mr Vallender 2  
7 to 4 on Patcham. Won by six lengths.

### NEWBRIDGE (IRELAND).

**MONDAY, Feb. 15.**—*Newbridge Challenge Cup of*  
*30l.*; about 2 mi.

Philtrene, by Grey Plover, aged, 9st  
12lb - - - Walshe 1  
Lioness, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - Jos. Wynne 2  
Yaller Gal, 10st 2lb - - - Murphy 0

Won easily; Lioness fell at the last fence but one,  
and Yaller Gal was pulled up.

*Open Handicap of 64l.*; about 3 mi.

Absentee, by Artillery, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb - - Walshe 1  
Mentmore, aged, 10st 11lb - - - Hyland 2  
Rob Roy (late Fire-Eater), 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - Shiel 3  
Crazy Jane, aged, 10st 8lb - - - Whelan 0  
Irish Jig, 6 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - P. Igoo 0  
Beloni, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Dolan 0  
Montrose, aged, 10st - - - D. Murphy 0  
Fitzjames, aged, 9st 11lb - - - Jas. Murphy 0  
Hearty Girl, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - M. Igoo 0

Won by two lengths; a moderate third.

*Military Steeple Chase of 45l.*; about 3 mi.

Glascow, by Gamekeeper, 5 yrs, 12st - Mr Cotton 1  
Medical Student, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - - Mr Wing 2  
Forlorn Hope, aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Jacobson 3  
Mephistopheles, aged, 11st 11lb - Mr Herbert 0  
Won by a length; Mephistopheles went the wrong  
side of a post, and was pulled up.

*Handicap Steeple Chase of 60l.*; about 2 mi.

Wildfire, by Araguthaese, aged, 10st  
5lb - - - J. Murphy 1  
Allen-a-Sale, 6 yrs, 9st 8lb - - - T. Ryan 2  
Viscount, aged, 9st 12lb - - - Walshe 3  
Little Wonder, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Gray 4  
Castle Dee, aged, 10st 8lb - - - Hanlon 0  
Honeyuckle, aged, 10st 2lb - - - Boylan 0  
Cinderella, aged, 10st 11lb - - - Brennan 0  
Neria, by Tom Steele, 6 yrs, 10st - - - Gavin 0  
Sally, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - W. Ball 0  
Absentee, 5 yrs, 9st 9lb - - - W. Ball 0  
Chisella, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - Barrett 0  
Won by ten lengths.

*Farmers' Plate of 19l.*, about 2 mi., was won by  
Dove, 4 yrs, 10st (Walshe), beating six others.

### LINCOLN SPRING.

**TUESDAY, Feb. 16.**—*Trial Stakes of 120l.*; 1 mi.

B f by Skirmisher—Buckingham's dam,  
3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Hammond 1  
Bonnie Katie, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - Malmont 2  
Harvester, 4 yrs, 8st - - - Kenyon 3  
Acaster, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - Jeffery 4  
Choral, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - Fordham 5  
Ch f by Dundee—Shot, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - Butler 6  
9 to 4 agst Acaster, 5 to 2 agst Bonnie Katie, 5 to 1  
agst the Skirmisher filly, and 7 to 1 agst Choral.  
Won by a length; four lengths between second and  
third.

*Brocklesby Trial Handicap of 230l.*; Brocklesby Stakes  
Course (about 4 fur.)

Laird of Scotland, by Rattle, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb Wyatt 1  
Retty, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - Kenyon 2  
Astracan, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - Mordan 3  
Pericles, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - J. Daley 0  
Hereford (late Bateman), 5 yrs, 7st 11lb G. Sopp 0  
Sphinx, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - H. Covey 0  
Jenny, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Butler 0  
Parma, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - Cameron 0  
Little Bo-Peep (late Brenda), 4 yrs, 7st  
Aintree, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Hudson 0  
B f by Newminster—Biddy O'Rourke (late  
Mrs O'Rourke), 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - Jeffery 0  
King of the Rovers, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - G. Page 0  
Hinton, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Rowell 0  
April Morn, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - Barnard 0  
Troy, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Wilson 0  
Little Nell, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Loates 0

100 to 80 agst Sphinx, 5 to 1 agst Laird of Scotland,  
8 to 1 agst Pericles, 10 to 1 each agst Betty and Little  
Nell, 12 to 1 agst the Mrs O'Rourke filly, 100 to 8 each  
agst Astracan, Parma, and Hinton, 100 to 6 agst  
Jenny, and 20 to 1 agst April Morn. Won by a neck;  
three-quarters of a length between second and third.

*Inkeepers' Selling Stakes of 60l.*; about 6 fur.

Pompeii, by Crater, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Parry 1  
Cheddington, 4 yrs, 9st - - - Penfold 2  
Spider, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Fordham 3  
Neptune, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Clement 4  
Eruption, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - T. Sadler 5  
Sedition, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - H. Covey 6  
Monsieur Louis, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Kenyon 0  
7 to 4 on Spider, 5 to 1 agst Pompeii, and 8 to 1 each  
agst Neptune and Cheddington. Won by a neck; a  
bad third.

*Brocklesby Stakes of 500l.*, for 2 yr olds; about 4 fur.

B f by Lambton—Christabella (Yeda's dam),

8st 7lb - - - T. French 1  
Paté, 8st 7lb - - - Marsh 2  
B f by Lambton—Little Lady, 8st 7lb - Jordan 3  
Vibration, 8st 7lb - - - Butler 4  
Chevreuse, 8st 7lb - - - Watkins 0  
Lilliputian, 8st 10lb - - - Clement 0  
B c by Man at Arms—Crossire, 8st 10lb T. Sadler 0  
Ironstone, 8st 10lb - - - Mordan 0  
Phantom Lass, 8st 7lb - - - Hunter 0  
Florian, 8st 10lb - - - Parry 0  
B f by Kettle-drum—Ellermire, 8st 7lb - Jeffery 0  
B c by Little Hastings—Rosaura, 8st 10lb Fordham 0  
The Shunamite, 8st 7lb - - - Nightingall 0  
B c by Blair Athol—Lady Louisa, 8st 10lb Cannon 0  
Stephanotis, 8st 7lb - - - J. Adams 0  
Agate, 8st 7lb - - - Tomlinson 0  
Don Quixote, 8st 10lb - - - Payne 0  
Mimus, 8st 10lb - - - Grimeshaw 0  
Br c by Neptune—Bouquet, 8st 10lb - Walker 0  
Vintner, 8st 10lb - - - Malsdon 0  
Ohio, 8st 7lb - - - J. Mann 0  
Retic, 8st 10lb - - - Cameron 1

8 to 1 agst the Lady Louisa colt, 6 to 1 agst Ste-  
phanotis, 8 to 1 agst the Christabella filly, 100 to 12  
agst Paté, 10 to 1 agst Vibration, 100 to 8 each agst  
Florian and the Little Lady filly, and 25 to 1 agst  
Phantom Lass. Won in a canter by four lengths;  
three lengths between second and third.

*Lincolnshire Handicap of 900l.*; 1 mi.

Sycee, by Marvay, 5 yrs, 8st 15lb - - - Cameron 1  
The Drummer, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Rowell 2  
B c by Weatherbit—St Agnes, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb Hunt 3  
Bel Giorno, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Cannon 4  
Formosa, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - Fordham 0

Silenus, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - Daley 0  
 Van Amburgh, 5 yrs, 8st - - - Parry 0  
 Typhous, 4 yrs, 8st - - - Morris 0  
 Uncas, 4 yrs, 8st - - - Kenyon 0  
 Honesty, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Snowden 0  
 Lady Zetland, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - Cradock 0  
 Friday, aged, 7st 10lb - - - H. Covey 0  
 Mr Pitt, 6 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Quince 0  
 John Leech, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - Flint 0  
 Jenny, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - Butler 0  
 Warrington, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - Jordan 0  
 B g by Romulus—Attack, 5 yrs, 6st 8lb Hammond 0  
 Veda, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Wilson 0  
 Islam, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - Jeffery 0  
 Border Knight, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Walling 0  
 B f by Skirmisher—Buckingham's dam, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Hurst 0  
 Provider, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb - - - W. Platt 0  
 George Osbaldeston, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb - - - G. Page 0  
 Vacuum, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - - - Cox 0  
 5 to 1 agst Van Amburgh, 100 to 15 agst Syces, 7 to 1 agst Vacuum, 8 to 1 agst The Drummer, 100 to 9 agst Silenus, 100 to 8 agst Islam, 100 to 6 each agst Warrington and Friday, 20 to 1 agst Veda, 25 to 1 each agst Uncas, George Osbaldeston, Mr Pitt, and Formosa, and 33 to 1 each agst the St Agnes, Typhous, and Lady Zetland. Won by six lengths; two lengths between second and third; half a length between third and fourth.

**Full Cry Steeple Chase of 100l.; about 4 mi.**  
 Br g by Cornerstone (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Mr R. Walker 1  
 Huntsman's Sister, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr G. Walker 2  
 Warden, aged, 12st 12lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 3  
 Ben Bolt, aged, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Richardson 4  
 Ickwell, aged, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Molly 0  
 Scrambler, aged, 12st 5lb - - - Mr W. Coleman 0  
 Queen of the Vale, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - Mr Brockton 0  
 Lyndbrooke, aged, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Willmott 0  
 Borealis, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Parva 0  
 6 to 4 agst Huntsman's Sister, 3 to 1 agst the Cornerstone gelding, and 4 to 1 agst Warden. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 143l.; 2 mi., over six hurdles.**  
 Guy of Warwick, by Leamington, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Edwards 1  
 Ada Penelope (late Ada, late Souvenance), 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - W. White 2  
 Primrose, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr Brockton 3  
 Aurifer, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - Tomlinson 4  
 Turmoil, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Terrata 0  
 Froserpine, 6 yrs, 11st - - - Mr G. Walker 0  
 Icicle, 5 yrs, 11st - - - J. Potter 0  
 La Puce, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Spence 0  
 Gleaner, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - E. Jones 0  
 Eliza, 5 yrs, 10st - - - Jackson 0  
 Custaloga, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - G. Waddington 0  
 5 to 4 agst Guy of Warwick, 5 to 2 agst Ada Penelope, and 5 to 1 agst Aurifer. Won by five lengths; four lengths between second and third.

**WEDNESDAY.—Blackney Stakes of 310l.; Brocklesby Stakes Course (about 4 fur.)**  
 Paté, by Macaroni, 6st 9lb - - - Jeffery 1  
 Bonnie Katie, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb - - - Marsh 2  
 Roquefort, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - Butler 3  
 Kennington, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - Hunt 4  
 Eugenie, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - J. Hudson 0  
 The Shunamite, 2 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - Flint 0  
 Di Spanker, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - Cameron 0  
 Neuchatel, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - Maidment 0  
 B f by Lambton—Little Lady, 2 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - Kenyon 0  
 Capitator, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - Mordan 0  
 Vintner, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - W. Platt 0  
 Palmatine, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - Cannon 0  
 3 to 1 agst Paté, 4 to 1 agst Bonnie Katie, 6 to 1 agst Neuchatel, 7 to 1 agst the Little Lady filly, 10 to 1 each agst Roquefort, Kennington, and Capitator, and 100 to 8 agst Di Spanker. Won by two lengths; three lengths between second and third; a neck between third and fourth.

**Scurry Handicap of 85l.; Brocklesby Stakes Course (about 4 fur.)**  
 Pericles, by Newminster, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - Kenyon 1  
 Cheddington, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - Falkner 2  
 Aintree, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Hunt 3  
 Waxwork, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - Butler 4  
 Bel Gierne, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - Cannon 0

King of the Rovers, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - G. Page 0  
 Troy, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb - - - W. Platt 0  
 Figleaf, 2 yrs, 5st 10lb - - - Wilson 0  
 2 to 1 agst Bel Gierne, 3 to 1 agst Pericles, 5 to 1 agst Aintree, and 11 to 2 agst Figleaf. Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third; a length between third and fourth.

**After-Dinner Stakes (1/2p) of 60l.; 6 fur.**  
 Acaster, by Voltigeur, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb - - - Jeffery 1  
 Mistleton, 6 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - Kenyon 2  
 6 to 5 on Acaster. Won by a length and a-half.

**City Handicap of 213l.; 6 fur.**  
 Historian, by Stockwell, aged, 7st 8lb - - - Butler 1  
 Honesty, 5 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - J. Snowden 2  
 Islam, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - Jeffery 3  
 Lady Zetland, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Cradock 0  
 Mr Pitt, 6 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - Quince 0  
 Reindeer, aged, 7st 9lb - - - Maidment 0  
 Bessie Dixon, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Hudson 0  
 April Morn, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Barnard 0  
 Provider, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb - - - W. Platt 0  
 Alliance, 5 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - Cox 0

B g by Weatherbit—St Agnes, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - - - Hunt 0  
 Harebell, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - H. Covey 0  
 Jennie Deans, 5 yrs, 7st - - - Cameroun 0  
 4 to 1 agst Bessie Dixon, 5 to 1 each agst Islam, Reindeer, and Historian, and 10 to 1 each agst April Morn and Honesty. Won by a neck; same between second and third. April Morn, Lady Zetland, Harebell, and Jennie Deans fell.

**Juvenile Selling Stakes of 85l.; Brocklesby Stakes Co. (about 4 fur.)**

Ch c by Kettledrum—Nelly Hill, 8st 10lb - - - Jeffery 1  
 Br f by Vedette—Ethel, 8st 7lb - - - Butler 2  
 Maryas, 8st 10lb - - - Lofie 3  
 B c by Simple Simon—Ambush, 8st 10lb - - - Fordham 0  
 Villany, 8st 7lb - - - Perry 0  
 Ohio, 8st 7lb - - - Maidment 0  
 Br f by Saunterer—Silkstone, 8st 7lb - - - Cannon 0  
 Star and Garter, 8st 10lb - - - Kenyon 0  
 Candour, 8st 10lb - - - Penfold 0  
 Mons Meg, 8st 7lb - - - Mann 0  
 6 to 4 agst the Nelly Hill colt, 5 to 1 agst Mons Meg, 8 to 1 agst the Ambush colt, and 10 to 1 each agst Villany, the Lily Lye colt, Ohio, the Ethel filly, and Candour, and 100 to 8 agst the Silkstone filly. Won by three lengths; a head between second and third.

**Lincoln Club Cup of 140l., for 2 yr olds; Brocklesby Stakes Course (about 4 fur.)**

B c by Little Hastings—Rosaura, 8st 10lb - - - Fordham 1  
 Florian, 8st 10lb - - - Parry 2  
 Stephanotis, 8st 8lb - - - J. Adams 3  
 Agate, 8st 7lb - - - Mr J. Nightingall 0  
 Don Quixote, 8st 10lb - - - Butler 0  
 Mimus, 8st 10lb - - - Payne 0  
 The Better Half, 8st 7lb - - - G. Walker 0  
 Countryman, 8st 10lb - - - Jeffery 0  
 Choice, 8st 7lb - - - Snowden 0  
 Lilliputian, 8st 10lb - - - Clement 0  
 Figleaf, 8st 7lb - - - J. Goater 0  
 Nightingall, 8st 10lb - - - Hibberd 0  
 Patrick, 8st 10lb - - - J. Maon 0  
 7 to 2 each agst Mimus and Stephanotis, 4 to 1 agst Florian, 6 to 1 agst the Rosaura colt, 100 to 8 agst Agate, and 15 to 1 agst Countryman. Won by a length; a length and a-half between second and third.

**All-aged Selling Stakes of 55l.; Brocklesby Stakes Co. (about 4 fur.)**

Gr c by Master Bagot, dam by The Nabob, out of Bonora Tomacha, 3 yrs, 9st - - - J. Goater 1  
 Spider, 3 yrs, 9st - - - Fordham 2  
 B f by Dundee—Shot, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Cannon 3  
 Villany, 2 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - Jeffery 4  
 8 to 4 agst Spider, 7 to 4 agst the winner, and 4 to 1 agst Villany. Won by a length; a bad third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 260s.

**Burghersh Chantry Stakes of 80l.; 4 fur.**

Mistleton, by Liffboat, 6 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - Kenyon 1  
 B f by Newminster—Biddy O'Rourke (late Mrs O'Rourke), 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - Jeffery 2  
 Little Nell, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - Wilson 3  
 Pericles, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - J. Adams 4  
 6 to 4 on Pericles, 2 to 1 agst Biddy O'Rourke filly, and 3 to 1 agst Mistleton. Won by four lengths; a neck between second and third.



**Gene Alley Plate of 50l.**, for hunters; about 2 mi.  
 Scarrington, by Martext, 6 yrs, 12st 6lb Mr Spence 1  
 Peter, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Richardson 2  
 B g by Cornerstone (h b), 6 yrs, - - - - -  
 1st 6lb - - - - - Mr G. Nelson 3  
 Sir Walter, 3 yrs, 12st 9lb - - - - - Mr W. Beville 4  
 Duke of Devonshire, 3 yrs, 10st - - - - -  
 Roaecler, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - -  
 Goblet, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - -  
 Ashbank, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - -  
 Solferino, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - -  
 Roland, 6 yrs, 12st 9lb - - - - -  
 Woodman (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - - -  
 Primrose, 4 yrs, 12st 9lb - - - - -  
 Poll, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - -  
 Rose des Alpes, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - -  
 The Swimmer, 5 yrs, 12st 6lb - - - - -  
 Football, aged, 12st 1lb - - - - -  
 Hailstorm, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb - - - - -  
 Annie, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - -  
 Freedom, 4 yrs, 12st - - - - -  
 Counsellor (h b), 3 yrs, 9st 9lb - - - - -  
 Red Cross Knight, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - -  
 Bold David, aged, 12st - - - - -  
 7 to 2 agst Sir Walter, 4 to 1 agst Roland, and 8 to 1  
 agst Scarrington. Won by two lengths; half a length  
 between second and third; a bad fourth.

**Grand Sturpie Chase of 219l.**, about 4 mi.  
 Barbarian, by Glenmasheen, 6 yrs, - - - - -  
 10st 6lb - - - - - G. Waddington 1  
 Ace of Trumps, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - - Mr Hobson 2  
 Tennyson, aged, 10st 9lb - - - - - Wheeler 3  
 Even on Ace of Trumps, 2 to 1 agst Tennyson, and  
 3 to 1 agst Barbarian. Won by two lengths; Tenny-  
 son fell.

### HARROW SPRING.

**THURSDAY, Feb. 12.—Two Years Old Stakes of**  
**140l.; 3 fur. 100 yds.**

Captivator, by Carastacus, 8st 10lb G. Fordham 1  
 Wedding Chimes, 8st 3lb - - - - - Penfold 2  
 Mrs Jones, 8st 2lb - - - - - Marsh 3  
 Lady Alice, 8st 3lb - - - - - Murray 4  
 The Saunterer's Daughter, 8st 6lb - - - - - Milne 5  
 F by Maryas—Maid of the Morn, 8st 6lb R. F. Anson 6  
 Codicillaire, 8st 3lb - - - - - Jeffery 7  
 Rip Van Winkle, 8st 7lb - - - - - Bundy 8  
 Friskerina, 8st 3lb - - - - - Hardy 9  
 Maiden's Blush, 8st 6lb - - - - - T. Page 10  
 Arcana, 8st 3lb - - - - - Wyatt 11  
 Sallie, 8st 3lb - - - - - Mordan 12  
 B f by Chevalier d'Industrie—Hippodamia,  
 8st 6lb - - - - - Payne 13  
 Vale of Avon, 8st 7lb - - - - - Hudson 14  
 Anarchy, 8st 7lb - - - - - Spencer 15  
 Lavandière, 8st 6lb - - - - - Barker dis

2 to 1 agst Captivator, 5 to 1 agst Mrs Jones, 8 to 1  
 each agst Maid of the Morn and Lavandière, 10 to 1  
 each agst Rip Van Winkle, Vale of Avon, and Wed-  
 ding Chimes, and 20 to 1 each Arcana, Lady Alice,  
 and Sallie. Lavandière came in first, beating Capti-  
 vator by a short head, the latter beating Wedding  
 Chimes by a neck, but Lavandière was objected to on  
 the ground that a certificate of her age had not been  
 lodged according to Rule 15. Admiral Rous gave  
 the following decision:

"The Stewards of Harrow having consulted me on  
 the legality of the entry of Lavandière for the Two  
 yrs old race, I am of opinion that, as there was no  
 certificate of age signed by a Veterinary Surgeon  
 duly qualified, she is not entitled as a winner, and  
 that the horse which came in second is the legal win-  
 ner of the said stakes. (Signed) H. J. Rous."

**Handicap Plate of 100l.**, about 5 fur.

B g by Newminster—Lady Palmerston, 3 yrs, - - - - -  
 6st - - - - - Hardy 1  
 Cheddington, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Faulkner 2  
 Skirmish, aged, 8st 4lb - - - - - Marsh 3  
 Sir Oliver, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Penfold 4  
 Venture, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - T. Page 5  
 Warlike, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Spencer 6  
 Rampart, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - Bundy 7  
 Cotyrie, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Milne 8  
 Lymington, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Barker 9  
 Avoncourt, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Hudson 10  
 Inheritor, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Sherrington 11  
 Cawdor, 4 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Jeffery 12  
 First Emperor, 3 yrs, 6st - - - - - Rowell 13

Elector, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - - - Wyatt 14  
 Whitechurch, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 15  
 Athelstan, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - Newhouse 16  
 Hop Girl, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - T. Wright 17  
 3 to 1 agst Elector, 5 to 1 each agst Skirmish and  
 First Emperor, 10 to 1 each agst Cheddington and the  
 Newminster gelding, 100 to 8 agst Inheritor, 100 to 7  
 agst Avoncourt, and 100 to 6 agst Warlike. Won by  
 two lengths; the same between second and third.

**Selling Stakes of 40l.**, about 4 fur.

Little Coates, by Lambton, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb G. Jarvis 1  
 Colonel P., 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Wyatt 2  
 Cawdor, 4 yrs, 6st - - - - - Jeffery 3  
 Hop Girl, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Hudson 4  
 Feemy, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Robinson 5  
 2 to 1 agst Little Coates, 3 to 1 agst Feemy, 4 to 1  
 agst Colonel P., 9 to 2 agst Cawdor, and 6 to 1 agst  
 Hop Girl. Won by two lengths; a length between  
 second and third; a bad fourth.

**Selling Stakes of 26l.**, about 2 mi.

Savannah, by Yellow Jack, aged, 12st 3lb Mr Chaeton 1  
 Kingsthorpe, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - - Daniels 2  
 Patience, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Potter 3  
 5 to 4 agst Patience, 7 to 4 agst Kingsthorpe, and  
 7 to 2 agst Savannah. Won by a distance; Patience  
 and Kingsthorpe refused.

**Friday Handicap of 65l.**, about 2 mi.

Under the Cloud, by Cavendish, aged, - - - - -  
 10st 4lb - - - - - J. Foster 1  
 Arlescott, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - - Mr Chaeton 2  
 Frailty, 6 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - - - Mr Hobson 3  
 Meerschaum, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr J. Mumford 4  
 Vivandière, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - - W. Reeves 5  
 Wild Fowl, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - - Potter 6  
 5 to 2 agst Under the Cloud, 3 to 1 agst Meerschaum,  
 4 to 1 agst Wild Fowl, and 6 to 1 agst Arlescott.  
 Won by four lengths; a bad third; Wild Fowl fell.

**Hunters' Stakes of 67l.**, about 3 mi.

Meerschaum, aged, 11st 4lb - - - - - Mr Mumford 1  
 Kingfisher, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - Mr P. Barker 2  
 Owen Swift, aged, 11st 4lb - - - - - Ld C. Ker 3  
 Lydia, aged, 11st 4lb - - - - - Pickett 4  
 4 to 1 agst Owen Swift, 2 to 1 agst Kingfisher, and  
 3 to 1 agst Meerschaum. Won by six lengths; a bad  
 third; Lydia fell.

**FRIDAY.—Selling Handicap of 29l.**, about 5 fur.

Ellen, by Vedette, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Hudson 1  
 Lord Craven, 6st 8lb - - - - - Jeffery 2  
 Muezzin, aged, 8st 12lb - - - - - Wyatt 3  
 First Fiddle, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 4  
 7 to 4 agst Ellen, 5 to 3 each agst Muezzin and First  
 Fiddle, and 5 to 1 agst Lord Craven. Won by two  
 lengths; the same between second and third; a bad  
 fourth. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold  
 for 50gs.

**Stand Plate (Eg.) of 50l.**, about 4 fur.

B g by Newminster—Lady Palmerston, 3 yrs, - - - - -  
 6st 7lb - - - - - Hardy 1  
 Kamschatka, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 2  
 Cheddington, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Faulkner 3  
 Sir Oliver, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Penfold 4  
 Miss Camerine, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Bartlett 5  
 Ocho, 4 yrs, 6st 12st - - - - - Hudson 6  
 Emerald, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - S. Mordan 7  
 5 to 4 agst the Lady Palmerston gelding, 5 to 2 agst  
 Ocho, 5 to 1 agst Kamschatka, and 5 to 1 agst any  
 other. Won easily by ten lengths; a bad third.

**Trial Stakes of 85l.**, 5 fur.

Wedding Chimes, by Neville, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb Hardy 1  
 Lavandière, 2 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - Barker 2  
 Hinton, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - - - G. Fordham 3  
 Lady Alice, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - - - Jeffery 4  
 F by Maryas—Maid of the Morn, 2 yrs, - - - - -  
 6st 3lb - - - - - Faulkner 5  
 6 to 5 agst Hinton, 9 to 4 agst Wedding Chimes,  
 5 to 1 agst the Maid of the Morn filly, and 7 to 1 agst  
 Lavandière. Won by two lengths; a neck between  
 second and third.

**Selling Stakes of 80l.**, 3 fur. 100 yds.

Mrs Jones, by Romulus, 2 yrs, 6st - - - - - Hardy 1  
 Codicillaire, 2 yrs, 6st - - - - - Jeffery 2  
 The Fly, 2 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Wyatt 3  
 Athelstan, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Sherrington 4  
 Saunterer's Daughter, 2 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - - - Faulkner 5  
 Firebell, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Murray 6  
 Little Maude, 2 yrs, 6st - - - - - Colstock 7  
 Little Coates, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 8

Colonel P., 3 yrs, Set 11lb - Descon 0  
B f by Rascalan, out of Palm Leaf's dam,  
3 yrs, Set 8lb - I Anson 0  
Skimble Scamble, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - Penfold 0  
B g by Prime Minister—Pluck, 3 yrs,  
Set 8lb - S. Mordan 0  
5 to 1 each agst Mrs Jones and the Palm Leaf's dam  
ally, 10 to 1 each agst The Fly, Skimble Scamble, the  
Pluck gelding, Coddicillars, and Little Coates, and 100  
to 8 agst any other. Won by a length; two lengths  
between second and third. The winner, entered for  
40 sovs., was sold for 106gs.

**Handicap Plate of 40l.;** about 5 fur.  
Cawdor, by Van Galon, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - Jeffery 1  
Bush Hill, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - Wyatt 3  
Lymington, 4 yrs, Set 7lb - Barker 3  
Inheritor, 4 yrs, Set 5lb - Sherwington 0  
B g by Simple Simon—Patti, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb Faulkner 0  
Sagax, 3 yrs, Set 10lb - Mordan 0  
5 to 1 each agst Bush Hill and Sagax, and 5 to 1  
agst any other. Won easily by a length and a half;  
two lengths between second and third.

**Middlesex Grand Open Handicap of 210l.;** about 3 mi.  
Hippolyte, by King Tom, aged, 11st 6lb Wheeler 1  
Birdie, aged, 10st 13lb - Mr Westhouse 3  
Bannockburn, aged, 12st 2lb - Mr R. Herbert 0  
Lawrence, aged, 11st 12lb - Sir W. Call 0  
Flatcatcher, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb - J. Potter 0  
Zingrai, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb - G. Searle 0  
6 to 4 agst Bannockburn, 4 to 1 agst Birdie, 5 to 1  
agst Hippolyte, and 10 to 1 agst Zingrai. Won by six  
lengths; the others were pulled up.

**Harrow Plate (Hj.) of 50l.;** about 2 mi.  
Wild Fowl, by Wild Huntsman, aged,  
11st 7lb - Tomlinson 1  
Wedding Peal, aged, 11st 4lb - W. Reeves 2  
Wild Flower, aged, 11st 11lb - Mr Samuda 3  
Handsome Jack, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb - Elphick 4  
Under the Cloud, aged, 11st 8lb - A. Foster 0  
5 to 4 agst Under the Cloud, 3 to 1 agst Wild Fowl,  
4 to 1 agst Wedding Peal, 5 to 1 agst Handsome Jack,  
and 10 to 1 agst Wild Flower. Won by twenty lengths;  
a bad third.

**Selling Handicap of 41l.;** about 2 mi.  
Frailty, by Hungerford, aged, 12st 4lb Mr Hobson 1  
Hawkshaw, aged, 11st 4lb - H. States 2  
Rapture, aged, 11st 4lb - Mr R. Shepherd 3  
Bavannah, aged, 11st 7lb - Mumford 4  
Patience, aged, 11st 10lb - Fether 0  
Kingathorpe, aged, 11st - Daniels 0  
Lord Crown, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Youngman 0  
5 to 4 on Frailty. Won by half a length; a bad  
third.

# MORETON-IN-MARSH.

THURSDAY, Feb. 18.—**Trial Steeple Chase of 25l.;**  
about 3 mi.

Reverell, 11st 11lb - Mr Robert 1  
Tipperary Boy, 11st 7lb - Mr Newton 2  
Battered Toss, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Graham 0  
Lord Lovell, 11st 7lb - Mr Gilbert 0  
Don Quixote, 11st 7lb - Mr Belgrave 0  
6 to 4 agst Tipperary Boy. Won by two lengths.  
An objection to the winner, on the ground that he won  
a public race contrary to the condition of this race,  
stands over.

**Hunter's Steeple Chase Stakes of 55l.;** about 3 mi.  
Newworth, by Sabreur, or Underhand, 6 yrs,  
13st 10lb - Mr E. P. Wilson 1  
Rocket, aged, 13st 10lb - Mr Thomas 0  
Slaughterer, aged, 13st 10lb - Mr Whitbourne 0  
5 to 4 on Newworth. Rocket fell, Slaughterer's  
saddle cloth slipped, and Newworth came in alone.—  
The winner is objected to on the ground that he was  
fraudulently entered in several races, and for having  
carried over-weight without declaring it. The objection  
remains in abeyance.

**Open Handicap of 49l.;** about 3 mi.  
Broughton, by Lovett, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr Thomas 1  
Full Bloom, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - R. Gillett 2  
Corredale, aged, 12st 12lb - Wheeler 3  
5 to 2 on Broughton, 3 to 1 agst Corredale, and 4 to 1  
agst Full Bloom. Won by three lengths; same be-  
tween second and third.

**Farmer's and Tradesmen's Stakes of 85l.;** about 3 mi.  
Newworth, by Sabreur, or Underhand, 6 yrs,  
13st 7lb - Mr E. P. Wilson 1

Gipsy Lass, aged, 12st - Mr T. Cook 2  
Luteoline, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Wheeler 3  
Blondin (h b), aged, 11st 7lb - - - 0  
Boston, aged, 11st 7lb - - - 0  
Resolute, aged, 11st 7lb - - - 0  
New Oswestry, 3 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - 0  
Champagne, 6 yrs, 11st - - - 0  
Hailstorm, aged, 12st - - - 0  
Pirton, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - 0  
Dolly, 6 yrs, 11st - - - 0  
Leafield Lass, aged, 11st - - - 0  
5 to 4 on New Oswestry, and 2 to 1 agst Newworth.  
Won by a length; three lengths between second and  
third. New Oswestry fell.

# PONTEFRAC AND WEST RIDING.

THURSDAY, Feb. 18.—**Match, 25.;** 6 fur.

Fanny, 6 yrs, Set 7lb - Macdonald 1  
Flimp, aged, 10st 7lb - Mr Oldroyd 2  
6 to 4 on Fanny. Won by nearly a distance.

**Trial Handicap of 65l.;** 1 mi.

Sorceress, by Gunboat, 5 yrs, 7st 9lb - Cameron 1  
Bertha, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - W. Platt 2  
Woodbine, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - Yates 3  
Barna Bimbo, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - Jas. Clarke 4  
Ritualist, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - G. Walker 5  
5 to 4 agst Woodbine, 3 to 1 agst Sorceress, and 7 to  
2 agst Bertha. Won by a head; three-quarters of a  
length between second and third.

**Carlton Stakes of 50l.;** for 2 yr olds; 4 fur.

Callipadia, by Caractacus, 8st 7lb J. Snowden 1  
Mary of Argyle, Set 7lb - Kenyon 2  
Queen of Beauty, Set 7lb - Cameron 3  
Ch f by Blair Athol—Selina, Set 7lb Oradock 5  
The Better Half, Set 7lb - G. Walker 5  
Crown Piece, Set 7lb - M. Noble 6  
7 to 4 agst Callipadia, 3 to 1 agst Queen of Beauty,  
and 4 to 1 agst Mary of Argyle. Won by three-quar-  
ters of a length; four lengths between second and  
third; and a neck between third and fourth.

**Speculation Plate of 31l.;** T.Y.C. (6 fur.)

Lady Tholthorpe, by Thormanby, 2 yrs,  
Set 11lb - Waring 1  
Fair Eliza, 2 yrs, Set 11lb - Wood 2  
Marquise, 2 yrs, Set 11lb - W. Platt 3  
Sleeping Maggie, 3 yrs, Set - Clayton 4  
Odessa, 3 yrs, Set - Kenyon 5  
7 to 4 agst Odessa, 2 to 1 agst Fair Eliza, 3 to 1 agst  
Sleeping Maggie, and 4 to 1 agst Lady Tholthorpe.  
Won by two lengths; a length between second and  
third.

**Newworth Hunt Steeple Chase of 50l.;** about 3 mi.  
Funny Man, by Canotus, 5 yrs, 13st Mr R. Walker 1  
David (h b), aged, 12st 5lb - Mr Hesley 2  
Milton, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - Mr T. Spence 3  
Cheval de Chasse, aged, 12st 5lb - Mr Wilburn 0  
Heighton, aged, 12st 5lb - Capt Nevill 0  
5 to 4 on Funny Man, 3 to 1 agst David, and 5 to 1  
agst Milton. Won by two lengths; a very bad third;  
Cheval de Chasse and Heighton refused, and Milton  
fell.

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 55l.;** 2 mi. over six hurdles.  
Sorceress, by Gunboat, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb - Brady 1  
La Puce, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb - Mr T. Spence 2  
Vicar (late Vagrant), 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - Smiles 3  
Even on Sorceress, and 6 to 4 agst La Puce. Won  
by six lengths; three lengths between second and  
third; Sorceress and La Puce refused, and Vicar broke  
down.

FRIDAY.—**Spring Handicap of 55l.;** 1 mi.

Artichoke, by Rinaldo, 3 yrs, Set 4lb - Waring 1  
Bertha, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - W. Platt 2  
Woodbine, 3 yrs, Set - Jas. Clarke 3  
5 to 4 on Bertha, and 2 to 1 agst Artichoke. Won by  
three lengths; six lengths between second and third.

**Jankers' Plate of 37l.;** T.Y.C. (6 fur.)

Lady Rose, by The Marquis, 4 yrs,  
Set 9lb - J. Snowden 2  
Marquise, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - W. Platt 2  
Sleeping Maggie, 3 yrs, Set - Clayton 3  
Fair Eliza, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - Wood 4  
11 to 8 on Fair Eliza, and 7 to 3 agst Sleeping Ma-  
gie. Won by a length; four lengths between second  
and third; and a length between third and fourth.

**United Hunters' Plate of \$50., for half-bred hunters; 2 mi.**

Delaware, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb	-	Mr T. Spence	1
Grace Darling, 3 yrs, 1st 7lb	-	Capt Haworth	2
Canny Woman, 3 yrs, 1st 7lb	-	Mr Puraley	3
Loo, aged, 12st 3lb	-	-	0
Hexgrave, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb	-	-	0
Jack Sheppard, 4 yrs, 1st 9lb	-	-	0
Fanny, 5 yrs, 1st 7lb	-	-	0
Ben Morgan, 6 yrs, 1st 3lb	-	-	0
David, aged, 12st 10lb	-	-	0
Lavolta, aged, 12st 10lb	-	-	0

2 to 1 on Delaware. Won in a canter by two lengths; four lengths between second and third.

**Consolation Handicap of \$50.; 4 fur.**

Lady Rose, by Marquis, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb	-	W. Platt	1
Lady Tholthorpe, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb	-	Waring	2
Barna Bimbo, 3 yrs, 7st	-	Jas. Clark	3
Little Bo Boop (late Brenda), 4 yrs, 7st 10lb	-	-	0
Ada, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb	-	Snowden	0
Artichoke, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb	-	Cradock	0
Di Spanker, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	Kenyon	0
Woful, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	G. Walker	0

5 to 4 agst Di Spanker, 4 to 1 agst Lady Rose, and 5 to 1 each agst Artichoke and Woful. Won easily by two lengths; a head between second and third.

**Maiden Hunters' Plate of \$50.; about 3 mi.**

Huntsbury, by Alonso (h b), aged, 12st	-	Brady	1
Ebor (h b), aged, 12st	-	Mr Healey	2
Traitorous, aged, 12st 5lb	-	Cunningham	3
Pimp, aged, 12st	-	Mr Coates	0

7 to 4 agst Huntsbury, and 3 to 1 agst Ebor. Won by four lengths; six lengths between second and third; Ebor fell, and Pimp did not pass the post.

**Postfract Handicap of \$50.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Snowstorm, by Lord Fauconberg, 6 yrs, 10st 8lb	-	Young	1
Mona, 6 yrs, 10st	-	Smiles	2
Maid of the Morning, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb	-	-	0

5 to 4 agst Snowstorm, 6 to 4 agst Mona, and 5 to 2 agst Maid of the Morning. Won in a canter by five lengths; Maid of the Morning was tailed off, and did not pass the post.

**Selling Steeple Chase of \$71.; about 2 mi.**

Luck's All, aged, 11st 12lb	-	Capt Ings	1
Baah Bessuk, aged, 11st 12lb	-	Smiles	2
Heighton, aged, 12st 5lb	-	Mr Parker	0
La Fuce, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	-	Mr T. Spence	0
Mischief, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	-	Mr W. Peirson	0

Even on La Fuce, and 7 to 2 each agst Luck's All and Mischief. Won by two lengths; La Fuce refused, and Mischief and Heighton fell. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 41gs.

**BOSTON.****FRIDAY, Feb. 5.—Boston Steeple Chase of 70l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Arlescott, by Birkenhead, aged, 12st 4lb	-	Mr Chaston	1
Brilliant (h b), aged, 12st 4lb	-	Mr Nicholson	2
Corkacrew, aged, 12st 7lb	-	Mr Den	3
Nonpareil, aged, 12st 4lb	-	Mr B. Brockton	0
Polly London, aged, 12st	-	Mr R. Ward	0

Won easily.

**Hunt Steeple Chase of 48l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Scrambler (h b), aged, 12st 7lb	-	Mr Spafford	1
Patcham (h b), 6 yrs, 13st	-	Mr Nicholson	2
Militiaman (h b), aged, 12st 7lb	-	Mr Wilcox	3
Fireaway, aged, 12st 7lb	-	Mr Brown	0
Bedminton, aged, 12st	-	Mr H. P. Seabrook	0
Rideman, 12st	-	Mr Chaston	0
Nuneaton, aged, 12st 7lb	-	Mr Den	0

Won easily.

**Farmers' Selling Steeple Chase of 36l.; about 2 mi.**

Nonpareil, by Hurworth, aged, 11st 10lb	-	Mr B. Brockton	1
Bald Davie (h b), aged, 11st 7lb	-	Mr Nicholson	2
Deerfoot (h b), aged, 11st 2lb	-	Mr T. Outthbert	3
Lady Audley, aged, 11st 4lb	-	Mr W. Brown	0
Jack, aged, 12st	-	Mr Den	0
Spurgeon, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb	-	Mr Harper	0
Warrington (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 3lb	-	Mr Bernard	0
Morris Dancer, aged, 11st 8lb	-	Mr T. Imman	0

Won by a length.

**NOTTINGHAM SPRING MEETING.****TUESDAY, Feb. 23.—Trial Stakes of 45l.; 1 mi.**

Fairfax, by Gleanmasson, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb	-	Jeffery	1
Honesty, 5 yrs, 1st 3lb	-	T. French	2
Falstaff, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	-	Mordan	3

5 to 4 on Honesty, and 2 to 1 agst Fairfax. Won by three-quarters of a length; a length between second and third.

**Stand Plate (Hr.) of 100l.; 4 fur.**

Sphinx, by Newminster, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb	-	Hunt	1
Problem, 5 yrs, 7st 6lb	-	Butler	2
Astracan, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb	-	Mordan	3
Venice, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb	-	Wilson	4
Flying Jib, 6 yrs, 7st 9lb	-	Kenyon	5
Substance, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb	-	Jeffery	6

7 to 4 agst Sphinx, 7 to 2 agst Astracan, 4 to 1 agst Problem, and 6 to 1 agst Flying Jib. Won by a neck; two lengths each between second, third, and fourth.

**Park Stakes of 50l.; 4 fur.**

B f by Dundee, out of Lady Lotty, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb	-	Hunt	1
Penian, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	-	Kenyon	2

6 to 4 on the Lady Lotty filly. Won in a canter by four lengths. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 55 gs.

**Nottingham Spring Handicap of 235l.; 1 mi. 2 fur.**

Friday, by Delance, aged, 7st 12lb	-	Parry	1
Hatchment, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb	-	Jeffery	2
Barnabo, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	Kenyon	3
Mara, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	Goodwin	6
Wild Briar, 6 yrs, 7st 6lb	-	Butler	0
Miss Graticke, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb	-	Hammood	0
Falstaff, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	-	Bissell	0

100 to 30 agst Barnabo, 4 to 1 agst Mara, 5 to 1 each agst Friday, Miss Graticke, and Hatchment, 8 to 1 agst Wild Briar, and 10 to 1 agst Falstaff. Won by a head; four lengths between second and third.

**Inclosures' Plate of 60l.; 6 fur.**

Chapel Royal, by Newminster, 6 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	Parry	1
Veda, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb	-	Wilson	2
Pompeii, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb	-	Hunt	3

5 to 4 on Chapel Royal, and 100 to 30 each agst the others. Won by a length; half a length between the second and third.

**Maccourt Plate of 50l., for hunters; 2 mi.**

Delaware, by Cariboo (h b), 4 yrs, 11st 4lb	-	Mr T. Spence	1
Slap Bang, 5 yrs, 13st 4lb	-	Mr C. Boynton	2
Sir Walter, 5 yrs, 13st 1lb	-	Mr W. Bevil	3
Primrose, 5 yrs, 12st 12lb	-	-	0
Fanny Man, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb	-	-	0
Arran, 4 yrs, 12st 3lb	-	-	0
Roland, 6 yrs, 13st 7lb	-	-	0
Blue Girl, 4 yrs, 11st	-	-	0
Columbine (h b), aged, 12st 7lb	-	-	0

B f by Dublin (h b), 4 yrs, 11st

5 to 4 agst Delaware, 4 to 1 agst Sir Walter, and 5 to 1 each agst Slap Bang and Arran. Won by three lengths; six lengths between the second and third; Columbine and the Dublin filly did not pass the post.

**WEDNESDAY.—Forest Handicap of 55l.; 6 fur.**

Astracan, by Muscovite, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb	-	T. French	1
Pompeii, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb	-	Butler	2

6 to 5 on Pompeii. Pompeii bolted, and Astracan came in alone.

**Selling Stakes of 65l.; 4 fur.**

Lady Kew, by Vedette, out of Ethel, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb	-	Hunt	1
B f by Dundee, out of Lady Lotty, 3 yrs, 6st	-	Jeffery	2
Flying Jib, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb	-	T. French	3
Mrs Jones, 2 yrs, 6st	-	Wilson	4
Substance, 4 yrs, 8st	-	Parry	5

5 to 4 on Mrs Jones, 100 to 30 agst the Lady Lotty filly, and 6 to 1 each agst Lady Kew and Flying Jib. Won by half a length; a length between the second and third.

**Little John Stakes of 200l.; about 4 fur. straight.**

B f by Lampton, out of Christabelle (Veda's dam), 9st	-	T. French	1
Countryman, 8st 10lb	-	Jeffery	2
Phantom Lass, 8st 7lb	-	Parry	3
Ironstone, 8st 10lb	-	Mordan	4
Chevreuse, 8st 7lb	-	Watkins	5

B f by Claret, out of Fly, 8st 7lb - Kenyon 0  
 Vibration, 8st 7lb - Butler 0  
 B f by Kettledrum, out of Ellermire, 8st 7lb - Huxtable 0  
 Crown Piece, 8st 7lb - M. Noble 0  
 Nere, by Defender, out of Nerie, 8st 10lb Cannon 0  
 4 to 1 on the Christabelle filly, 8 to 1 agst Countryman, and 30 to 1 agst any other. Won in a canter by five lengths; two lengths each between the second, third, and fourth.

Newcastle Plate (H.p.) of 100l.; 1 mi.  
 Chapel Royal, by Newminster, 6 yrs, 7st 10lb - Parry 1  
 Veda, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb - Butler 2  
 Eagle Eye, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - Hunt 3  
 Python, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb - Mordan 4  
 Madame St Germain (late Cauthleen), 5 yrs, 6st 10lb - Wilson 5  
 5 to 4 on Chapel Royal, 100 to 30 agst Veda, and 4 to 1 agst Eagle Eye. Won by a length; half a length between the second and third.

Juvenile Selling Stakes of 65l.; 4 fur. straight.  
 B f by Lacryon, out of Fiction, 7st - Butler 1  
 Lady Kew, 7st - Wyatt 2  
 Ch c by Maryas, out of Lily Lye, 7st 3lb Mordan 3  
 Villany, 7st - Jeffery 4  
 Mrs Jones, 7st - Wilson 5  
 B f by Kettledrum, out of Miss Martineau, 7st - Hunt 6  
 5 to 2 agst the Lily Lye colt, 3 to 1 agst the Miss Martineau filly, 4 to 1 agst the Fiction filly, 100 to 15 agst each Villany and Lady Kew, and 10 to 1 agst Mrs Jones. Won by half a length; the same between the second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 100gs.

Great Annual Hurdle Race (H.p.) of 140l.; 2 mi. 4 fur. over eight hurdles.  
 The Colonel, by Knight of Kara, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - G. Stevens 1  
 Ada Penelope, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - W. White 2  
 Icicle, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Spence 3  
 Ardenian, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr Edwards 4  
 Stanton, aged, 11st 6lb - J. Knott 0  
 6 to 4 on The Colonel, 3 to 1 agst Ada Penelope, and 8 to 1 agst Stanton. Won easily by three-quarters of a length; a head third.

Hunt Cup of 50l.; 2 mi. 4 fur. over eight hurdles.  
 Primrose, by Bonnyfield, 5 yrs, 12st 13lb - Mr Brockton 1  
 Sir Walter, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Percival 2  
 Football, aged, 12st 10lb - Mr Spafford 3  
 Master Oliver, aged, 12st - 0  
 Cantab, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - 0  
 Dorothy, 4 yrs, 11st 13lb - 0  
 Columbine, aged, 12st - 0  
 Planet, 6 yrs, 12st - 0  
 Elvaston, 5 yrs, 12st - 0  
 7 to 4 each agst Sir Walter and Primrose, and 5 to 1 agst Master Oliver. Won by half a length; a very bad third.

WINDSOR.

MONDAY, Feb. 22—Military Sweepstakes of 50l.; about 3 mi.  
 Protectress, aged, 11st - Capt Harford 1  
 Violet, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Ld C. I. Ker 2  
 Tommy Dodd (late Stephens), aged, 11st Mr James 3  
 Coloan, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Pritchard 4  
 2 to 1 agst Violet, 5 to 2 agst Coloan, and 3 to 1 agst Protectress. Won by two lengths; a length between the second and third.

Windsor Town Plate of 75l.; about 2 mi.  
 Under the Cloud, by Cavendish, aged, 10st 7lb - Forster 1  
 Helice, aged, 12st 7lb - Potter 2  
 Sir Bobby, aged, 12st 9lb - Capt Harford 0  
 Vivandiere, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb - W. Reeves 0  
 5 to 4 agst Under the Cloud, 2 to 1 agst Helice, 4 to 1 agst Sir Bobby, and 5 to 1 agst Vivandiere. Won by four lengths; Vivandiere fell, and Sir Bobby was pulled up.

Guard's Cup of 320l.; about 3 mi.  
 Tinderbox, by Smallhope, aged, 12st 10lb - Capt Harford 1  
 Kennett, aged, 12st 10lb - Ld C. Ker 2  
 Mincement, aged, 12st 10lb - Capt Johnstone 0  
 Joe Baxter (h b), aged, 12st - Lieut H. Johnstone 0

The Gem, aged, 12st 10lb - Mr G. Montgomerie 0  
 G. M., 6 yrs, 12st 6lb - Capt F. Walleley 0  
 Lord Robert (h b), aged, 12st 10lb Sir F. de Vaux 0  
 Miss Bosquet (h b), 5 yrs, 12st - Lieut-Col Knox 0  
 The Rogue (h b), aged, 12st 10lb - Capt Smythe 0  
 5 to 4 agst Miss Bosquet, 5 to 2 agst Kennett, and 5 to 1 agst Tinderbox. Won by two lengths; the others did not pass the post; The Rogue and Miss Bosquet fell, and Mincement and Joe Baxter refused.

Selling Steeple Chase of 60l.; about 2 mi.  
 Owen Swift, by Warlike, aged, 11st 3lb Gregory 1  
 Wade, aged, 11st 3lb - Mr Shepherd 2  
 Hawkshaw, aged, 11st 3lb - T. Pickett 0  
 6 to 4 on Owen Swift, 2 to 1 agst Hawkshaw, and 3 to 1 agst Wade. Won in a canter by four lengths; Hawkshaw fell.

Cattle Plate (H.p.) of 60l.; about 3 mi.  
 Under the Cloud, aged, 10st 7lb - States 1  
 Susan, 5 yrs, 10st - Gregory 2  
 Panther, aged, 10st - Forster 0  
 6 to 4 on Panther, and 3 to 1 each agst Susan and Under the Cloud. Won in a canter; Panther fell.

TUESDAY—Hunters' Stakes of 52l.; about 3 mi.  
 Resolute, by King Tom, aged, 12st - Wheeler 1  
 Reindeer, aged, 12st - Mr James 2  
 Le Willows, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - Goddard 0  
 Dora, aged, 12st - Pickett 0  
 Firebrand, aged, 12st 7lb - G. Barry 0  
 Duchess, 6 yrs, 12st - Mr Percy 0  
 Violet, 6 yrs, 12st - Ld C. Kerr 0  
 St James, aged, 12st 5lb - Capt G. Johnstone 0  
 6 to 4 agst Resolute, 7 to 2 agst Violet, 5 to 1 each agst Reindeer and Le Willows. Won by twenty lengths; nothing else passed the post. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 70gs.

Match, 100; 2 mi.  
 Balder, by Newminster, aged, 11st 11lb Mr Case 1  
 Tommy Dodd (late Stephens), aged, 11st 4lb - Mr James 2  
 6 to 4 on Balder. Tommy Dodd came in first by half a length, but he was disqualified for being short of weight, having dropped the saddle-cloth in the race.

Handicap of 75l.; 2 mi.  
 Hawkshaw, by Gemma di Vergy, aged, 11st 9lb - Pickett 1  
 Vivandiere, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - W. Reeves 2  
 Owen Swift, aged, 12st - Potter 0  
 Maesgwatha, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - Capt Harford 0  
 Darkie, aged, 11st - Forster 0  
 6 to 4 agst Maesgwatha, and 4 to 1 each agst Darkie, Hawkshaw, Owen Swift, and Vivandiere. Won by half a length; Owen Swift and Darkie fell, and Maesgwatha was pulled up.

Grand Military Steeple Chase of 35l.; about 3 mi.  
 Tinderbox, by Smallhope, aged, 12st Capt Harford 1  
 Tommy Dodd, aged, 12st - Mr James 2  
 Genievre, 12st 7lb - Capt Robinson 0  
 7 to 4 on Tinderbox. Won easily; Genievre refused.

Windsor Open Handicap of 60l.; about 4 mi.  
 Hippolyte, by King Tom, aged, 11st 6lb Wheeler 1  
 Arlescott, aged, 11st 3lb - Mr Chaston 2  
 The Guide, aged, 11st 5lb - Mr Ellison 0  
 Even on The Guide, 11 to 10 agst Hippolyte, and 6 to 1 agst Arlescott. Won by two lengths; The Guide fell.

Great Western Railway Handicap Plate of 50l.; about 2 mi.  
 Sir Bobby, by Mutchin's Hercules, aged, 12st - A. Sadler 1  
 Fair Rosamond, 6 yrs, 11st - T. Barton 2  
 Helice, aged, 12st 7lb - Potter 0  
 6 to 4 on Helice, 2 to 1 agst Sir Bobby, and 6 to 1 agst Fair Rosamond. Won easily; Helice fell at the first fence; Fair Rosamond also fell.

NORTON-JUXTA-KEMPSEY.

TUESDAY, Feb. 22—Norton Manor Stakes, of 22l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
 Little Ellen, by Control, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr F. Merton 1  
 Banaret, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr W. Weston 2  
 Kathleen (late Fair Sophia), aged, 11st 11lb - Capt Holyoak 3  
 The Bride, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr Jones 4  
 Master Buttery, 6 yrs, 11st 6lb - Mr George 4

Even on Little Ellen, and 5 to 1 agst Master Butterfly. Won by a length and a half; a length between second and third.

**Harmer's Steeple Chase Plate of 20l.**; about 2 mi.

B f by Caracosse—Syrin, 4 yrs, Mr W. Weston 1  
1st 7lb - - - - - Mr W. Weston 1  
Gm by Chanticleer, 6 yrs, 1st 7lb Mr J. S. Halford 3  
B g by Wamago (h b), aged, 1st 9lb Mr C. Davidson 3  
Harlequin, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb - - - O. Anthony 0  
Brookland (late Clear the Way) (h b), Hoystead 0  
4 yrs, 1st - - - - - Hoystead 0  
6 to 4 agst Harlequin. Won by a neck; a bad third.

**Maiden Plate of 20l.**, for hunters; about 2 mi.

Master Butterfly, 5 yrs, 1st Mr George 1  
Deception, 6 yrs, 1st 12lb - - N. L. Williams 2  
Cinderella, 5 yrs, 1st - - - Mr Williams 0  
Jolly Boat, 5 yrs, 1st - - - Barlett 0  
Sister of Mercy (late Umbra), 5 yrs, - - - - -

1st - - - - - Mr Davidson 0

Chance It, aged, 1st 10lb - - - Millward 0

B m by Defiance, aged, 1st - - - Mr W. Weston 0

Tickerton (h b), aged, 1st 12lb - - - Rickaby 0

5 to 1 agst Tickerton, and 5 to 1 agst the Defiance mare. Tickerton came in first, beating Master Butterfly easily, but he was disqualified on the ground that the entry was wrong, and the race was awarded to Master Butterfly, who beat Deception by half a length.

**Consolation Scramble Steeple Chase**; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Baronet, 6 yrs, 1st 6lb - - - George 1  
Cinderella, 5 yrs, 1st 11b - - - - - 0  
M by Defiance, aged, 1st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Chance It, aged, 1st 10lb - - - - - 0  
Jolly Boat, 5 yrs, 1st 11b - - - - - 0  
Deception, 6 yrs, 1st 10lb - - - - - 0

### CHELMSFORD SPRING.

**THURSDAY, Feb. 28.—Trial Stakes of 45l.**; 6 fur., straight.

Candour, by Neville, 2 yrs, 1st 11b T. Wright 1  
The Baronet, 3 yrs, 1st - - - - - Parry 2  
Achilles, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb - - - Maidment 3  
Flora, 3 yrs, 1st 13lb - - - - - Cook 4  
Gog, 5 yrs, 1st 5lb (not to be sold) - - - Nightingall 5  
5 to 4 agst Candour, 7 to 4 agst The Baronet, (and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; a bad third.

**Two Years Old of 100l.**; 4 fur.

Nightingall, by Handsome Jack, 1st 10lb J. Goater 1  
Playmate, 1st 10b - - - - - Cannon 2  
Arcana, 1st 7lb - - - - - Mr J. Nightingall 3  
Thunderbolt, 1st 10b - - - - - Norman 0  
A Graciosa, 1st 10b - - - - - Morris 0  
Master Alfred, 1st 10b - - - - - Marsh 0  
Miss Merryweather, 1st 7lb - - - - - Parry 0  
Wedding Chimes, 1st 12lb - - - - - Penfold 0  
Hiogance, 1st 7lb - - - - - Maidment 0  
Hush Money, 1st 10b - - - - - J. Mann 0

B f by Chevalier d'Industrie—Hippodamia, 1st 7lb Payne 0

Blanche, 1st 7lb - - - - - Hibberd 0

Rip Van Winkle, 1st 10b - - - - - Tomlinson 0

5 to 5 on Miss Merryweather, 5 to 1 agst Playmate, 7 to 1 agst Wedding Chimes, 100 to 8 agst Rip Van Winkle, and 15 to 1 agst any other. Won by a head; three lengths between second and third.

**Belhus Selling Stakes of 70l.**; 4 fur., straight.

Little Marchioness, by St. Albans, 2 yrs, 1st Hunt 1  
Leonello, 3 yrs, 1st 5lb - - - - - Moran 2  
Wildflower, 3 yrs, 1st - - - - - Parry 3  
Jewel, 3 yrs, 1st 7lb - - - - - Cook 0  
Forecast, 3 yrs, 1st 3lb - - - - - Hibberd 0  
Br o by Neptunus—Bouquet, 3 yrs, 1st 5lb Webb 0  
Little Maude, 2 yrs, 1st - - - - - Wilson 0  
The Little Doctor, 2 yrs, 1st 3lb - - - Skelton 0  
Clasp, 3 yrs, 1st - - - - - Falconer 0  
7 to 4 agst Little Marchioness, 4 to 1 agst Leonello, 9 to 2 agst Clasp, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; a bad third.

**Sweepstakes of 107l.**, for 2 yr olds; 4 fur.

Miss Merryweather, by Weatherbit, 1st 7lb Parry 1  
Don Quixote, 1st 10b - - - - - Tomlinson 2  
Lelax, 1st 10b - - - - - Goodwin 3  
Woodford, 1st 10b - - - - - Huxtable 4  
Thunderstorm, 1st 10b - - - - - Childe 5  
Onyx, 1st 7lb - - - - - Palmer 6  
Kavarna, 1st 7lb - - - - - J. Mann 7

7 to 4 agst Lelax, 5 to 2 agst Kavarna, 7 to 2 agst Miss Merryweather, and 5 to 1 agst Don Quixote. Won by half a length; a length between second and third. Mr Goodwin declared to win with Lelax.

**Chelmer Handicap of 150l.**; about 1 mi., straight.

B g by Weatherbit—St. Agnes, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb Hunt 1  
Homer, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb - - - - - Hardy 2  
Lampoon, 3 yrs, 1st - - - - - Hurst 3  
Compromise, 3 yrs, 1st 4lb - - - - - Wilson 4  
Mount Palatine, 6 yrs, 1st 6lb - - - - - Morris 5  
Sandboy, 3 yrs, 1st 12lb - - - - - Skelton 6  
7 to 4 agst the St. Agnes gelding, 2 to 1 agst Compromise, 5 to 2 agst Mount Palatine, and 10 to 1 agst the others. Won by four lengths; a bad third.

**Hunter's Stakes of 50l.**; 2 mi.

Akrotite, by Thunderbolt, 5 yrs, 1st 9lb Mr Wood 1  
Cast-off, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb - - - - - J. Mann 2  
Freedom (late Imperator Maximus), 4 yrs, 1st 10lb - - - - - North 3  
Whitehorse, 3 yrs, 1st 5lb - - - - - Murray 4  
St. Etheldreda (late Sorrel), 4 yrs, 1st 9lb Mr Poon 5  
Rocoeleur, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb - - - - - Mr G. Clement 6  
6 to 4 on Cast-off, 3 to 1 agst Akrotite, 4 to 1 agst Rocoeleur, and 5 to 1 agst Freedom. Won by ten lengths.

**FRIDAY.—Scurry Handicap of 42l.**; 6 fur.

Achilles, by Asteroid, 3 yrs, 1st 12lb Maidment 1  
Topsy, 3 yrs, 1st - - - - - J. Mann 2  
Wildflower, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb - - - - - Parry 3  
Madora, 3 yrs, 1st 10b - - - - - Huxtable 4  
Even on Topsy, 3 to 1 agst Wildflower, and 5 to 1 agst Achilles. Won by three lengths; half a length between second and third. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 210 gs.

**Elton Plate of 30l.**, for 3 yr olds; 4 fur.

Lelax, by Lacydes, 1st 5lb - - - - - Goodwin 1  
Maiden's Blush, 1st 2lb - - - - - Clement 2  
Arcana, 1st 3lb - - - - - Mr J. Nightingall 3  
B f by Chevalier d'Industrie—Hippodamia, 1st 7lb Payne 4

May Queen, 1st 2lb - - - - - Dan 5

6 to 5 agst Maiden's Blush, 9 to 4 agst Arcana, 100 to 30 agst Lelax, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.

**Springfield Selling Stakes of 52l.**; 4 mi.

Lady Kew, by Vedetta, 3 yrs, 1st 7lb - - - Rowell 1  
Leonello, 3 yrs, 1st 10b - - - - - Mordan 2  
Waxwork, 3 yrs, 1st 7lb - - - - - Huxtable 3  
F by Kettledrum—Harbell's dam, 2 yrs, 1st 10b - - - - - Hunt 0  
Mrs Jones, 2 yrs, 1st 10b - - - - - Wilson 0  
The Little Doctor, 2 yrs, 1st 10b - - - Skelton 0  
The Baronet, 3 yrs, 1st 10b - - - - - Parry 0

7 to 4 agst the Kettledrum filly, 4 to 1 each agst Waxwork and Lady Kew, 5 to 1 agst The Baronet, 8 to 1 agst Leonello, and 10 to 1 agst Mrs. Jones. Won by half a length; three-quarters of a length between second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 135 gs. Hunt, Mordan, Wilson, Rowell, and Skelton were reported for bad behaviour at the post, and were reprimanded by the Stewards.

**Fairlands Handicap of 230l.**; 4 fur.

Laird of Scotland, by Rattle, 4 yrs, 1st 4lb - - - - - Mr J. Nightingall 1  
Cheddington, 4 yrs, 1st 10lb - - - - - Penfold 2  
Lampoon, 3 yrs, 1st 6lb - - - - - Hurst 3  
Bounceway, 5 yrs, 1st - - - - - J. Mann 0  
Harbell, 4 yrs, 1st - - - - - Huxtable 0  
Benovolence, 4 yrs, 1st 12lb - - - - - Parry 0  
Scout, 3 yrs, 1st 5lb - - - - - Mordan 0  
Derby Day, 4 yrs, 1st 6lb - - - - - Hudson 0  
Troy, 3 yrs, 1st 6lb - - - - - Hunt 0  
Night Stroller, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb - - - - - Crickmore 0  
Sandboy, 3 yrs, 1st 2lb - - - - - Rolfe 0  
5 to 2 agst Benovolence, 7 to 2 agst Laird of Scotland, 5 to 1 agst Night Stroller, 6 to 1 agst Bounceway, 7 to 1 agst Troy, 100 to 12 agst Scout, 100 to 6 agst Harbell, and 20 to 1 agst Cheddington. Won by three-quarters of a length; a head between second and third.

**Hyde Plate of 30l.**, for 2 yr olds; 5 fur.

B f by Maryene—Saffron, 1st - - - - - Wyatt 1  
Little Maude, 1st - - - - - Wilm 2  
May Queen, 1st - - - - - Dan 3  
5 to 4 on the Saffron filly. Won by four lengths.

**Boreham Handicap of 65l.**; about 1 mi., straight.

Compromise, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 1st 10lb Hunt 1

Morning Star, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Goodwin 3  
Topsy, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Jewitt 3  
Warlike, 4 yrs, 8st - - - Wyatt 0  
Toby, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - Lansdall 0  
Mrs. Thomas, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - Rolfe 0  
Lady Annie (late Ursula), 3 yrs, 5st 7lb - - - Rowell 0  
Wild Blood, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - Hibberd 0  
2 to 1 agst Compromise, 5 to 2 agst Lady Annie,  
and 3 to 1 agst Morning Star. Won by half a length;  
a neck between second and third.

ST. ALBANS.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25.—*Trial Stakes of 30l.*; 3 mi.  
Patience, by The Cure, aged, 12st 3lb - W. Reeves 1  
Rapture, aged, 12st 5lb - Mr R. Shepherd 2  
2 to 1 on Rapture. Won by three-quarters of a  
length. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold  
for 40 gs.

*Luton Handicap of 50l.*; about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
Hawkshaw, by Gemma di Vergy, aged,  
12st 7lb - - - Pickett 1  
Contraband, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr A. Yates 2  
B m by Leopold (h.b.), aged, 10st 12lb W. Reeves 3  
Novice, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Wodehouse 0  
Neurasthenipponakalesterio (late Rod in Pickle),  
aged, 10st 12lb - Mr Youngman 0  
6 to 4 on Contraband, 5 to 3 agst Hawkshaw, 7 to 2  
agst Novice, 5 to 1 agst Leopold, and 6 to 1 agst Neurasthenipponakalesterio. Won by a length; a bad  
third.

*Midland Railway Selling Handicap of 40l.*; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Acrobat, aged, 10st 12lb - T. Ablett 1  
Nightmare, 6 yrs, 11st - Mr O. Jarvis 2  
Trumpet, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb - Mr W. Reeves 3  
Even on Acrobat, 3 to 1 agst Nightmare, and 10 to  
1 agst Trumpet. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

*Whittinghall Plate (H.p.) of 155l.*; 2 mi.  
Odd Fellow, by Thormanby, 5 yrs,  
10st 10lb - Mr A. Yates 1  
Laura, aged, 10st 5lb - H. Day 2  
Lightning, aged, 10st 5lb - Quinton 3  
Spraccombe, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb Mr T. R. Riddell 4  
Salamanca, 3 yrs, 11st - Mumford 5  
Premier, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - Daniels 6  
Clarina, aged, 10st 8lb - Mr Youngman 7  
Lord Waldegrave, aged, 10st 9lb - Holman 8  
6 to 4 agst Lord Waldegrave, 3 to 1 agst Laura, 5 to  
1 agst Odd Fellow, 6 to 1 Salamanca, and 10 to 1 agst  
each of the others. Won by a length; a bad third.

*Selling Plate of 30l.*; 2 mi.  
Wade, by King Tom, aged,  
12st 8lb - Mr R. Shepherd 1  
Signal, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr O. Jarvis 2  
Heads or Tails (late Cassia), 4 yrs,  
10st 3lb - Gregory 3  
Even on Wade, 2 to 1 agst Heads or Tails, and 5 to  
1 agst Signal. Won by a length and a-half; a bad  
third. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for  
55 gs.

*Hertfordshire Hunt Cup of 30l.*; 3 mi.  
Resolute, by King Tom, aged, 12st 7lb Mr Case 1  
Liston, aged, 12st 5lb - Mr Wodehouse 2  
Jessie, aged, 12st 7lb - Cal K. Hobson 3  
Vision, aged, 12st - Mr Hobson 0  
5 to 4 agst Vision, 2 to 1 agst Liston, 5 to 2 agst  
Jessie, and 4 to 1 agst Resolute. Won by ten lengths;  
same between second and third.

FRIDAY.—*Free Handicap of 35l.*; 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Contraband, by Marryas, aged,  
12st 2lb - Mr A. Yates 1  
Massgwaiba, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb - W. Reeves 2  
11 to 10 on Contraband. Won by a length.

*Scurry Plate of 30l.*; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Narino, by Etaplan, 5 yrs, 11st 13lb Mr G. Jarvis 1  
Hawkshaw, aged, 12st 8lb - Pickett 2  
Frailty, 6 yrs, 12st 8lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 3  
Premier, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Daniels 4  
Rapture, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr R. Shepherd 5  
Acrobat, aged, 12st 8lb - T. Ablett 6  
5 to 4 agst Frailty, 5 to 2 agst Narino, 3 to 1 agst  
Hawkshaw, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by a  
length; same between second and third.

*St. Albans Grand Annual Handicap of 195l.*; 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Flatcatcher, by King Tom, 6 yrs,  
11st 5lb - W. Reeves 1  
Odd Fellow, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - Mr A. Yates 2  
Helios, aged, 12st 7lb - J. North 0

13 to 8 on Flatcatcher, 2 to 1 agst Odd Fellow, and  
10 to 1 agst Helios. Won by two lengths; Helios  
beaten off.

*Stand Plate of 25l.*; 2 mi.  
Wade, aged, 12st 8lb - Mr C. Jarvis 1  
Faint Heart, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Hobson 2  
War Eagle, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Quinton 0  
6 to 4 on Wade. Won by three lengths. War Eagle  
did not pass the post.

*Town Plate of 30l.*; 2 mi.  
B m by Leopold, aged, 10st 13lb - W. Reeves 1  
Salamanca, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mumford 2  
Beantalk, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Pickett 3  
Kingsthorpe (late Iconoclast), aged,  
11st 11lb - Daniels 4  
Order, 5 yrs, 11st - Mr C. Jarvis 5  
7 to 4 on Salamanca, 4 to 1 agst the Leopold mare,  
and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by two lengths; a  
bad third.

DERBY SPRING.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25.—*Derby Plate of 60l.*; 4 fur.  
Musical Bell (late Heather Bell), by Dundee,  
4 yrs, 7st - Jeffery 1  
Claymore, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb - Butler 2  
Pyreneas, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - Kenyon 3  
11 to 5 on Pyreneas, 5 to 2 agst Claymore, and 3 to  
1 agst Musical Bell. Won by a length; three lengths  
between second and third.

*Harrington Stakes of 195l.*, for 3 yr olds; about 4 fur.,  
straight.  
Hollandaise, by Dollar, 3st 7lb - J. Adams 1  
Countryman, 3st 10lb - Jeffery 2  
Phantom Lass, 3st 7lb - Butler 3  
Simplex, 3st 10lb - T. French 4  
Eugenie, 3st 7lb - Robinson 0  
Br f by Clarinet—Fly, 3st 7lb - Toon 0  
Official Assignee, 3st 10lb - Kenyon 0  
Transgressor, 3st 10lb - T. Page 0  
Dean of York, 3st 10lb - G. Sopp 0  
Ch f by Blair Athol—Caterer's dam,  
3st 7lb - - - Craddock 0  
The Selected, 3st 7lb - J. Forster 0  
Nero, 3st 10lb - C. Gray 0  
55 to 20 agst Phantom Lass, 100 to 30 each agst  
Countryman and Simplex, 10 to 1 agst Hollandaise,  
and 20 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; same  
each between second, third, and fourth.

*Selling Stakes of 50l.*; 4 fur.  
B f by Dundee—Lady Lotty, 3 yrs, 8st - Jeffery 1  
Fenian, 3 yrs, 8st - Kenyon 2  
Monsieur Louis, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - Duncan 3  
5 to 1 on the Lady Lotty filly. Won by six lengths;  
four lengths between second and third. The winner,  
entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 50 gs.

*Dunington Plate of 50l.*, for hunters; about 2 mi.  
Slap Bang, by Arthur Walleley, 5 yrs,  
12st 12lb - Mr C. Borton 1  
Scarrington, 6 yrs, 12st 6lb - Mr Spence 2  
Arran, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - Mr Spaford 3  
Schnappa, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Dabbe 4  
Wedrop, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - Mr Radford 0  
Whittington, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb - Mr Webster 0  
Reactor, 6 yrs, 12st 9lb - Mr W. Wells 0  
6 to 4 on Scarrington, 9 to 2 agst Slap Bang, and 10  
to 1 agst any other. Won by three-quarters of a length;  
a bad third.

*Great Midland Handicap of 140l.*; 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Greenland, by Weatherbit, aged, 11st 11lb - w.o.  
FRIDAY.—*Great Midland Spring Handicap of 140l.*;  
6 fur.

Orion, by Cromard, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - Kenyon 1  
Amour Propre, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb - Jeffery 2  
Lady Rosehill, 5 yrs, 6st 9lb - W. Platts 3  
Gooder, 6 yrs, 7st 4lb - Walling 4  
Pantaloons, aged, 6st 7lb - Gradwell 0  
Veda, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - Butler 6  
6 to 4 agst Orion, 7 to 2 agst Lady Rosehill, and 9 to  
2 agst Amour Propre. Won easily by half a length;  
a length between second and third; a bad fourth.

*Selling Handicap of 70l.*; 4 fur.  
B f by Dundee—Lady Lotty, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - Vitter 1  
Substance, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - Butler 2  
Ch e by Marryas—Lily Lye, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - Mason 3  
Villany, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb - Jeffery 4  
6 to 4 on the Lady Lotty filly. Won by six lengths;  
a bad third.

*Derwent Stakes of 50l.; 1 mi.*

Pairfax, by Glenannadon, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - Jeffery 1  
 Pairfax, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - Butler 2  
 B f by Liffelton—Umbras, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb - Mason 3  
 6 to 4 on Pairfax. Won by three lengths; a very bad third.

*Junior Selling Stakes of 50l., for 2 yr olds; 4 far., straight.*

Villany, by High Treason, 7st 4lb - Jeffery 1  
 Ch e by Maryan—Lily Lye, 7st 7lb - Kenyon 2  
 5 to 4 on the Lily Lye colt. Won by a neck. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for 50g.

*Minster Castle Plate of 50l.; 1 mi; 4 far.*

Arran, by Diaphantos, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Dabbs 1  
 The Prince, aged, 12st 5lb - Mr Guard 2  
 Bold David, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr Green 3  
 Red Cross Knight, 5 yrs, 12st 4lb - Mr Spafford 4  
 Cheval de Chance, aged, 12st 4lb - Mr Hope 0  
 6 to 4 on Arran. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third; a head between the third and fourth. Cheval de Chance, tailed off, did not pass the post.

*Handicap Hurdle Race of 70l.; 1 mi. 4 far., over four hurdles.*

Primrose, by Bonnyfield, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr W. R. Brockett 1  
 Goosier, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr W. Weston 2  
 Harmony, 4 yrs, 10st - T. Stevens 3  
 Substance, 4 yrs, 10st - Wheeler 4  
 Esparto, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - J. Holman 5  
 7 to 4 agst Goosier, and 4 to 1 each agst Primrose and Harmony. Won by a length and a-half; a bad third.

**BASCHURCH HUNT.***FRIDAY, Feb. 23.—Bryant Park Plate of 25l., for hunters; about 3 mi.*

Rocket, aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Hardcastle 1  
 Commoner (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 1lb - Mr Charles 2  
 Miss Morgan (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 10lb Capt Holyoake 3  
 Random Dick, aged, 12st 3lb - Rickaby 0  
 Mandie (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - Morgan 0  
 Moses (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 1lb - Mr Milward 0  
 Tally-ho, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Knight 0  
 Prince Alfred, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Nixon 0  
 6 to 4 agst Commoner, 3 to 1 agst Rocket, and 5 to 1 agst Tally-ho. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

*Wynnstay Hunt Cup Steeple Chase Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi.*

Champagne, aged, 12st 10lb - Mr Poinons 1  
 Chance It, aged, 12st 10lb - Mr Morgan 2  
 Lucifer, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Thomas 0  
 Charley, 5 yrs, 12st 1lb - Price 0  
 Billy (h b), 5 yrs, 12st 1lb - Mr Milward 0  
 Fear Not (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Mr Graham 0  
 Wild Rose, aged, 12st 8lb - Mr Knight 0  
 Jessie Brown, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Mr Brown 0  
 2 to 1 agst Lucifer, 3 to 1 agst Chance It, and 4 to 1 agst Champagne. Won by two lengths; the others refused or fell.

*Shropshire Open Hunt Steeple Chase of 80l.; about 3 mi.*

Albrighton, by Knight of Kara, 6 yrs, 13st 1lb - Capt Holyoake 1  
 Nuneston, aged, 13st 1lb - Mr Barton 2  
 Brighton, aged, 13st 1lb - Mr Milward 3  
 Geelong, 4 yrs, 11st 1lb - Mr J. S. Halford 4  
 The Collier, aged, 13st 1lb - Mr Charles 0  
 Little Ellen, 6 yrs, 13st 1lb - Mr Merton 0  
 Ellangowan, aged, 13st 1lb - Mr G. Bonner 0  
 True Heart, aged, 13st 1lb - Mr Thomas 0  
 Lady Audley, aged, 12st 13lb - J. Knott 0  
 6 to 1 agst True Heart, 5 to 2 agst Albrighton, and 4 to 1 agst Lady Audley. A dead heat; Brighton beaten a head. Lady Audley fell, and Little Ellen refused. Albrighton afterwards walked over, and the stakes were divided.

*Walford Hall Stakes of 35l.; about 3 mi.*

Rocket, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Hardcastle 1  
 Random Dick, aged, 12st 3lb - Rickaby 2  
 Brasenose, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Mr Morgan 3  
 Press (h b), 11st 8lb - Capt Holyoake 4  
 Madcap (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Knight 0  
 Jack (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Williams 0  
 Princess, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Lloyd 0  
 Whisky, 4 yrs, 12st 3lb - Poyd 0  
 5 to 4 on Rocket, and 3 to 1 agst Random Dick. Won by a length; same between second and third.

*Begburch Plate of 50l.; about 3 mi.*

Polly, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Knight 1  
 Little Wonder, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Ward 2  
 Seaward, aged, 11st - Nison 3  
 Miss Bonas, aged, 11st - - - - - 0  
 Wisley Bona, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Llanrwst, 11st 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Twilight, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Sally, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - - 0  
 Even agst Polly, 2 to 1 agst Little Wonder, and 3 to 1 agst Llanrwst. A dead heat. Polly afterwards walked over, and the stakes were divided.

**BRACKLEY.***TUESDAY, March 2.—Open Hunters' Plate of 50l.; about 3 mi.*

Fleetwing, by Middlesex, aged, 12st 3lb - Wilson 1  
 Brackley, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Merton 2  
 Queen of Lilliput, aged, 12st 3lb - Drake 0  
 Miss Sarah - Danston 0  
 Boston - Smith 0  
 6 to 4 agst Brackley, and 3 to 1 agst Fleetwing. Won easily.

*Farmers' Selling Plate of 50l.; about 3 mi.*

Baron Glow, aged, 12st 3lb - Haridge 1  
 Doctor Parr, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr G. T. Drake 2  
 Foxley, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - Manning, Jan 3

*Four others ran.—Won easily.**Maiden Hunt Steeple Chase of 19 gns.; about 2 mi. 4 far.*

Brackley, by Alanna, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - Merton 1  
 Jonathan, aged, 12st 3lb - Brown 2

*Jonathan fell, and Brackley won in a canter.**Open Selling Steeple Chase of 25l.; about 2 mi. 4 far.*

Morris Dancer, by Leopold, 10st 10lb - Imman 1  
 Kingthorp, 10st 5lb - Daniels 2  
 It's all over - Drake 3  
 Jealousy - Wait 0  
 Won by six lengths; Jealousy refused.

**LIVERPOOL SPRING.***TUESDAY, March 2.—Trial Stakes of 100l.; about 6 fur.*

Harvester, by Stockwell, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - Kenyon 1  
 Jeanie Deane, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb - Snowden 2  
 Raunde, 6 yrs, 9st 5lb - T. French 3  
 Vulcan, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb - Fordham 4  
 Madame Roscoe, 6 yrs, 8st 1lb - Butler 5  
 Chassapot, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - W. Barnard 0  
 6 to 5 agst Harvester, 3 to 1 agst Raunde, 4 to 1 agst Vulcan, and 6 to 1 agst Jeanie Deane. Won by a head; three lengths between second and third; a length between third and fourth; Chassapot did not get off.—The winner was claimed for Mr Sherrard.

*Moray Cup (H.P.), of 155l.; 1 mi.*

Master Willie, by Tournament, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb Kenyon 1  
 Honesty, 6 yrs, 8st - Jeffery 2  
 Etiole Filant, 6 yrs, 7st 7lb - Butler 3  
 Edith, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - Lynham 4  
 Paxton, 5 yrs, 6st 10lb - W. Platt 5  
 7 to 4 agst Honesty, 2 to 1 agst Master Willie, 3 to 1 agst Edith, 6 to 1 agst Etiole Filant, and 8 to 1 agst Paxton. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third; a bad fourth.

*Selling Stakes of 75l.; T.Y.C.*

Spider, by Vengeance, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - Fordham 1  
 Charlotte, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Butler 3  
 Flying Jib, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - Snowden 4  
 Lady Rose, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - T. French 4  
 B f by Gemma d'Vergy—Equity, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - Kenyon 5  
 6 to 4 agst Spider, 4 to 1 each agst Charlotte and the Equity filly, and 5 to 1 agst Lady Rose. Won by a neck; the same between second and third; a head between third and fourth.

*Tyre Stakes of 165l., for 2 yr olds; T.Y.C.*

B f by Lambton—Little Lady, 8st 1lb - Jeffery 1  
 The Witch, 8st 5lb - Fordham 2  
 B f by Cramond—Seamstress, 8st 5lb - Kenyon 3  
 Meringue, 8st 10lb - Cannon 4  
 Surprise, 8st 5lb - Snowden 5  
 Even on the Little Lady filly, 2 to 1 agst The Witch, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length and a-half; four lengths between second and third.

*Spring Flying Stakes (H.P.) of 100l.; T.Y.C.*

La Mousse, by The Flying Dutchman, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - Hunt

Sallict, aged, 8et 12lb - - - - Fordham 2  
Fichu, 3 yrs, 6et - - - - W. Platt 3  
Mr Pitt, 6 yrs, 8et 8lb - - - - Huxtable 0  
Pal-lai, 3 yrs, 8et 6lb - - - - Kenyon 0  
Problem, 5 yrs, 7et 4lb - - - - Bailor 0  
Puma, 5 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Wilson 0  
Rosebud, 4 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Vinell 0  
Triphthong, 4 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Jeffery 0  
Br f by Atherstone-Ione, 3 yrs, 8et 7lb - - - - Fox 0  
Mast Coast, 3 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Ball 0  
5 to 2 agst Fichu, 3 to 1 agst Le Mousse, 3 to 1 agst  
Problem, 3 to 1 each agst Sallict and Mr Pitt, and 100  
to 8 agst any other. Won by a length; the same be-  
tween second and third.

*United Hunters' Race of 60l.; 3 mi.*  
Delaware, by Cariboo (h b), 4 yrs,  
11st 8lb - - - - Mr Spence 1  
Aurifera, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - - Tomlinson 2  
Royal Irish Fusilier, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb - - - - Mr Edwards 3  
Traveller, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - - Mr S. Montgomerie 4  
Princes of Wales, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Ryan 5  
5 to 5 on Delaware, and 3 to 1 agst Aurifera. Won  
by four lengths; six lengths between second and  
third.

*Annual Hurdle Handicap of 15l.; 2 mi., over six  
hurdles.*  
Orne, by Fernak Khan, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - - W. White 1  
St Valentine, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - Thorpe 2  
Guy of Warwick, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - Mr Crawshaw 3  
Astrolabe, aged, 12st 2lb - - - - Count 0  
Barnabo, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - - H. Taylor 0  
Comes, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - Griffiths 0  
Wings of the Wind, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - Mr G. Walker 0  
Knave of Trumps, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - Mr F. Martin 0  
Chorister, 6 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - Mumford 0  
Sorceress, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - Brady 0  
6 to 5 agst Orne, 5 to 1 each agst Barnabo and  
Guy of Warwick, 10 to 1 agst Astrolabe, and 100 to 6  
each agst Wings of the Wind and Sorceress. Won  
by two lengths; a neck between second and third.

*Melneux Handicap Steeple Chase of 75l.; about  
3 mi., 2 fur.*  
L. S. D., by M. D. aged, 10st 7lb - - - - Elphick 1  
Black Prince, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - Griffiths 2  
Birdie, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - Wheeler 3  
Proserpine, 6 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - - Mr G. Walker 4  
Beauregard, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - Gray 0  
Endleigh, aged, 11st 8lb - - - - D. Wynne 0  
5 to 4 agst L. S. D., and 7 to 2 agst Black Prince.  
Won by a distance.

**WEDNESDAY.—Grand National Steeple Chase (Hp)  
of 1,760l.; about 3 mi., 2 fur.**  
The Colonel, by Knight of Kara (h b),  
6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - G. Stevens 1  
Hall Court, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - Capt Tempest 2  
Gardener, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - Ryan 3  
Aleihiade, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - Col Knox 4  
Pearl Diver, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - W. Reeves 0  
The Nun, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - Mr Thomas 0  
Fortunatus, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - J. Page 0  
Orne, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - - W. White 0  
The Kobber, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - Mr Merton 0  
Havlock, aged, 11st - - - - Wheeler 0  
Globale, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - G. Holman 0  
Barbarian, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - Waddington 0  
Harcourt, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - Capt Harford 0  
Q. C., 5 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - Griffiths 0  
Despatch, 10st 8lb - - - - Mr Edwards 0  
Huntsman's Daughter, aged, 10st 8lb - - - - J. Holman 0  
Fan, aged, 10st 6lb - - - - Thorpe 0  
Knave of Trumps, aged, 10st 6lb - - - - Mr F. Martin 0  
Bishopston, aged, 10st 4lb - - - - Potter 0  
Guy of Warwick, 5 yrs, 10st - - - - Mr Crawshaw 0  
Plum Cake, 6 yrs, 10st - - - - Mr Spafford 0  
Dick Turpin, aged, 10st - - - - J. Knott 0  
100 to 30 agst Fortunatus, 5 to 1 agst Despatch, 11  
to 3 agst Fan, 13 to 1 agst The Colonel, 14 to 1 agst  
Pearl Diver, 100 to 7 agst Guy of Warwick, 20 to 1  
each agst Aleihiade, Knave of Trumps, and Q. C., 25  
to 1 each agst Globale and The Nun, 33 to 1 agst  
Havlock, 40 to 1 each agst Huntsman's Daughter  
and Harcourt, 50 to 1 agst Orne, and 66 to 1 each agst  
Hall Court, Gardener, and Plum Cake. Won by  
three lengths; a length each between second, third,  
and fourth. Huntsman's Daughter, Bishopston, Har-  
lock, Knave of Trumps, Dick Turpin, and Pearl Diver  
fell, and Fan and Guy of Warwick refused. Mr.

Brayley declared to win with Fortunatus, and Mr  
Morgau with Globale.

*Hurdle Handicap Race of 100l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over four  
hurdles.*  
Ada Penelope, by Fitz-Gladistator or Serious,  
4 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - - W. White 1  
Barnabo, 6 yrs, 12st 8lb - - - - H. Taylor 2  
Chorister, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - Mumford 3  
Sorceress, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - Murphy 4  
Royal Irish Fusilier, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - Mr Edwards 5  
7 to 4 agst Barnabo. Won by a neck; half a length  
between second and third; a bad fourth.

*Walter Cup of 95l.; 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
Tim Bobbin, by Tim Whiffar, 3 yrs,  
8et 10lb - - - - Cannon 1  
Pompeii, 3 yrs, 8et 7lb - - - - Kenyon 2  
King Richard, 3 yrs, 8et 7lb - - - - T. French 3  
Albion, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - - H. Taylor 4  
Mrs Power, 3 yrs, 8et 7lb - - - - J. Snowden 5  
6 to 4 agst King Richard, 5 to 2 agst Tim Bobbin,  
and 100 to 30 agst Pompeii. Won by three-quarters  
of a length; six lengths between second and third.

*March Stakes of 80l., for 2 yr olds; T.Y.C.*  
Hollandaise, by Dollar, 8et 6lb - - - - J. Adams 1  
Siege Train, 8et 6lb - - - - J. Snowden 2  
Br f by Crumond—Seamstress, 8et 3lb - - - - Fry 3  
Honfleur, 8et 10lb - - - - G. Sopp 4  
3 to 1 on Hollandaise. Won by three lengths; a  
neck between the second and third.

*Aintree Plate (Hp.) of 50l.; 5 fur.*  
The Stork, by Master Bagot, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - Jeffery 1  
Fairfax, 4 yrs, 8et 7lb - - - - Fordham 2  
B c by Dundee—Blackbird, 3 yrs, 8et 10lb - - - - Butler 3  
Flying Jib, 3 yrs, 8et 10lb - - - - Vinell 4  
Soubrette, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - W. Platt 5  
Mrs Power, 3 yrs, 8et 7lb - - - - Hunt 0  
5 to 4 agst The Stork, 3 to 1 agst Fairfax, and 5 to 1  
agst Soubrette. Won by a head; four lengths be-  
tween second and third. Mrs Power did not pass the  
post.

*Steeple Handicap of 115l.; about 6 fur.*  
Rosebud, by Sacerdos, 4 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Vinell 1  
Triphthong, 4 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Hunt 2  
Sallict, aged, 8et 12lb - - - - Fordham 3  
Fichu, 3 yrs, 6et - - - - Platt 4  
Even on Sallict, 5 to 4 agst Fichu, and 10 to 1 agst  
Triphthong. Won by a length; the same between se-  
cond and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

*Pool Stakes, of 80l., for 2 yr olds; T.Y.C.*  
Manola, by Defender, 8et 3lb - - - - w. o.

**THURSDAY.—Scurry Walter Handicap of 95l.; 6 fur.**  
St Valentine, by Ruby, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - - Knott 1  
Triphthong, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - G. Noble 2  
Albion, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - - Taylor 3  
Chassepot, 3 yrs, 9st - - - - Clement 4  
6 to 4 on Albion, 5 to 2 agst Triphthong, and 4 to 1  
agst St Valentine. Won by a length; four lengths  
between second and third.

*Liverpool Spring Cup (Hp.) of 395l.; 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
Knight of the Garter, by Prime Minister,  
5 yrs, 9st - - - - Fordham 1  
Honesty, 6 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - Cameron 2  
B c by Romulus—Attack, 5 yrs, 6st - - - - Hunt 3  
The Breach, 5 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - Butler 4  
Ajax, 4 yrs, 6st - - - - T. Taylor 5  
Vortigern, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - Vinell 6  
6 to 4 on Knight of the Garter, and 5 to 1 each agst  
Honesty, The Breach, and the Attack gelding. Won  
in a canter by a length; eight lengths between second  
and third.

*Ladies' Purse of 60l.; T.Y.C.*  
Dundee—Blackbird, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - - Kenyon 1  
Mrs Power, 3 yrs, 8et 4lb - - - - Cameron 2  
5 to 4 on Mrs Power. Won by three lengths. The  
winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 60s.

*Handicap Plate of 60l.; about 6 fur.*  
Honesty, by Y. Dutchman, 6 yrs, 8et 10lb - - - - Snowden 1  
Fairfax, 4 yrs, 8et 4lb - - - - Fordham 2  
Messenger, 3 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Hunt 3  
Lady Rose, 4 yrs, 7st - - - - Butler 0  
Soubrette, 3 yrs, 8et 12lb - - - - Platt 0  
Bath 3 yrs, 8et 10lb - - - - W. Beuard 0  
7 to 4 agst Honesty, 5 to 2 agst Fairfax, 100 to 30  
agst Bath, and 7 to 1 agst Messenger. Won easily  
by a length; three lengths between second and third.



**Before Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 200l.; about 3 mi. 6 fur.**

Hoving Maid, by Rover, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb R. F. Anson	1
Benaet, aged, 12st	2
Endsleigh, aged, 11st 5lb	3
The Lamb, aged, 12st	4
The Doctor, aged, 11st 9lb	5
Ace of Trumps, aged, 11st 10lb	6
Gay of Warwick, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb	7
L. S. D., aged, 11st 1lb	8
Comus, aged, 10st 10lb	9
Goldfinch, aged, 10st 5lb	10
Prosperine, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb	11
Belmontine, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb	12
Turnout, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb	13
Sky Blue (ch b), aged, 10st 4lb	14
5 to 4 agst Benaet, 3 to 1 agst Hoving Maid, and 100 to 6 agst The Doctor. Won by a length; two lengths between the second and third; a bad fourth. Guy of Warwick refused, and Belmontine fell.	

**Hurdle Handicap Plate of 50l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over four hurdles.**

Sorcerer, by Gunboat, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb	1
Chorister, 6 yrs, 11st 11lb	2
St Valentine, 4 yrs, 10st	3
Mrs Power, 4 yrs, 10st	4
5 to 2 on St Valentine, 4 to 1 agst Chorister, and 5 to 1 agst Sorcerer. Won by three lengths; four lengths between second and third.	

**BANGOR.****FRIDAY, March 5.—Steeple Chase Stakes of 100l.; about 3 mi. 630 yds.**

New Owestry, by Knights of Eare, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb	1
Champagne, aged, 12st	2
Lacy, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb	3
All Fours, 6 yrs, 12st	4
Comet, aged, 12st	5
Teddy, 5 yrs, 12st	6
Jessie Brown, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	7
May Day, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	8
Free, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	9
Pear Not, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	10
Revelry, aged, 12st	11
Even on New Owestry, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by a length.	

**Amateur Steeple Chase of 50l.; about 3 mi. 630 yds.**

The Collier, aged, 12st 7lb	1
Lady Audley, aged, 12st 7lb	2
Usurper, 12st	3
Commoner, 5 yrs, 12st	4
Strikelight, 12st 7lb	5
Becket, aged, 12st	6
Lytham, 12st	7
Won by two lengths.	

**Steeple Chase of 60l.; about 3 mi. 630 yds.**

Idle Boy, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	1
Master Baskyleorn	2
Steeraway, aged, 12st	3
Master Baskyleorn and Steeraway refused, and Idle Boy came in alone.	

**Amateur Steeple Chase Stakes of 75l.; about 3 mi. 630 yds.**

Baldongan, by Mallet, aged, 12st 7lb	1
Corkscrew, aged, 12st 7lb	2
Lady Audley, aged, 12st 7lb	3
Nunanton, aged, 12st 7lb	4
Red Rover, 12st 7lb	5
Won by six lengths.	

**Open Steeple Chase of 71l.; about 3 mi. 630 yds.**

Little Wonder, 6 yrs	1
Sally, 4 yrs	2
Three others ran. Won by a length.	

The Open Steeple Chase for beaten horses was won, by a length, by Red Rover (Mr Baldwin); beating Rocket, aged (second); Commoner, 5 yrs; and five others.

**SHREWSBURY SPRING.****FRIDAY, March 5.—Water Handicap of 55l.; about 7 fur.**

La Belle Jeannine, by Weatherbit, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb	1
Raunds, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb	2
5 to 4 on Raunds. Won by ten lengths.	

**Grand Stand Handicap of 55l.; about 5 fur., straight.**

Lady Roskill, by Stockwell, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb	1
Lady of Grooms, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb	2
3 to 1 on Lady Roskill. Won in a canter by a length.	

**Shrewsbury Spring, Cops. (H.P.) of 500l.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.**

Midwife, by Wild Dayrell, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb	1
King of the Fairies, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb	2
Roast, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb	3
7 to 4 on Roast, 5 to 2 agst Midwife, and 7 to 2 agst King of the Fairies. Won in a canter by three lengths; two lengths between the second and third.	

**Middleton Plate of 100l., for 2 yr olds; about 4 fur., straight.**

Hollandaise, by Dollar, 2st 12lb	1
Vibration, 2st 6lb	2
Parliamentary (late Prince Edward), 2st 12lb	3
Hyacinth, 2st 6lb	4
Dean of York, 2st 12lb	5
Cassia, 2st 6lb	6
7 to 4 on Hollandaise, 4 to 1 agst Vibration, and 10 to 1 agst Dean of York. Won easily by a length; two lengths between second and third. An objection to the winner, for not carrying her right weight, was immediately withdrawn.	

**Severn Handicap Steeple Chase of 120l.; about 2 mi. 8 fur.**

Royal Irish Fusilier, by Royal Oak Day, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb	1
Ace of Trumps, aged, 11st 10lb	2
Sea King, aged, 10st 8lb	3
7 to 4 on Royal Irish Fusilier, and 5 to 1 agst Sea King. Sea King and Ace of Trumps refused, and the winner came in alone; Ace of Trumps having walked in second.	

**Spring Handicap Hurdle Race of 55l.; about 2 mi. 3 fur.; over eight hurdles.**

Ada Penelope, by Fitz-Oladior, or Sericus, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb	1
Royal Irish Fusilier, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb	2
2 to 1 on Ada Penelope. Won by six lengths. An objection to the winner for having gone the wrong course was subsequently withdrawn.	

**SATURDAY.—Wilton Handicap Plate of 60l.; about 4 fur., straight.**

Hereford, by Weatherbit, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb	1
Pantolon, aged, 7st 2lb	2
Lady Roskill, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb	3
8 to 1 on Hereford, and 4 to 1 each agst Lady Roskill and Pantolon. Won easily by three-quarters of a length; two lengths between second and third.	

**Handicap Plate of 40l.; about 4 fur., straight.**

Fairfax, by Glenmasson, 5 yrs, 9st 12lb	1
Charlotte, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	2
Rianda, 6 yrs, 8st 3lb	3
Handeur, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb	4
6 to 5 agst Charlotte, 6 to 4 agst Fairfax, and 6 to 1 agst Rianda. Won easily by three-quarters of a length; a length between second and third; a bad fourth.	

**County Handicap of 210l.; about 1 mi.**

Honesty, by Y. Dutchman, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb	1
Zepolya, 3 yrs, 6st	2
2 to 1 on Weatherbit—St Agnes, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb	3
Last Rose of Summer, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb	4
6 to 4 agst Last Rose of Summer, 5 to 2 agst Zepolya, 3 to 1 agst St Agnes g., and 4 to 1 agst Honesty. Won by a length; a head between second and third; and a length and a half between third and fourth.	

**Whitall Handicap of 65l.; about 6 fur.**

Jeannie Deans, by Dundee, 5 yrs, 8st 1lb	1
Hereford, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb	2
Last Rose of Summer, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb	3
Zepolya, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb	4
7 to 4 agst Jeannie Deans, 5 to 2 agst Last Rose of Summer, and 3 to 1 each agst Zepolya and Hereford. Won by a neck; a length and a half between second and third; and a length between third and fourth.	

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 45l.; about 1 mi. 6 fur., over six hurdles.**

Isicle, by Weatherbit, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb	1
Ada Penelope, 5 yrs, 12st 11lb	2
7 to 4 on Isicle. Won in a canter by a length and a half.	

*Spring Handicap Steeple Chase of 1891; about 3 mi., 4 fur.*

Slieve Carra, by Fright, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - w. q.

**GRAND MILITARY AND RUGBY HUNT.**

MONDAY, March 8.—*Veteran Stakes of Purse and 10l.; Grand Military Steeple Chase Course.*

Cunning Boy, by Coningsby, aged,

12st 7lb - - - - - Capt. Tempest 1

Tasso, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Pritchard 2

Fordorn Hope, aged, 13st - - - - - Capt. Smith 3

6 to 4 on Cunning Boy. Won by a neck. Fordorn Hope walked in third.

*Farmer's Maiden Plate of 50l. for the first, 10l. for the second, and 5l. for the third, for hunters; about 3 mi.*

Scrappety, by Footstool, 5 yrs,

11st 5lb - - - - - Mr T. Horspool 1

Flora, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Irens 2

Stamford, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Watson 3

Oh m. by Hurworth, 4 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Darby, jun. 0

Midnight, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Congreve 0

Pickpocket, aged, 12st 2lb - - - - - Mr Hipwell 0

Dora, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr J. Perkins 0

Barby, 4 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Biddy, jun. 0

5 to 1 agst Barby, 4 to 1 agst Flora, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; two lengths between the second and third. Flora, Dora, Pickpocket, and Barby fell.

*Grand Military Gold Cup of 35l.; 3 mi.*

Juryman, by The Coroner, 6 yrs, 13st Mr Pritchard 1

Black Prince, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Middleton 2

Tiger, aged, 12st - - - - - Capt. Johnstone 3

Woodbury Hill, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - Mr Dunne 0

Redberry, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Burrows 0

Northern Light, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - Lord C. I. Ker 0

Miss Bosquet (h b), 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Lieut-Col. Knox 0

Leap Year, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Capt. Harford 0

Aurifer, 4 yrs, 12st - - - - - Sir C. Nugent 0

Golden Plover, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Troake 0

Village Maid, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - Mr Browne 0

Tinderbox, aged, 12st - - - - - Capt. Tempest 0

7 to 2 agst Tiger, 5 to 1 each agst Miss Bosquet and Juryman, and 6 to 1 each agst Black Prince, Tinderbox, and Northern Light. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third. Woodbury Hill and Tinderbox fell.

*Rugby Open Handicap of 150l.; about 3 mi.*

Meanwood, by Oulston, aged,

12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Wilson, jun. 1

Merry Horn, 6 yrs, 11st - - - - - J. Knott 2

Flyfisher, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr A. Yates 3

Whitehall, aged, 11st 10st - - - - - G. Stevens 0

Goldendear, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - G. Waddington 0

Beaquine, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - - Capt. Harford 0

Harry (h. b.), aged, 10st 11lb - - - - - Chandler 0

6 to 4 agst Merry Horn, 2 to 1 agst Meanwood, 4 to 1 agst Whitehall, and 8 to 1 agst Flyfisher. Won by half a length; a neck between second and third. Whitehall fell.

*Military Weight-for-Age Stakes of 145l.; last 3 mi. 4 fur. of the Grand Military Steeple Chase Course.*

Militiaman, by Vortex (h b), aged,

12st 5lb - - - - - Mr Healy 1

Violet, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - Lord C. I. Ker 2

Owen Swift, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr A. Case 3

Wild Irishman, aged, 11st 10lb - - - - - Mr Hood 0

7 to 2 agst Violet, and 4 to 1 agst Militiaman. Won by two lengths.

*Handicap Plate of 40l.; about 1 mi. 6 fur.*

B m. by Leopold (h b), aged, 11st 7lb Mr Douglas 1

Freeman (h b), 6 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - - J. Holman 2

Empress, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - B. Sutton 3

Parsonstown, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - - Mr Gover 0

6 to 4 each agst Leopold m. and Freeman, and 5 to 1 agst Empress. Won by three lengths; the same between second and third. Parsonstown refused.

TUESDAY.—*Open Hunters' Plate of 50l.; about 3 mi.*

Princess, by Nestor, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Perkins 1

Simplicity, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - Mr Wentworth 0

Katocelum (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Hipwell 0

6 to 4 on Simplicity, 2 to 1 agst Katocelum, and 5 to 3 agst Princess. Katocelum fell, Simplicity threw his rider and fell, and the winner came in alone.

*Grand Military Hunt Cup of 105l.; Grand Military Steeple Chase Course.*

Black Prince, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Middleton 1

Merlon, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Capt. Ashton 2

Parkmount, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Capt. Cundy 3

Redberry, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Burrows 0

Ballyragget, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Pritchard 0

6 to 4 on Black Prince, 3 to 1 agst Redberry, and 5 to 1 agst Merlon. Won by a head; a bad third.

Redberry fell at the last fence, and Mr Burrows was much injured.

*Farmer's Plate of 50l.; about 3 mi.*

The Sailor, by Redcreeper, aged, 12st 3lb Mr Irens 1

Bourton, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Hicken 2

Vagrant, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Perkins 0

Barby, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - - - Mr Browne 0

5 to 4 agst Vagrant, 3 to 1 agst Barby, 3 to 1 agst The Sailor, and 10 to 1 agst Bourton. Vagrant refused, and knocked Barby into a ditch; Bourton bolted; and The Sailor came in alone.

*Light Weight Grand Military Steeplechase of 150l.; 5 mi.*

Balder, by Newminster, aged, 11st 7lb Mr Case 1

Conjuror, aged, 11st - - - - - Mr Browne 2

Governance, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - Capt. Chaplin 3

Militiaman, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Healy 4

Violet, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - Lord C. I. Ker 0

Cracker, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Capt. Cundy 0

Gipsy Girl, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - Sir C. Nugent 0

Mincement, aged, 11st - - - - - Capt. G. Johnstone 0

Golden Plover, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - - Mr Troake 0

7 to 2 each agst Mincement and Militiaman, 4 to 1 each agst Balder, Golden Plover, and Governance, 6 to 1 agst Conjuror, and 10 to 1 agst Gipsy Girl. Won by two lengths; four lengths between the second and third. Mincement refused and bolted, and caused Gipsy Girl, Militiaman, Cracker, and Golden Plover to fall.

*Scurry Steeple Chase of 30l.; about 1 mi. 6 fur.*

Vanity, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Perkins 1

Daring Dick, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr R. Webster 2

Oliver Twist, aged, 11st - - - - - Capt. Smith 3

Gipsy Jane, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - Mr J. Bird 0

Catpaw, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Hipwell 0

Miss Noble, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - Mr Edgell 0

Harry, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Cook 0

3 to 1 agst Catpaw, 4 to 1 each agst Vanity and Oliver Twist, 5 to 1 agst Harry, and 6 to 1 agst Daring Dick. Won by a length; a bad third. The others fell.

**MALTON SPRING.**

TUESDAY, March 9.—*Open Hunters' Stakes of 80l.; about 2 mi.*

Mona, by Amsterdam, 6 yrs,

12st 10lb - - - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 1

Huntsman's Sister, aged, 12st 10lb Mr G. Walker 2

Robin (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Sleightam 3

Solferino, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - - Whitehead 0

Huntsbury (h b), aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - Brady 0

Calowrie, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Hutchinson 0

Leo (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Harrison 0

Cardinal, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr T. Spence 0

Scampston, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - G. Primon 0

Alice, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Robinson 0

Maid of the Morning, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr Backhouse 0

Man of the Evening, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Kneeshaw 0

6 to 4 agst Huntsman's Sister, 4 to 1 agst Huntsbury, 7 to 1 agst Mona, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by three lengths; six lengths between second and third; none of the others passed the post.

*Malton Grand Open Steeple Chase (H.p.) of 205l.; about 3 mi.*

Primrose, by Bonnyfield, 5 yrs,

10st 5lb - - - - - Mr Brockton 1

The Plover, aged, 10st 5lb - - - - - Mumford 2

Snowstorm, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - - Young 3

Benazet, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr Edwards 4

Funny Man, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - - - Mr Walker 5

Exgrave, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr T. Spence 6

Tumult, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - - - G. Waddington 0

2 to 1 agst Benazet, 5 to 2 agst Primrose, 5 to 1 agst The Plover, 7 to 1 agst Tumult, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by two lengths; a length between second and third; and half a length between third and fourth; Tumult fell.

*Farmer's Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate of 42l.; about 2 mi.*

Full Bloom, by Goodall, 5 yrs, 12st Mr T. Spence 1

Jocay, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - Cross 2

Wild Flower, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - Crompton 3

**Canary Woman**, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - **G. Pelmon** 4  
**Alce**, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Robinson** 4  
**Serenity**, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr G. Walker** 0  
**Bravado**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr W. Simpson** 0  
**Birdsell**, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - **Yonae** 0  
**Little Wonder**, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Wood** 0  
**Loe**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Harrison** 0  
**Peter Simple**, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr W. Robson** 0  
**Wifful**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Usher** 0  
**Huntman**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Hassell** 0  
**Sawdon**, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - - **Mr H. Newton** 0  
**Ben Morgan**, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr R. Walker** 0  
**West Mount**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Ottiver** 0  
**Bridget**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Brookton** 0  
**Rose**, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Sleightam** 0  
**Humping Girl**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Pickering** 0  
**Annie**, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - **Skelton** 0  
 6 to 1 each agst **Flo Bloom**, **Scrummer**, and **Leo**, and  
 7 to 1 each agst **Bravado** and **Ben Morgan**. Won by  
 three lengths; six lengths between second and third;  
 Bravado and Loe fell.

**Hunters' Selling Steeple Chase of 35l.**; about 2 mi.  
**Sportman**, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Wilburn** 1  
**Witch**, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - - **Mr R. Walker** 2  
**Deerfoot**, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Cuthbert** 3  
**Wild Huntman**, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - **G. Washington** 4  
**Minckler**, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - - **G. Pelmon** 0  
**Witch**, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - - **Sleightam** 0  
**Beach Bonnet**, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Harrison** 0  
 6 to 4 agst **Wild Huntman**, and 3 to 1 agst **Mr Nelson's Witch**. Won by ten lengths; three lengths  
 between second and third. The winner, entered for  
 20 sors, was sold for 50s. An objection was made  
 to the winner on the ground that he ran at Beverley  
 under a false description, and the matter is in abey-  
 ance.

# WARWICK SPRING.

**TUESDAY, March 9.**—*Trials Stakes of 40l.*; the Mile  
 Course.

**Orien**, by **Cromand**, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - **w. o.**

**Handicap Plate of 50l.**; 6 fur.  
**Skirmish**, by **Skirmisher**, aged, 6st 12lb - - - - - **Hardy** 1  
**B** by **Vedette**—**Amaranth**, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - **Jeffery** 2  
**Historian**, aged, 7st 4lb - - - - - **Butler** 3  
**Harebell**, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - **Hunt** 0  
**Lily**, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - - **Brown** 0  
**El Ole**, 6 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - **Selling** 0  
**Fludda**, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - - - **Thorley** 0  
**Hilda**, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - - - **Wilson** 0  
**Sea Breeze**, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb - - - - - **S. Darling** 0  
**Buxton**, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb - - - - - **A. Gatehouse** 0  
**King Richard**, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb - - - - - **Loates** 0  
**Aetrea**, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb - - - - - **Powers** 0  
 6 to 3 on **Historian**, 4 to 1 agst **Skirmish**, 8 to 1 agst  
**Hilda**, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length;  
 half a length between second and third.

**Racing Stakes of 40l.**; 5 fur.  
**Fancy Boy**, by **Dundee**, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - **Jeffery** 1  
**Charlotte**, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - **Butler** 2  
**Man of War**, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - - - **Cannon** 3  
**Bronia**, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - **Huxtable** 4  
 7 to 4 agst **Fancy Boy**, 5 to 2 each agst **Bronia** and  
**Charlotte**, and 3 to 1 agst **Man of War**. Won by three  
 lengths; two lengths between second and third. The  
 winner, entered for 50 sors., was sold for 200gs.

**Willoughby Cup (Mr.) of 35l.**; 1 mi.  
**Knight of the Garter**, by **Prime Minister**.  
 5 yrs, 12st 13lb - - - - - **Fordham** 4  
**Mount Palatine**, 6 yrs, 9st 10lb - - - - - **Mr W. Beville** 4  
**Silenus**, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Crawshaw** 3  
**Historian**, aged, 10st 3lb - - - - - **Capt Harford** 0  
**Sister to Vedette**, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - **J. Goater** 0  
**Temper**, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb - - - - - **Tomlinson** 0  
**First Emperor**, 3 yrs, 9st - - - - - **Clement** 0  
 7 to 4 each agst **Knight of the Garter** and **Silenus**,  
 5 to 1 each agst **Sister to Vedette** and **Historian**, and 6  
 to 1 agst **Mount Palatine**. A dead heat; a bad third.  
 Deciding heat: 2 to 1 on **Knight of the Garter**. Won  
 by a length and a half.

**Sweepstakes of 95l.** for 3 yr olds; about 3 fur.  
**B** by **Lambton**—**Christabelle** (**Veda's** dam),  
 8st 4lb - - - - - **T. French** 1  
**Hollandaise**, 8st 1lb - - - - - **G. Sopp** 2  
 5 to 1 on the **Lambton filly**. Won by half a length.

**Farmer's Plate**; 2 mi.  
**The Little Rogue** (**late Nebworth**, late **Jacob**), by **Sa-  
 breur**, or **Underhand**, 6 yrs, 12st, 12lb **Mr W. Wilson** 1

**Lady Sandford** (h b), aged, 12st 4lb **Mr J. Milward** 2  
**Maher-shalal hash-bas**, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - **Mr F. Robbins** 3  
**Chanticleer**, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - - **Mr J. Hughes** 0  
**Rosabella**, 4 yrs, 10st 13lb - - - - - **Mr Ivans** 0  
**Barley** (h b), aged, 12st 9lb - - - - - **Mr J. Gibbs** 0  
**Begonia** (h b), aged, 12st 9lb - - - - - **Mr Whittington** 0  
**Lady Betty**, 6 yrs, 12st 9lb - - - - - **Mr Congreve** 0  
**Baron Slow**, aged, 12st 12lb - - - - - **Mr Fairbrother** 0  
 3 to 1 on **The Little Rogue**. Won by three lengths;  
 a bad third.

**Handicap Steeple Chase of 148l.**; 2 mi, 4 fur.  
**Highflyer**, by **Orpheus**, aged, 10st - - - - - **Mr Crawshaw** 1  
**Age of Trumps**, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - - **Elphick** 2  
**The Drone**, 6 yrs, 10st - - - - - **Tomlinson** 3  
**Lisette**, aged, 10st 5lb - - - - - **H. Day** 0  
**Little Ellen**, 6 yrs, 10st - - - - - **Harding** 0  
**Merry Horn** (h b), 6 yrs, 10st - - - - - **Knott** 0  
**Orme**, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - - **Mr Thomas** 0  
**Rareourt**, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - - **Capt Harford** 0  
**Madame Wright**, 6 yrs, 10st - - - - - **F. Martin** 0  
 3 to 1 agst **Rareourt**, 5 to 2 agst **Age of Trumps**, 5 to  
 1 each agst **Highflyer** and **Merry Horn**, 8 to 1 agst  
**The Drone**, and 20 to 1 agst **Orme**. Won by half a  
 length; a bad third. **Orme** refused, and **Madame**  
**Wright** fell. **Mr Wadlow** declared to win with **The**  
**Drone**.

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 69l.**; 2 mi., over five  
 hurdles.  
**Knave of Trumps**, by **King of Trumps**,  
 aged, 10st 8lb - - - - - **F. Martin** 1  
**Lord Berghersh**, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - - **Mr Thomas** 2  
**Colours**, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - - - **Elphick** 3  
 7 to 4 on **Lord Berghersh**, and 5 to 2 agst **Knave of**  
**Trumps**. Won by a length; **Colours** refused.

**WEDNESDAY.**—*Union Hunt Cup of 65l.*; 2 mi.  
**The Little Rogue**, by **Sabreur**, or **Under-**  
**hand**, 6 yrs, 12st 9lb - - - - - **B. P. Wilson** 1  
**Grace Darling** (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 3lb **Capt Harford** 2  
**Camomile**, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - **Mr Thomas** 3  
**The Farnboro' Monk** (h b), 6 yrs,  
 11st 11lb - - - - - **Mr Crawshaw** 0  
**Brown Jug**, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - - **Cannon** dis  
 6 to 4 on **Little Rogue**, 100 to 30 agst **Grace Darling**,  
 and 100 to 15 agst **Brown Jug**. Won by twelve  
 lengths; **Brown Jug** was disqualified for having paid  
 race-horse duty. The winner is objected to on the  
 ground that he was not a maiden, and the matter  
 stands over for decision.

**Handicap Plate of 50l.**; 4 fur.  
**Brambridge**, by **Dundee**, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - **Jeffery** 1  
**Marshal Ney**, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - **Ferry** 2  
**Indian Star**, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - **J. Goater** 3  
**Retirement**, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - **C. Smith** 0  
**Goatfield**, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - **Hunt** 0  
**Gipsy**, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - **Butler** 0  
**Luna**, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - **Powers** 0  
**Orpheline**, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - - - **S. Darling** 0  
**Magdala**, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - **Thorley** 0  
 7 to 4 agst **Marshal Ney**, 5 to 2 agst **Indian Star**, 8  
 to 1 agst **Gipsy**, 10 to 1 each agst **Luna** and **Retire-**  
**ment**, and 20 to 1 agst **Brambridge**. Won by two  
 lengths; a bad third.

**Two Years Old Stakes of 165l.**; about 3 fur.  
**B** by **Lambton**, out of **Christabelle**, 8st **T. French** 1  
**B** by **Tim Whiffler**, out of **Emblen**,  
 8st 10lb - - - - - **J. Adams** 2  
**Florence** (h b), 6st 7lb - - - - - **S. Adams** 3  
**Reverell**, 8st 10lb - - - - - **Clement** 4  
**Honfeur**, 8st 10lb - - - - - **G. Sopp** 5  
 6 to 1 on the **Lambton filly**. Won by four lengths;  
 two lengths between the second and third.

**Great Warwickshire Handicap of 470l.**; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
**Knight of the Garter**, by **Prime Minister**.  
 5 yrs, 9st 1lb - - - - - **Fordham** 1  
**Silenus**, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - **Kenyon** 2  
**Opepy**, 4 yrs, 6st - - - - - **Jas. Clark** 3  
**Terminus**, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - - **C. Smith** 0  
**Midwife**, 5 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - **Hunt** 0  
**Sportman**, 5 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - **Butler** 0  
**Aggravator**, 6 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - **Thorley** 0  
**Redivivus**, 4 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - - - **Vinnell** 0  
**Slowman**, 5 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - **Wilson** 0  
 5 to 4 agst **Knight of the Garter**, 5 to 2 agst **Slow-**  
**man**, 10 to 1 each agst **Redivivus** and **Opepy**, 100 to 8  
 agst **Midwife**, and 100 to 7 agst **Silenus**. Won by half  
 a length; a neck between the second and third.

**Walter Handicap of 33l. 10s.; 1 ml.**  
**B g** by Vedette, out of Vixen, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb - - - J. Goater 1  
 Rampart, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - Mr W. Bevil 2  
 Avon, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - Cannon 3  
 Thor, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Morris 4  
 Amour Propre, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Fordham 5  
 Fairfax, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Crawshaw 6  
 5 to 4 agt Rampart, and 100 to 45 agt the Vixen gelding. Won by a length; a bad third.

**Debdale Stakes of 45l.; 2 ml.**  
 Schneider, by Jordan (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 7lb J. Knott 1  
 Tiger (h b), aged, 12st - - - Mr W. Bevil 2  
 El Ole, 6 yrs, 12st 12lb - - - E. P. Wilson 3  
 5 to 4 on Tiger, and 2 to 1 agt Schneider. Won by eight lengths.

**Walton Handicap of 87l.; 5 fur.**  
 Polissone, by Chevalier d'Industrie, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - Jeffery 1  
 King Richard, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - Wilson 2  
 Dulcet, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - Butler 3  
 Out and Outer, aged, 6st 7lb - - - Pearson 4  
 Mistletoe, 5 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - Kenyon 5  
 Minnie Warren, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - Barron 6  
 M.A., 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Jas. Clark 0  
 Bouquet, by The Lawyer, out of David Ann, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Beechey 0  
 Aintree, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - Hunt 0  
 5 to 4 agt Aintree, 5 to 1 each agt Polissone and Dulcet, 7 to 1 agt King Richard, and 8 to 1 agt Mistletoe. Won by a length; three-quarters of a length between the second and third. Mr Lowdon declared to win with Out and Outer.

**Match, 100; 3 m. 4 fur.**  
 Barumite, by Gamma di Vergy, aged, 10st - - - E. Jones 1  
 Nidderdale, 6 yrs, 10st - - - Mr Crawshaw 2  
 2 to 1 on Nidderdale. Won by three lengths.

**Hunter's Steeple Chase of 65l.; 2 ml. 4 fur.**  
 The Drone, by Lifeboat, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr Thomas 1  
 Leap Year, 5 yrs, 11st 1lb - - - Mr Richardson 2  
 Harry (h b), aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Brown 3  
 Simplicity, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Mr Douglas 4  
 Princess, by Nestor, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr J. Perkins 0  
 The Pawn, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Pritchard 0  
 6 to 4 on The Drone, and 3 to 1 agt Leap Year. Won by three-quarters of a length; a bad third; The Pawn fell.

**THURSDAY.—Handicap of 43l.; 4 fur.**  
 Aintree, by Kettledrum, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Morris 1  
 Ch c by Marayay, out of Lily Lye, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - Butler 2  
 Man of War, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - Jeffery 3  
 5 to 2 on Aintree, 4 to 1 agt the Lily Lye colt, and 100 to 15 agt Man of War. Won by a length; a bad third.

**Stand Handicap of 107l.; 1 ml.**  
**B g** by Vedette, out of Vixen, 5 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - Butler 1  
 King Richard, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - Wilson 2  
 Blc by Atherstone, out of Daylight, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - - - J. Watkins 3  
 Bel Giorno, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - Cannon 4  
 De Vere, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - Hunt 5  
 Pladda, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - Walling 6  
 5 to 4 agt Bel Giorno, 2 to 1 agt the Vixen gelding, and 5 to 1 agt King Richard. Won by three lengths; two lengths between the second and third.

**Handicap of 50l.; 3 fur.**  
 Hilda, by Prince Minister, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb Butler 1  
 Claymore, 4 yrs, 6st - - - Payne 2  
 Retirement, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - G. Sopp 3  
 Mistletoe, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - J. Goater 4  
 Musical Bell, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - Jeffery 5  
 Charlotte, 3 yrs, 6st - - - Wilson 6  
 5 to 2 agt Charlotte, 3 to 1 agt Musical Bell, 5 to 1 each agt Claymore and Mistletoe, and 6 to 1 agt Hilda. Won by a length and a half; a head between the second and third. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for 91 gs.

**Guy Sweepstakes of 61l.; 4 fur.**  
**B f** by Kettledrum, out of Miss Martineau, 2 yrs, 6st - - - Hunt 1  
 Vesper, by Lambton, out of Etiole du Nord, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - Crickmore 2  
 Charlotte, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Butler 3  
 Hecla, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Payne 4

Piper, 4 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - G. Sopp 0  
 Hortense, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Jeffery 0  
 Brontia, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Huxtable 0  
 Ch c by Marayay, out of Lily Lye, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Wilson 0  
 Even on Hortense, 4 to 1 agt the Miss Martineau filly, 5 to 1 agt Vesper, 8 to 1 agt the Lily Lye colt, and 10 to 1 agt Hecla. Won by three lengths; a length between the second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 76 gs.

**Handicap Plate 50l.; 5 fur.**  
 Hereford, by Weatherbit, 5 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - G. Sopp 1  
 Brambridge, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - Jeffery 2  
 Minnie Warren, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - Barron 3  
 Harebell, 4 yrs, 6st - - - Hunt 4  
 Even on Brambridge, and 2 to 1 agt Hereford. Won by three-quarters of a length; a length between the second and third.

**Walter Handicap of 35l.; 6 fur.**  
 Rampart, by Defender, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb Tomlinson 1  
 Plunger, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - J. Goater 2  
 3 to 1 on Rampart. Won by half a length.

**Hunt Cup of 120l.; about 3 ml.**  
 Sir William, by St Martin, aged, 12st 13lb - - - E. P. Wilson 1  
 Hightfyer (h b), aged, 13st 7lb Mr H. Crawshaw 2  
 Lord Burghersh, 5 yrs, 12st 6lb - - - Wheeler 3  
 6 to 4 on Hightfyer, 5 to 2 agt Sir William, and 100 to 30 agt Lord Burghersh. Won by four lengths; a bad third.

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 23l.; 1 ml. 4 fur., over four hurdles.**  
 Colours, by Batapan, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb Mr Thomas 1  
 Montress, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - Tomlinson 2  
 6 to 4 on Montress. Montress refused at the last hurdle, and Colours came in alone.

**Grand Annual Steeple Chase of 535l.; about 4 ml.**  
 Tusculanum, by Stockwell, aged, 10st 6lb - - - Mr Edwards 1  
 Brick, aged, 10st 4lb - - - J. Holman 2  
 Juryman, 6 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Mr Crawshaw 3  
 The Doctor, aged, 11st 9st - - - G. Holman 4  
 Northern Light, aged, 10st 5lb - - - W. Reeves 5  
 Tribune, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Thomas 6  
 Knave of Trumps, aged, 10st 5lb - - - E. Martin 0  
 3 to 1 agt Tusculanum, 4 to 1 each agt Tribune and Brick, 5 to 1 agt Knave of Trumps, 8 to 1 agt The Doctor, and 100 to 6 agt Juryman. Won by three lengths; a bad third; Tribune and Knave of Trumps refused at the first fence.

# DOWNPATRICK (IRELAND).

**TUESDAY, March 9.—County Down Hunt Cup;**  
 2 ml. 6 fur.

Cock Robin, aged, 13st 7lb - - - Major Forde 1  
 The Count, 6 yrs, 13st - - - Mr Brace 2  
 The Lion, aged, 13st - - - Mr Knox 3  
 Lady Charlotte, aged, 12st - - - Mr Patterson 4  
 Redmond O'Hanlon, aged, 13st 5lb - - - Mr John Davidson 0  
 Mameluke, aged, 13st 5lb - - - Mr Jas. Davidson 0  
 Won by three lengths; Lady Charlotte fell.

**Downshire Stakes of 135l.; 3 ml.**  
 Fitzjames, by Arillery, aged, 10st 4lb - - J. Murphy 1  
 Paddy-go-Easy, aged, 10st - - - Morrison 2  
 Jane, aged, 9st 10lb - - - Ryan 3  
 Caustic, aged, 12st - - - Whelan 4  
 Rob Roy, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Shiel 5  
 Wire In, aged, 10st 10lb - - - Evans 6  
 Memento, 6 yrs, 9st 9lb - - - Gavin 0  
 Lady Alice, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb - - - Walshe 0  
 Won by three lengths; a length between the second and third; Lady Alice threw her rider at the first fence, and fell.

**Farmer's Plate of 35l.; 2 ml.**  
 Ballyhossett, aged, 12st 9lb - - - Mr Lorney 1  
 The Lion, aged, 12st 9lb - - - Mr Rankin 2  
 Tom Tate, aged, 12st - - - Mr Jas. Davidson 3  
 Kildare, aged, 12st 11lb - - - Mr Boyd 4  
 Lady Charlotte, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Mr Patterson 0  
 Won easily; Lady Charlotte fell.

**Downpatrick Plate of 50l.; 3 ml.**  
 Hemlock, aged, 12st 12lb - - - Mr Jas. Davidson 1  
 Mameluke, aged, 12st 12lb - - - Mr John Davidson 2  
 Miss West, aged, 12st 12lb - - - Mr Banks 3  
 Running Reel, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Knox 4

**Pride of the Dragg, aged, 12st 12lb -** - Whelan 0  
*Won by a length.*

**Selling Stakes of 40l.; about 2 mi.**  
**Lady Mowbray, by Porto Rico, 6 yrs, 11st** Baylan 1  
**Cocoonina, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb** - - - - - Gavin 2  
**Kildare, aged, 10st** - - - - - Grady 3  
**Sir John, aged, 12st 11lb** - - - - - Hanson 0  
**Modesty, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb** - - - - - Walshe 0  
**Belfast, 6 yrs, 10st** - - - - - Molloy 0

*Won easily by four lengths.*  
**Railway Plate (Hq.) of 25l.; 2 mi.**  
**Jane, by Porto Rico, aged, 11st 9lb** - - - - - Ryan 1  
**Lady Alice, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb** - - - - - Walshe 2  
**Wire In, aged, 12st 8lb** - - - - - Evans 3  
**Hamelock, aged, 10st 9lb** - - - - - Mr Davidson 0  
**Gay Lad, aged, 10st 6lb** - - - - - Mr Knox 0  
**Belfast, 6 yrs, 10st 9lb** - - - - - Gavin 0  
*Won by a length and a half; a neck between the second and third.*

### SCARBOROUGH.

**FRIDAY, March 19.—Scarborough Open Hunters' Stakes of 70l.; about 2 mi.**  
**La Belle Jeanne, by Weatherbit, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr Ellington 1  
**Carlswire, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb** - - - - - Mr Hutchinson 2  
**Elvire, 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - - Mr Leighton 3  
**Doubted Honour (late Rhine Whine) (h b), 4 yrs, 10st 11lb** - - - - - Mr R. Jamieson 4  
**The Turner, by Turmus, out of Miss Margrave (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 7lb** - - - - - Mr C. Boynton 5  
**Man of the Maiming, 6 yrs, 11st** Mr R. Backhouse 6  
**Milton, by Codrington, dam by Orpheus, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb** - - - - - Mr T. Spence 7  
**5 to 4 agst Doubted Honour, 9 to 4 agst La Belle Jeanne, and 7 to 8 agst Elvire.** Won by three-quarters of a length; four lengths between the second and third; a bad fourth.

**Londonborough Plate of 35l.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
**Sleeping Meggie, by Lothrer, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb** Clayton 1  
**Woodbine, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb** - - - - - Oram 2  
**Lady Rose, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb** - - - - - J. Snowden 3  
**5 to 4 on Woodbine, 2 to 1 agst Lady Rose, and 3 to 1 agst Sleeping Meggie.** Won by ten lengths; six lengths between the second and third.

**Insheper's Plate of 31l., for two year olds; 4 fur., straight.**  
**Callipodia, by Caracacus, out of Peasant Girl, 2st 12lb** - - - - - J. Snowden 1  
**Lady Tholthorpe, 8st 12lb** - - - - - Sharples 2  
**Glasgow, by Kettledrum, out of Coalition, 8st 10lb** - - - - - E. Mann 3  
**Judith, by Jordan, out of Desdemona, 8st 7lb** - - - - - Maher 4  
**5 to 2 on Callipodia, and 3 to 1 agst Lady Tholthorpe.** Won by half a length; four lengths between the second and third.

**Gaston Hurdle Race of 42l.; about 2 mi., over five hurdles.**  
**Helen, by Fugleman, aged, 11st 9lb** Mr R. Walker 1  
**La Puce, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb** - - - - - Mr T. Spence 2  
**Hanover, by Baunterer, 6 yrs, 11st** - - - - - Mr Burdaas 3  
**Maid of the Morning (h b) 6 yrs, 11st 9lb** - - - - - Mr Backhouse 4  
**Harard, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb** - - - - - Porteous 5  
**Sorecross, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb** - - - - - Brady 0  
**5 to 4 on Sorecross, 3 to 1 agst La Puce, 5 to 1 agst Helen, and 8 to 1 agst Harard.** Won by two lengths; a bad third; Sorecross refused.

### KINGSBURY.

**FRIDAY, March 12.—Eggle Steeple Chase Plate (Hq.) of 50l.; 2 mi.**  
**The Guide, by Knight of Avenel, aged, 12st 2lb** - - - - - Mr Ellison 1  
**Scipio, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb** - - - - - J. Rudd 2  
**Black Prince, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Griffiths 3  
**King of Hearts, aged, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Col Knox 0  
**Atlanta, aged, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Mr Wodehouse 0  
**Teendale, 6 yrs, 11st** - - - - - Forster 0  
**Little Ben, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb** - - - - - Mumford 0  
**3 to 1 agst Scipio, 5 to 1 each agst Black Prince and Little Ben, 6 to 1 agst King of Hearts, and 100 to 15 agst The Guide.** Won by three lengths; a bad third. The others were pulled up at the last fence, and did not pass the post.

**Selling Steeple Chase of 35l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.**

**Albatross, by Bascaner, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb** - - - - - Mr Bambridge 1  
**Frailty, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Mr Hobson 2  
**Wade, aged, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Mr C. Jarvis 3  
**Resolute, aged, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Mr Case 0  
**King of Spades, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Pickett 0  
**Leotard, aged, 12st 8lb** - - - - - Mr G. Cox 0  
**3 to 1 agst Frailty, 5 to 2 agst Resolute, 4 to 1 agst Wade, and 8 to 1 each agst Leotard and Albatross.** Won by three lengths; the same between second and third. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 110gs.

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 170l.; 1 mi. 6 fur., over seven hurdles.**  
**Lymington, by Wild Dayrell, 4 yrs, 10st** - - - - - Wheeler 1  
**Lord Raglan, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Hickman 2  
**Virginia Creeper, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb** - - - - - J. Knott 3  
**Roving Maid, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb** - - - - - R. F. Angus 0  
**Comus, aged, 10st 10lb** - - - - - Griffiths 0  
**Nerrington, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb** - - - - - Tomlinson 0  
**Lightning, aged, 10st 7lb** - - - - - J. Quinton 0  
**Brown Jug, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb** - - - - - J. Cannon 0  
**3 to 1 agst Lymington, 7 to 2 agst Roving Maid, 4 to 1 agst Comus, 5 to 1 agst Lightning, 8 to 1 each agst Lord Raglan and Virginia Creeper, and 10 to 1 agst Nerrington.** Won by a length; two lengths between the second and third.

**Selling Hurdle Race of 60l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over six hurdles.**  
**Pole-axe, by Lambton, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb** R. F. Angus 1  
**Salamanca, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Mr Mumford 2  
**Wild Blood, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb** - - - - - Pickett 3  
**Puebla, aged, 12st 9lb** - - - - - J. Potter 0  
**Whirligig, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Barry 0  
**5 to 4 agst Pole-axe, 3 to 1 agst Salamanca, 5 to 1 agst Wild Blood, and 1 to 1 each agst Whirligig and Puebla.** Won by a length; a bad third; Whirligig did not pass the post.

**Middleton Handicap Steeple Chase of 60l.; 3 mi.**  
**Hawkshaw, by Gemma di Vergy, aged, 11st** - - - - - Pickett 1  
**Broughton, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Mr Thomas 2  
**General Bixie, aged, 11st 9lb** - - - - - Mr Ellison 0  
**Donbloom, aged, 11st** - - - - - Griffiths 0  
**Vivandiere, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb** - - - - - W. Reeves 0  
**Even on Broughton, 3 to 1 agst Donbloom, 4 to 1 agst Hawkshaw, 5 to 1 agst Vivandiere, and 8 to 1 agst General Bixie.** Won by four lengths; General Bixie and Vivandiere fell, and Donbloom did not pass the post.

**N Maiden Hurdle Race Plate of 60l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over six hurdles.**  
**Lymington, by Wild Dayrell, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb** - - - - - Wheeler 1  
**Narino, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb** - - - - - Mr Jarvis 2  
**Licymnia, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb** - - - - - Gregory 3  
**Fair Rosamond, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Mr Ellison 0  
**Lupus, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb** - - - - - Mr J. R. Banks 0  
**Premier, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb** - - - - - Griffiths 0  
**Goodfellow, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb** - - - - - Griffiths 0  
**Even on Lymington, 3 to 1 agst Narino, 7 to 1 agst Goodfellow, and 10 to 1 agst any other.** Won by two lengths; a bad third.

**SATURDAY.—Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 48l.; 2 mi.**

**Hawkshaw, by Gemma di Vergy, aged, 11st 12lb** - - - - - Pickett 1  
**Wild Fowl, aged, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Tomlinson 2  
**King of Hearts, aged, 11st 2lb** - - - - - Mr Crawshaw 3  
**Licymnia, 4 yrs, 11st** - - - - - Gregory 0  
**6 to 4 agst Wild Fowl, 5 to 1 agst Hawkshaw, and 100 to 15 each agst Licymnia and King of Hearts.** Won by two lengths; a bad third; Licymnia did not pass the post.

**Selling Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 30l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over six hurdles.**  
**Lord Craven, by Newminster, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb** - - - - - Mr Youngman 1  
**Wild Blood, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb** - - - - - Pickett 3  
**Whirligig, 5 yrs, 11st** - - - - - I. Angus 3  
**Skimble Scamble, 3 yrs, 10st** - - - - - A. May 0  
**5 to 4 agst Wild Blood, 5 to 2 agst Lord Craven, and 3 to 1 agst Whirligig.** Won by a length; a bad third.

**Handicap Rural's Plate of 40l.; 1 mi. 4 fur., over six hurdles:**

**Lymington**, by Wild Dayrell, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb  
**Brown Jug**, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - J. Cannon 2  
**Under the Cloud**, aged, 11st 7lb - Forster 3  
**2 to 1 on Lymington**, 3 to 1 agst Brown Jug, and 6 to 1 agst Under the Cloud. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

**Kingstbury Spring Upon Steeple Chase (Hp.) of 200l.; 3 mi. 4 fur.**

**Hippolyte**, by King Tom, aged, 11st 2lb - Wheeler 1  
**Roving Maid**, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Potter 2  
**Bisphopton**, aged, 10st 9lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 3  
**Philosopher**, aged, 12st 7lb - Ellison 4  
**Havlock**, aged, 10st 12lb - Mr Crawshaw 5  
**Zingyi**, 6 yrs, 10st - Pickett 6  
**Danebury**, 6 yrs, 10st - Elphick 7  
**5 to 2 agst Havlock**, 4 to 1 agst Bisphopton, 5 to 1 agst Hippolyte, 6 to 1 agst Philosopher, 7 to 1 agst Zingyi, 10 to 1 agst Roving Maid, and 20 to 1 agst Danebury. Won by three lengths; the same between second and third; Zingyi refused.

**Railway Selling Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 30l.; 2 mi.**

**Owen Swift**, by Warlik, aged, 11st 10lb - Gregory 1  
**Norington**, 4 yrs, 11st 12lb - Tomlinson 2  
**Salamanca**, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - Pickett 3  
**Wade**, aged, 11st 7lb - C. Jarvis 4  
**Butterfly** (late Fair Salopian), aged, 11st - Rudd 5  
**Merriman**, aged, 11st 2lb - W. Reeves 6  
**Duchess**, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - Mr Percy 7  
**Rapture**, aged, 10st 3lb - Mr Shepherd 8  
**La Pique**, aged, 10st 5lb - J. Cannon 9  
**Lord Craven**, 6 yrs, 10st - Mr Youngman 10  
**5 to 2 agst Norington**, 4 to 1 each agst Lord Craven and Owen Swift, 6 to 1 agst Salamanca, and 7 to 1 agst Wade. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third; La Pique and Wade fell. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for 126gs.

**Maiden Plate of 50l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.**

**Lonsdale**, by Kingston, aged, 11st 2lb - Mr Bryer 1  
**Zingyi**, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Pickett 2  
**Beaconsfield**, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb - Mr Shepherd 3  
**Danebury**, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Elphick 4  
**Fair Rosamond**, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb - Mr Hobson 5  
**General Bixio**, aged, 11st 7lb - J. Rudd 6  
**Sprecomb**, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb - Mr Riddell 7  
**5 to 4 agst Danebury**, 3 to 1 agst Sprecomb, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by half a length; a bad third; Sprecomb refused, and General Bixio fell.

**Welter Scoury Handicap of 35l.; 6 fur.**

**Rampart**, by Defender, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Crawshaw 1  
**Fairfax**, 4 yrs, 12st 10lb - Mr E. Herbert 2  
**Narino**, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - J. Cannon 3  
**Man of War**, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - Mr Hobson 4  
**6 to 4 on Rampart**, 2 to 1 agst Narino, and 10 to 4 agst the others. Won by a neck; a bad third.

**WEST SOMERSET (CREWKERNE).**

**MONDAY, March 15.—Sherborne Cup, value 40l., for hunters; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

**Cracker** (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Capt Candy 1  
**Patrick** (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - Major Ness 2  
**Lansdown** (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Durston 3  
**Ascot**, aged, 12st 10lb - Mr Martin 4  
**Jemima** (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Staple 5  
**Milla**, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Hitehings 6  
**Beatrice**, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Palliser 7  
**Liquid Gun** (late Gellyswick), (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Godwin 8  
**7 to 2 agst Cracker**, 5 to 1 agst Liquid Gun, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length and a half; a bad third.

**Bridport Handicap of 80l.; 1 mi. 2 fur.**

**Epworth**, by Orest, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - Spencer 1  
**Osprey**, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - Pearson 2  
**Needle Gun**, aged, 8st 12lb - H. Sopp 3  
**Black Diamond**, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - Thompson 4  
**Maggie**, 4 yrs, 7st - J. Davis 5  
**6 to 4 on Osprey**, 3 to 1 agst Epworth, and 4 to 1 agst Needle Gun. Won by a short neck; a bad third; Black Diamond bolted.

**Dorsetshire Hunt Hurdle Race of 50l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur., over eight hurdles.**

**Fakir**, by Masjid, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr A. Yates 1

**Prince of Wales**, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Boys 2  
**Deerhound** (h b), aged, 11st 10lb - H. Buck 3  
**Viceroy**, aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Hussey 4

**The Blaced Chestnut** (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr E. K. Godwin 5  
**Alice** (h b), aged, 11st 10lb - Capt Unett 6  
**Paddy**, aged, 11st 10lb - Major Ness 7  
**Arabella** (h b), aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Whitmore 8  
**Demon**, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Edwards 9  
**6 to 4 agst Demon**, 3 to 1 agst Fakir, and 5 to 1 each agst Deerhound and Alice. Won by three lengths; ten lengths between second and third.

**Hasilbury Handicap Hurdle Race of 65l.; about 1 mi. 4 fur., over six hurdles.**

**Needle Gun**, by Gunboat, aged, 12st - H. Sopp 1  
**Chaddington**, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - Rudd 2  
**Diadem**, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr Thomas 3  
**Odd Fellow**, 5 yrs, 11st 19lb - Mr A. Yates 4  
**Maid of the Mill**, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - Mr P. Merton 5  
**Allow Me**, aged, 11st 4lb - A. Gregory 6  
**La Sorrentine**, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Rickards 7  
**2 to 1 agst Maid of the Mill**, 3 to 1 agst Odd Fellow, 5 to 1 each agst Diadem, Needle Gun, and Chaddington. Won by four lengths; six lengths between second and third.

**Limington Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 40l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**

**Stella** (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - Mr Hobditch 1  
**Demon**, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Edwards 2  
**Pinebeck**, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Hitehings 3  
**Farleigh**, aged, 11st 6lb - Mr A. Yates 4  
**Sir George** (h b), aged, 11st - Capt Candy 5  
**Forest King** (h b), aged, 10st 10lb - A. Horton 6  
**Butterfly**, aged, 10st 5lb - Rudd 7  
**La Pique**, aged, 10st 5lb - Rickards 8  
**5 to 2 agst Farleigh**, 3 to 1 agst La Pique, 6 to 1 each agst Demon, Pinebeck, and Butterfly, and 10 to 1 agst Stella. Won by twenty lengths; a neck between the second and third. Farleigh and Forest King fell. The winner, entered for 160 sovs., was sold for 112gs.

**Dorsetshire Handicap Steeple Chase of 65l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**

**Odd Fellow**, by Thornanby, 5 yrs, 11st - Mr A. Yates 1  
**The Guide**, aged, 12st - Mr Ellison 2  
**Scipio**, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - Rudd 3  
**Taw Vale**, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Edwards 4  
**6 to 4 agst Scipio**, 2 to 1 agst The Guide, 3 to 1 agst Taw Vale, and 5 to 1 agst Odd Fellow. Won by four lengths; the same between second and third; a bad fourth.

**TUESDAY.—Hunters' Steeple Chase Cup of 65l.; about 3 mi.**

**Deerhound** (h b), aged, 11st 10lb - Mr J. Lloyd 1  
**Barriester**, aged, 11st 3lb - Capt. Stedley 2  
**La Papillon**, aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Martin 3  
**Ascot**, aged, 11st 2lb - Mr Martin 4  
**Alice** (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - Capt. Unett 5  
**Sir George**, aged, 12st - Capt. Candy 6  
**Zephyr**, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Mr Tabor 7  
**Jemima** (h b), aged, 10st 12lb - Mr Staple 8  
**Even on La Papillon**, 2 to 1 agst Deerhound, and 4 to 1 agst Jemima. Won by three lengths; a bad third. Alice fell.

**Somerstshire Hurdle Race of 60l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur., over eight hurdles.**

**Odd Fellow**, by Thornanby, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr A. Yates 1  
**Diadem**, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr J. Thomas 2  
**Prince of Wales**, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr Lloyd 3  
**Maid of the Mill** (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr Merton 4  
**5 to 4 on Odd Fellow**, 6 to 4 agst Diadem, 3 to 1 agst Maid of the Mill, and 5 to 1 agst Prince of Wales. Won by three-quarters of a length; a bad third.

**Chinneck Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 40l.; about 2 mi.**

**Pinebeck**, by Fullebeck, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - Hitehings 1  
**Woodbury Hill**, aged, 12st 10lb - Mr Dunn 2  
**Stella**, aged, 11st 3lb - Capt. Unett 3  
**Demon**, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Edwards 4  
**Farleigh**, aged, 11st 11b - Mr Lloyd 5  
**Nimrod**, aged, 11st - Mr Yates 6  
**La Pique**, aged, 10st 7lb - Rickards 7  
**Butterfly**, aged, 10st 5lb - Rudd 8  
**Peggy** (h b), aged, 11st 4lb - A. Horton 9  
**Patrick** (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - Major Ness 10  
**5 to 2 agst Nimrod**, 4 to 1 each agst La Pique and

Pinebeck, and 7 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; a bad third. Nimrod, Butterfly, and Fairleigh fell.

**Match, 50; 2 mi., over the Steeple Chase Course.**  
Cracker, by Oceanus, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Capt. Candy 1  
Bushboy, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr C. Palaret 2  
Cracker came in alone, Bushboy having fallen.

**Samaritahs Open Handicap Steeple Chase of 1884;**  
about 3 mi. 4 fur.

The Guide, by Knight of Avenel, aged, 11st 10lb Budd 1  
Taw Vale, aged, 11st 7lb - Hinchings 2  
Contraband, aged, 10st 9lb - Mr A. Yates 3  
Even on The Guide, 6 to 4 agst Contraband, and 3 to 1 agst Taw Vale. Won by twenty lengths; a bad third.

**Croakers Plate of 50l.; about 3 mi.**  
Chaddington, by Lamington, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb Budd 1  
Lansdown (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Hinchings 2  
Parkmount, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - Capt. Candy 3  
Careless (h b), aged, 11st 12lb - Mr Godwin 0  
Milla, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - Barrett 0  
Even on Chaddington, and 2 to 1 agst Lansdown. Won by a head; a bad third. Milla fell.

**Yeril Handicap Plate of 40l.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
Seaman, by The Ugly Buck, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb Spencer 1  
Epworth, 4 yrs, 9st - C. Goddard 2  
Osprey, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Pearson 3  
Vexatious, 4 yrs, 8st - T. Barrett 0  
Allow Me, aged, 7st 7lb - T. Mead 0  
6 to 4 agst Epworth, 2 to 1 agst Osprey, 3 to 1 agst Seaman, and 8 to 1 agst Allow Me. Won by a head; a bad third.

## NORTHAMPTON AND PYTCHLEY HUNT.

**TUESDAY, March 16.—Dealers Free Handicap of 95l.; about 4 fur.**

Aeolus, by Trumpster, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb - Butler 1  
Beuevence, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - Ferdham 2  
Pal-lal, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb - J. Goater 3  
Miss Frances, 5 yrs, 8st - Payne 0  
Aintree, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - Parry 0  
Quality, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - Jeffery 0  
Edna, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Jas. Clarke 0  
Violetta, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Webb 0  
Orpheline, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Wilson 0  
5 to 2 agst Quality, 4 to 1 each agst Beuevence and Pal-lal, and 8 to 1 agst any other. Won by a head; two lengths between the second and third.

**Northamptonshire Cup Stakes of 110l.; 2 mi.**  
Friday, by Defiance, aged, 8st 4lb - T. French 1  
Pompell, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Butler 2  
Miss Gratiwicke, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - Maidment 3  
Acaster, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Walling 0  
Warrington, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - J. Goater 0  
7 to 4 agst Acaster, 9 to 4 agst Friday, 5 to 1 each agst Pompell and Miss Gratiwicke, and 10 to 1 agst Warrington. Won by half a length; a bad third.

**Whitstable Stakes of 230l.; about 6 fur.**  
Stephanotis, by Macaroni, 2 yrs, 8st 6lb - Butler 1  
Miss Dayrell, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - J. Mann 2  
Provider, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - Mordan 3  
Wellington, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - T. Chaloner 0  
Lumley, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - Ferdham 0  
Thor, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - Morris 0  
6 to 4 on Lumley, 9 to 4 agst Stephanotis, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

**Great Northamptonshire Stakes (H.) of 1,000l.; 2 mi.**  
Marquis of Carabas, by Marquis, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - Hunt 1  
Cap-a-Pie, 4 yrs, 8st - T. Chaloner 2  
Lancet, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - Jeffery 3  
John Davis, aged, 8st 9lb - T. French 0  
Kingsland, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - Parry 0  
Gutline, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - Hibberd 0  
Ploeghlay, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - S. Mordan 0  
Clovia, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - Butler 0  
Gipsy King, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - Hardy 0  
Workman, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Jewitt 0  
3 to 1 each agst Marquis of Carabas and Cap-a-pie, 100 to 50 agst Lancet, 100 to 8 each agst Gutline and Ploeghlay, 25 to 1 agst John Davis, and 35 to 1 each agst Gipsy King and Workman. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

## Pytchley Stakes of 85l.; Spencer Plate Course.

Professor Anderson, by Colsterdale, 6 yrs, 8st - Cusance 1  
Jeanita, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - Penfold 2  
Marshal Ney, 6 yrs, 8st - T. Chaloner 3  
Lady, Kew, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb - Jewitt 4  
Choice, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Lyham 5  
Achiever, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - Murray 6  
6 to 4 agst Professor Anderson, 100 to 30 agst Juanita, 5 to 1 agst Marshal Ney, and 6 to 1 agst Lady Kew. Won by two lengths; a head between second and third. The winner, entered for 50 sov., was sold for 200 gs.

**Walsfield Lawn Stakes of 185l. for 2 yr olds; Althorpe Park Stakes Course.**

Tit-bit, by Weatherbit, out of Theresa, 8st 7lb - Parry 1  
Pâté, 8st - Marsh 2  
Hyacinth, 8st 7lb - G. Sopp 3  
Honfleur, 8st 5lb - J. Adams 4  
Lady Middleton, 8st 7lb - Clement 5  
6 to 6 on Tit-bit, 100 to 30 agst Pâté, and 4 to 1 agst Honfleur. Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

**Stand Plate Handicap of 50l.; 1 mi.**

Pirate Chief, by Buccaneer, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb Hunt 1  
Islam, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - Jeffery 2  
Sea Breeze, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb - Gradwell 3  
Xi, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb - Cannon 0  
Warlike, 4 yrs, 7st - Wyatt 0  
Wynnstay, aged, 7st - Handley 0  
Nutrition, 6 yrs, 6st 6lb - Hardy 0  
Veda, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - Wilson 0  
11 to 8 agst Pirate Chief, 5 to 2 agst Islam, and 10 to 1 each agst Warlike, Wynnstay, and Veda. Won by a head; a bad third.

**WEDNESDAY.—Steeplechase of 130l.; for 2 yr olds; Althorpe Park Stakes Course (4 fur.)**

Stephanotis, 8st - Butler 1  
B f by Stockwell—Blondella, 8st - Keeney 2  
Bob, 8st 4lb - T. Chaloner 3  
Mount Pleasant, 8st 7lb - Goater 4  
4 to 1 on Stephanotis. Won by eight lengths.

**Earl Spencer's Plate (H.) of 778l.; The New Spencer Plate Course, straight.**

Be a by Atherstone—Aunt Hannah, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Wilson 1  
Morning Star, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - Hunt 2  
Lictor, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - Jeffery 3  
Léonie, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb - T. French 0  
Orion, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - Kenyon 0  
Lady Elizabeth, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - Cannon 0  
Sallier, aged, 8st 5lb - Ferdham 0  
Ironmonger, 4 yrs, 8st - Parry 0  
Bounceaway, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb - J. Mann 0  
Miss Gladiateur, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - Hibberd 0  
Antise, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Penfold 0  
Reindeer, aged, 7st 4lb - Maidment 0  
Lady Beaconsfield, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - Butler 0  
Bessie Dixon, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - Vinell 0  
Carita, 3 yrs, 8st - Cox 0  
Malcolm, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - Hardy 0  
Nanny Thormanby, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - Faulkner 0  
Jerry Hawthorn, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - Burrell 0  
Fugitive, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - G. Page 0  
Clemency, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Gradwell 0  
Wellington, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Crickmere 0  
B f by Lambton—Christabelle (Veda's dam), 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Jewitt 0  
F by Newminster—Biddy O'Rourke, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Walling 0  
6 to 1 agst Léonie, 5 to 1 each agst Orion and Lady Beaconsfield, 10 to 1 each agst Bessie Dixon, Morning Star, and the Aunt Hannah colt, 100 to 8 agst Lictor, 100 to 6 agst Bounceaway, 25 to 1 each agst Clemency and the Biddy O'Rourke filly, 25 to 1 agst Sallier, 25 to 1 each agst Lady Elizabeth, Ironmaster, Miss Gladiateur, and Reindeer, and 50 to 1 each agst Malcolm and the Christabelle filly. Won by ten lengths.

**Selling Stakes of 125l.; 4 fur., straight.**

Benevolence, by Gibraltar or Alvediston, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - Ferdham 1  
Juanita, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Penfold 2  
Gladness, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Rowell 3  
Pal-lal, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb - J. Goater 0  
Quality, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - Cusance 0  
B f by Laydes—Fiction, 2 yrs, 8st 11lb - Hunt 0  
Orpheline, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Maidment 0

**Levy Kew, 2 yrs, 8st 9lb** - - - - - Jewitt 0  
**Hilda, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb** - - - - - Huxtable 0  
**Velocity, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb** - - - - - Butler 0  
**B o by Lacides, dam by Cowi-Venus, 2 yrs, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Wilson 0  
**Miss Frances, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb** - - - - - Payne 0  
**Sedition, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb** - - - - - Clermont 0  
 3 to 1 agst Benevolence, 6 to 1 each agst Fal-lal and the Victoria filly, 100 to 15 agst Gladness, 10 to 1 each agst Junonia, Velocity, and Sedition, and 12 to 1 each agst Hilda. Won by a head; three lengths between second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sows., was sold for 150 gs.

**Althorp Park Stakes of 530l., for 2 yr olds; about 4 fur.**

**Ch f by Macaroni-Miss Agnes, 8st 6lb** - - - - - Parry 1  
**Florian, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Hunter 2  
**Stephanotis, 8st 11lb** - - - - - Butler 3  
**Atlantis, 8st 7lb** - - - - - T. French 4  
**Masquerade, 8st 6lb** - - - - - Morris 0  
**Wild Flower, 8st 6lb** - - - - - T. Chaloner 0  
**Elfron, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Custance 0  
**B e by Asteroid-Miami, 8st 10lb** - - - - - J. Adams 0  
**Hollandaise, 8st 11lb** - - - - - G. Sopp 0  
**Patrick, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Maidment 0  
**St Leonards, 8st 13lb** - - - - - Fordham 0  
**Ch e by Marvay-Symmetry, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Cannon 0  
**B f by Stockwell-Chère Amie, 8st 6lb** - - - - - Huxtable 0  
**Pâté, 8st 13lb** - - - - - Marsh 0  
**Medora, 8st 6lb** - - - - - Clement 0  
**Ch c by Thormanby-Emily, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Kenyon 0  
**Guy Dayrell, 8st 10lb** - - - - - J. Goater 0  
 8 to 1 agst the Miss Agnes filly, 5 to 1 agst Guy Dayrell, 6 to 1 each agst Atlantis and Elfron, 8 to 1 agst St Leonards, 12 to 1 agst Florian, and 100 to 3 agst any other. Won by a neck; the same between second and third; a head between third and fourth.

**St Lis Handicap of 600f.; 1 mi. 2 fur.**

**Compromise, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb** - - - - - Hunt 1  
**Cap-a-pie, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb** - - - - - Kenyon 2  
**Provider, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Jewitt 3  
**Sunstroke, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb** - - - - - Morden 0  
**B y by Vedastie-Vixen, 5 yrs, 6st 7lb** - - - - - Butler 0  
**Ventnor, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb** - - - - - Jeffery 0  
**Emilia, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb** - - - - - Vinnell 0  
**Larline, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb** - - - - - Crickmere 0  
**Acton, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb** - - - - - Wilson 0  
 7 to 4 agst Cap-a-Pie, 3 to 1 agst Ventnor, 5 to 1 each agst the Vixen gelding and Sunstroke, and 10 to 1 agst Compromise. Won by a head; a bad third.

**Sully Handicap of 120l., for 2 yr olds; 4 fur.**

**Ch e by Kettle-drum-Nelly Hill, 8st 5lb** - - - - - Fordham 1  
**Wedding Chimes, 8st 2lb** - - - - - Penfold 2  
**Figleaf, 7st 8lb** - - - - - Kenyon 3  
**Kavarna, 7st** - - - - - Butler 4  
**Badajos, 8st 10lb** - - - - - Heartfield 0  
**Mimus, 7st 13lb** - - - - - Payne 0  
**Agate, 7st 9lb** - - - - - Wyatt 0  
 8 to 4 on the Nelly Hill colt, 3 to 1 agst Figleaf, and 5 to 1 agst Agate. Won by six lengths; Figleaf and Kavarna, who ran a dead heat for third place, beaten a neck from the second.

**Queen's Plate of 105l.; 2 mi.**

**Blueskin, by Skirmisher, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb** - - - - - Maidment 1  
**Friday, aged, 10st 2lb** - - - - - French 2  
**Acaster, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb** - - - - - Jeffery 3  
**Success, aged, 10st 2lb** - - - - - Ohaloner 0  
**Ashliver, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb** - - - - - Huxtable 0  
**Sea Breeze, by Carnival, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb** - - - - - Kenyon 0  
 5 to 4 on Blueskin, 4 to 1 agst Friday, and 6 to 1 each agst Success and Acaster. Won by a length; the same between second and third.

## ULVERSTONE.

**TUESDAY, March 9.-United Hunters' Stakes of 44l.; about 3 mi.**

**Brighton, by Vital Spark (h b), aged, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr J. Milward 1  
**Red Rover (h b), aged, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr Baldwin 2  
**Justice, aged, 11st 4lb** - - - - - 0  
**Jack (late Well Done), aged, 11st 4lb** - - - - - 0  
 2 to 1 on Brighton. Won by a head; Justice fell.

**Hunters' Stakes of 38l.; about 3 mi.**

**Red Rover, by Woodwick (h b), aged, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr Baldwin 1  
**Brighton, aged, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr Milward 2  
**Bromford (h b), aged, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr H. Sparrow 3

**Cornet, 11st 4lb** - - - - - 0  
**Charlie, 11st 4lb** - - - - - 0  
**Keeper, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb** - - - - - 0  
**Blacking Post, 11st 4lb** - - - - - 0  
 Won by a length; a bad third.

## SANDBECK HUNT (RETFORD).

**MONDAY, March 15.-Sandbeck Farmers' Stakes of 45l.; about 4 mi.**

**Corkey, by Croton Oil, 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - - Mr Cattle 1  
**Arbitration (late Riffeman) (h b), aged, 11st 10lb** - - - - - Mr Brockton 2  
**Idalia, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Mr J. Smith 3  
**Canny Woman (h b), 5 yrs, 10st 11lb** - - - - - Mr Spafford 0  
**Miss Saurin, 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - - Mr Jobson 0  
**La Puce, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb** - - - - - Mr Spence 0  
**Quick March, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb** - - - - - Mr Bamford 0  
 2 to 1 agst Idalia, 3 to 1 each agst La Puce and Corkey, and 4 to 1 agst Arbitration. Won by ten lengths; Arbitration, Canny Woman, La Puce, and Idalia fell.

**Nottinghamshire Hunt Steeple Chase of 48l.; about 4 mi.**

**Philip, by Lord Fauconberg, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb** - - - - - Mr G. Walker 1  
**Easton, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb** - - - - - Mr Richardson 2  
**The Dane, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb** - - - - - Mr J. Smith 3  
**Welbeck, aged, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr W. R. Brockton 0  
**Lord of Eltham, aged, 12st 4lb** - - - - - Mr Burckell 0  
 6 to 4 agst Philip, and 3 to 1 agst Easton. Won by three lengths; a bad third. Lord of Eltham broke his forelock joint.

**Weight Carriers' Hunters' Steeple Chase of 36l.; about 3 mi.**

**Nonpareil, by Hurworth, aged, 14st** - - - - - Mr Brockton 1  
**Laurestine (h b), 5 yrs, 12st** - - - - - Mr Bland 2  
**Beckingham, aged, 14st** - - - - - Mr Hill 3  
**Ben Bolt, aged, 14st** - - - - - Mr G. A. Oliver 0  
**Teddington Stag, 6 yrs, 14st** - - - - - Mr Wilmot 0  
**The General, aged, 14st** - - - - - Mr G. Nelson 0  
**Violin, aged, 14st** - - - - - Mr Cattle 0  
 6 to 4 agst Nonpareil, and 3 to 1 agst Laurestine. Won by six lengths; half a length between second and third.

**Retford Open Hunt Steeple Chase of 75l.; about 4 mi.**

**Primrose, by Bonnyfield, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb** - - - - - Mr W. B. Brockton 1  
**Bridge-room, aged, 12st 11lb** - - - - - Mr Richardson 2  
**Searrington, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb** - - - - - Mr Spence 0  
**La Puce, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb** - - - - - Mr Spafford 0  
 6 to 5 agst Primrose, 6 to 4 agst Searrington, 4 to 1 agst Bridge-room, and 10 to 1 agst La Puce. Won by three-quarters of a length. Searrington threw his rider and fell.

## HEREFORDSHIRE HUNT.

**[OVER HEREFORD COURSE.]**

**TUESDAY, March 16.-Water Steeple Chase of 23l.; about 3 mi.**

**Lady Lift, by Defiance, aged, 14st 5lb** - - - - - Mr T. Parker 1  
**Bella Donna, aged, 14st** - - - - - Mr J. Goodwin 2  
**Telegram, aged, 14st 5lb** - - - - - Mr F. Ford 3  
 Won by half a length.

**Herefordshire Hunt Steeple Chase of 20l.; about 4 mi.**

**Marmalade, by Artful, aged, 12st 12lb** - - - - - Mr T. Parker 1  
**Dora, aged, 12st 5lb** - - - - - Mr Thomas 2  
**Hamlet, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb** - - - - - Mr J. Goodwin 3  
**Comet, aged, 12st 7lb** - - - - - Mr J. S. G. Fountain 0  
 Won easily; a bad third. Comet refused.

**Open Hunters' Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

**Brackley, by Alonso, 5 yrs, 12lb** - - - - - Mr B. P. Wilson 1  
**Camomile, aged, 12st 9lb** - - - - - J. H. Miller 2  
**Banneret, 12st** - - - - - Mr Weston 3  
**Master Butterfly, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb** - - - - - Mr George 0  
**Ellis, aged, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Mr T. Parker 0  
**Maria, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Mr Senbrook 0  
**Tipperary Boy, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb** - - - - - J. Holman 0  
**New Year, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb** - - - - - J. Woods 0  
**Ciderella, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb** - - - - - Porter 0  
**Norma, aged, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Hursley 0  
**The Blacksmith, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Newman 0  
**Kitty, 12st 3lb** - - - - - Mr Smith 0  
**Bella Donna (h b), aged, 12st 5lb** - - - - - Cuthbertson 0  
**Commoner (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 8lb** - - - - - Williams 0  
**Brookend (late Clear the Way) (h b), 4 yrs, 12st 9lb** - - - - - Mr J. S. Halford 0



Won by three lengths; a neck between second and third.

**Formers' and Tradesmen's Stagle Chase of 201.** About 3 mi.  
Bella Donna, aged, 11st 10lb Mr J. Woodwin 1  
Telegram, aged, 12st 8lb - - - Mr J. Ford 2  
Kitty, 11st - - - - - Mr Midgley 3  
The Countryman, 5 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Lewis 0  
Won easily.

### SEDGEFIELD HUNT.

**TUESDAY, March 16.—Hardwicke Stakes of 201.** About 3 mi.

Topsy, by Pilgrim, aged, 11st 12lb Mr J. Harrison 1  
Mona, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Wynne 2  
6 to 4 on Mona. Won in a canter.

**Sedgefield Hunt Stagle Chase of 201.** About 3 mi.  
Carrineer (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - Thompson 1  
Leo, aged, 12st - - - - - Smiles 2  
Phillippa (h b), aged, 12st - - - Dale 3  
Inchleith, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - Austin 0  
Sally (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - Watson 0  
6 to 4 agst Leo, and 2 to 1 agst Inchleith. Won by three-quarters of a length; three lengths between second and third.

### WEST DRAYTON.

**THURSDAY, March 18.—Four Plates (H) of 50l.** about 6 fur.

Cheddington, by Mentmore, 4 yrs, 7st 9lb Penfold 1  
The Hackler, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Clement 2  
Prebendal, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - Barker 3  
Mr Pitt, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - S. Adams 0  
Spittire, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Wyatt 0  
Black Boy, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - Jas. Clark 0  
Paris, aged, 7st 9lb - - - Heraud 0  
Toby, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - Lansell 0  
8 to 4 agst Cheddington, 5 to 1 agst The Hackler, 6 to 1 agst Toby, and 8 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; half a length between second and third.

**Railway Selling Stakes of 60l.** about 4 fur.  
Marens of Worcester, by Star of the West, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Marsh 1  
Little Coates, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - G. Jarvis 2  
Hecla, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - Jas. Clark 3  
Emelina, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - Bundy 0  
Whitchurch, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - Milne 0  
Forecast, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Lynch 0  
Harmony, 4 yrs, 8st - - - Heraud 0  
8 to 4 agst Marens of Worcester, 5 to 1 agst Little Coates, and 5 to 1 agst Emelina. Won by two lengths; half a length between second and third. The winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 165 ga.

**Open Hunt Cup, value 40 ga.** about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Lymington, by Wild Dayrell, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb - - - F. G. Hobson 1  
Vabalathus, aged, 11st 11lb - - - Mr Crawshaw 2  
Diadem, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb - - - Mr Trent 3  
Plover, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Mumford 0  
Triana, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - W. Barker 0  
Defiance, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Mr Reynolds 0  
Beaststak, 3 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Mr Vallender 0  
8 to 1 on Lymington, 4 to 1 agst Vabalathus, and 8 to 1 agst any other. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

**Selling Stakes of 37l.** 3 fur.  
Claymore, by Drogheda, 5 yrs, 9st - - - Morden 1  
Hegla, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - - Jas. Clark 2  
Primula, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - Penfold 3  
Peemay, 5 yrs, 9st - - - - - Robinson 0  
Paris, aged, 9st - - - - - T. Stevens 0  
5 to 1 on Claymore, 5 to 1 agst Hegla, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; a neck between second and third. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for 67 ga.

**Middlesex Handicap of 55l.** about 1 mi.  
Contempt, by King Tom, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb Sherrington 1  
Honor, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - - Hardy 2  
Actna, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Payne 3  
Lion King, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Simons 0  
Charon, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - - Jas. Clark 0  
Toby, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - - Lansell 0  
7 to 4 agst Actna, 5 to 2 agst Contempt, 4 to 1 agst Honor, and 7 to 1 agst Charon. Won by half a length; same between second and third. Toby was left at the post.

**Selling Hurdle Race of 60l.** about 1 mi. 2 fur., over four hurdles.

Pale-axe, by Lambton, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb R. F. Anson 1  
Wild Blood, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Jewett 2  
Lady Lyon, aged, 10st 4lb - - - T. Stevens 3  
Premier, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - Daniels 6  
Inheritance, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Tomlinson 0  
Harrington, aged, 12st - - - - - Rickards 0  
Montrose, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - J. Foster 0  
Swindler, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr J. Barrett 0  
Hoods or Tails, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Murphy 0  
6 to 4 agst Pale-axe, 5 to 2 agst Inheritance, 6 to 1 agst Montrose, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; half a length between second and third.

**Handicap Hurdle Race of 65l.** about 1 mi. 6 fur., over seven hurdles.

Lymington, by Wild Dayrell, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - - Wheeler 1  
Cromwell, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - T. Ablett 2  
Pakriss, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - - R. F. Anson 3  
Peebles, aged, 10st 11lb - - - - - Potter 4  
5 to 1 on Lymington, and 4 to 1 agst Pakriss. Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

**FRIDAY.—Village Plate (H) of 40l.** about 5 fur.

Cheddington, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - Penfold 1  
The Hackler, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Clement 2  
Mr Pitt, 6 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - S. Adams 0  
Chateau Margaux, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - Payne 0  
Harmony, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Heraud 0  
Kamshatka, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - J. Clark 0  
Prebendal, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - J. Barker 0  
6 to 3 agst Mr Pitt, 3 to 1 each agst Cheddington and Prebendal, and 5 to 1 agst The Hackler. Won by two lengths; same between second and third.

**Jockeys' Selling Stakes of 50l.** about 4 fur.  
Ch e by Marys—Lilly Lye, 2 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - Hardy 1  
Claymore, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - R. F. Anson 2  
Little Coates, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - G. Jarvis 3  
Ch f by Knullie—Betsy Baker, 2 yrs, 8st - - - Rowell 0  
Mrs Jones, 2 yrs, 8st - - - - - Coolstock 0  
Ch e by Astorot—Minax, 2 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - Jenkins 0  
Leonello, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - S. Mordan 0  
Fly, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - J. Clark 0  
Edna, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - - Payne 0  
Mousetrapp, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - - G. Page 0  
Paris, aged, 8st 4lb - - - - - Stevens 0  
Whimaical, 2 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - - Heraud 0  
8 to 1 each agst Fly, Leonello, Claymore, and the Lilly Lye colts, 10 to 1 agst Mrs Jones, and 15 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; same between second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 75 ga.

**Scurry Walter Cup (H);** about 6 fur.

Hammerton, by Colsterdale, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - Mr G. F. Hobson 1  
Rampart, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - Mr Crawshaw 2  
Miss Elizabeth, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Mr A. Yates 3  
Fairfax, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - - Mr R. Herbert 0  
Beantalk, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - - - Mr Cebham 0  
Engraver, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Mr T. Price 0  
Even on Hammerton, 7 to 4 agst Rampart, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; a bad third.

**West Drayton Handicap of 106l.** about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Virginia Creeper, by Weatherbit, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - Jas. Clark 1  
Honor, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Hardy 2  
Lion King, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Simons 3  
Mars, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Goodwin 0  
The Vampire, 6 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - T. Page 0  
Contempt, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Sherrington 0  
Nannie, 5 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Prior 0  
Cromwell, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - T. Barker 0  
Whirlwind, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Heraud 0  
5 to 1 agst Virginia Creeper, 5 to 1 agst Mars, 4 to 1 agst Honor, 7 to 1 agst Nannie, 10 to 1 agst Contempt, and 100 to 8 agst Whirlwind. Won by a length; a bad third.

**Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 30l.** about 1 mi., over four hurdles.

Harrington, by Sir Richard, aged, 11st - - - Wheeler 1  
Harmony, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - A. Sadler 2  
Wild Blood, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - - Jewett 3  
Lord Craven, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - - Mr Miles 0  
Premier, 5 yrs, 12st - - - - - Daniels 0  
Swindler, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - - Mr Barrett 0  
La Sorrentina, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - Mr Richards 0  
Shimble Scumble 3 yrs, 10st - - - - - Kennedy 0

Whitechurch, 3 yrs, 10st 4  
2 to 1 agst. Harrington, 5 to 2 agst. La Borrentina, 7  
1st 1lb. Won by 1 length; three lengths each between second and third; and fourth. The winner was sold for 40gs.

**Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 30l.;** about 1 mi. 4 fur.; over six hurdles.  
Gulnare, by Mujid, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - Wheeler 1  
Pole-axe, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - R. I. Anson 2  
Puebla, aged, 10st 7lb - J. Potter 3  
Lady Lyon, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - A. Ladler 0  
Pharosopolis, 3 yrs, 10st 8 to 4 agst. Gulnare, 2 to 1 agst. Puebla, and 8 to 1 agst. Lady Lyon. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

**BALDOYLE FIRST SPRING.**

**THURSDAY, March 18.—Houth Plate (Hp.) of 40l.;**

Baldyle, by Knight of the Thistle, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - J. Doyle 1  
Liberal, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - Kelly 2  
Catastrophe, 3 yrs, 7st - Hall 3  
Musa, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - D. Broderick 0  
C by Iran—Breda's dam, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb W. Miller 0  
B by The Ranger—Foinnalla, 3 yrs, 7st Moller 0  
Won by half a length; the same between second and third.

**Selling Stakes of 37l.;** about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
B m by The Coroner, dam by Harkaway (h b), 5 yrs, 10st 13lb - T. Ryan 1  
Velocipede (late Holkar), 6 yrs, 11st 13lb W. Ryan 2  
Peace, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - W. Bell 3  
Welcome (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 1lb - Wilson 0  
The Sapper (h b), aged, 11st 1lb Mr Kemmis 0  
Won in a canter by ten lengths.

**Railway Plate Steeple Chase of 40l.;** about 2 mi.  
Rosebud, by Tambourine, aged, 9st 12lb Lewis 1  
Squib, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb - Shields 0  
Coccatina, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - J. Igce 0  
Hamilton, aged, 11st 2lb - Mr Palmer 0  
Hearty Girl, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Leahy 0  
Lady Mowbray, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb - Boylan 0  
Quickstep, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb - Walshe dis  
Castle Dee, aged, 9st 12lb - Hanlon dis  
Quickstep came in first, beating Castle Dee by a short neck, Rosebud being a bad third; but an objection was lodged that the three placed did not take the bush fence last time round, and the Stewards, having investigated the matter, decided that the first two did not, but Rosebud did, and awarded the race accordingly. The winner, entered for 25 sovs., was sold for 56 gs.

**Grand Metropolitan Steeple Chase Plate (Hp.) of 100l.;** about 3 mi.

Fertullagh, by Coroner, 6 yrs, 10st - T. Ryan 1  
Sieve Carne, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb - J. Murphy 2  
Memento, 6 yrs, 10st - Gavin 3  
Fitzjames, aged, 10st 7lb - J. Igce 4  
Ballet Girl, aged, 10st 5lb - Whelan 0  
Absentee, 5 yrs, 10st 3lb - Walshe 0  
Belsoni, 6 yrs, 9st 6lb - Dolan 0  
Mauriad, 6 yrs, 9st 6lb - Hanlon 0  
Jane, aged, 10st 5lb - W. Ryan 0  
No-So, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb - M. Broderick 0  
Won by a length; four lengths between second and third; and half a length between third and fourth; Belsoni and Mauriad fell.

**Military Steeple Chase Plate of 55l.;** about 2 mi. 4 fur.  
Captain Jinks (h b), aged, 11st 4lb - Mr W. M. Scott 1  
Cinderella, aged, 11st - Capt Amhurst 2  
Glauca, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - Mr Cotton 0  
Strasburg, aged, 11st 6lb - Mr H. Burnley 0  
Amberwitch (h b), aged, 11st 4lb Mr Johnstone 0  
Baronston (h b), 4 yrs, 10st 7lb Mr M'Calmont 0  
Won easily; Strasburg bolted, and Glauca went the wrong course.

**FRIDAY.—Corinthian Handicap of 39l.;** 6 fur.  
Baldyle, by Knight of the Thistle, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - Mr Ershaw 1  
Peace, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb - Mr Whyte 2  
Catastrophe, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - Mr Cotton 3  
Avalo, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - Mr Long 4  
Won by half a neck; a bad third.

The Steeple Chases on this day were postponed till Saturday in consequence of the weather.

**SATURDAY.—Festive Plate of 40l.;** 3 mi.

Spooney Girl, by Old Tom, aged, 12st 1lb - Mr J. D. Whyte 1  
Brown Bear, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb - Mr Wilson 2  
Rosebud, aged, 11st 2lb - Mr Murphy 3  
Ringlet, aged, 11st 2lb - Mr Wing 0  
Colleen Rhue, aged, 11st 2lb - Mr Kemmis 0  
Won by ten lengths.

**Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 40l.;** about 2 mi.  
Quickstep, by The General, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb Walshe 1  
Crazy Jane, aged, 10st 6lb - J. Wynne 2  
Jane, aged, 9st 10lb - W. Ryan 3  
Wildfire, aged, 11st 8lb - J. Murphy 0  
Ballet Girl, aged, 10st 16lb - Whelan 0  
Greole, aged, 10st - Ryan 0  
Kite, aged, 10st - Stanbridge 0  
Jealousy, aged, 9st 12lb - D. Wynne 0  
Gay Times, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb - J. Igce 0  
Mauriad, 6 yrs, 9st 10lb - Hanlon 0  
The Dove, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - Gavin 0  
Won by four lengths; Jealousy fell.

**AYLESBURY.**

**THURSDAY, March 18.—Farmers' Plate of 70l.;** about 3 mi. 4 fur.

The Bittern, 12st - Mr C. G. Simmonds 1  
Luteoline, 6 yrs, 12st - Mr E. P. Wilson 2  
Thalaba, aged, 12st - Mr C. Newton 3  
The Despised, 12st - Mr Moore 0  
Boston, aged, 12st - Mr Drake 0  
Fleetwing, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr P. Marton 0  
Leah, 5 yrs, 12st - Mr W. Baylis 0  
Bay Middleton, 12st - Mr Brown 0  
Even on Lutetia, 4 to 1 agst Fleetwing, 6 to 1 agst The Bittern and Boston. Won by three-quarters of a length; a bad third; The Despised and Lutetia fell.

**Undergraduates' Plate of 80l.;** for hunters; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Scandal, by Backbiter, aged, 12st - Mr Hill 1  
Kitten, aged, 12st - Mr C. Fairfax 2  
Hawktone, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr C. S. Newton 3  
Cora Pearl (late Ada Linne), 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Neilson 0  
Valiant, 11st 7lb - Mr W. H. Arkwright 0  
7 to 4 agst Scandal, 2 to 1 agst Hawktone, and 4 to 1 each agst Kitten and Cora Pearl. Won by twenty lengths; two lengths between second and third.

**Aylesbury Hunters' Stakes of 130l.;** 3 mi. 4 fur.  
B m by Leopold (h b), aged, 11st 7lb Mr Douglas 1  
Brackley, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Jacobson 2  
Camomile, aged, 11st - Mr P. Morton 3  
Resolute, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Worsworth 4  
Lawrence, aged, 13st - Mr Wodehouse 5  
Easton, 6 yrs, 11st - Mr J. M. Richardson 0  
Phantom, 10st 7lb - Mr Russell 0  
Spider, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - Mr P. Francis 0  
Flight (h b), aged, 11st - Mr James 0  
Tipperary Boy, 11st 7lb - Mr Nettage 0  
Queen of Lilliput, aged, 10st 7lb - Mr W. A. Cardwell 0  
Master Oliver, aged, 11st 2lb - Mr C. Newton 0  
Birdbolt (h b), aged, 10st 7lb - Mr Forster 0  
Nuneaton, aged, 12st - Mr Den 0  
3 to 1 agst Nuneaton, 5 to 1 agst Brackley, 6 to 1 each agst the Leopold mare and Lawrence. Won by three lengths; a bad third; Nuneaton, Queen of Lilliput, and Tipperary Boy fell.

**FRIDAY.—Water Plate of 40l.;** for hunters; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Scandal, by Backbiter, aged, 12st - Mr Hill 1  
The Carabineer, 12st 7lb - Mr Mainwaring 2  
Nuneaton, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Den 0  
7 to 4 on Scandal; Nuneaton refused, and Scandal, who fell twice, won easily.

**Match, 25; 2 mi.**  
Cora Pearl (late Ada Linne), by Mandricardo, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr J. M. Richardson 1  
The Fawn, 11st 7lb - Mr C. Newton 2  
6 to 4 on The Fawn. Won by three-quarters of a length.

**Veteran Plate of 50l.;** for hunters; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Camomile, by The Cure, aged, 12st - Mr P. Marton 1  
Hawktone, aged, 12st - Mr C. S. Newton 2  
Kitten, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Hill 3  
Tipperary Boy, 13st - Mr Mainwaring 4  
Lady Snow, 12st - Mr Wodehouse 0

3 to 1 agst Kitten, 3 to 1 each agst Hawkstone and Camomile, and 4 to 1 agst Tippecary Boy. Won by thirty lengths; a neck between the second and third.

#### Open Handicap of 30l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Novice, by Knight of St George, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 1  
Thalaba, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Dark 2  
Hawkshaw, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Mr Wodehouse 3  
Nuncaton, aged, 12st 4lb - - - Mr Den 0  
Village Maid, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Mr E. P. Wilson 0  
Barrister, 10st 4lb - - - Mr Foster 0  
6 to 4 agst Hawkshaw, 3 to 1 agst Village Maid, 4 to 1 agst Novice, and 6 to 1 agst Thalaba. Won by two lengths; a bad third; Nuncaton refused, and Barrister and Hawkshaw fell.

#### Consolation Stakes of 15l.; about 2 mi.

Brackley, by Alonzo, aged, 11st - Mr E. P. Wilson 1  
Spider, 6 yrs, 11st - - - Mr F. Francis 2  
Lawrence, aged, 11st - - - Mr Wodehouse 0  
Barrister, 11st - - - Mr Foster 0  
The Despaired, 11st - - - Mr W. Rickaby 0  
Creslon, 11st - - - Mr Brown 0  
Cora Pearl, 6 yrs, 11st - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 0  
Even on Brackley. Won by three lengths.

#### ROSS HUNT.

FRIDAY, March 19.—Open Hunt Steeple Chase of 24l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Bella Donna, by Ethelbert (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - - - Mr Cuthbertson 1  
Hamlet, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Mr J. Goodwin 2  
Foxhunter, aged, 12st 3lb - - - J. Holman 3  
Telegram, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Mr F. Ford 0  
Won by a length and a half; a neck between the second and third.

#### Handicap Hunt Steeple Chase; about 3 mi.

Polly Griffiths, aged, 11st 3lb - - - Mr Seobell 1  
Nally Grey, aged, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Sival 2  
Garway, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Mr Ford 3  
Hamlet, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Goodwin 0  
Won easily.

#### OLD BERKELEY HUNT.

[AT CHARLEY WOOD, RICHMANSWORTH.]

FRIDAY, March 19.—Welter Stakes of 35l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Snowball, 14st - - - Mr Horsfall 1  
King Arthur, 13st - - - Capt Bennitt 2  
Red Rover, 14st 1lb - - - Mr J. Falkner 3  
3 to 1 on Snowball. Won by two lengths; the same between the second and third.

#### Farmers' Stakes of 57l.; 3 mi. 4 fur.

Chester, 12st 4lb - - - Mr J. Templer 1  
Paddy, 12st - - - Mr Atkins 0  
Redolph, 12st - - - Mr W. Smith 0  
Kate, 12st - - - J. Cannon 0  
3 to 1 on Kate. Paddy refused, Kate fell, and Chester came in alone.

#### Hunt Cup of 40l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Wild Flower, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr C. Samuda 1  
Vixen, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr W. Smith 2  
Ulan, 13st - - - Mr Bambridge 3  
Slapton, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Horsfall 0  
5 to 2 agst Wild Flower, and 4 to 1 agst any other. Won by three lengths; a bad third; Slapton refused.

#### Town Plate of 25l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Molly Malone, 12st 7lb - - - Mr J. Templer 1  
Russex, 12st - - - Mr O. Samuda 0  
Black Bess, aged, 12st 7lb - - - J. Cannon dis.  
Even on Black Bess, and 2 to 1 agst Molly Malone. Black Bess came in first, beating Molly Malone by half a length, but she was disqualified on the ground that her rider was a professional jockey, and the stewards awarded the race to Molly Malone.

#### Charleywood Cup of 30l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.

Wild Flower, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr C. Samuda 1  
Buck, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Bennitt 2  
Black Bess, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr J. Tanner 0  
Billercy, 11st 7lb - - - Mr W. Smith 0  
Molly Malone, 12st 7lb - - - Mr J. Templer 0  
Even on Wild Flower, and 3 to 1 agst Molly Malone. Won by six lengths; Molly Malone and Black Bess fell.

#### BERKELEY HUNT.

[AT OAKLEAG, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.]

FRIDAY, March 19.—Cup, with 25 sovs. added; about 4 mi.

The Robber (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr F. K. Godwin 1  
Opheleide, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr G. Adams 2  
Liquid Gum (late Gellyswick), 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Neale 3  
Tormentor, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr T. Young 0  
Princess Dagmar, aged, 12st 7lb Mr Greenway 0  
Lady Elizabeth, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr J. Smith 0  
5 to 6 agst The Robber, and 2 to 1 agst Opheleide. Won in a canter; a bad third; Tormentor fell.

West Gloucestershire Hunters' Plate of 30l.; about 4 mi.

The Bland Cheshut (late Bird's Eye), 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr F. K. Godwin 1  
Seaweed (late Specimen), aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 2  
Vagabond, 12st - - - H. Birch 0  
Lottery, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Greenway 0  
Even each on Seaweed and Bland Cheshut, and 4 to 1 agst Vagabond. Won in a canter; Seaweed fell, but was remounted, and came in second.

#### Selling Steeple Chase; 3 mi.

Harkaway, aged, 10st 11lb - - - H. M. Rudd 1  
Atalanta, aged, 10st 11lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 2  
Princess Dagmar, 11st 7lb - - - Mr F. K. Godwin 0  
Little Fairy, 11st 7lb - - - H. Birch 0  
6 to 4 agst Little Fairy. Won by thirty lengths. Little Fairy and Princess Dagmar fell, and the latter broke her neck.

#### Scurry; 2 mi.

Deerhound, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 1  
Princess Dagmar, aged, 10st 7lb - - - H. Birch 2  
Harkaway, aged, 10st 7lb - - - H. M. Rudd 0  
Little Fairy, 10st 7lb - - - Mr F. K. Godwin 0  
Quicksticks, 10st 7lb - - - Mr T. Fletcher 0  
Even on Deerhound. Won by twenty lengths.

#### BROCKLESBY.

WEDNESDAY, March 24.—Brocklesby Sweepstakes; about 4 mi.

Philip, by Lord Fauconberg, 6 yrs, 11st 13lb - - - Mr G. Walker 1  
Bl g by Martext, dam by Euclid (h b), aged, 12st 6lb - - - Mr H. Brooks 2  
Royal Vale (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Mr Brockton 0  
Laurestina, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - Mr A. Bland 0  
The Plum (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - Mr W. Brown 0  
2 to 1 on Philip, 4 to 1 agst Royal Vale, and 5 to 1 agst Laurestina. Won in a canter. Laurestina and Royal Vale fell, and the Martext gelding refused.

#### Brocklesby Open Sweepstakes of 145l.; about 4 mi.

Snowtown, by Lord Fauconberg, 6 yrs, 12st 6lb - - - Mr Walker 1  
Barbarian, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr G. Walker 2  
Liston, aged, 13st - - - Mr Wodehouse 3  
Mackintosh, aged, 12st 9lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 0  
Arlescott, aged, 13st - - - Mr Chaston 0  
Eliza, 5 yrs, 11st - - - Mr H. Brown 0  
Bridgroom (h b), aged, 13st - - - Mr G. Nelson 0  
Brown Shank (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 2lb G. Waddington 0  
Even on Barbarian, 5 to 3 agst Snowtown, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by a short head; a bad third. Arlescott and Bridgroom fell, and Mackintosh refused.

#### Yarborough Cup; about 4 mi.

Peter, by Magnus—Eliza, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 1  
Br g by Cornerstone (h b), 6 yrs, 13st 1lb - - - Mr R. Walker 2  
Lucky Moreton, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr G. Morris 3  
Br g by Cornerstone, aged - - - Mr Burkill 0  
Dewdrop, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr E. Davy 0  
The General, aged, 13st 2lb - - - Mr G. Nelson 0  
Fireway, aged, 13st 12lb - - - Mr W. Brown 0  
North York, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr W. Richardson 0  
4 to 4 agst Mr Nelson's Cornerstone gelding, 7 to 4 agst Peter, and 5 to 1 agst North York. Won by five lengths.

#### Sweepstakes of 41l.; about 3 mi.

Leap Year, by Wild Dayrell, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - Mr Rolly 1  
Proserpine, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Mr G. Walker 2  
Bold Davie, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Burkill 3

Wings of the Witch (h b), aged, 1st 7lb - Mr T. Smith 0  
B m by Magnum, dam by Waverley (h b), 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Mr R. Brown 0  
Huntman's Sister, aged, 12st - Mr R. Walker 0  
5 to 4 agst Proserpine, and 2 to 1 agst Leap Year, and 3 to 1 agst Huntman's Sister. Won by half a neck.

EPSOM SPRING MEETING.

TUESDAY, March 30. - Trial Stakes of 135s.; 1 mi. Blue Gown, by Beadsman, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb Wells 1  
Formosa, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb Fordham 2  
Vespasian, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb - T. French 3  
Talk-o'-the-Hill, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - Daley 0  
Secrecy, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb - J. Gouter 0  
Skipjack, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - T. Chaloner 0  
Iberia, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - Jenkins 0  
5 to 2 on Blue Gown, 5 to 1 agst Vespasian, and 10 to 1 agst Formosa. Won by a head; four lengths between second and third.

United Railway Stakes of 190l; 4 fur. Ch f by Newminster, out of Biddy O'Rourke, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Mordan 1  
Juanita, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Penfold 2  
Cmr, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb - C. Pratt 3  
Glenlivet, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - Jeffery 0  
Dione, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Hunt 0  
Peabody, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - Cannon 0  
B f by Knowsley, out of Breeze, 2 yrs, 8st 10lb - Wilson 0  
B f by Ratanplan, out of Palm Leaf's dam, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Barker 0  
Slander, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - Maldment 0  
Capicium, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - Parry 0  
Pantaloon, aged, 8st 1lb - Fordham 0  
Hilda, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Butler 0  
Comp d'Esclat, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - J. Mann 0  
Br c by Oxford, out of Hopeful Duchess, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - Barnard 0  
Master Alfred, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - Wright 0  
5 to 2 agst the Biddy O'Rourke filly, 6 to 1 each agst Juanita and Dione, 7 to 1 agst Pantaloon, and 8 to 1 agst Hilda. Won by a length; a head between second and third. The winner, entered for 40 sov., was sold for 320 gs.

City and Suburban Handicap of 1,105l; about 1 mi. Alpenstock, by Ratanplan, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb - Jeffery 1  
The Drummer, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - W. Platt 2  
Birthday, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - Wilson 3  
Eastley, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - Hibberd 0  
The Sawyer, 4 yrs, 7st - W. Platt 0  
Bennie Katie, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - Goldstock 0  
Cocoa Nut, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - Kenyon 0  
Poinsettia, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - Butler 0  
Acorn, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - Walling 0  
Atonement, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - Hardy 0  
Redivivus, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb - Rowell 0  
Arlington, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - Vinell 0  
Courard, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - Whitlock 0  
Emilia, 3 yrs, 6st - Deskin 0  
Constitution, 3 yrs, 6st - T. French 0  
The Baroness, 3 yrs, 6st - F. Webb 0  
Gourbi, 3 yrs, 5st 13lb - Cox 0  
La Belle Helene, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb - Gradwell 0  
Teeswater, 3 yrs, 5st 9lb - Crickmore 0  
Vacuum, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb - Hunt 0  
5 to 3 agst The Drummer, 7 to 2 agst Alpenstock, 5 to 1 agst La Belle Helene, 8 to 1 agst Poinsettia, 100 to 8 each agst Birthday, Vacuum, and Constitution, 25 to 1 agst The Sawyer, 40 to 1 agst Acorn, 50 to 1 agst Atonement, and 100 to 1 agst Cocoa Nut. Won by two lengths; a head between second and third.

Beaufort Stakes of 185l, for 3 yr olds; 4 fur. Gladness, by Carnival, 8st 7lb - Mordan 1  
Zerline, 8st 7lb - K. French 3  
Vibration, 8st 7lb - Butler 3  
Br c by Asteroid, out of Miami, 8st 10lb J. Adams 0  
Br c by Man at Arms, out of Ribbon, 8st 10lb - T. Sadler 0  
Empress, 8st 7lb - Parry 0  
Halloween, 8st 7lb - G. Sopp 0  
Maiden's Blush, 8st 7lb - Fordham 0  
Br c by Stockwell, out of Touch and Go, 8st 10lb - Clement 0  
Br f by Vengeance, out of Typhoon, 8st 7lb Cannon 0  
The Flea, 8st 10lb - Maldment 0

Fusee, 8st 7lb - Penfold 0  
Minotaur, 8st 10lb - Darrill 0  
Fibroch, 8st 10lb - Morris 0  
2 to 1 each agst Zerline and Maiden's Blush, 7 to 1 agst Vibration, and 10 to 1 agst the Miami colt. Won by two lengths; three-quarters of a length between second and third. The winner, entered for 100 sovs., was sold for 310 gs.

Two-year-old Stakes of 715.; 4 fur. Stephanotis, by Macaroni, 8st 7lb - Butler 1  
Elferon, 8st 10lb - Parry 2  
Green Riband 8st 10lb - Sherrington 3  
Brenmar, 8st 10lb - Fordham 0  
Deansfield, 8st 10lb - J. Gouter 0  
Felix, 8st 10lb - Maldment 0  
Prince Harry, 8st 10lb - Mordan 0  
Bob, 8st 10lb - T. Chaloner 0  
Sparkle, 8st 7lb - J. Jones 0  
My Honey, 8st 7lb - Kenyon 0  
Vibration, 8st 7lb - Morris 0  
Domino, 8st 7lb - J. Adams 0  
6 to 5 agst Stephanotis, 5 to 3 agst Elferon, 6 to 1 agst My Honey, and 100 to 8 each agst Green Riband and Brenmar. Won by a neck; two lengths between the second and third.

Heathcote Stakes of 100l; about 6 fur. April Morn, by Caters, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb Barnard 1  
Warlike, 4 yrs, 7st - Wyatt 2  
Anthony, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb - F. Webb 3  
Tumbler, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb - Maldment 0  
Bounceaway, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb - J. Mann 0  
Nanny Thormanby, 3 yrs, 7st - Falconer 0  
Harebell, 4 yrs, 7st - Hunt 0  
Antias, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - Hardy 0  
Patrician, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - G. Page 0  
Citron, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb - Wilson 0  
Sagittarius, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - Jeffery 0  
Yvna, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb - Butler 0  
Little Go, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb - Weedon 0  
Stonehenge, 2 yrs, 5st 7lb - Wright 0  
B m by Voltigeur, out of Mrs Ridgway (Vedette's dam), 5 yrs, 7st 4lb Kenyon 0  
Hopeless, 4 yrs, 6st 2lb - Cox 0  
100 to 30 agst Sagittarius, 4 to 1 agst Antias, 5 to 1 agst Harebell, and 7 to 1 agst April Morn, 8 to 1 agst Hopeless, 100 to 8 agst Citron, and 20 to 1 agst Veda. Won by a head; three lengths between the second and third.

WEDNESDAY. - Walton Stakes of 175l; 6 fur. Elferon, by Weatherbit, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb - Hunt 1  
King Cophetua, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - J. Adams 2  
Lady Cecilia, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Fordham 3  
Prince Henry, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - Hardy 4  
Lady Alice, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - Jeffery 5  
100 to 60 on Elferon, 7 to 2 agst Lady Cecilia, and 5 to 1 agst King Cophetua. Won by a head; three lengths between the second and third.

Match, 100; 4 fur. Marshal Ney, by Arthur Walleley, 6 yrs, 7st - Butler 1  
Michael de Basco, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - Cannon 2  
7 to 4 on Michael de Basco. Won by a head.

Stamford Plate of 100l; about 4 fur. Sphinx, by Newminster, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb Parry + 1  
Lady Lavender, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - Butler + 2  
Conrad, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - W. Platt 3  
Sir Oliver, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - Marsh 0  
Bounceaway, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - J. Mann 0  
Antonia, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - Hardy 0  
Poinsettia, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - Kenyon 0  
Nanny Thormanby, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb Falconer 0  
B g by St Albans, out of Vallation, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb - Cox 0  
Memento, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - Flint 0  
La Rose (dam Inverness), 3 yrs, 6st 8lb Cook 0  
Glen Stuart, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - Hunt 0  
Antonia, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - F. Webb 0  
Lad of Scotland, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb - Wilson 0  
Actress, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - Barnard 0  
South Hatch, by Rattle, out of Freckle, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - Weedon 0  
Two by Honours, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - Wright 0  
4 to 1 each agst Sphinx and Lady Lavender, 9 to 2 agst Poinsettia, 5 to 1 agst Glen Stuart, 7 to 1 agst Antonia, 10 to 1 agst Antias, 15 to 1 agst Conrad, 100 to 6 agst La Rose and 20 to 1 agst Anthony. Dead heat; Conrad beaten a length and a half from the two

that ran the dead head. Deciding heat—31 to 10 on Sphynx. Won by two lengths.

*Queen Spring Cup of 1891; 1 mi. 4 fur.*

B & by Rousillon, out of Attack, 5 yrs,	Butler	1
Set 8th	Jeffery	2
Sagittarius, 3 yrs, Set 8th	Jeffery	3
Plunger, 3 yrs, Set 7th	Rowell	4
Voltegers, 4 yrs, Set 10th	Vinell	5
Prince Paul, 3 yrs, Set 10th	Hunt	6

3 to 1 agst the Attack gelding, 100 to 30 agst Voltegers, 4 to 1 agst Sagittarius, 5 to 1 agst Plunger, and 5 to 1 agst Prince Paul. Won by four lengths; a bad third.

*Great Metropolitan Stakes (H.) of 510l; about 3 mi. 2 fur.*

The Drummer, by Rotaplan, 3 yrs,	W. Platt	1
Set 9th	Hunt	2
Lancet, 5 yrs Set 10th	Hunt	3
Alpenstock, 3 yrs, Set 5th	French	4
Friday, agst Set 10th	French	5
Blueskin, 4 yrs, Set 9th	Malden	6
Cup-a-Pie, 4 yrs, Set 8th	Chaloner	7
Kingland, 4 yrs, Set 11th	Butler	8
Vagabond, 3 yrs, Set 9th	Morden	9
Orlov, 4 yrs, Set 8th	Walling	10
Tecowater, 3 yrs, Set	Davling	11
Boundary, 3 yrs, Set 15th	Wilson	12

3 to 1 each agt Alpenstock and The Drummer, 7 to 2 agt Vagabond, 5 to 1 agt Lancet, 100 to 7 agt Cup-a-Pie, and 100 to 6 agt Blueskin. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

*Dorset Stakes of 1891; 4 fur.*

Hilda, by Prime Minister, 3 yrs, Set 9th	Butler	1
Don Quixote, 3 yrs, Set 12th	Hunt	2
Juanita, 3 yrs, Set 9th	Penfold	3
Brambridge, 4 yrs, Set 12th	Kanyon	4
Lilla Marchioness, 3 yrs, Set 12th	W. Platt	5
Seeray, 5 yrs, Set 12th	Goater	6
B & by Knowley—Breese, 3 yrs, Set 12th	Wilson	7
Trumbler, 5 yrs, Set 8th	T. French	8
Black Flag, 3 yrs, Set 7th	O. Page	9
Beatrice Grey, 4 yrs, Set 10th	Cannon	10
Oscar, 6 yrs, Set 12th	C. Pratt	11
Lad of Scotland, 3 yrs, Set 11th	Spencer	12
Glen Stuart, 3 yrs, Set 11th	Wyatt	13
Matilda, 3 yrs, Set 9th	Jeffery	14

2 to 1 agst Matilda, 100 to 15 agst Brambridge, 8 to 1 agst Don Quixote, and 10 to 1 each agst Black Flag, Juanita, Oscar, and Hilda. Won by a neck; the same between second and third. The winner, entered for 50 sows, was sold for 150g.

*New Two Year Old Stakes of 400l; 6 fur.*

Guy Dayrell, by Wild Dayrell, Set 10th	Goater	1
Roquefort, Set 10th	Hunter	2
Finistère, Set 7th	C. Pratt	3
Tit-bit, Set 10th	Parry	4
Conservative, Set 10th	Penfold	5
Patrick, Set 10th	Malden	6
Molly Bawn, Set 7th	J. Nightingall	7
Sister to Charlie, by Stockwell, Set 7th	Chaloner	8
Wardmore, Set 10th	Metcalfe	9
Apachi, Set 7th	Wyatt	10
Nero, Set 10th	C. Gray	11
Br & by Lord Albemarle—Yule Cake, Set 10th	Cannon	12

5 to 6 agst Tit-bit, 5 to 2 agst Guy Dayrell, 5 to 1 agst Roquefort, and 100 to 5 agst Conservative. Won by a neck; a bad third.

*Prince of Wales's Stakes (Free H.) of 350l; 1 mi.*

B & by Rousillon—Attack, 5 yrs, Set 8th	Malden	1
Winifred, 3 yrs, Set 8th	Barnard	2
B & by Dundee—Curse Royal, 4 yrs, Set 10th	Jeffery	3
The Sawyer, 4 yrs, Set 9th	Wyatt	4
Myosotis, 4 yrs, Set 9th	Parry	5
Head Centre, 4 yrs, Set 5th	Butler	6
Attonment, 3 yrs, Set	Morden	7
Noyan, 4 yrs, Set	Wilson	8
Acorn, 4 yrs, Set	Walling	9
The Baroness, 3 yrs, Set 5th	Hunt	10
Provider, 3 yrs, Set 11th	W. Platt	11

7 to 4 agst Myosotis, 4 to 1 agst the Curse Royal, 5 to 1 each agst the Attack gelding and Winifred, 10 to 1 agst Acorn, and 100 to 5 agst Provider. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

## KIRBY-MOORSIDE (YORKSHIRE).

**TUESDAY, March 23.—Hunters' Steeple Chase, a 4th**

vs cup, value 25l; about 3 mi.  
Maid of the Morning, by Valentine, 6 yrs,  
1st 5th - Mr Wood 1  
Ahaie, 5 yrs, 11st 5th - Mr Pearson 2  
Rusian (h b), aged, 12st 10th - Mr Thornton 3  
Penny (h b), aged, 1st 4th - Mr Horsman 4  
6 to 4 on Maid of the Morning, and 3 to 1 each agst the others. Won by four lengths; three lengths between second and third.

The other races at this meeting were not of sufficient importance to record.

## WIGTON.

**WEDNESDAY, March 24.—Wigton Open Hunt Steeple Chase; about 4 mi.**

Red Rover, by Woodwick, aged,	Mr Baldwin	1
11st 7th	Austin	2
White Soaks, aged, 11st 12th	Mr Baldwin	3
Justice, 6 yrs, 11st 12th	Mr Baldwin	4
Shy Girl, aged, 11st 2th	Mr Cunningham	5
Ebbs, aged, 11st 7th	Mr Burrows	6
Garry Owen (h b), aged, 11st 12th	Munster	7
5 to 4 agst Justice, 5 to 1 agst White Soaks, and 6 to 1 agst Red Rover. Won easily by two lengths; a bad third.		

*Cumberland Hunt Stakes; 4 mi.*

Champagne, aged, 12st 10th	McQueen	1
Lady Jane, 5 yrs, 11st 12th	Mr Milward	2
Jack (late Well Done), aged, 12st 10th	Berridge	3
Shepherdess (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 12th	Wilson	4
Smuggler Bob, aged, 12st 3th	Mr Edmund	5
Buckingham, aged, 12st 3th	Munster	6
Mountain Dew, 6 yrs, 12st 3th	Newton	7
Mossie, aged, 12st 3th	Montgomery	8
Switches, 4 yrs, 11st	Porter	9
Soda Water, 6 yrs, 12st 10th	Gambles	10
3 to 1 each agst Jack and Soda Water, and 8 to 1 agst Champagne. Won by three lengths; a bad third; Soda Water fell.		

The other two races at this meeting were of minor interest.

## ROTHERHAM.

**THURSDAY, March 25.—United Hunt Steeple Chase of 300l; about 4 mi.**

St Patrick, by Knight of Gwynne, aged,	Mr Hall	1
1st 4th	Mr Hall	2
Little Lady (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 11th	Mr Crabtree	3
Cheval de Chasse, aged, 12st 7th	Mr G. Walker	4
The Dane (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 4th	Mr G. Walker	5
Lady Thornton (h b), aged, 11st 11th	Mr Mayfield	6
Lavolta, aged, 11st 11th	Mr Payne	7
5 to 4 agst St Patrick, 5 to 2 agst The Dane, and 4 to 1 agst Cheval de Chasse. Won by half a length; a bad third.		

*Fitzwilliam Hunt Cup, value 20gu; about 3 mi.*

Middleton, by Fawcett, aged, 13st Mr D. Yardley	1
Deception (h b), aged, 12st 4th	Mr Taylor
Young Chastam, aged, 12st 4th	Mr Wood
Lady Hawke (h b), 5 yrs, 12st 4th	Mr Straw, jun.
Armstrong Glynn (h b), 5 yrs, 12st 4th	Mr Hardy
6 to 4 agst Middleton, and 3 to 1 agst Deception. Won by two lengths; a bad third.	

*Rotherham Open Hunt Steeple Chase of 400l; about 4 mi.*

Luteoline, by Lambton, 5 yrs,	Mr R. P. Wilson	1
11st 4th	Mr Davidson	2
Brackley, 5 yrs, 11st 11th	Mr H. Hill	3
Scrambler, aged, 12st 4th	Mr G. Walker	4
Nonpareil, aged, 12st 11th	Mr G. Walker	5
Keeper, 6 yrs, 11st 11th	Mr Milward	6
Corky, 6 yrs, 12st	Mr Cattle	7
3 to 1 agst Brackley, 9 to 4 agst Luteoline, and 5 to 2 agst Nonpareil. Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third.		

*Selling Hunters' Steeple Chase of 39l; about 3 mi.*

La Puce, by Voltigeur, 5 yrs,	Mr T. Spence	1
10st 11th	Mr Crabtree	2
The Squire, aged, 10st 11th	Mr Payne	3
Lavolta, aged, 11st 4th	Mr Hewson	4
Volunteer (h b), aged, 10st 11th	Mr Cattle	5
Magician, aged, 10st 11th	Mr W. Wright	6
Fan (h b), 6 yrs, 10st 11th		

Regulator, aged, 1st 11lb. Mr Wilburn 0  
6 to 4 agst La Puce, 7 to 4 agst Lavolta, and 4 to 1  
agst any other. Won by three lengths; a length between  
second and third. The winner was bought in for  
\$245.

BEVERLEY.

MONDAY, March 29.—Stand Plat of 201; 1 mi.  
4 fur.

La Belle Jeanne, by Weatherbit, 4 yrs. Ellington 1  
9st 10lb - - - - -  
Cape Clear, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb - - - - - Coupland 2  
Merry Monk (late Weebl), 3 yrs, 8st 3lb Bolton 3  
Cantharides, 6 yrs, 9st 13lb - - - - - Mr G. Marria 4  
Ch f by Eugenia, dam by Lago, 8st - - - - - Porteus 5  
6 to 4 on La Belle Jeanne, 5 to 1 agst Cape Clear,  
and 4 to 1 agst Merry Monk. Won by three lengths;  
two lengths between second and third.

Tally-ho Plate of 401, for hunters; 2 mi., over hurdles.  
Miss Backhouse, by Canute, or Cawston,

aged, 1st 4lb - - - - - Rugg 1  
Leap Year, 5 yrs, 11st 13lb Mr J. M. Richardson 2  
Jack, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr Usher 3  
Helen, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - - G. Cuthbert 4  
Penny Man, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - - Mr R. Walker 5  
Clarice, 6 yrs, 10st - - - - - Mr G. Simpson 6  
Mona, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - - Capt Inge 0  
Mountain Maid, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - - Cunningham 0  
La Belle Jeanne, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - - Ellington 0  
Wicket, aged, 11st 3lb - - - - - Mr W. Richardson 0  
8 to 4 agst Leap Year, 7 to 4 agst La Belle Jeanne, 6  
to 1 agst Helen, and 10 to 1 agst Miss Backhouse.  
Won by half a length.

Farmer's Plate of 301; 1 mi. 6 fur., over hurdles.  
Miss Backhouse, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Rugg 1  
Wilful (h b), aged, 11st - - - - - Usher 2  
Speculator, aged, 11st - - - - - Cunningham 3  
Sajah Dowah, 6 yrs, 11st - - - - - Ellington 0  
Countess, aged, 11st 10lb - - - - - Waddington 0  
6 to 4 on Miss Backhouse, 5 to 2 agst Countess, and  
4 to 1 agst Wilful. Won by three lengths; two  
lengths between second and third.

ALBEMARLE CLUB.

[OVER KINGSBURY COURSE.]

MONDAY, March 29.—Handicap of 601; 4 fur.  
Ellen, by Vedette, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Wyatt 1  
Flash, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Butler 2  
Don Quixote, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - - - Hardy 3  
Juanita, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - - Penfold 0  
Wedding Chimes, 2 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - Wright 0  
Trifle, 2 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - - - Jeffery 0  
Clasp, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Butler 0  
6 to 4 agst Flash, 5 to 1 each agst Don Quixote,  
Juanita, and Trifle, and 100 to 15 agst Ellen. Won by  
two lengths; four lengths between second and third.

Kingsbury Handicap of 701; about 1 mi. 6 fur.  
Honor, by Neville, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Hardy 1  
King Richard, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - - Wilson 2  
Fitz-Ivan, 5 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - - Fordham 0  
Even on King Richard, 2 to 1 agst Honor, and 3 to  
1 agst Fitz-Ivan. Won by a length; Fitz-Ivan beaten  
off.

Welter Handicap of 551; T.Y.C.

Rampart, by Defender, 4 yrs, 11st Mr Crawshaw 1  
Ellen, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - J. Nightingall 2  
Flash, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - - - Butler 3  
Debauch, 5 yrs, 10st - - - - - Capt Harford 0  
Duke of Devonshire, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - J. Goster 0  
Hortense, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - Jeffery 0  
2 to 1 agst Hortense, 3 to 1 agst Rampart, 7 to 2  
agst Helen, and 6 to 1 agst Flash. Won by a good  
head; three-quarters of a length between second and  
third.

All-aged Plate of 301; T.Y.C.

Candour, by Neville, 2 yrs, 7st - - - - - Hardy 1  
Tride, 2 yrs, 7st - - - - - Jeffery 2  
B f by Marayus—Saffron, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Wyatt 3  
6 to 4 on Tride, 2 to 1 agst Candour, and 100 to 15  
agst the Saffron filly. Won by three-quarters of a  
length; a bad third.

Handicap Steeple Chase of 651; 2 mi.

Owen Swift, by Warlike, aged, 11st 7lb Gregory 1  
Beastalk, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - G. Seale 2  
Highflyer, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - Mr Crawshaw 3  
Laura, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - - Mr Yates 0

Plover, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - - Mansford 0  
Sharpshooter, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - - Mr Rally 0  
Harlequin, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - - Bradshaw 0  
Lucy (late Aialanta), aged, 10st - - - - - J. Cannon 0  
4 to 1 each agst Plover and Sharpshooter, and 9 to 2  
agst Owen Swift. Won by half a length; six lengths  
between second and third; Lucy fall.

Albemarle Cup of 901; 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Frailty, by Hungerford, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb Mr Hobson 1  
Zingini, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - - Mr Yates 2  
Susan, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - - Mr Nipper 3  
Albatross, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - - - Capt Harford 0  
5 to 4 on Albatross, 4 to 1 agst Zingini, 5 to 1 agst  
Frailty, and 10 to 1 agst Susan. Won by a length; a  
bad third.

Handicap Hurdle Race of 501; once round, over six  
hurdles.

Aurifer, by Diophantus, 4 yrs, 11st Tomlinson 1  
Licymna, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - - Gregory 2  
Courtmaule, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr Rally 3  
Icicle, 5 yrs, 11st - - - - - Capt Harford 0  
Weather Isle, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - - - Mr Hobson 0  
6 to 4 on Licymna, 3 to 1 agst Icicle, and 5 to 1 agst  
Aurifer. Won by a length; a bad third; Weather  
Isle fell.

Open Handicap Steeple Chase of 351; 3 mi.  
Hippolyte, by King Tom, aged, 11st 10lb Wheeler 1  
Roving Maid, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - - Potter 2  
Hawkahaw, aged, 11st 2lb - - - - - Pickett 3  
Ace of Trumps, aged, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr Hobson 0  
Lonsdale, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - - Mr Bryan 0  
Balder, aged, 10st - - - - - Mr Crawshaw 0  
5 to 4 agst Hippolyte, 5 to 2 agst Ace of Trumps,  
4 to 1 agst Roving Maid, 100 to 15 each agst Hawk-  
shaw and Balder, and 20 to 1 agst Lonsdale. Won by  
two lengths; three lengths between second and third.

DURHAM.

MONDAY, March 29.—Trial Stakes of 601; T.Y.C.  
(6 fur.)

East Coast, by Mildew, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb Cradock 1  
Honesty, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - J. Snowden 2  
Dick, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Hudson 3  
Clarionette, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Clayton 4  
Lady Tholthorpe, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Waring 5  
Popgun, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Dixon 6  
Better Half, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Wood 7  
2 to 1 on Honesty, and 5 to 1 agst East Coast. Won  
by a neck; two lengths each between second, third,  
and fourth.

Elmore Stakes of 1901, for 2 yr olds; T.Y.C. (5 fur.)  
Siege Train, by Artillery, 8st 8lb Chaloner 1  
Tarna, 8st 7lb - - - - - Snowden 2  
Eskdale, 8st 10lb - - - - - Osborne 3  
Changeable, 8st 3lb - - - - - G. Walker 4  
Lorea, 8st 10lb - - - - - Cameron 5  
Sentry, 8st 10lb - - - - - T. Foster 6  
5 to 4 agst Eskdale, 3 to 1 agst Siege Train, 5 to 1  
agst Tarna, and 6 to 1 agst Lorea. Won by three-  
quarters of a length; the same between second and  
third; a good fourth.

Durham Handicap of 1881; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Honestish, by Y. Dutchman, 5 yrs, 8st Hudson 1  
Pretty John, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - G. Walker 2  
The Dean, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - Cameron 3  
Meliora, 4 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - - - W. Platt 4  
Three per Cent., 6 yrs, 8st 19lb - - - - - J. Snowden 0  
The Prior, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - - - M'Ewan 0  
Moscow, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Ball 0  
Sleeping Meggie, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - - - Waring 0  
7 to 4 agst Three per Cent., 3 to 1 agst The Dean,  
and 4 to 1 agst Honestish. Won by a length; a bad  
third; Moscow fell.

Grand Stand Selling Stakes of 451 (T.Y.C. (6 fur.)

Lady in Waiting, by Neptune, 3 yrs,  
7st 12lb - - - - - M. Noble 1  
Marquitta, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Wood 2  
Fair Elin, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Alcock 3  
Footlight, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Cameron 4  
Lambton's Daughter, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Waring 5  
3 to 1 agst Marquitta, 5 to 2 agst Lady in Waiting,  
and 3 to 1 agst Lambton's Daughter. Won by a head;  
a length between second and third.

Corporation Plate (Hy) of 1001; 1 mi.

Sunshade, by Weatherbit, 3 yrs, 6st W. Platt 1  
Moll, 4 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Hudson 2  
Queen of York, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - Jordan 3  
Honesty, 6 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - J. Snowden 0

Cawdor, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - Sharpley 6  
 Tibbie Fowler, 6 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - Lewis 0  
 Donaldbain, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Cameron 0  
 Light Cloud, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - - - Kelly 0  
 B c by National Guard—Potash, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - M'Ewen 6  
 6 to 4 agst Honesty, 7 to 3 agst Sunshade, 4 to 1 agst Queen of York, and 5 to 1 agst Potash. Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third. Honesty and Donaldbain fell.

*Durham Hunt Cup, value 50l.; 2 mi.*  
 Diddington (h b), aged, 12st 6lb - Mr J. H. Robson 1  
 Newcastle, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - - - Mr G. Thompson 2  
 Bird's-eye, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - - - Mr Hutchinson 3  
 Carbiner, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 The Wasp, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 Merry (late George Buchanan), aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 Scragull, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 Governor, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - - 0  
 Tom Andrews, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 The Gift, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 Macassar, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 The Doctor, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 Rebecca, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0  
 Keeper, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - - - 0

3 to 1 agst Newcastle, 5 to 3 agst Diddington, and 5 to 1 each agst Bird's-eye and Rebecca. Won by three lengths; four lengths between second and third.

**TUESDAY—North Durham Handicap of 100l.; 1 mi. 2 fur.**

The Prior, by Camerino, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - M'Ewen 1  
 Pretty John, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - G. Walker 2  
 Three per Cent, 6 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - Snowden 3  
 Dick, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Wood 4  
 Even on Pretty John, 2 to 1 agst The Prior, and 6 to 1 agst Three per Cent. Won by four lengths; a neck between second and third; a bad fourth.

*London Stakes of 84l.; T.Y.C. (6 fur.)*  
 White Slave, by Oront, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb - M'Ewen 1  
 Siege Train, 2 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - G. Walker 2  
 Bakdale, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Hudson 3  
 Argyle, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Cameron 4  
 5 to 4 agst Bakdale, 3 to 1 agst White Slave, and 3 to 1 agst Siege Train. Won by half a length; five lengths between second and third; a neck between third and fourth.

*Raby Stakes (Hp) of 70l.; 1 mi.*  
 Honesty, by Y. Dutchman, 6 yrs, 6st 12lb - Snowden 1  
 The Dean, 5 yrs, 6st - - - - - Cameron 2  
 Sunshade, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - M'Ewen 3  
 Queen of York, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - Jordan 4  
 Moscow, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb - - - - - Ball 5  
 5 to 4 on Honesty, and 5 to 2 agst Sunshade. Won by half a length; four lengths between the second and third.

*Licensed Victuallers' Plate (Hp) of 40l.; 5 fur.*  
 Poggun, by Donatur, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - Dixon 1  
 Marquitta, 2 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Wood 2  
 Lady in Waiting, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - M. Noble 3  
 Lambess's Daughter, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - Cook 4  
 Even on Marquitta, 2 to 1 agst Poggun, and 3 to 1 agst Lady in Waiting. Won by a neck; a length and a half between second and third; a length between the third and fourth.

*Wyngard Plate (Hp) of 50l.; T.Y.C. (6 fur.)*  
 East Coast, by Mildew, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - M. Noble 1  
 Clarionette, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - M'Ewen 2  
 Cawdor, 4 yrs, 6st - - - - - Sharples 3  
 Donaldbain, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - - - - - J. Osborne 4  
 Minister Bell, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Cameron 0  
 Affection, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Craddock 0  
 Moll, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Hudson 0  
 B c by National Guard—Potash, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - G. Walker 0  
 Sir Harry, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - - - - - Waring 0  
 2 to 1 agst East Coast, 3 to 1 agst Moll, and 4 to 1 agst Affection. Won by a head; three lengths between second and third.

*United Hunters' Stakes of 53l.; 2 mi.*  
 Slap Bang, by Arthur Whistler, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr G. S. Thompson 1  
 Delaware, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - - - Mr T. Spence 2  
 Zeminard, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr Boynton 3  
 Lady Middleton (h b), aged, 12st 2lb - S. Goodwin 4  
 Marjournes, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - - Mr Sharbo 5  
 6 to 4 on Delaware, 2 to 1 agst Slap Bang, and 5 to 4 agst Zeminard. Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third; a bad fourth.

## BRIDGORTH HUNT.

**TUESDAY, March 30.—Bridgorth Stakes, value 100l.; 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Costs, by Jordan, 6 yrs, 13st 2lb - Mr J. Goodwin 1  
 Billy, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - - Mr J. Milward 2  
 Gipsy Lass, aged, 12st 2lb - - - - - Mr T. Cook 3  
 Ten others ran. Eron on Costs, and 2 to 1 agst Billy. Won by a neck; a bad third.

*Apley Hunt Steeple Chase of 40l.; about 3 mi. 1 fur.*

Tiverton, by Gemma Junior, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr W. Rishard 1  
 12st - - - - - Mr P. Mowbray 2  
 Shropshire (h b), aged, 13st 6lb - - - - - Mr J. Milward 3  
 Lucy (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 12lb - - - - - Mr Dym 4  
 Cocksway, aged, 13st 5lb - - - - - Mr Dym 5  
 King Charles, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Dym 6  
 Wild Charley, aged, 12st - - - - - Mr Dym 7  
 2 to 1 agst Shropshire, 5 to 2 agst Cocksway, and 2 to 1 agst Tiverton. Won by six lengths; a bad third; Wild Charley fell.

*Open Hunt Steeple Chase of 30l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.*

Chance It, aged, 12st 12lb - - - - - Mr W. Rishard 1  
 Press, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr W. Rishard 2  
 Dolly, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - Mr W. Rishard 3  
 Lady, aged, 12st 12lb - - - - - Cape Horn 4  
 Miss Morgan, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - - Cape Horn 5  
 Even on Chance It, 2 to 1 agst Dolly, and 4 to 1 agst any other. Won by ten lengths; three lengths between the second and third; Lady refused.

*Sunnyside Steeple Chase, a silver cup; about 3 mi.*

Lady Tatton, aged, 12st 12lb - - - - - Capt Holyoke 1  
 Night Hawk, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - - - - - Mr W. Rishard 2  
 Mirtation, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - - Mr W. Rishard 3  
 Leamington (h b), aged, 12st 12lb - - - - - Mr W. Rishard 4  
 The Boatman, 6 yrs, 12st 12lb - - - - - Mr G. Rishard 5  
 Alice Hawthorn, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr G. Rishard 6  
 Brighton, aged, 13st 5lb - - - - - Mr H. Sparrow 7  
 Rob Roy, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr J. Dymond 8  
 2 to 1 Brighton, 3 to 1 each agst Lady Tatton and Mirtation, and 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by two lengths; three lengths between the second and third.

## CANTERBURY SPRING MEETING.

**TUESDAY, March 30.—Trial Stakes, about 6 fur.**

The Skipper, by Oront, 5 yrs, 6st 11lb - M. Noble 1  
 Freedom, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - North 2  
 Premier, 5 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Daniels 3  
 Won by three lengths; a bad third.

*Handicap Plate of 30l.; 5 fur.*

Pharoah, by Oxford, 6 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Asty 1  
 Charity, aged, 6st 12lb - - - - - Bird 2  
 Bay Tree, 6st - - - - - Terry 3  
 Won by two lengths; six lengths between the second and third.

*East Kent Hunters' Stakes; about 2 mi., over six hurdles.*

Bandana, by Famosetto, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr White, jun. 1  
 3lb - - - - - Asty 2  
 Galley, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - - Mr White 3  
 Lady Godiva, 12st 2lb - - - - - Mr Johnson 4  
 Old Scratch, 5 yrs, 12st 1lb - - - - - G. Estwell 5  
 Cad, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - - Mr Hutton 6  
 Sneaking Lawyer, aged, 13st 10lb - - - - - T. Holmes 7  
 Won by four lengths; a bad third.

*Hardie Race Plate (Hp) of 40l.; 1 mi. 6 fur., over six hurdles.*

Freedom, by Star of the West, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - - North 1  
 Premier, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - - Daniels 2  
 Lydia, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - Pilkings 3  
 Won by two lengths; a bad third.

*Hunters' Stakes; 1 mi. 4 fur., over four hurdles.*

Lady Godiva, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr Hermit 1  
 Lord Paramore, 12st 1lb - - - - - Bird 2  
 The Harlequin, 11st 6lb - - - - - Mr Barker 3  
 The Demon, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr W. J. Turner 4  
 Cad, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - - Mr Archer 5  
 Sneaking Lawyer, aged, 13st 10lb - - - - - T. Holmes 6  
 Won by a length; a bad third.

## WARD HUNT (IRELAND).

**TUESDAY, March 30.—Ward Hunt Challenge Cup of 60l.; about 3 mi.**

Sir Robert Peel, by Grey Flower, 12st 3lb - - - - - Mr L. Danne 1  
 Lady Godiva, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - - Mr Tracks 2  
 Gamad Dubson, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - - 3

Little Fox, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr J. Farrell 4  
Pesteloon, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Tarbett 0  
Paralytic, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Potland 0

Won by six lengths.

*Farmer's Plate of 70l.; about 5 mi.*

True Blue, by Tom Steele (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Rooney 1  
Lady Longfield (h b), 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Trocke 2  
Sophy, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - Mr Curious 3  
Miss Porosa, 4 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Murrin 4  
Girl of the Period (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr William 0  
Mountain Maid, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Healy 0  
Melody, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Ball 0  
Madame Rachel, 5 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - Mr Wilson 0  
Jasqueline, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Harris 0  
Queen Rose, 5 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - Mr Kennedy 0  
Mallet, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Mr J. McCourt 0

Won by ten lengths; a bad third; Sophy is objected to.

*Ward Hunt Steeple Chase of 50l.; about 3 mi.*

Ringler, by Elrino, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Knox 1  
Lady Sarah (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Putland 2  
Conservative (h b), aged, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Amherst 3  
Spider, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Williams 0  
Modesty, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Mr R. Wilson 0  
Ch g by Rasper (h b), aged, 12st 4lb - - - Mr R. J. Foster 0

Won easily by four lengths.

*Walter Steeple Chase of 40l.; about 3 mi.*

Bondsman, aged, 12st - - - Mr R. M. Saddleir 1  
Sultan, aged, 12st 10lb - - - Mr Meldon 2  
Staghunter (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Rasper 3  
Fingall, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - - 4  
Haltown, 12st - - - Mr Trocke 0  
Pool Player, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - Mr McCann 0

Won by four lengths; Pool Player and Staghunter fell.

The *Scurry Race of 50l.*, care weights, 3 mi., was won by Lady Godiva, by Wanderer, 5 yrs, beating Lady Longfield, 6 yrs (second), and six others.

### TRALEE (COUNTY KERRY) IRELAND.

TUESDAY, March 30.—*Tralee Stakes (Sp.)*; about 3 mi.

Nabockish, by Darby the Blast, aged, 10st 4lb - - - Gould 1  
Miss Nightingale, aged, 12st - - - Bowen 0  
Turquoise, 5 yrs, 10st - - - J. Murphy 0  
Eleanor, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - J. Moriarty 0

All fell but Nabockish, who came in alone.

*Hunt Race Sweepstakes*, for hunters; about 3 mi.

Ladybird, 10st 11lb - - - J. Moriarty 1  
Parkins, 9st 6lb - - - Lynch 2  
Orphun, 9st 6lb - - - J. Murphy 3  
Ivanhoe, 9st 6lb - - - Gould 0

Won by several lengths; Ivanhoe fell.

*Bolting Stakes*; heats, about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Eleanor, by Porto Rico, aged, 10st 13lb - - - Clancy 1  
Bramble, aged, 9st 4lb - - - R. Murphy 0  
Broomstick, aged, 10st 6lb - - - Gould 0

Won at three heats.

WEDNESDAY.—*Tradesmen's Plate*; about 3 mi., over the Steeple Chase Course.

Maid of Honour, by Napoleon II., aged, 10st 9lb - - - R. Murphy 1  
Eleanor, 5 yrs, 10st - - - Clancy 2  
Ivanhoe, 9st - - - Gould 0  
Eleanor fell, Ivanhoe pulled up, and Maid of Honour came in alone.

*A Forced Handicap*; heats, 1 mi. 4 fur.

Miss Nightingale, by Hutching's Hercules, aged, 11st 13lb - - - Bowen 1  
Maid of Honour, aged, 11st 9lb - - - Bowen 0  
Bramble, aged, 10st 9lb - - - R. Murphy 0  
Ladybird, 10st 2lb - - - Moriarty 0

Won at two heats.

### QUEEN'S COUNTY (IRELAND).

[NEAR STRADBALLY.]

TUESDAY, March 30.—*County Stakes*; 9 mi. 4 fur.  
True Nell, 5 yrs; 12st 7lb - - - Mr H. Betts 1  
Out-door Relief, aged, 12st - - - Mr Hynes 2  
Bromstick, aged, 12st - - - Mr D. V. Campion 3  
Alice, 4 yrs, 10st 15lb - - - Mr Onion 0

B g by Bashful, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - Mr Bell 0  
Won by three lengths.

*Hunt Cup of 15l. 10s.; 3 mi.*

The Rasper, by Rasper, aged, 12st - - - Mr R. H. Stubber 1  
Norton, aged, 12st - - - Capt Chayton 2  
The Colonel, aged, 12st - - - Mr R. Erham 0  
Merry Heart, aged, 12st - - - Capt Morgan 0  
The Lale, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr Burnett 0  
Joe Miller, aged, 12st - - - Mr W. Kemmis 0  
Won by five lengths; Joe Miller, The Colonel, and The Lale fell.

*Stradbally Stakes*; 3 mi.

Red Man, by Trapper, aged, 12st - - - Mr R. Exham 1  
Hestonnan, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Slattery 2  
Fenian, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Capt Clayton 3  
Eglinton, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Haughey 0  
Won easily by two lengths; Red Man fell, but was remounted.

*Match*, 20; once round.

Arbutus - - - Bridlek 1  
Midnight - - - Mulhall 0

*Scurry Race*; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Fenian, aged, 11st - - - Capt Clayton 1  
Joe Miller, aged, 11st - - - Mr Onion 2  
B g by Bashful, 6 yrs, 11st - - - Capt Morgan 0  
The Lale, 6 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Burnett (fell)

Won in a canter.

### CHEPSTOW HUNT.

TUESDAY, March 30.—*Chepstow and Forest Vale Hunters' Stakes of 50l.*; about 3 mi.

Queen of the Vale, by Drogheda, 5 yrs, 12st 1lb - - - Mr F. K. Godwin 1  
Old President, aged, 12st 4lb - - - G. Adams 2  
Misfortune (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 0  
Skylark, aged, 12st 1lb - - - H. Birch 0  
6 to 4 on Old President, and 2 to 1 agst Queen of the Vale. Won by three lengths; Misfortune and Skylark bolted.

*United Hunters' Stakes of 50l.*; about 3 mi.

Brackley, by Alonso, 5 yrs, 12st 8lb - - - Mr Wilson 1  
Deerhound (h b), aged, 12st 12lb - - - Mr J. Lloyd 2  
The Blazed Chestnut, aged, 12st 1lb - - - Mr F. K. Godwin 0  
2 to 1 on Brackley, 6 to 4 agst Deerhound, and 4 to 1 agst The Blazed Chestnut. Won by a neck; The Blazed Chestnut refused.

*Scurry Handicap*; about 3 mi.

Vendetta, by Muscovite, or Vengeance, 8 yrs, 12st - - - Mr F. K. Godwin 1  
Old President, aged, 11st 1lb - - - G. Adams 2  
Harkaway, 11st 9lb - - - Mr H. M. Rudd 0  
Nancy, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - Compton 0  
Vagabond, 11st 7lb - - - H. Birch 0  
5 to 1 on Vendetta. Won easily.

### TVYSHIDE HUNT.

[NEAR CARDIGAN.]

WEDNESDAY, March 31.—*Walter Stakes of 50l.*; about 3 mi.

St Govins, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Hitchings 1  
Coxcomb, aged, 12st 10lb - - - Capt G. Howell 2  
Banker, aged, 12st - - - Capt J. Owen 3  
Poulton, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Mr R. Platter 0  
Forester, aged, 12st 7lb - - - W. Griffiths 0  
Won by half a length; three lengths between the second and third; Forester fell, was jumped upon by Poulton, and died soon after.

*Pasiphan Stakes of 25l.*; about 2 mi.

Gipsy Girl, by Hopodan, 5 yrs - - - Jas. Thomas 1  
Quis, 6 yrs - - - Mr R. Platter 2  
Speculation, aged - - - Palmer 0  
Won easily; Speculation refused.

*Tvyshide Stakes of 40l.*; about 3 mi.

St Govins, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr Hitchings 1  
Dictator, 6 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Mr H. D. Evans 2  
Carbine, aged, 12st - - - Mr R. Platter 3  
Milton, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Phillips 0  
Sir Anthony, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Jas. Thomas 0  
Sailor (late Boner), aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr A. Jones 0  
Won by a short neck; Milton and Sir Anthony fell, and Sailor bolted.



## THE CHESHIRE HUNT.

[AT TARPONLEY.]

WEDNESDAY, March 31.—Silver Cup, with 50*l*. added; about 4 mi.

Champagne, by Peppermin, aged, 12st. Mr Nixon 1  
 Lady, aged, 12st 7lb. - Mr J. Poinsons 2  
 Magic, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb. - J. S. Terratta 3  
 Amiable, aged, 13st. - Mr J. Milward 4  
 Lady Peel, 5 yrs, 12st. - Mr T. Newton 5  
 Maid of Norley, 5 yrs, 12st. - Capt Holyoake 6  
 6 to 4 agst Amiable, 2 to 1 agst Lady, and 3 to 1 agst Champagne. Won by ten lengths; Lady Peel hottest, Amiable was pulled up, and Maid of Norley fell.

Gentlemen's Steeple Chase Stakes of 130*l*.; about 4 mi. Countess, by The Great Unknown, aged, 12st. -

Goldfinch, 5 yrs, 12st. - Mr W. Coart 1  
 Little Wonder, aged, 12st. - Mr G. Tolson 2  
 Lady Audley, aged, 12st 10lb. - Mr Clayton 3  
 Wenleydale, aged, 12st. - Mr Minor 4  
 The Tutor, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb. - Mr J. Milward 5  
 Recovery, aged, 12st 7lb. - Mr S. S. Allen 6  
 Charlie, 5 yrs, 12st. - Capt Bonnor 7  
 The Larcher, 5 yrs, 12st. - Mr Haywood 8  
 Recovery, aged, 12st. - Mr Bayley 9

3 to 1 agst Lady Audley, 4 to 1 agst Countess, 5 to 1 agst Charlie, and 7 to 1 agst any other. Won easily by three lengths; the same between the second and third; Charlie and Recovery fell.

Steeple Chase Plate of 13*l*.; about 4 mi.

New Owestry, by Knight of Karr, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb. - Mr Charles 1  
 Little Wonder, 5 yrs, 12st. - Ward 2  
 Glraffe, aged, 13st. - Mr Hopwood 3  
 Champagne Charlie, aged, 12st 7lb. Mr Buckley 4  
 Kate Terry, aged, 13st. - Mr Bullock 5  
 3 to 1 on New Owestry, and 5 to 1 agst Kate Terry. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

Gentlemen's Welter Steeple Chase Stakes of 135*l*.; about 4 mi.

Baldongan, by Mallet, aged, 14st. - Mr Wentworth 1  
 Magnan et Bonum, 13st 7lb. - Mr G. Moore 2  
 George, 13st 7lb. - Mr Fairrie 3  
 Markman, 14st 5lb. - Mr J. B. Littledale 4  
 Blackbird, 13st 7lb. - Mr Lawrence 5  
 Kilkenny, 13st 7lb. - Mr M. Padocks 6  
 Rook, 14st. - Mr E. Hardcastle 7  
 Tom Steele, 13st 7lb. - Mr G. Tolson 8  
 The Bishop, 13st 7lb. - Mr J. Taylor 9  
 Red Lancer, 13st 7lb. - Capt Griffiths 10  
 2 to 1 agst Markman, 3 to 1 agst Rook, and 5 to 1 each agst Baldongan and Magnan et Bonum. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

Gentlemen's Open Steeple Chase Stakes of 90*l*.; about 4 mi.

Reckless, by Birdcatcher, aged, 12st. Mr Hardcastle 1  
 Reckless, aged, 12st 7lb. - Mr Baldwin 2  
 Strikelight, aged, 12st 9lb. - Mr Wentworth 3  
 Ross, aged, 12st 10lb. - Mr Clayton 4  
 Little Wonder, aged, 12st. - Mr Tolson 5  
 Prince Alfred, 5 yrs, 12st. - Mr Orford 6  
 6 to 4 on Reckless, 2 to 1 agst Reckless, and 3 to 1 agst Ross. Won by three lengths.

Purse or Silver Cup of 25*l*.; about 4 mi.

Little Harry (ped. unk.), 5 yrs, 11st Mr T. Newton 1  
 Champagne, aged, 12st. - Mr Poinsons 2  
 Amiable, aged, 12st. - Mr R. Salmon 3  
 Maid of Norley, 5 yrs, 12st. - Ward 4  
 Tunstall, aged, 11st 7lb. - Metcalf 5  
 Magic, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb. - J. S. Terratta 6  
 6 to 4 on Champagne, and 2 to 1 agst Little Harry. Won by three lengths.

Match, 25; 4 mi.

Gipsy Maid (late Jeannie Deane), 11st. Mr Nixon 1  
 Sawwood, 10st 7lb. - Ward 2

## ALDERSHOT.

THURSDAY, April 1.—Hunt Steeple Chase of 42*l*.; 3 mi.

Dunbar, 5 yrs, 12st 9lb. - Mr Hartigan 1  
 Sunbeam, aged, 13st. - Capt Gifford 2  
 Pakington, 5 yrs, 13st 2lb. - Capt Miskell 3  
 Bullragget, aged, 13st 5lb. - Capt Harford 4  
 Yellow Jack, aged, 12st 9lb. - Mr French 5  
 Bushman, 5 yrs, 12st 4lb. - Mr Trotter 6

6 to 4 agst Pakington, 3 to 1 each agst Bullragget and Bushman, and 4 to 1 agst Sunbeam. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

Grand Military Steeple Chase of 57*l*.; 3 mi.

Woodbury Hill, by The Flying Dutchman, aged, 12st 7lb. - Mr Dunn 1  
 Spatecock, aged, 12st 11lb. - Capt G. Johnstone 2  
 Lord Robert, aged, 11st 9lb. - Capt Harford 3  
 Susan, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb. - Mr J. Nipper 4  
 Tumbst, 11st 7lb. - Capt H. Robinson 5  
 Tommy Dodd, aged, 11st 4lb. - Mr Jones 6  
 Colenso, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb. - Mr Foulkes 7  
 Minna, aged, 11st 2lb. - Capt Philip 8

2 to 1 each agst Spatecock and Colenso, 3 to 1 agst Woodbury Hill, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won easily; a very bad third; Colenso fell.

Division Steeple Chase of 57*l*.; 5 mi.

Excitement, by Stampede, 5 yrs, 12st. Mr Fortkes 1  
 Seven-and-a-half, aged, 13st. - Mr Bond 2  
 Sir Chaloner (late Falkirk), 6 yrs, 12st. Capt Knox 3  
 Veni, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb. - Mr French 4  
 6 to 4 on Excitement, 3 to 1 agst Veni, and 4 to 1 each agst the others. Won by a length; a bad third; Veni refused.

Ordinance Stakes of 37*l*.; about 2 mi.

Little Lady, by Jeremy Diddler, aged, 11st 9lb. - Mr French 1  
 Josephine, aged, 11st 5lb. - Capt A. Mackworth 2  
 Valverson, aged, 12st. - Mr Hyslop 3  
 Mamie, aged, 11st. - Mr Brook 4  
 Dutch Admiral, 5 yrs, 12st. - Mr Bond 5  
 Dixy, aged, 11st 9lb. - Capt Smith 6  
 Even on Dutch Admiral, 3 to 1 agst Little Lady, and 4 to 1 each agst Valverson and Dixy. Won in a canter; Dixy and Mamie fell, and Dutch Admiral threw his rider.

Cavalry Brigade Cup of 34*l*.; 5 mi.

Colenso, by Rocket, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb. - Mr Foulkes 1  
 Morris Dancer, aged, 12st 5lb. - Capt Harford 2  
 St Patrick, aged, 12st. - Capt Phillips 3  
 6 to 4 on Colenso, and 2 to 1 agst Morris Dancer. Won by a length.

FRIDAY.—Welter Steeple Chase of 64*l*.; about 5 mi. 4 fur.

Dunbar, 5 yrs, 13st. - Mr Hartigan 1  
 Str Chaloner, 5 yrs, 13st. - Capt Hood 2  
 Bushman, 5 yrs, 12st 9lb. - Mr Trotter 3  
 Sunbeam, aged, 13st. - Capt Gist 4  
 Seven-and-a-half, aged, 13st. - Mr Bond 5  
 Even on Dunbar, 6 to 4 agst Seven-and-a-half, 3 to 1 agst Bushman, and 4 to 1 each agst the others. Won by six lengths; two lengths between the second and third.

Light-weight Division Steeple Chase of 55*l*.; about 3 mi.

Excitement, by Stampede, 5 yrs, 11st. - Mr Foulkes 1  
 Veni, 5 yrs, 11st. - Capt Milligan 2  
 Tommy Dodd, aged, 11st. - Mr James 3  
 Lady Maud, aged, 10st 9lb. - Mr Phillips 4  
 Dutch Admiral, 5 yrs, 11st. - Mr Bond 5  
 Ina, 6 yrs, 11st. - Mr Thorold 6  
 6 to 4 on Excitement, 3 to 1 agst Veni, and 4 to 1 agst Dutch Admiral. Won easily by twelve lengths; six lengths between the second and third; Dutch Admiral refused.

Handicap Steeple Chase of 36*l*.; about 2 mi.

Pakington, by Veivode, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb. - Mr Bond 1  
 Minna, aged, 11st 4lb. - Capt Philip 2  
 Colenso, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb. - Mr Foulkes 3  
 Morris Dancer, aged, 12st. - Mr James 4  
 Lincoln, aged, 11st 5lb. - Capt Johnston 5  
 6 to 4 agst Colenso, 2 to 1 agst Minna, 3 to 1 agst Lincoln, and 4 to 1 agst Pakington. Won in a canter; Colenso and Lincoln fell.

Aldershot Cup of 46*l*.; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Veni, by Promised Land, 5 yrs, 10st. - Capt Milligan 1  
 Rosalie, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb. - Capt Philip 2  
 Little Lady, aged, 12st. - Mr James 3  
 Dutch Admiral, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb. - Mr Bond 4  
 Excitement, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb. - Mr French 5  
 6 to 4 on Excitement, and 3 to 1 each agst Rosalie and Little Lady. Won by three lengths; six lengths between the second and third; Excitement fell.

*Scrapy Steeple Chase* of 151., 1 mi., was won by a length by Peabian, agd (Mr. Foulkes), beating Le Willows, 6 yrs (Capt Milligan), and two others.

**MARKET RASEN UNION HUNT.**

**THURSDAY, April 1.**—*Union Hunt Stakes* of £71.; about 4 mi.

Bridegroams, by Pempsey, aged, 15at  
11lb - - - - - Mr G. Nelson 1  
Brilliant, aged, 12at 7lb - - - - - Mr Nicholson 2  
Lord of the Vale, aged, 12at 4lb - - - - - Mr Spafford 3  
Won easily by three lengths.

*Hunters' Stakes* of £71.; about 3 mi.  
Beckingham, aged, 12at 4lb - - - - - Mr J. Hill 1  
Lady Blanche, 5 yrs, 11at 11lb - - - - - Mr Dary 2  
Royal Vale, 4 yrs, 10at 7lb - - - - - Mr Spafford 3  
Wickenby, 4 yrs, 10at 7lb - - - - - Mr Richardson 4  
Sentinel, aged, 11at 11lb - - - - - Mr T. Burton 5  
Tumult, 5 yrs, 12at - - - - - Mr G. Walker 6  
Won by a short head; a bad third; Sentinel fell.

*Trial Steeple Chase* of 191. 19s.; about 2 mi.  
Harbinger, aged, 11at 11lb - - - - - Mr Brown 1  
Bold Davie, aged, 11at 6lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 2  
Groomsmen, 4 yrs, 10at 4lb - - - - - - - 3  
Late Lady Beninck, 6 yrs, 11at 6lb - - - - - - - 4  
Lady Lanelle, 4 yrs, 10at 7lb - - - - - - - 5  
Won easily.

**BROMLEY SPRING.**

**THURSDAY, April 1.**—*Bromley Plate* (H. p.) of 100L.; about 6 fur.

Warlike, by Weatherbit, 4 yrs, 7at 9lb - - - - - Wyatt 1  
Juania, 3 yrs, 6at 10lb - - - - - Hardy 2  
Morning Star, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - T. Goodwin 3  
Fitz-ivan, 5 yrs, 8at 12lb - - - - - H. Jackson 4  
Mars, 4 yrs, 8at 10lb - - - - - Milne 5  
Rampart, 4 yrs, 8at 3lb - - - - - Sopp 6  
April Morn, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb - - - - - - - 7  
Poit-exe, 4 yrs, 6at 9lb - - - - - J. Barker 8  
Casse Tite, 4 yrs, 6at 7lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 9  
Nancy Dawson, 5 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - Goulstock 10  
5 to 4 agt Morning Star, 5 to 3 agt Warlike, 5 to 1 agt Juania, and 10 to 1 agt any other. Won by half a length; a neck between the second and third.

*Trial Stakes* of £4L.; about 5 fur.  
King Richard, by Master Fenton, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - Goodwin 1  
Violetta, 3 yrs, 8at 4lb - - - - - Huxtable 2  
Arenna, 2 yrs, 8at 8lb - - - - - Wyatt 3  
Ch c by Marysae, out of Lily Lye, 2 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - Barker 4  
Wistaria, 2 yrs, 7at - - - - - Jas. Clark 5  
Lonsdale, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - Maidment 6  
Broddignag, 2 yrs, 8at 9lb - - - - - Hardy 7  
Rum, 2 yrs, 6at 9lb - - - - - Jeffery 8  
5 to 1 agt Arcana, 5 to 2 agt King Richard, 5 to 1 agt Lonsdale and Broddignag, and 10 to 1 agt Rum. Won by half a length; three lengths between the second and third; and a neck between the third and fourth. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 120 gs.

*Bromley Spring Cup* of £3L.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Adventures, by Adventurer, 3 yrs, 10at 4lb Marsh 1  
Honoria, 3 yrs, 9at 11lb - - - - - J. Crow 2  
The Piper, 4 yrs, 11at 2lb - - - - - H. Jackson 3  
Lord Warwick, 4 yrs, 10at 7lb - - - - - Mitchell 4  
Emilia, 5 yrs, 10at 3lb - - - - - - - 5  
Wild Flower, aged, 10at 11lb - - - - - Mr Reynolds 6  
Naval Reserve, 3 yrs, 10at 7lb - - - - - T. Ashmall 7  
B g by Simple Simon, out of Patti, 4 yrs, 10at 9lb - - - - - Hiscott 8  
Sea Robber, 3 yrs, 10at - - - - - Harman 9  
Freedom, 4 yrs, 11at 2lb - - - - - J. Potter 10  
7 to 4 agt Honoria, and 2 to 1 agt Adventures. Won by a length; a bad third.

*Selling Stakes* of £5L.; about 5 fur.  
Brasenose, by Oxford, 3 yrs, 8at 4lb Fordham 1  
Little Marchioness, 3 yrs, 8at 4lb - - - - - Wilson 2  
Aversion, by Vedette, out of Lady Wilson, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - Wyatt 3  
Sik, 4 yrs, 9at - - - - - H. Jackson 4  
B g by Bookwell, out of Touch-and-Go, 5 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - Newhouse 5  
Ch c by Marysae, out of Lily Lye, 2 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - J. Barker 6  
Broddignag, 2 yrs, 8at 9lb - - - - - Hardy 7  
Dido, 3 yrs, 8at 4lb - - - - - Sherrington 8

Codicillaire, 3 yrs, 8at 5lb - - - - - Jeffery 9  
7 to 4 agt Brasenose, 5 to 3 agt Little Marchioness, 6 to 1 agt Aversion, and 10 to 1 agt any other. A dead heat, Aversion was third; Codicillaire bolted. Deciding heat—7 to 4 on Brasenose. Won by two lengths. The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 76 gs.

*Sicily Stakes* of £5L.; about 6 fur.  
Seaman, by The Ugly Duck, 4 yrs, 7at 19lb - - - - - Maidment 1  
19lb - - - - - Kenyon 2  
Casse Tite, 4 yrs, 7at 7lb - - - - - J. Clark 3  
Peter, 4 yrs, 7at 9lb - - - - - Wyatt 4  
Charon, 3 yrs, 7at 2lb - - - - - Morden 5  
Engraver, 3 yrs, 6at 12lb - - - - - G. Jarvis 6  
First Fiddle, 3 yrs, 6at 12lb - - - - - Hardy 7  
Alerte, 3 yrs, 6at 4lb - - - - - - - 8  
Red White and Blue, 3 yrs, 7at 4lb - - - - - Burnard (dis.) 9  
2 to 1 agt Seaman, 3 to 1 agt Casse Tite and Engraver, and 6 to 1 agt Peter. Red White and Blue came in first, beating Seaman by two lengths; but an objection having been made to him on the ground that he had been stuck out of the race two days previously, he was disqualified, and the race awarded to Seaman, who beat Casse Tite by two lengths.

*Hurdle Race Plate* of £50L.; about 2 mi., over six hurdles.  
Nannie, by North Lincoln, 5 yrs, 11at 2lb - - - - - R. P. Anson 1  
Melinda, 5 yrs, 11at 2lb - - - - - Marsh 2  
Diadem, 4 yrs, 11at 9lb - - - - - Mr J. Thomas 3  
Domine, 6 yrs, 11at 5lb - - - - - Elphick 4  
Brown Jug, 4 yrs, 11at - - - - - Cannon 5  
5 to 2 agt Melinda, 3 to 1 agt Nannie, 4 to 1 each agt Diadem and Brown Jug, and 5 to 1 agt Domine. Won by a neck; a bad third; Brown Jug fell.

*Railway Steeple Chase* of 90L.; about 2 mi. 2 fur.  
Lord Waldegrave, by Orlando, aged, 10at 7lb - - - - - G. Holman 1  
Scipio, 5 yrs, 11at 2lb - - - - - J. Budd 2  
Order, 5 yrs, 10at 2lb - - - - - J. Knott 3  
Ada, 5 yrs, 12at - - - - - J. Jones 4  
Under the Cloud, aged, 11at 7lb - - - - - J. Forster 5  
Chance, 6 yrs, 11at 4lb - - - - - W. Reeves 6  
King of Hearts, aged, 11at - - - - - F. Lupton 7  
Triumph, aged, 11at - - - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 8  
Zingyni, 6 yrs, 10at 12lb - - - - - G. Seale 9  
Leymania, 4 yrs, 10at 12lb - - - - - Gregory 10  
Cromwell, 5 yrs, 10at 4lb - - - - - T. Abbot 11  
3 to 1 agt Lord Waldegrave, 100 to 30 agt Triumph, 4 to 1 agt Chance, 5 to 1 agt Leymania, 8 to 1 agt Under the Cloud, 10 to 1 agt Scipio, 12 to 1 agt King of Hearts, and 100 to 1 agt Order. Won by a short head; two lengths between the second and third.

**FRIDAY.**—*Steeple Chase Plate* of £6L.; about 2 mi.  
Triumph, by Arsenal, aged, 11at - - - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 1  
Order, 5 yrs, 10at 2lb - - - - - J. Knott 2  
Scipio, 5 yrs, 11at 2lb - - - - - J. Budd 3  
Teedale, 6 yrs, 10at 12lb - - - - - Forster 4  
Wild Flower, aged, 10at 7lb - - - - - Mr Seale 5  
Lightning, aged, 10at 7lb - - - - - W. Reeves 6  
Phantom (h b), aged, 10at 6lb - - - - - Mr A. Yates 7  
Beantalk, 4 yrs, 10at 5lb - - - - - Seale 8  
Copenhagen, aged, 10at 4lb - - - - - Bradbury 9  
6 to 4 agt Scipio, 4 to 1 agt Order, 5 to 1 agt Lightning, and 5 to 1 agt Beantalk. Won by a neck; a length between the second and third.

*Kent Open Steeple Chase* of 90L.; about 3 mi.  
Lord Waldegrave, aged, 10at 11lb - - - - - G. Holman 1  
Ogdellow, 6 yrs, 11at 1lb - - - - - Mr A. Yates 2  
Chance, 6 yrs, 11at - - - - - J. Budd 3  
Tom Coko, 6 yrs, 10at 12lb - - - - - W. Reeves 4  
Malinda, 5 yrs, 10at 7lb - - - - - Marsh 5  
Golden Cross, aged, 10at - - - - - Elphick 6  
9 to 4 agt Lord Waldegrave, 5 to 2 agt Ogdellow, 5 to 1 agt Tom Coko, 100 to 10 agt Malinda, and 10 to 1 agt Chance. Won by a length; a very bad third; Tom Coko fell.

*Selling Handicap Hurdle Race* of 40L.; about 1 mi. 4 fur., over five hurdles.  
Wild Blood, by Wild Darrell, 4 yrs, 10at 4lb Jewitt 1  
Montrose, 6 yrs, 10at 11lb - - - - - J. Potter 2  
Rapture, aged, 10at - - - - - Mr R. Sherrington 3  
Nannie, 5 yrs, 11at - - - - - R. P. Anson 4  
Weather Isle, 4 yrs, 10at 9lb - - - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 5

Duchess, 4 yrs, 11st - Mr Percy 0  
 Whirligig, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb - Mamford 0  
 King, aged, 10st 4lb - Mr Britton 0  
 Pommer, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb - Daniels 0  
 Schimble Schimble, 3 yrs, 10st - Kennedy 0  
 7 to 1 agst Montrose, 4 to 1 each agst Wild Blood  
 and Weather Isle, and 6 to 1 agst Nannie. Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.

**Bromham Plate (Hf) of 50l; about 5 fur.**  
 Jaquie, by Promised Land, 3 yrs, 7st - Frisky 1  
 Winfred, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Jas. Clark 2  
 Poughar, 3 yrs, 6st - Wilson 3  
 St Oliver, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb - Marsh 0  
 Black Boy, 4 yrs, 6st 8lb - T. Page 0  
 Magnolia, 4 yrs, 6st 2lb - Wyant 0  
 The Leveret, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb - Bernard 0  
 5 to 4 agst Whiffled, 3 to 1 agst Jamaica, 7 to 2 agst  
 Magnolia, and 12 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; three lengths between second and third.

**Subscribers' Stand Cup of 10l, 19s; about 1 mi. 6 fur.**  
 Clara, by Commodore, 4 yrs, 11st - Mr Hobson 1  
 White Hart, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - Mr Barling 2  
 Lightland, 6 yrs, 12st - Mr Reynolds 0  
 Gluck-in (late Venus), aged, 12st 12lb - Mr Cockham 0  
 Freedom, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - J. Bence 0  
 7 to 4 on Clara, 3 to 1 agst Freedom, and 5 to 1 agst  
 White Hart. White Hart being a bad third, but an  
 objection having been made to Freedom, on the ground  
 that Potter was not qualified to ride, the stewards  
 awarded the race to Clara.

**Whaley's Spring Handicap of 105l; about 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
 Epworth, by Orest, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - Maidment 1  
 Scamian, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - Wyant 2  
 Mars, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - T. Goodwin 0  
 The Vampire, 6 yrs, 6st - T. Page 0  
 Distaff, 5 yrs, 6st 2lb - Huntable 0  
 Conquest, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - Sherrington 0  
 April Morn, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - Bernard 0  
 Pole-axe, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb - J. Barker 0  
 Peninsula, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - Jordan 0  
 Cassie Test, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - G. Harris 0  
 Nancy Dawson, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - Faulkner 0  
 Sea-Robber, 3 yrs, 6st - Wilson 0  
 Adventure, 3 yrs, 6st - Hardy 0  
 5 to 4 agst Epworth, 5 to 2 agst Adventure, 5 to 1  
 agst Mars, 100 to 15 agst Peninsula, and 10 to 1 each  
 agst Distaff and Pole-axe. Won by twelve lengths;  
 a length between second and third; Adventure  
 bolted, and threw her jockey. Mr Ambrose declared  
 to win with Peninsula.

**3rd Stand Plate (Hf) of 30l; about 6 fur.**  
 Unhitherto, by Promised Land, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - G. Sopp 1  
 First Noble, 3 yrs, 7st - G. Jarvis 2  
 Chiron, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Wyatt 3  
 Venus, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - Penfold 0  
 Engreaver, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - Hampard 0  
 City of Moscow, 4 yrs, 6st - Wilson 0  
 5 to 4 on the Lily Lye colt, 4 to 1 each agst First  
 Noble and Unhitherto, and 5 to 1 agst Chiron. Won  
 by a head; two lengths between second and third.  
 The winner, entered for 50 sovs., was sold for 52 gs.

**4th Stand Plate (Hf) of 30l; about 6 fur.**  
 Trepanning, by Bel Demonio, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb Faulkner 1  
 Binky, 4 yrs, 6st 6lb - H. Jackson 2  
 Mowbray, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb - Wilson 3  
 Little Cousin, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb - G. Jarvis 0  
 Broomstick, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb - Huntable 0  
 B. by Simple Simon - Patti, 4 yrs, 6st 12lb - Heartfield 0  
 B. by Stockwell - Touch and Go, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb - Newhouse 0  
 Mrs Jones, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb - Clark 0  
 5 to 4 agst Broomstick, 4 to 1 agst Little Cousin  
 and Mrs Jones, and 4 to 1 agst any other. Won by a  
 head; a neck between second and third; Little Cousin,  
 Mrs Jones, and the Touch and Go colt bolted. The  
 winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 42 gs.

**5th Stand Plate (Hf) of 30l; about 6 fur.**  
 Zingy, by Marazan, 6 yrs, 12st - Mr Cockham 1  
 Gluck-in (late Venus), aged, 12st 12lb - Mr J. Reynolds 2  
 2 to 1 agst Zingy, 100 to 1 agst any other.

#### CATTERICK BRIDGE

**THURSDAY, April 12th, 1888. 450 yds. 1 mi.**  
 Honesty, by Y. Delamain, 6 yrs, 6st 3lb J. Snowden 1

La Charantonne, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - W. Platt 2  
 The Hind, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - Yates 2  
 Guinea, 3 yrs, 6st 6lb - Cook 4  
 Donablain, 4 yrs, 6st 2lb - Cameron 5  
 7 to 4 agst La Charantonne, and 2 to 1 agst Honesty.  
 Won by a length; a bad third.

**North Riding Hunters' Stakes of 90l; 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
 Charley, by Van Galen, aged, 12st 2lb - Mr Spence 1  
 Donato, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr G. Thompson 2  
 Diddington, aged, 12st 12lb - Mr Boynton 3  
 Vagabond, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr Elrington 4  
 The Gift, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr Brookes 5  
 Grace Darling, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Capt Howarth 6  
 Black Bear, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr Fabburn 7  
 5 to 4 agst Donato, 3 to 1 agst Diddington, 5 to 1  
 each agst Grace Darling and Vagabond, and 10 to 1  
 agst any other. Won by four lengths; a length be-  
 tween second and third; a bad fourth.

**Zetland Stakes of 105l, for 3 yr olds; New T.Y.C.**  
 Divulger, by Canonic, 3st 11lb - J. Osborne 1  
 Hawthorndale, 3st 6lb - J. Snowden 2  
 Meringue, 3st 10lb - T. Chaloner 3  
 Lanes, 3st 10lb - Hargreaves 4  
 Lockland, 3st 10lb - Hudson 5  
 Hawkhead, 3st 10lb - Cameron 6  
 Saratoga, 3st 6lb - J. Bence 0  
 Changeless, 3st 6lb - G. Walker 0  
 Tarns, 3st 10lb - Craddock 0  
 La Calonne, 3st 6lb - M. Noble 0  
 B. by Canonic - Constantine, 3st 6lb - Mr G. Thompson 0  
 3 to 1 agst Hawkhead, and 5 to 1 each agst Har-  
 thorndale and Divulger. Won by half a length; two  
 lengths between second and third.

**Horby Handicap of 105l; 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
 Auchinleck, by Skirmisher, 5 yrs, 6st 2lb J. Snowden 1  
 Fleets, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - Hudson 2  
 The Dean, 5 yrs, 6st 5lb - Cameron 3  
 Annie, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - M. Ewen 4  
 Bete Noir, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - W. Carls 5  
 Man of Rose, 5 yrs, 6st 7lb - Doyle 6  
 2 to 1 agst Annie, 5 to 2 agst Auchinleck, 5 to 1  
 agst The Dean, and 8 to 1 agst Fleets. Won by a  
 length; the same between second and third; a bad  
 fourth.

**Bedale Hunt Stakes of 52l; 2 mi.**  
 Zeminard (h. b.), by Zetland, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Boynton 1  
 Delaware, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb - Mr Spence 2  
 Bird's-eye, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Hutchinson 3  
 Lancaster, aged, 12st 7lb - Capt Powell 4  
 Grace Darling, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - Capt Howarth 5  
 Girl Graduate, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr Lee 6  
 Malberry (late Bernardo), 4 yrs, 11st 6lb Mr Burkill 10  
 3 to 2 on Delaware, and 4 to 1 agst Zeminard. Won  
 by a length; a very bad third; Malberry bolted.

**FRIDA Y. - Business Plate (Hf) of 50l. New T.Y.C.**  
 Honesty, 6 yrs, 6st 7lb - J. Snowden 1  
 Progress, 4 yrs, 6st 7lb - W. Platt 2  
 Affection, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - J. Hudson 3  
 Moll, 4 yrs, 6st 10lb - Kitchen 4  
 Minster Bell, 5 yrs, 7st 10lb - Cameron 5  
 Queen of York, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - Jordan 6  
 Guinea, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - Cook 0  
 Even on Honesty, 4 to 1 agst Queen of York, and  
 5 to 1 each agst Progress and Moll. Won easily by  
 a neck; three lengths between second and third; half a  
 length between third and fourth.

**Oran Stakes of 112l, for 2 yr olds; New T.Y.C.**  
 Hawkhead, by Bro. to Strudford, 3st 10lb Cameron 1  
 Saratoga, 3st 6lb - J. Snowden 2  
 Dunane, 3st 6lb - T. Chaloner 3  
 White Slave, 3st 6lb - Hargreaves 4  
 Divulger, 3st 2lb - J. Osborne 5  
 La Calonne, 3st 6lb - M. Noble 6  
 5 to 4 on Divulger, and 3 to 1 agst Dunane. Won  
 by a length and a half; a neck between second and  
 third; two lengths between third and fourth.

**Brugh Handicap of 110l, 1 mi. 2 fur.**  
 Bard of Brugh, by Rapid Rhoe, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - J. Bence 1  
 7st 1lb - G. Walker 2  
 Fleets, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - J. Hudson 3  
 Honesty, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb - J. Snowden 4  
 The Prior, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - M. Ewen 5  
 La Charantonne, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - Mr G. Thompson 6  
 Moscow, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - Ball 0  
 5 to 4 agst Bard of Brugh, 4 to 1 agst Fleets, and 5  
 to 3 each agst The Prior and Honesty. Won easily

by three lengths; two lengths between second and third, and half a length between third and fourth.  
**Mahor House (Sall. Hp.) Plate of 40l.** New T.Y.C. Progress, by Thormanby, 4 yrs, Set. J. Osborne 1  
 Marquitta, 4 yrs, Set 4th W. Blact 2  
 Affection, 4 yrs, Set 8th J. Snowden 3  
 Dick, 3 yrs, Set 12th J. Hudson 4  
 Ladgins, Welling, 3 yrs, Set 4th M. Noble 5  
 Oh s. by Blact Albet - Caterer's dam, 3 yrs. Wood 6  
 6 to 10 lb + 11  
 Lambton's Daughter, 2 yrs, Set 7th Burr 0  
 3 to 4 each agt Marquitta and Progress, and 5 to 1 each agt Affection, Dick, and Lambton's Daughter. Won by a length and a half a length each between second, third, and fourth. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 20 gns.  
**North Walsham (Wentley Steeple Chase, Steaks of 50l.)** about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
 Lancaster (b.b.), by Jpp Lovell, aged, Mr. Burtin 1  
 12st 5lb  
 Leap Year, 5 yrs, 12st 8lb Mr. Richardson 2  
 Charley, aged, 12st 11lb Mr. Burtin 3  
 Ebor, aged, 12st Capt. Ricardo 4  
 Snider, 3 yrs, 11st 6lb Mr. Wilkinson 5  
 Brownshank, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr. G. Walker 6  
 2 to 1 each agt Leap Year and Brownshank, 4 to 1 agt Charley, to 1 agt Lancaster, and 3 to 1 agt Snider. Won by two lengths; a bad third; Brownshank and Snider beaten off, did not pass the post.

**ABERGAVENNY AND MONMOUTHSHIRE HUNT**  
**THURSDAY, April 1.** - *Monmouthshire Handicap of 100l.* about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Osprey, by King Tom, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb Pearson 1  
 Fumble, 3 yrs, 12st 7lb P. S. 2  
 Lucina, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb Norris 3  
 Gogurat, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb A. Castle 4  
 Eagle Eye, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb Humphries 5  
 6 to 4 on Osprey, 3 to 1 agt Eagle Eye, and 5 to 1 agt Wamba. Won by a length and a half; three lengths between second and third.  
*Tringdon Selling Stakes of 35l.* about 6 fur.  
 Congratulator, by Prime Minister, 3 yrs Pearson 1  
 7st 13lb  
 Emeline, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb A. Castle 2  
 Forecast, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb G. Crouch 3  
 6 to 4 on Emeline. Won by a length; Forecast bolted. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 30 gns.  
*Hunt Cup of 31l.* 3 mi.  
 Boaquition, by Voltiger, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb w.o.  
*Open Steeple Chase (Hp) of 70l.* about 3 mi.  
 Two Vets, by Vindex, aged, 12st 7lb Hitchings 1  
 Corvedale, aged, 12st 5lb Mr. Thomas 2  
 Broughton, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb Mr. Weston 3  
 6 to 4 on Corvedale. Won by six lengths; Broughton was pulled up. Mr Calder declared to win with Corvedale.  
*Match, 50l.* 3 mi.  
 Merrimae, 12st 7lb Mr. W. Wheeler 1  
 Bryndawp, 12st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 2  
 6 to 4 on Merrimae. Won by two lengths.  
*Royal Welsh Hunters' Cup; 2 mi.*  
 Lamerick, aged, 12st 9lb Mr. Cowen 1  
 Crinoline, aged, 11st 12lb Mr. Williamson 2  
 Gigg, aged, 10st Mr. Blithe 3  
 Four others ran. Won by a head; a bad third.  
*Bryndawp Hardly Race, a piece of plate value 12 gns.*  
 12st, aged, 2 mi. won six hurdles.  
 Le Papillon, by Wild Dayrell, aged, Mr. P. Marton 1  
 12st  
 Bryndawp, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb Mr. H. Mayberry 2  
 Firmin, 6 yrs, 12st Mr. T. Edwards 3  
 Blue Bell, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb Mr. Pritchard 4  
 6 to 4 on Le Papillon, 5 to 2 agt Bryndawp, and 3 to 4 agt Blue Bell. Won by six necks; a bad third.

**FRIDAY, April 2.** - *Wentley Selling Plate of 30l.* about 4 fur.  
 Congratulator, 3 yrs, 12st 11lb Pearson 1  
 Lucina, 3 yrs, 6st 2lb A. Sigs. 2  
 Emeline, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb J. Watkins 3  
 Forecast, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb G. Crouch 4  
 Ewen on Lucina, and 2 to 1 agt Congratulator. Won by three lengths; a head between second and third. The winner was sold for 25 gns.  
*Wentley Ladies' Plate (Hp) of 40l.* about 6 fur.  
 Polissone, by Christopher Columbus, 3 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 1  
 12st 7lb

Wamba, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb G. Sigs. 2  
 Eagle Eye, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb Hitchings 3  
 Bonquithre, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb W. Blact 4  
 Osprey, 4 yrs, Set 4th W. Blact 5  
 Ewen on Osprey, 5 to 2 agt Bonquithre, and 5 to 1 agt Polissone. Won by half a length; a length between second and third.  
*Clytha Steeple Chase Plate of 50l.* about 3 mi.  
 The Little Rogue, by Sabreur or Underhand, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr. E. P. Wilson 1  
 Tom Brown, aged, 12st 3lb Mr. Maddox 2  
 5 to 1 on The Little Rogue. Won by two lengths.  
*Wentley Steeple Chase Plate (Hp) of 50l.* about 3 mi.  
 Corvedale, by Hanting Horn, aged, 12st Mr. Weston 1  
 Two Vets, aged, 12st 11lb Hayman 2  
 Broughton, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb Mr. Harlow 3  
 6 to 4 on Two Vets, and 3 to 1 agt Corvedale. Two Vets refused, and Corvedale came in alone.  
*Monmouthshire Steeple Chase Plate of 30l.* about 3 mi.  
 Le Papillon, aged, 12st 9lb Mr. P. Marton 1  
 Robin, aged, 11st 10lb Mr. E. C. Morgan 2  
 Merrimae, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr. Weston 3  
 6 to 4 on Le Papillon, and 2 to 1 agt Robin. Won by three lengths; Robin fell at the last hurdle.

**NORTH WALSHAM**  
**FRIDAY, April 2.** - *Farmer's Stakes of 60l.* about 3 mi.  
 Arlecotti, by Birkenhead, aged, Mr. C. Chuteau 1  
 12st 10lb  
 Redman, aged, 12st 10lb Mr. P. Marton 2  
 Brigstocke, aged, 12st 10lb Mr. P. Marton 3  
 White Duck, 12st 10lb Mr. P. Marton 4  
 6 to 4 on Arlecotti, and 2 to 1 agt White Duck. Won by half a length; African and Brigstocke fell, and Brown Stout refused.  
*Open Hunters' Stakes of 14l.* about 3 mi.  
 Arlecotti, by Birkenhead, aged, Mr. C. Chuteau 1  
 12st 10lb  
 Mullisiam, aged, 12st 3lb Capt. Holyoake 2  
 Sir William, aged, 12st 3lb Mr. P. Marton 3  
 The Gem, aged, 11st 7lb Capt. Holyoake 4  
 Sir Bobby, aged, 12st 6lb Mr. P. Marton 5  
 The Doctor, 11st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 6  
 Hawkshaw, aged, 12st 10lb Mr. P. Marton 7  
 Rifleman, aged, 12st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 8  
 Gamecock (late Bluff), 11st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 9  
 Tasso, aged, 11st 12lb Mr. P. Marton 10  
 Thelshy, aged, 11st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 11  
 Won easily; Thelshy, Sir William, and The Doctor fell.  
*North Walsham Hunt Meeting of 189l.*  
 Blensish, aged, 12st Mr. P. Marton 1  
 Madame Rachel, 11st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 2  
 Gamecock, 11st 10lb Mr. P. Marton 3  
 Sexton, 11st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 4  
 Hopeless, 10st Mr. P. Marton 5  
 6 to 1 on Blensish, and 4 to 1 agt Madame Rachel. Won easily; Sexton fell.  
*Light Weight Hunters' Stakes of 50l.* about 3 mi.  
 The Robber, by Tadmor, aged, 11st 10lb J. Harding 1  
 Thelshy, aged, 11st 9lb Mr. P. Marton 2  
 Hawkshaw, aged, 11st 10lb Mr. P. Marton 3  
 Kestrel, 10st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 4  
 Sir Bobby, aged, 11st 3lb Mr. P. Marton 5  
 Brigstocke, aged, 11st 3lb Mr. P. Marton 6  
 The Doctor, 10st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 7  
 Wild Duck, 10st 7lb Mr. P. Marton 8  
 Sir William, aged, 11st 3lb Mr. P. Marton 9  
 Won by three lengths; Hawkshaw fell twice.

**ALBRIGHTON HUNT**  
**FRIDAY, April 2.** - *Farmer's Stakes of 60l.* about 3 mi.  
 Witter Rose, by The Eye, aged, Mr. W. Rickaby 1  
 12st 7lb  
 Alice Hawthorn (b.b.), 4 yrs, 12st Capt. Holyoake 2  
 Piccolo (b.b.), 6 yrs, 12st Mr. P. Marton 3  
 Sir Thomas (b.b.), 6 yrs, 12st Mr. P. Marton 4  
 Snowdrop (b.b.), 5 yrs, 12st Mr. A. Dabbs 5  
 Donington (b.b.), 6 yrs, 12st Mr. Dancalls 6  
 Bayman (b.b.), 6 yrs, 12st Mr. P. Marton 7  
 Columbus (b.b.), aged, 12st 7lb Mr. C. Davison 8  
 Won by a length.

**Hunt Plate of 50l.; about 3 mi.**

Brookley, by Alameda, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb	Mr C. Davison	1
Gallier, aged, 12st 8lb	Mr Charles	2
Braconer, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb	Mr Miner	3
Blackless, aged, 11st 8lb	Mr W. C. Baldwin	0
Larshar, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb	Mr Hopwood	0
Cotswold (h b), aged, 12st 8lb	Mr A. Smith	0
Brighton, aged, 12st 8lb	Mr H. Sparrow	0
Froon, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb	Mr Bowen	0
Flirtation, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb	Mr Knight	0
Nuneaton, aged, 12st 8lb	Mr Den	0

Won easily by two lengths.

**Bonnie's Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi.**

Titterton, by Gemma Junior, 6 yrs,		
12st 7lb	Mr W. Rickaby	1
Shropshire, aged, 12st 10lb	Mr J. Milward	2
Lady Audley, aged, 12st 10lb	Mr J. Orred	3
Usarper (h b), aged, 12st	Mr Gerard	0
Cotswold, aged, 12st 10lb	Mr A. Smith	0
Red Rover, aged, 12st 10lb	Mr Baldwin	0
Strikelight, aged, 12st 7lb	Mr Hopwood	0
Lady Totton, aged, 12st 10lb	Capt Holyoake	0
Chance II, aged, 12st 10lb	Mr W. H. Weaver	0
Nuneaton, aged, 12st 7lb	Mr Den	0

Won easily.

**Abrighton Hunt Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi.**

Red Lancer, 12st	Capt Holyoake	1
Lacifer, aged, 12st	Mr T. Parker	2
Bushway, 5 yrs, 12st	Mr J. Milward	3
Leamington (h b), aged, 12st 7lb	Mr Charles	0

Won easily.

**Burry Plate of 25l.; about 3 mi.**

Blackless, by Arthur, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr Baldwin	1
Mirration, 4 yrs, 12st 8lb	Mr Knight	2
Snowdrop, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr A. Dabbs	3
Red Rover, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr J. Milward	0
Bowman, 6 yrs, 12st	Mr T. Parker	0
Kathleen, aged, 12st	Capt Holyoake	0
Nuneaton, aged, 12st 8lb	Mr Den	0
The Collier, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr Charles	0

Won by two lengths.

**HEDON, HULL, AND HOLDERNESS.****MONDAY, April 5.—Hunters' Steeple Chase of 40l.;**

Corby, by Creston Oil, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb	E. Cattle	1
Bridgemoon, aged, 12st 8lb	Mr J. M. Richardson	2
Wim, 5 yrs, 11st	Brown	3
Marchioness (h b), aged, 12st 8lb	Porteus	0

Won by half a length; a bad third; Marchioness fell.

**Hedon, Hull, and Holderness Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi.**

Brilliant (h b), aged, 11st	Mr Nicholson	1
Mona, 6 yrs, 11st 13lb	Wynn	2
Funny Man, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb	Mr R. Walker	3
Birdbolt, aged, 11st 8lb	Porteus	4
Contralto, aged, 11st 8lb	J. Atkinson	5
Countess, aged, 10st 10lb	Cunningham	6
Queen Mab, aged, 10st 10lb	Roydhouse	0

Won by three lengths; a length between second and third; a good fourth.

**Hull Tonn Plate of 25l., for maidens; about 2 mi.**

Mountain Maid, by Knight of Kara, 5 yrs, 11st	Cunningham	1
The Nun, 3 yrs, 11st	J. Rugg	2
The Screamer (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr T. Elington	3
Groomsman (h b), 4 yrs, 10st 7lb	Mr J. M. Richardson	0

Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

**Selling Stakes of 18l.; about 2 mi.**

The Witch, by Day of Algiers, aged, 10st 7lb	Mr T. Elington	1
Birdbolt, aged, 11st 7lb	Porteus	2
Wicket, aged, 10st 7lb	Mr Barkill	3
Patcham, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr Nicholson	4

Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third; a moderate fourth. The winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 30l. 10s.

**DAVENTRY.****MONDAY, April 5.—Farmers' Plate of 40l.; about 3 mi.**

Boxley, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb	Mr Manning	1
Lady Florence, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb	Mr Gardiner	2
Old Harry, aged, 12st 3lb	Mr Evans	3
Dora (h b), 12st 2lb	Mr J. Perkins	0
Stamford, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb	Mr Watson	0

Ganobia, aged, 12st 2lb	Mr J. Wilson	0
Katoomian, aged, 12st 8lb	Mr T. Cryer	0
5 to 1 agst Stamford, 5 to 2 agst Dora, 4 to 1 agst Lady Florence, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by two lengths; a neck between second and third. Stamford refused, and Dora fell.		

**Selling Steeple Chase of 36l.; about 3 mi.**

Flight, by Gramplan, aged, 11st	Walling	1
Gipsy Jane, aged, 10st 7lb	Mr J. Bird	2
The Rover, aged, 11st	Wall	3
Catspaw, aged, 11st 8lb	R. Webster	0
Tom Moody, aged, 10st	Sutton	0
Lottery, aged, 10st 7lb	Foster	0

5 to 4 agst Catspaw, and 3 to 1 agst Flight. Won by six lengths; none between second and third. Tom Moody refused, and Catspaw fell.

**Dacentry Open Handicap Steeple Chase of 60l.; about 4 mi.**

Master Oliver, by Windhound, aged, 11st 4lb	J. Holman	1
Miss Bequest, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb	Mr Crawshaw	2
Harry, aged, 11st 9lb	Mr Cook	3
Bourton, aged, 10st	Foster	0
5 to 4 each agst Miss Bequest and Master Oliver, and 5 to 1 agst the other two. Master Oliver came in alone, Bourton refused, and Harry and Miss Bequest fell.		

**Open Hunters' Steeple Chase of 55l.; about 3 mi.**

Banner, aged, 12st 8lb	Wesley	1
Baron Blow, aged, 13st 8lb	Eldridge	2
King of Spades, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb	Mr Laxton	3
The General, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb	Mr G. Laxon	4
Sporting Lion, aged, 12st 3lb	Mr Cook	0
Deerfoot, aged, 12st 8lb	Mr Butlin	0
2 to 1 agst Baron Blow, 3 to 1 agst Banner, 4 to 1 each agst The General and Deerfoot, and 8 to 1 agst Sporting Lion. Won by two lengths; same between second and third.		

**Burry Handicap of 25l.; 2 mi.**

Flight, aged, 11st 7lb	Walling	1
Bourton, aged, 10st	Sutton	2
Vanity, aged, 12st	Mr Perkins	3
The Rover, aged, 10st	Wilson	0
Tom Moody, aged, 11st	Friaby	0
5 to 4 agst Vanity, and 6 to 4 agst Flight. Won by six lengths; two lengths between second and third.		

**MARGATE.****MONDAY, April 5.—Hurdle Race Plate of 20l.; 1 mi. 6 fur., over five hurdles.**

Bandana (h b), by Famosetto, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr J. White, Jun.	1
Freedom, 6 yrs, 12st	Mr Lord	2
Cad, 4 yrs, 12st	Brown	3
Baldpate Bagman, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb	Daniels	0
April Fool, aged, 11st 7lb	Mr Froon	0
Even on Bandana, 5 to 1 each agst Baldpate Bagman and April Fool, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by ten lengths; a neck between second and third.		

**Hurdle Race (Hp) of 57l.; 2 mi., over six hurdles.**

Pakrita, by Magnus, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb	R. A'Anson	1
Cromwell, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb	Abbot	2
Lydia, 6 yrs, 10st	Bird	3
Freedom, 4 yrs, 11st	Potter	0
Sneaking Lawyer, aged, 10st	Daniels	0
6 to 4 agst Freedom, 2 to 1 agst Pakrita, and 2 to 1 agst Cromwell. Won by three-quarters of a length; six lengths between second and third. Sneaking Lawyer refused at the first hurdle, and was pulled up.		

**Margate Handicap Steeple Chase of 50l.; about 3 mi.**

Pole-axe, by Lambton, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb	R. A'Anson	1
Rapture, aged, 10st 7lb	Mr Shepherd	2
Cromwell, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb	Abbot	3
Lord Paramount, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb	Bird	0
7 to 4 on Pole-axe, 3 to 1 agst Rapture, and 5 to 1 agst Cromwell. Won by half a length; a bad third. Lord Paramount refused.		

**Stewards' Steeple Chase Plate of 25l.; 2 mi.**

Rapture, by Stockwell, aged, 12st	Mr R. Shepherd	1
Lord Paramount, 5 yrs, 12st	Bird	2
Harlequin, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb	Mr Barber	3
Marigold, aged, 12st	Mr Bates	0
Miner, aged, 12st	Mr Miles	0
Lady Godiva, aged, 11st	Mr Gordon	0
7 to 4 on Rapture, 4 to 1 each agst Lord Paramount and Marigold, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by four lengths; a bad third.		

*Ramsgate Plate (Hp) of 404; 6 fur.*  
 Cheddington, by Mentmore, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - Penfold 1  
 Contempt, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - Deacon 2  
 Cromwell, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb - Brown 3  
 Lydia, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb - Mordan 4  
 3 to 1 on Cheddington, 3 to 1 agst Contempt, and 4 to 1 agst Cromwell. Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.

*Stand Plate of 384; 6 fur.*  
 Hoppgirl, by Y. Melbourne, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - Barker 1  
 Lady Annie, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Mordan 2  
 Inheritor, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - Deacon 3  
 Premier, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - Brown 4  
 5 to 4 agst Inheritor, 2 to 1 agst Hoppgirl, and 3 to 1 agst Lady Annie. Won by two lengths; three lengths between second and third. The winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 50 gs.

THIRSK.

*TUESDAY, April 6.—Scurry Plate (Hp) of 404; 4 fur. 130 yds.*

Clarionette, by Lambton, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - Cook 1  
 Dick, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - W. Platt 2  
 Lady Tholthorpe, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb - Burr 3  
 Malia, aged, 7st 7lb - Jordan 4  
 Zisca, aged, 8st 5lb - Cameron 0  
 Nectarine, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - Holloway 0  
 Woodbine, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - Wood 0  
 Queen of Beauty, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb - Lumley 0  
 2 to 1 agst Clarionette, 3 to 1 agst Zisca, 5 to 1 each agst Malia and Dick; and 10 to 1 agst Woodbine. Won by two lengths; three lengths between second and third; three-quarters of a length between third and fourth.

*Moorey Stakes of 130L. for 2 yrs olds; 4 fur. 150 yds.*  
 Syrian, by Mentmore, 8st 10lb - Cradock 1  
 Ida, 8st 7lb - Cameron 2  
 Gouda, 8st 10lb - Osborne 3  
 Callipodia, 8st 1lb - Snowden 4  
 Lingerer, 8st 10lb - J. Marson 0  
 Lores, 8st 7lb - Hargreaves 0  
 Siege Train, 8st 11lb - T. Chaloner 0  
 Saccharian, 8st 10lb - Kelly 0  
 2 to 1 agst Ida, 3 to 1 agst Syrian, 4 to 1 agst Siege Train, 5 to 1 agst Callipodia, and 8 to 1 each agst Lingerer and Lores. Won by a short head; two lengths between second and third; a head between third and fourth.

*Hunt Cup, value 100L; about 2 mi. 2 fur.*  
 Scarrington, by Martex, 6 yrs, 12st 12lb - Mr T. Spence 1  
 Zemindar, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr Boynton 2  
 Bird's Eye, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr Hutchinson 3  
 First Attempt, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr Muzin 0  
 Claret, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr Cass 0  
 Girl Graduate, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Lee 0  
 The Gift, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Newbold 0  
 Bonnybrook, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr Baldwin 0  
 Canny Woman, 5 yrs, 11st - Mr G. S. Thompson 0  
 Langer, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Capt Inge dis  
 5 to 4 agst Zemindar, 6 to 4 agst Scarrington, and 8 to 1 agst Canny Woman. Won by six lengths. Langer came in third, but was disqualified for not returning to weigh.

*Members' Plate of 34L; about 1 mi.*  
 Colonel P., by Thormanby, 3 yrs, 8st - Griffiths 1  
 Bertha, 3 yrs, 8st - Platt 2  
 Sir Harry, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - McEwen 3  
 Progress, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - Mr G. S. Thompson 0  
 Even on Progress, 4 to 2 agst Bertha, and 7 to 3 agst Colonel P. Won by a head; a bad third. The winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 50 gs.

*Match 50; 1 mi.*  
 Mavourneen, by Rapparee, 4 yrs, 11st - Mr G. S. Thompson 1  
 Laverick Wells, 4 yrs, 11st - Mr Wilkinson 2  
 3 to 1 on Mavourneen. Won by a length and a half.

*Hambleton Plate (Hp) of 100L; 1 mi.*  
 Bard of Erin, by Rapid Rhone, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - W. Platt 1  
 Landscape, 4 yrs, 7st - Cameron 2  
 Honest, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb - J. Snowden 3  
 Fleets, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - Yates 4  
 Caprina, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - Hargreaves 0  
 Ritnahat, 4 yrs, 7st - G. Walker 0  
 Anecdote, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - Kelly 0  
 Bête Noir, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Lumley 0  
 Myosotis, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - Holloway 0  
 Iren, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - Wood 0

Annie, 3 yrs, 5st 12lb - J. Cook 0  
 The Clipper, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - J. Clark 0  
 Even on Bard of Erin, 4 to 1 agst Landscape, 5 to 1 agst Honest, and 10 to 1 agst Annie. Won by three-quarters of a length; a length and a half between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

*WEDNESDAY.—Scurry Handicap of 25L; 4 fur. 130 yds.*

Colonel P., by Thormanby, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - Cradock 1  
 Fair Eliza, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - Allcock 2  
 5 to 1 on Colonel P. Won by three lengths.

*Tyro Stakes of 25L. for 2 yrs olds; straight half mile.*  
 Guilty, by High Treason, 7st - G. Walker 1  
 Br f by Neptuneus—Pink, 7st - Hudson 2  
 Little Julia, 7st - Waring 3  
 Fair Eliza, 7st - W. Platt 4  
 6 to 4 agst Guilty, 7 to 4 agst Little Julia, and 3 to 1 agst Fair Eliza. Won by a neck; a head between second and third; three-quarters of a length between third and fourth. The winner, entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 37 gs.

*Falcon Plate (Hp) of 40L; straight 4 fur.*

Honesty, by Y. Dutchman, 6 yrs, 9st 6lb - J. Snowden 1  
 Clarionette, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - W. Chaloner 2  
 Little Bo-peep, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Kelly 3  
 Cinderella, 3 yrs, 8st - Perry 4  
 Zisca, aged, 8st - Sharples 0  
 Flying Jib, 6 yrs, 7st 5lb - Cameron 0  
 Moll, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Hudson 0  
 Fleets, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Yates 0  
 Myosotis, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - Kelly 0  
 Fitzwilliam, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - W. Platt 0  
 Nectarine, 3 yrs, 8st - Holloway 0  
 Apemantus, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - Wood 0  
 Shilly Shally, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Griffiths 0  
 5 to 2 agst Fitzwilliam, 3 to 1 agst Honesty, 5 to 1 agst Flying Jib, and 7 to 1 agst Clarionette. Won by three-quarters of a length; three lengths between second and third; two lengths between the third and fourth.

*Silver Cup of 50L; 1 mi. 4 fur.*

Snowflake, by Magnus, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Boynton 1  
 Mavourneen, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr G. S. Thompson 2  
 Girl Graduate, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr Lee 3  
 Jack Sheppard, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr T. Price 4  
 Donato, 6 yrs, 13st 4lb - Mr R. I'Anson 0  
 Pearl, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr Brooks 0  
 Grace Darling, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Capt Heworth 0  
 Langer, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - Capt Inge 0  
 5 to 4 agst Snowflake, 3 to 1 agst Donato, 5 to 1 agst Jack Sheppard, and 7 to 1 agst Mavourneen. Won by three lengths; a length and a half between the second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

*Borough Stakes of 50L; straight 4 fur.*

Maraquita, by Picador, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - W. Platt 1  
 Lady Tholthorpe, 2 yrs, 8st 5lb - Waring 2  
 Flying Jib, 6 yrs, 9st 9lb - J. Snowden 3  
 Lady in Waiting, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - M. Noble 0  
 Guilty, 2 yrs, 8st 5lb - Allcock 0  
 Br f by Neptuneus—Pink, 2 yrs, 8st 5lb - Kelly 0  
 Progress, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - Mr G. S. Thompson 0  
 Colonel P., 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - Cradock 0  
 Fair Eliza, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - Wood 0  
 6 to 4 agst Flying Jib, 3 to 1 agst Lady Tholthorpe, 4 to 1 agst Maraquita, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 45 gs.

*Thresh Handicap of 120L; about 1 mi. 6 fur.*

Pretty John, by Handsome Jack, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - G. Walker 1  
 Honestish, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb - J. Snowden 2  
 Meliora, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - Hudson 3  
 The Prior, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - Kelly 4  
 Even on Pretty John, 7 to 4 agst Honestish, and 4 to 1 agst Meliora. Won by a length; two lengths between second and third. The Prior bolted.

*Match 50; 1 mi.*

Put, 8st 12lb - Mr Cass 1  
 Claret, 12st 4lb - Mr Burton 2  
 Won by six lengths.

*Match 50; 4 fur.*  
 Skyrocket, aged, 11st 4lb - Mr H. V. Wilkinson 1  
 Newmarket, aged, 11st 4lb - Mr G. S. Thompson 2  
 Won by a length and a half.

## STREATHAM SECOND SPRING.

**TUESDAY, April 6.—Mitchen Plate (Hj) of 40A; about 3 fur.**  
 Spudger, by Thunderbolt, 4 yrs, 1st 4th Sherrington 1  
 Red, White, and Blue, 3 yrs, 1st 1st Wynn 2  
 Percussion, 3 yrs, 6th 12th Hunt 3  
 Leveret, 3 yrs, 7th 20th Where 4  
 Broadia, 3 yrs, 7th 20th Sanderson 5  
 5 to 4 agst Red, White, and Blue, 4 to 1 agst Spitfire, and 5 to 4 agst any other. Won by two lengths; six lengths between second and third.

**Selling Stakes of 40A; about 3 fur.**  
 Little Odette, by Lambton, 3 yrs, 1st 1st G. Jarvis 1  
 Gilly, 4 yrs, 2nd 10th H. Jackson 2  
 Moulton, 3 yrs, 2nd 20th Wilson 3  
 Truepenny, 2 yrs, 2nd 20th Faulkner 4  
 Hopple, 3 yrs, 2nd 20th Sherrington 5  
 Inheritance, 4 yrs, 2nd 15th Cannon 6  
 Averon, 2 yrs, 2nd 20th White 7  
 4 to 1 agst Little Coates, 5 to 1 each agst Silky, Inheritance, and Averon, 5 to 1 agst Hopple, and 100 to 15 agst all comers. Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths between second and third.

**Street Race Sweepstakes of 511; about 3 mi.**  
 Albion, by Buccanor, 4 yrs, 1st 20th Harding 1  
 Balder, aged, 1st 12th Mr T. Case 2  
 Owen Swift, aged, 1st 30th Gregory 3  
 Miss Patchell, aged, 1st 30th Mr Ellison 4  
 Wade, aged, 1st 12th J. Knott 5  
 Belandath, 3 yrs, 1st 20th T. Pickett 6  
 Even on Owen Swift, 4 to 1 agst Balder, 5 to 1 agst Wade, and 5 to 1 agst Albion. Won by twenty lengths; a bad third. Miss Patchell refused.

**Street Race Open Handicap Steeple Chase of 1301; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Hippolyte, by King Tom, aged, 1st 1st Wheeler 1  
 Helios, aged, 1st 20th Potter 2  
 The Guide, aged, 1st 12th Mr Ellison 3  
 Benast, aged, 1st 20th Mr Edwards 4  
 Narino, 3 yrs, 1st 20th J. Knott 5  
 5 to 4 agst Hippolyte, 5 to 1 each agst Benast and Narino, 5 to 2 agst Helios, and 7 to 1 agst The Guide. Won by three lengths; half a length between second and third. A bad fall.

**Steeple Chase Plate (Hj) of 50A; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**  
 Lord Waldegrave, by Orlando, aged, 1st 20th G. Holman 1  
 Chaddington, 4 yrs, 1st 7th Mr Ellison 2  
 Lonsdale, aged, 1st 4th Mr Bryer 3  
 Beantast, 3 yrs, 1st 1st G. Seale 4  
 Order, 3 yrs, 1st 20th Thorpe 5  
 Even on Lord Waldegrave, 2 to 1 agst Order, and 5 to 1 agst Chaddington. Won by a short head; a bad third. Beantast fell, and Order refused.

**WEDNESDAY.—Committee Plate (Hj) of 40A; 2 mi.**  
 Order, by Guma di Verry, 5 yrs, 1st 7th J. Knott 1  
 Lord Waldegrave, aged, 1st 20th G. Holman 2  
 Wedding Peal, aged, 1st 1st W. Reeves 3  
 Even on Lord Waldegrave, and 6 to 5 agst Order. Won by twenty lengths. Wedding Peal fell.

**Selling Steeple Chase of 45A; about 2 mi.**  
 Owen Swift, by Warlike, aged, 1st 1st Gregory 1  
 Wade, aged, 1st 20th G. Jarvis 2  
 Harrington, aged, 1st 30th Thorpe 3  
 Copenhagen, aged, 1st 30th T. Ablett 4  
 6 to 4 agst Owen Swift, 4 to 3 agst Harrington, and 6 to 1 agst Wade. Won by three lengths; a length between second and third. Copenhagen fell.

**Handicap Steeple Chase of 24A; about 3 mi.**

Lucy (late Atlanta), aged, 1st 1st w.o. 1  
 Hunters' Handicap of 381; about 2 mi.  
 Leopard, by Thunderbolt, aged, 1st 1st W. Reeves 1  
 Panther, aged, 1st 20th J. Knott 2  
 Owen Swift, aged, 1st 30th Gregory 3  
 6 to 4 agst Leopard, 5 to 4 agst Panther, and 10 to 1 agst Owen Swift. Won by half a length; a bad third.

**Steeple Plate of 22A; 4 fur.**

Primula, by Knight of the Thistle, 4 yrs, 2nd 1st w.o. 1  
 Nursery Plate of 40A; about 3 fur.  
 Little Coates, by Lambton, 3 yrs, 1st 5th G. Jarvis 1  
 Silky, 4 yrs, 2nd 10th H. Jackson 2  
 Claymore, 3 yrs, 2nd 10th R. F. Atson 3  
 Beatrice Grey, 4 yrs, 2nd 20th Spencer 4  
 2 to 1 agst Little Coates, 5 to 2 agst Beatrice Grey, 3 to 1 agst Silky, and 5 to 3 agst Claymore. Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

## IRISH NATIONAL AND KILDARE HUNTS.

(OVER FURCHETTOWN COURSE.)

**TUESDAY, April 6.—Fashmiller's Plate of 250A; 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Constitution, by Uncle Tom (h-b), 5 yrs, 1st 1st Mr W. Long 1  
 12th 20th Mr Wynn 2  
 The Bird (h-b), 6 yrs, 1st 7th Mr G. Moore 3  
 Magnum Bonum, aged, 1st 20th Mr J. Lynch 4  
 Wynnstay, 5 yrs, 1st 7th Mr J. Moore 5  
 Gaskill, aged, 1st 1st Capt Smith 6  
 The Laffey Lass, 6 yrs, 1st 7th Mr Salenine 7  
 Paddy Land, 4 yrs, 1st 20th Mr J. Lynch 8  
 Ballyredding, 5 yrs, 1st 1st Mr J. Moore 9  
 Hopodard, 6 yrs, 1st 20th Capt Thomas 10  
 Ballindough, 6 yrs, 1st 12th Mr J. Moore 11  
 Middleton, aged, 1st 1st Capt Harford 12  
 Porto Rico, 6 yrs, 1st 30th Mr J. D. Whyte 13  
 Comet, 3 yrs, 1st 7th Mr J. D. Whyte 14  
 Munbo, 4 yrs, 1st 20th Mr W. Long 15  
 Lady Longfield, 4 yrs, 1st 20th Mr P. Wilson 16  
 Lady Heron, 1st 1st Mr Beaka 17  
 Won by a necks four lengths between second and third. Gaskill, Lady Heron, and Longfield fell.

**Prince of Wales's Plate (Hj) of 900A; 5 mi. 4 fur.**

Fertullagh, by The Coroner, 6 yrs, 1st 1st T. Ryan 1  
 10th 12th G. Jarvis 2  
 Neutmore, aged, 2nd 6th G. Jarvis 3  
 Felsdar, aged, 1st 1st Mr J. Lynch 4  
 Albrighton, aged, 1st 6th Mr J. Moore 5  
 Jurymen, 6 yrs, 1st 6th Capt Smith 6  
 Goldfinder, aged, 1st 1st W. Long 7  
 Reporter, 6 yrs, 1st 12th W. Long 8  
 Caustic, aged, 1st 6th W. Long 9  
 Davolo, 5 yrs, 1st 12th John Murphy 10  
 Marlon, 6 yrs, 1st 30th W. Long 11  
 Standard Bearer, aged, 1st 1st J. Ryan 12  
 Balahide, 6 yrs, 1st 12th Capt Smith 13  
 Red Man, aged, 1st 6th Mr J. Moore 14  
 Wildair, 6 yrs, 1st 6th P. Ryan 15  
 The Monk, aged, 1st 6th Smith 16  
 Heathfield (late Schmeer), aged, 1st 6th Broderick 17  
 Won by two lengths; same between the second and third. Balahide and Davolo fell, and Jurymen, Albrighton, and Goldfinder refused.

**Droghda Stakes of 150A; about 2 mi. 4 fur.**

Sealthene, by Gunkeeper, 4 yrs, 1st 10th Mr Ryan 1  
 Quickest, 5 yrs, 1st 10th W. Long 2  
 The Huntsman, 5 yrs, 1st 20th Mr Middleton 3  
 Rakish, 4 yrs, 1st 10th P. Ryan 4  
 Harus, 5 yrs, 1st 11th Malone 5  
 B c by Ivan—Consolation, 4 yrs, 1st 10th Malone 6  
 Mosquito, 5 yrs, 1st 12th Mr Murphy 7  
 Knock Ion, 4 yrs, 1st 10th W. Long 8  
 Ivanhoe, 4 yrs, 1st 20th Smith 9  
 Rathcoole, 5 yrs, 1st 12th Brien 10  
 Leitrim Lass, 5 yrs, 1st 10th D. Whyne 11  
 Exile of Erin, 5 yrs, 1st 12th Keogh 12  
 Mount Gifford, 5 yrs, 1st 11th P. Ryan 13  
 Hearty Girl, 5 yrs, 1st 4th Leary 14  
 The Gale (late Albion), 5 yrs, 1st 11th Hamilton 15  
 Frost, 5 yrs, 1st 10th Capt Smith 16  
 Sea Queen, 4 yrs, 1st 9th W. Cusack 17  
 Billy Gladstone, 5 yrs, 1st 10th J. Murphy 18  
 Abercorn, 5 yrs, 1st 10th M. Ryan 19  
 Annycane, 4 yrs, 1st 10th M. Gray 20  
 Won in a canter by four lengths. Annycane, Hearty Girl, Sea Queen, Billy Gladstone, and Abercorn fell.

**Irish Grand Military Steeple Chase of 210A; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Wild Fox, by Cardinal, 4 yrs, 1st 1st Capt Harford 1  
 Merlon, 6 yrs, 1st 10th Capt Ashton 2  
 Strangling, aged, 1st 10th Mr Trocke 3  
 Black Prince, aged, 1st 6th Mr Middleton 4  
 Oak Stick, 4 yrs, 1st 10th Capt Harford 5  
 Chance, aged, 1st 10th Capt Knox 6  
 Won by four lengths. Oak Stick fell.

**Kildare Hunt Cup, value 50A; 3 mi.**

Norton, aged, 1st 1st W. Long 1

**WEDNESDAY.—Farmers' Plate of 25A; 3 mi.**

Munbo, by Buccanor, 4 yrs, 1st 11th J. Ryan 1  
 Hamilton, aged, 1st 20th G. Jarvis 2  
 Cruick, 4 yrs, 1st 1st W. Long 3  
 Hawthorn, 4 yrs, 1st 20th W. Long 4  
 Nelly Gray, 5 yrs, 1st 6th M. Ryan 5  
 Madcap, 6 yrs, 1st 5th Mr C. Donohy 6  
 Wild Irishman, 5 yrs, 1st 12th W. Long 7  
 Donohy 8

Ch g by K. B. Smith, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - Malone 0  
 Forest Queen, 5 yrs, 10st - Lawlor 0  
 Rose of the Valley, 6 yrs, 10st 13lb - Gray 0  
 Paddy Land, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - W. Ryan 0  
 The Gale (late Albion), 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - Mr J. H. Smith 0  
 Squib, 6 yrs, 12st 2lb - Lennon 0  
 Forester, 5 yrs, 11st - Walshe 0  
 Sea Breeze, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - Hyland 0  
 Lady Scamp, 5 yrs, 11st - John M. Byrne 0  
 Moss Rose, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb - Jas. M. Byrne 0  
 Foxhunter, 6 yrs, 11st 9lb - Sea Breeze, The Gale,  
 Won by a head & a bad third. and Rose of the Valley fell.  
 Light Weight Miling, Steeple Chase of 150l.; about 3 mi.  
 Glueus, by Chimkeeper, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb - Capt Harford 1  
 Little Embury, aged, 10st 6lb - Mr M. Calmont 2  
 Middleton, aged, 10st 10lb - Mr Trocke 3  
 Vulcan, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb - Capt Hutton 0  
 Morphicopolis, aged, 10st 8lb - Mr Herbert 0  
 Roschod, aged, 11st 4lb - Mr North 0  
 Protection, aged, 11st - Mr Thompson 0  
 Won by two lengths.

County Cup of 300l.; about 4 mi.  
 Wild Fox, by Cardinal, 4 yrs, 10st 12lb - Capt Harford 1  
 The Kitten, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - Mr J. D. Whyte 2  
 Knockaney, 5 yrs, 10st 8lb - Mr Hume 3  
 Polestar, aged, 12st 5lb - Mr Whyte 0  
 Memento, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - Mr Wentworth 0  
 Dahlgren, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Thomas 0  
 Stag Hunter, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Trocke 0  
 Chronometer, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - Capt Smith 0  
 Mount Gifford, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - Mr J. Byrne 0  
 Sir Robert Peel, 6 yrs, 10st 8lb - Mr Wing 0  
 Helter Skelter, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb - Mr Herbert 0  
 Neilson, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb - Mr G. Moore 0  
 Norton, aged, 11st - Mr Eshaw 0  
 Bijou, aged, 11st - Mr N. Barry 0

Won by a length.  
 Railway Plate (H.) of 100l.; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
 Quickstep, by General, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - T. Ryan 1  
 Sea Queen, 4 yrs, 10st - W. Cusack 2  
 Jan, aged, 10st 5lb - W. Ryan 3  
 Fitzjames, aged, 12st - J. Murphy 0  
 Ballet Girl, aged, 11st 7lb - Whelan 0  
 Cripple, aged, 11st - Nolan 0  
 Red Men, aged, 10st 12lb - Mr Thomas 0  
 Absentee, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - W. Bell 0  
 Wildair, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - P. Igoo 0  
 Black Thorn (late Despair), aged, 10st 5lb - J. Wynne 0  
 Viscount, aged, 10st 5lb - Walshe 0  
 B c by Ivan - Consolation, 4 yrs, 10st - Malone 0  
 Won by a neck; a bad third. Ballet Girl refused, and Absentee fell.

Downshire Plate of 200l.; 3 mi.  
 Forest Lad, by Claret, aged, 11st 4lb - Capt Warbarton 1  
 Chastard, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr J. M. Coan 2  
 Random, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr R. M. Sadler 2  
 Caffaborough, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr Linde 4  
 Dunmore, aged, 11st 4lb - Mr G. Knox 5  
 De Vere, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr Melden 0  
 Gamecock, aged, 11st 4lb - Major Forde 0  
 Faugh-a-Folle, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr J. R. Gubbins 0  
 The Rasper, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr Henson 0  
 Baffer, aged, 11st 4lb - Mr Herbert 0  
 Won by two lengths; a bad third. Faugh-a-Folle fell.

# CROXTON PARK.

WEDNESDAY, April 7. - Farmers' Plate of 10l.; 2 mi.  
 Ch g by House Camel, 3 yrs, 12st - Mr T. J. Burrow 1  
 Emma, aged, 12st 2lb - Mr J. Perkins 2  
 Sarambler, aged, 12st 5lb - W. Solomon, jun 4  
 The Prior, aged, 12st 5lb - 0  
 Br m by Marston, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - 0  
 Welbeck, aged, 12st 6lb - 0  
 Countess, aged, 12st 5lb - 0  
 Bingham, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - 0  
 Ch g by Newcombe, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - 0  
 First heat won by half a length; a bad third. Second heat won by two lengths; a head between the second and third. Mr Brewer rode the Mallet mare in this heat.  
 Belvoir Castle Stakes of 200l., for 3 yrs-olds; 1 mi.  
 Provider, by Caterer, 5st 5lb - Fordham 1

Thn Bobbin, 5st 10lb - Cannon 2  
 Lancel, 5st 5lb - Maidment 2  
 Monk's Head, 5st 5lb - J. Mann 4  
 Acuter, 5st 11lb - J. Jeffery 5  
 11 to 10 agst Lancel, 5 to 1 agst Provider, and 4 to 1 agst Acuter. Won by a length; half a length between the second and third; a bad fourth.  
 Hildesdon Cup of 50l.; about 2 mi.  
 Chorister (late Boynton), by Orpheus, aged, 13st 7lb - Mr W. Bevil 1  
 Football, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Stokes 2  
 Acceptance, 6 yrs, 12st - Col Knox 3  
 Round Text, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Mr Edwards 4  
 Spice, aged, 13st - Mr Bradford 0  
 Whittington (h b), 6 yrs, 12st - Mr Webster 0  
 11 to 10 agst Chorister, 7 to 2 agst Acceptance, and 9 to 2 agst Round Text. Won by twelve lengths; the same between the second and third; Spice and Whittington pulled up and did not pass the post.

Granby Handicap of 300l.; Granby Cup, about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Provider, 3 yrs, 9st 11lb - Fordham 1  
 Lancel, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb - Maidment 2  
 Viscount St Albans, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb - Mr Edwards 3  
 Curio, by Remulus, out of Attack, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb - Mr W. Bevil 4  
 B c by Vedette, out of Vixen, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - J. Gannon 5  
 Storm King, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb - Hunter 6  
 Even on Curio, 4 to 1 agst Provider, 5 to 1 agst Lancel, and 6 to 1 agst the Vixen gelding. Won by a length; a head between the second and third; a bad fourth.  
 Croxtan Park Plate (H.) of 50l.; about 5 fur.  
 Foresight, by Vedette, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb - Cannon 1  
 Yoda, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb - Hunter 2  
 Jeannie Deane, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr W. Bevil 3  
 Maquer, 3 yrs, 9st 10lb - Mr Halford 4  
 13 to 8 on Jeannie Deane, 2 to 1 agst Foresight, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by half a length; two lengths between the second and third; a bad fourth.  
 Soury Stakes of 50l.; 4 fur.  
 Twig, by Orest, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - Outwater 1  
 Saturnalia, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - J. Gannon 2  
 Glenlivet, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - Fordham 3  
 Brashose, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - Hurstle 4  
 Patchwork (late Braham), 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - Mr Halford 5  
 Sister to Lemonade, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - A. Brooks 6  
 6 to 4 on Glenlivet, 2 to 2 agst Twig, 4 to 1 agst Brashose, and 5 to 1 agst Saturnalia. Won by a head; half a length between the second and third; a moderate fourth. The winner, entered for 120 days, was sold for 141g.

Cup of 250l.; 2 mi.  
 Br g by Vedette, out of Vixen, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - Col Knox 1  
 Viscount St Albans, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr Edwards 2  
 Esparto, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr Seabell 3  
 King of the Fairies, 5 yrs, 12st - Mr Halford 4  
 Miss Gratwick, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr W. Bevil 5  
 3 to 1 each agst Viscount St Albans, the Vixen gelding, and Miss Gratwick, and 100 to 30 agst King of the Fairies. Won by a length; half a length between the second and third; and two lengths between the third and fourth; Miss Gratwick bolted.  
 Waltham Plate of 50l.; about 2 mi. 2 fur., over six hurdles.  
 Freeman (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 11lb - Mr J. Perkins 1  
 Miss Bosquet, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - Col Knox 2  
 Antelope (h b), aged, 11st 4lb - Mr R. Motespool 0  
 6 to 4 on Miss Bosquet, and 2 to 1 agst Freeman. Won by six lengths; Antelope refused.

# CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

WEDNESDAY, April 7. - Selling Stakes of 10l.; 4 fur.  
 Lelia, by Nutchell, 3 yrs, 1st 9lb - Butler 1  
 Fly, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - Cornwall 2  
 Vedette, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - Webb 3  
 Brontin, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - Wilson 0  
 Weatherale, 4 yrs, 10st - Mr W. G. Hobson 0  
 Even on Lelia, 3 to 1 agst Violette, and 5 to 1 agst Fly. Won by half a length; a length between the second and third. The winner was bought in for 50g.  
 Cambridgeshire Handicap Steeple Chase of 100l.; about 4 mi.  
 Tamuli, by Commotion, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr J. M. Richardson 1



Leap Year, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Rolly 2  
Liston, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Mr Wodehouse 3  
Odd Fellow, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - Mr A. Yates 4  
Dandy, aged, 10st 11lb - - - Mr Lotan 0  
5 to 4 agst Odd Fellow, 3 to 1 agst Liston, 5 to 1  
agst Tumult, and 8 to 1 agst Leap Year. Won by a  
neck; three lengths between the second and third;  
a head between the third and fourth; Dandy fell.

**Hunter's Steeple Chase of 50l.;** about 4 mi.  
Camillus, by Newcourt, aged, 12st - - - Mr A. Poole 1  
10lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 2  
Easton, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 2  
Young Lord, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Goodman 3  
The Saint, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Jenkins 4  
6 to 4 agst Young Lord, 2 to 1 agst Camillus, and  
5 to 1 agst Easton. Won by a short head; a bad  
third.

**Hurdle Race Plate (H) of 50l.;** about 2 mi., over  
seven hurdles.

Lord Raglan, by Vedette, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Payne 1  
Burlington, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr A. Poole 2  
Violetta, 3 yrs, 10st - - - J. Gilbert 3  
Capricious, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - Hower 4  
7 to 4 on Lord Raglan, and 4 to 1 agst Violetta.  
Won by five lengths; a neck between the second and  
third.

**Selling Hurdle Race of 50l.;** about 1 mi. 4 fur., over  
five hurdles.

Monitress, by Idle Boy, 6 yrs, 10st - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 1  
9lb - - - Pettit 2  
St Etheldreda, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Pettit 2  
Weatherale, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - Mr Wodehouse 3  
3 to 1 on Monitress. Won by a head; two lengths  
between the second and third.

**Steeple Chase Plate of 30l.;** about 3 mi.  
Arlecott, by Birkenhead, aged, 12st - - - Mr Chaston 1  
10lb - - - Mr Wodehouse 2

Atalanta, aged, 13st 3lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 3  
Spider, aged, 12st - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 3  
2 to 1 on Arlecott, 4 to 1 agst Spider, and 5 to 1  
agst Atalanta. Won by three lengths; two lengths  
between the second and third.

**THURSDAY.—Hunters' Race of 50l.;** 3 mi.

Vabalathus, by Lambton, aged, 11st 10lb Mr Guard 1  
Siva, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Rolly 2  
Burlington, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr A. Poole 3  
Aerolite, 5 yrs, 12st 1lb - - - Mr Wood 0  
Roland, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Edwards 0  
Caprice, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - T. Price 0  
No-Go, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb - - - Mr W. Crawford 0  
Queen of Lilliput, aged, 11st 10lb Mr W. Crawford 0  
Even on Caprice, 5 to 1 agst Roland, 4 to 1 agst  
Aerolite, and 5 to 1 each agst Vabalathus and No-Go.  
Won by a length; a neck between the second and  
third.

**Hurdle Race Plate of 30l.;** about 2 mi.

Monitress, by Idle Boy, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - J. Potter 1  
Golden Cross, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 2  
Aptitude, 4 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - A. Parry 0  
Capricious, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Hower 0  
Riflemen (h b), aged, 12st - - - Mr Chaston 0  
Young Lord, 5 yrs, 12st 9lb - - - Mr T. Percival 0  
Tumult, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Richardson dis.  
2 to 1 agst Golden Cross, 5 to 2 agst Tumult, and 4  
to 1 each agst Monitress and Riflemen. Tumult came  
in first by his right weight, and the race was  
awarded to Monitress, who beat Golden Cross by  
three lengths.

**Hunters' Steeple Chase Plate of 50l.;** about 3 mi.

Arlecott, by Birkenhead, aged, 12st - - - Mr Chaston 1  
8lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 2  
Golden Hair (h b), aged, 12st 12lb - - - Pickett 3  
Sauterne (h b), aged, 12st - - - Mr Wodehouse 0  
Liston, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 0  
7 to 4 on Arlecott, 3 to 1 agst Liston, and 5 to 1  
agst Golden Hair. Won by twenty lengths; Liston  
broke down, and Sauterne fell at the last fence.

**Selling Hurdle Race of 30l.;** about 1 mi. 4 fur., over  
five hurdles.

Pharmacopoeia, by The Cure, 8 yrs, 10st - - - Marsh 1  
Weatherale, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 2  
St Etheldreda, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - Pettit 3  
Capricious, 6 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - Hower 4  
Even on Weatherale, 2 to 1 agst Pharmacopoeia,  
and 5 to 1 agst the others. Won by three lengths; the  
same between the second and third.

### Cottonham Handicap Steeple Chase Plate of 100l.; about 3 mi.

Leap Year, by Wild Dayrell, 5 yrs, - - - Mr Rolly 1  
10st 8lb - - - Mr A. Yates 2  
Odd Fellow, 5 yrs, 10st 13lb - - - Mr Goodman 3  
Tumult, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - J. Potter 0  
Helice, aged, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Moore 0  
Hawkshaw, aged, 11st 4lb - - - Mr J. M. Richardson 0  
Novice, aged, 10st 11lb - - - Mr Lotan 0  
Dandy, aged, 10st 7lb - - - A. Parry 0  
Roland, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - A. Parry 0  
2 to 1 agst Helice, 5 to 2 agst Odd Fellow, 4 to 1  
agst Tumult, 6 to 1 each agst Hawkshaw and Leap  
Year, 7 to 1 each agst Dandy and Novice, and 10 to 1  
agst Roland. Won by a length; two lengths between  
the second and third; the rider of Hawkshaw fell,  
and Dandy fell.

### TORQUAY.

**WEDNESDAY, April 7.—Licensed Victuallers' Purse**  
of 40l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.

Try On, aged, 11st - - - Mr T. S. Lavey 1  
Roebuck, 11st - - - Mr Heath 2  
Banker, aged, 11st 4lb - - - Mr Brimicombe 0  
Glencoe (late Lady Arthur), 11st - - - Mr Collis 0  
Milia, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Mr T. Welsh 0  
The Banhop, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - Mr Brimicombe 0  
Princess, 11st - - - Mr Hodge 0  
Tim Whistler, 11st - - - Mr Smith 0  
Shipley Lass, 11st - - - Mr J. Adams 0  
Why Not, 4 yrs, 11st - - - J. Hunt 0  
Top Sawyer (h b), aged, 11st 5lb - - - J. Hunt 0  
2 to 1 agst Top Sawyer, 3 to 1 agst Why Not.

**Torquay and South Devon Club Cup of 50l.;** about  
2 mi. 4 fur.

Kate, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Hitchings 1  
Tipperary (h b), aged, 12st 7lb - - - Gregory 2  
Blagdon, by Brocket (h b), 6 yrs, - - - Mr Richards 0  
12st - - -

6 to 4 on Kate. Won in a canter; Blagdon refused.

**West of England Open Handicap of 100l.;** about 3 mi.

Pinchbeck, by Fulbeck, 6 yrs, 11st 8lb Hitchings 1  
Barumite, aged, 12st - - - Mr Shore 0  
Taw Vale, aged, 12st - - - H. Birch 0  
Forest King (late Smallbrook), aged, - - - A. Horton 0  
10st 7lb - - -

2 to 1 on Pinchbeck, and 5 to 1 each agst Barumite  
and Taw Vale. Barumite refused, Taw Vale and  
Forest King were pulled up, and Pinchbeck came in  
alone.

**Selling Steeple Chase;** about 2 mi. 4 fur.

The Willow (h b), aged, 11st - - - Gregory 1  
Roebuck, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Heath 2  
Queen of the Valley, 11st - - - A. Horton 3  
Little Charley, 11st 7lb - - - Hitchings 0  
Culver, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Brimicombe 0  
2 to 1 agst The Willow, 3 to 1 agst Little Charley,  
and 4 to 1 agst Queen of the Valley. Won in a  
canter.

**THURSDAY.—Ladies' Purse of 37l. 10s.;** about  
2 mi. 4 fur.

Kate, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Mr Dunn 1  
Why Not, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Mr J. Adams 2  
Culver, aged, 11st 12lb - - - A. Horton 3  
Milia, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Collis 0  
2 to 1 on Kate. Won easily; Kate and Culver fell.

**Builder's Plate of 50l.;** about 3 mi.

Top Sawyer (h b), aged, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Dunn 1  
Try On, aged, 10st 5lb - - - A. Horton 2  
Roebuck, 10st 5lb - - - Heath 3  
Queen of the Valley, 10st 2lb - - - Brimicombe 4  
2 to 1 on Top Sawyer. Won by three lengths; a  
good third.

**St Mary Church Stakes;** about 2 mi. 4 fur.

The Willow, aged, 11st 7lb - - - Gregory 1  
Milia, 4 yrs, 11st 13lb - - - Collis 2  
Glencoe, 10st 8lb - - - Brimicombe 3  
5 to 2 on The Willow. Won by twelve lengths;  
Milia fell.

**Hunters' Stakes of 60l.;** about 3 mi.

Patrik (h b), aged, 12st - - - Col New 1  
Top Sawyer, aged, 12st 5lb - - - Mr Dunn 2  
Tipperary, aged, 12st - - - Mr Lewis 0  
Jack in the Box, aged, 12st - - - Mr Newcombe 0  
5 to 2 on Top Sawyer. Won easily.

**Handicap Steeple Chase of 20l.** Gregory 1  
Roebuck, 10st 12lb

Queen of the Valley, 12st 7lb - - - - Horton 2  
Why Not, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - Mr Adams 0  
6 to 4 on Roebuck. Won in a canter.

## ROYAL ARTILLERY.

(woolwich.)

THURSDAY, April 8.—*Sweepstakes of 84l.*; about 3 mi.

Cigarette, by The Steamer, 6 yrs, - - - - Capt Magenis 1  
11st 2lb - - - - Capt Wortham 2  
Leguendain, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Annasley 3  
Bazaar, aged, 11st - - - - Mr French 4  
Little Lady, aged, 11st - - - - Mr French 4  
5 to 4 agst Leguendain, 2 to 1 agst Little Lady, and 5 to 1 each agst Cigarette and Bazaar. Won by three lengths; a head between the second and third; Little Lady fell.

*Gold Cup of 145l.*; about 8 mi.

Conjuror, by Acrobat, aged, 12st - - - - Mr E. Browne 1  
Vesta, aged, 12st - - - - Capt Magenis 2  
Barriester, aged, 12st - - - - Mr Anderson 3  
Frailty, aged, 12st - - - - Mr Blackwood 0  
Stumcuty, aged, 12st - - - - Mr Barnett 0  
Pixie, aged, 12st - - - - Mr Izod 0  
Irish Lass, aged, 12st - - - - Mr French 0  
5 to 2 agst Vesta, 3 to 1 agst Conjuror, and 4 to 1 each agst Frailty and Barriester. Won by four lengths; a neck between the second and third.

*Hunt Plate of 42l.*; about 3 mi.

Bird on the Wing, by Bird on the Wing, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - Mr P. Barker 1  
Moss Trooper, aged, 12st - - - - Mr Bircham 2  
Beaconsfield, 12st - - - - Mr Shepherd 3  
Small Hopes, aged, 12st - - - - Mr Ray 4  
Even on Beaconsfield, and 7 to 4 agst Bird on the Wing. Won by four lengths; a neck between the second and third; Beaconsfield fell.

*United Service Stakes of 63l.*; about 3 mi.

Coleeno, by Rocket, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Pritchard 1  
Resolute, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Case 2  
Rocket, aged, 11st 9lb - - - - Mr Blackwood 0  
Minicematt, aged, 12st - - - - Capt G. Johnstone 0  
6 to 4 agst Resolute, and 2 to 1 each agst Coleeno and Minicematt. Won by half a length; Rocket refused, and Minicematt refused and fell.

*Challenge Cup of 71l.*; about 3 mi.

Harrister, by Neville, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Anderson 1  
Big Ben, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Bramley 2  
Frailty, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Blackwood 3  
Pixie, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Capt Magenis 0  
Nigger, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr Bircham 0  
Autumn, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Capt Lynes 0  
5 to 4 agst Harrister, 3 to 1 agst Big Ben, and 4 to 1 agst Pixie. Won by six lengths; a bad third; Nigger refused.

Match, 25; catch weights; once round; Tommy Dodd to get 100 yards start.

Tommy Dodd - - - - Capt Lyons 1  
Hussar - - - - Capt Hobart dis.  
5 to 1 on Hussar. Hussar beat Tommy Dodd by twenty lengths, but he was disqualified for having gone on the wrong side of a post.

*Royal Artillery Drag Hunt Steeple Chase Plate (Hyp.) of 30l.*; about 3 mi.

Cigarette, by The Steamer, 6 yrs, 12st 9lb - - - - Capt Magenis 1  
Bazaar, aged, 12st - - - - Mr Annasley 2  
Ladylike, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - Mr Bircham 3  
Rosie, 12st 3lb - - - - Mr Thacker 0  
Even on Cigarette, and 2 to 1 agst Rosie. Won by eight lengths; a bad third; Rosie fell.

## CHELTENHAM.

THURSDAY, April 8.—*Walter Stakes of 24l.*; 2 mi.  
General Bixio, by King Caradoc, aged, 12st 6lb - - - - Mr H. Ellison 1  
Amputation (late Polly), 4 yrs, 12st - - - - J. Holman 2  
Oadman, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb - - - - Mr Bowles dis.  
Even on General Bixio, 6 to 4 agst Amputation, and 4 to 1 agst Oadman.

*Marle Hill Plate of 40l.*; 2 mi.

Flying Bend, by Knight of Kears, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - Thorpe 1  
Little Frank, aged, 12st 6lb - - - - Mr H. Ellison 2  
6 to 4 on Flying Bend. Won by two lengths; Little Frank refused.

*Prince of Wales Steeple Chase of 200l.*; about 3 mi.  
Brick, by The Flying Dutchman, aged, 10st 13lb - - - - G. Holman 1

Pearl Diver, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - J. Knott 2  
Tribune, 6 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - Wheeler 3  
L.S.D., aged, 10st 8lb - - - - Elphick 4  
Fortunatus, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - - H. Day 5  
The Guide, aged, 11st 8lb - - - - Mr H. Ellison 0  
Havelock, aged, 10st 12lb - - - - W. Reeves 0  
Traveller, 4 yrs, 10st - - - - W. White 0

7 to 4 agst Brick, 5 to 2 agst Pearl Diver and Fortunatus complied, 5 to 1 agst Pearl Diver, and 100 to 15 each agst Tribune and L.S.D. Won by a short head; two lengths between the second and third; Traveller refused.

*Hurdle Race (Hyp.) of 50l.*; 2 mi., over six hurdles.  
Colours, by Ratsnap, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - P. Martin 1  
Wild Briar, 5 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - - Wheeler 2  
Orme, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - W. White 0  
6 to 4 on Colours, 7 to 4 agst Wild Briar, and 100 to 15 agst Orme. Won easily by six lengths; Wild Briar refused, and Orme did not pass the post.

*Borough Plate of 53l.*; 2 mi.

Chevy Chase, by Chauntalar, 6 yrs, - - - - G. Holman 1  
11st 3lb - - - - H. Day 2  
Lisette, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - J. Holman 3  
Christmas Fare, 5 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - - Mr H. Ellison 4  
Chaddington, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - Ward 0  
Sea King, aged, 11st 5lb - - - - F. Martin 0  
Ganymede, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - F. Martin 0  
7 to 4 agst Chevy Chase, 2 to 1 each agst Lisette and Sea King, 3 to 1 agst Chaddington, and 10 to 1 agst Ganymede. Won by four lengths; a bad third; Christmas Fare, Chaddington, Sea King, and Ganymede refused. The winner, entered for 100 sovs., was sold for 170 gs.

FRIDAY.—*Hawley's Plate of 45l.*; about 3 mi.

Showstorm, by Lord Fencuberg, aged, 11st 12lb - - - - Mr R. Walker 1  
Chevy Chase, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - - H. Day 2  
Madame Wright, 6 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - P. Martin 3  
The Guide, aged, 12st 7lb - - - - Mr H. Ellison 0  
Orme, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - W. White 0  
Ganymede, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - G. Holman 0  
6 to 4 agst Showstorm, 2 to 1 agst Chevy Chase, and 8 to 1 agst Ganymede. Won by two lengths; a bad third; The Guide and Orme refused.

*United Hunters' Stakes of 80l.*; about 3 mi.

Shropshire, by Hurworth, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - Capt Holyoake 1  
Sea Pink, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - Mr T. Cook 2  
Camomile, aged, 12st 5lb - - - - Mr F. Merton 3  
Vendetta, 5 yrs, 11st 13lb - - - - Mr E. K. Godwin 0  
Deerhound, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - Mr J. B. Lloyd 0  
Fantine, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - - Mr R. Newman 0  
Sister of Mercy (late Umbra), 6 yrs, 11st 13lb - - - - Mr C. Davison 0  
Grace, aged, 12st 3lb - - - - H. Ellison 0  
Opheide, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - - - A. Holman 0  
Brackley, 6 yrs, 12st - - - - Mr E. P. Wilson 0  
Even on Brackley, 5 to 1 each agst Vendetta and Camomile, and 8 to 1 each agst Sea Pink and Shropshire. Won by two lengths; a length between the second and third, and two lengths between the third and fourth; Sister of Mercy and Grace refused, and Brackley and Opheide fell.

*Selling Steeple Chase Plate of 10l.*; 2 mi.

Little Frank, by Gemma di Vergy, aged, 12st 10lb - - - - Mr H. Ellison 1  
Miss Patch, aged, 12st 4lb - - - - J. Budd 2  
7 to 2 on Little Frank. Won by three lengths; Miss Patch fell.

*Grand Annual Steeple Chase (Hyp.) of 255l.*; about 3 mi. 6 fur.

Brick, by Flying Dutchman, aged, 11st 8lb - - - - G. Holman 1  
Tribune, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - Wheeler 2  
Taw Vale, aged, 10st 7lb - - - - Hichings 3  
Havelock, aged, 10st 11lb - - - - W. Reeves 0  
6 to 4 on Brick, 7 to 4 agst Tribune, and 6 to 1 agst Taw Vale. Won by three lengths; a bad third; Havelock was pulled up lame.

*Scramble Handicap of 30l.*; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Chaddington, by Leamington, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - - J. Budd 1  
Ganymede, 5 yrs, 10st - - - - F. Martin 2  
Whitehall, aged, 12st - - - - G. Stevens 3

Christmas Fare, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb J. Holman 4  
Flying Bend, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb Theop 5  
2 to 1 agst Flying Bend, 3 to 1 each agst Whitchall  
and Gandy made, and 1 to 1 agst Chaddington. Won  
by three lengths; two lengths between the second and  
third; a bad fourth.

## LAMBERTON SPRING.

THURSDAY, April 8.—Silver Cup, value 35*l*.  
1 mi. 4 fur.

Satellite, by Paragon, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb Mr. G. Calder 1  
Dartan, aged, 12st 4lb Mr. Pringle 2  
The Choker, 5 yrs, 12st 4lb Mr. C. Cunningham 3  
Mrs. M'Grath (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 11lb Mr. Wynn 4  
The Regular (h b), aged, 12st 4lb Mr. Viter 5  
2 to 1 on Satellite, and 3 to 1 agst The Regular.  
Won by a length; two lengths between the second  
and third.

Border Hunters' Stakes of 30*l*.; 2 mi.

Grinlobite, aged, 12st Mr. Dale 1  
Rap, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr. Wynn 2  
Queen of the Park, 5 yrs, 12st Mr. R. Calder 3  
Ferry Cross, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb Mr. C. Cunningham 4  
6 to 4 on Rap, and 7 to 1 agst Grinlobite. Won by  
four lengths.

Hunters and Yeomanry Handicap of 31*l*.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Leneva, by Lotterer, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb Mr. Boynton 1  
John Osborne, 5 yrs, 12st Porters 2  
Linda 5th (late Kingmaker), 5 yrs Mr. J. Jenkins 3  
11st 6lb Mr. Calder 4  
Satellite, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb Mr. Ballock 5  
Maggie Made, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb  
Even on Leneva, 3 to 1 agst Satellite, and 4 to 1  
each agst John Osborne and Linda 5th. Won by a  
length; three-quarters of a length between the second  
and third.

Lamberton Hunters' Stakes of 60*l*.; 3 mi.

Rap, by Rappace, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr. Wynn 1  
Lady Middleton (h b), aged, 12st Mr. Hake 2  
Slap Bang, 5 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr. Boynton dis.  
3 to 1 on Slap Bang, and 3 to 1 agst Rap.

Hardie Handicap of 32*l*.; 2 mi.

Ferry Cross (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 7lb Mr. Cunningham 1  
Novelist (h b), aged, 11st 10lb Mr. Dale 2  
The Tyke (h b), aged, 12st Mr. Wynn 3  
Billy of the Glen, aged, 11st 10lb Mr. Pringle 4  
Jungle Queen, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Farrady 5  
6 to 4 each agst The Tyke and Jungle Queen. Won  
by six lengths; a bad third.

## WEST SUFFOLK HUNT.

[AT ALFINGTON.]

FRIDAY, April 9.—Hunters' Stakes of 16*l*.; about  
3 mi.

King Tom, aged, 12st 6lb Mr. Cheston 1  
Managerie, 12st 2  
Three others ran.

West Suffolk Stakes of 31*l*.; about 3 mi.

King Tom, aged, 12st 6lb Mr. E. King 1  
King Tom, aged, 12st 6lb Mr. Cheston 2  
Bad Luck, 12st Mr. Ashford 3  
Glycerine, 12st Mr. Mason 4  
Woodbine, 12st Mr. Smith 5  
Out of Kent, aged, 12st Mr. Coventry 6  
Won by a length.

## MELTON HUNT.

[AT BURROW-ON-THE-HILL.]

FRIDAY, April 9.—Farmers' Race of 50*l*.; about  
3 mi.

Young Lord, by First Lord, 5 yrs, Mr. T. Percival 1  
12st Mr. J. Perkins 2  
The Wave, 6 yrs, 12st 6lb Mr. R. Ward 3  
Folly Lincoln, aged, 12st 10lb Mr. T. Horspool 4  
Sweepst, 6 yrs, 12st Mr. R. Ward 5  
Focall, aged, 12st 10lb Mr. R. Ward 6  
Br f by Voligeur—Ignorance, 4 yrs, Mr. W. King 7  
10st 10lb  
2 to 1 agst Focall, 5 to 2 agst Wave, and 4 to 1  
agst Young Lord. Won by three-quarters of a length;  
six lengths between third and fourth.

Leicestershire Hunt Stables Chase of 140*l*.; about  
4 mi.

The Young Squire, aged, 12st Mr. Colman 1  
Upton, aged, 12st Mr. Edgell 2  
Melton (h b), 5 yrs, 12st Mr. T. Horspool 3

Ladybird, aged, 12st Mr. R. Ward 4  
Derwent, aged, 12st Mr. R. Ward 5  
Horse Chestnut, 4 yrs, 12st Mr. Peters 6  
Fenian, aged, 12st Capt. Johnstone 7  
Chorister, 6 yrs, 12st Capt. Johnstone 8  
3 to 1 agst Fenian, 7 to 2 agst Derwent, and 7 to 1  
agst The Young Squire. Won by a length; four  
lengths, Fenian fell.

Melton Town Cup, value 40*l*.; about 3 mi.  
The Times, by Newsman, aged, Mr. W. Coleman 1  
12st Mr. J. Perkins 2

Shooting Star, aged, 12st Mr. T. Percival 3  
Marigold, aged, 12st Mr. C. G. Edwards 4  
Cagliostro, aged, 12st Mr. C. G. Edwards 5  
Beloon, aged, 12st Capt. Johnstone 6  
Antelope, aged, 12st Mr. E. Bailey 7  
Even on Marigold, 3 to 1 agst Beloon, and 4 to 1  
each agst The Times and Shooting Star. Won by a  
length; four lengths between second and third. An-  
telope fell.

Match 140; 2 mi.  
Freshman, aged, 12st Col. Ross 1  
Charlie, aged, 12st Mr. Dwyer 2  
6 to 1 on Freshman. Won by three-quarters of a  
length.

Celebration Stakes of 20*l*.; about 3 mi.  
Football, by Footsall, aged, 12st Mr. R. Ward 1  
Folly Lincoln, aged, 12st Mr. R. Ward 2  
Fenian, aged, 12st Capt. Johnstone 3  
Even on Football, 4 to 1 agst Folly Lincoln, and 6  
to 4 agst Fenian. Won by six lengths; Fenian did  
not pass the post.

## SOUTHDOWN HUNT.

FRIDAY, April 9.—Sussex Stakes of 30*l*.; about 3 mi.

Leotard, by Tumblor, aged, 12st 7lb Mr. R. Ward 1  
Charlie, aged, 12st 7lb Mr. R. Ward 2  
Pilot, aged, 12st Mr. W. Bannister 3  
Fides (late Warwick), aged, 12st 7lb Mr. Shetler 4  
5 to 4 on Leotard, 6 to 5 on Fides. Won by  
half a length. Pilot fell, and Fides refused.

Southdown Hunt Cup, value 50*l*.; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Harkaway, aged, 12st 10lb Mr. Edwards 1  
Paddy (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr. T. Perkins 2  
Lottery (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 3lb Mr. Cane 3  
Dad's Mr., aged, 12st 3lb Mr. T. Perkins 4  
6 to 4 on Harkaway, and 2 to 1 agst Paddy. Won  
by three-quarters of a length. Dad's Mr. fell.

Fourth Dragoon Guards' Regimental Cup, 3 mi.

Marigold, aged, 12st Mr. Bates 1  
Fermoy, aged, 11st 11lb Mr. Tyrie 2  
Jumping Jenny, aged, 11st 11lb Capt. Colquhoun 3  
Mistire, aged, 11st 11lb Capt. Bridge 4  
6 to 4 on Marigold. Won easily. Fermoy and Mis-  
tire fell.

Sussex Open Handicap Stables Chase of 65*l*.; about  
3 mi. 4 fur.

Demon, by Teddington, aged, 11st Mr. Edwards 1  
Nimrod, aged, 10st 7lb Bishop 2  
Senosad, aged, 10st 7lb Pickett 3  
Stourton, aged, 10st 10lb Gifford 4  
Panther, aged, 10st 4lb Mr. R. Ward 5  
Even on Demon, 5 to 1 agst Nimrod, 7 to 2 agst  
Senosad, and 8 to 1 agst any other. Won by four  
lengths; six lengths between the second and third.  
Panther ran on the wrong side of a post, and was  
pulled up.

Open Hunters' Stakes of 40*l*.; about 3 mi.

Kingfisher, by Kingfisher, aged, 12st Mr. P. Barlow 1  
Demon, aged, 12st Mr. Edwards 2  
Oakley, 5 yrs, 12st Capt. Hunt 3  
Kathleen, 5 yrs, 12st 4lb Mr. Cane 4  
Leotard, aged, 12st 4lb Mr. R. Ward 5  
Miss Swanby, aged, 11st 11lb Capt. Whitton 6  
Beverly, aged, 12st 7lb Mr. R. Ward 7  
Little Jerry, aged, 11st 11lb Pickett 8  
6 to 4 on Demon, 3 to 1 agst Kingfisher, and 5 to 1  
agst Leotard. Won easily; a bad third. Leotard,  
Beverly, and Little Jerry fell. The winner, entered  
for 80 sows, was sold for 51 gu.

Hunters' Plate (Hcp) of 50*l*.; about 2 mi.

Harkaway, aged, 12st 9lb Chisney 1  
Lottery, aged, 12st 3lb Bishop 2  
Senosad, 6 yrs, 11st 3lb Mr. R. Ward 3  
Margaretta, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb Athene 4

Even on Separation. Sensation and Marguerite fell, Lottney jumped, and Harkaway came in a close.

### MANSFIELD.

**FRIDAY, April 9.**—*Portland Stakes of 20l.*; about 2 mi., over seven hurdles.

*Searrington*, by Martext, 6 yrs, 12st 11lb - Mr T. Spence 1  
Sir Walter, 5 yrs, 12st 4lb - Mr O. Spafford 0  
St Patrick, aged, 12st 11lb - Mr G. Spafford 0  
2 to 1 on Searrington, who came in alone.

*Mansfield Open Hurdle Race of 30l.*; about 3 mi., over ten hurdles.

*Plumetke*, by Plain Pudding, 6 yrs, 12st - Mr G. Spafford 1  
Dorothy, 4 yrs, 12st 4lb - Mr Pearce 2  
Conundrum, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - Mr Spence 0  
4 to 1 on Plumetke. Won in a canter. Conundrum refused.

*Hunters' Stakes of 30l.*; about 2 mi., 4 fur., over seven hurdles.

*Eastfield (h b)*, by Tuffhunter, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Mr W. Munn 1  
Stat of the East, 5 yrs, 12st 6lb - Mr Brown 2  
Cantab (h b), 5 yrs, 11st 13lb - Mr Goodacre 3  
Betay (h b), 4 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr Radford 0  
The Person (h b), aged, 12st 7lb - Mr G. Spafford 0  
Haltom, 5 yrs, 12st - Mr G. Spafford 0  
6 to 4 on Haltom, 3 to 1 agst Cantab, 5 to 1 agst Stat of the East, and 5 to 1 agst The Person. Won in a canter by a length; a good third. Haltom fell.

*Newcastle Stakes of 30l.*; about 2 mi.

*St Patrick (h b)*, by Tuffhunter, 6 yrs, 12st 11lb - Mr Spence 1  
Blue Gnat (h b), 4 yrs, 12st 4lb - Mr Nicholson 2  
Sir Walter, 5 yrs, 12st 7lb - Mr G. Spafford 3  
2 to 1 on St Patrick. Won by two lengths; a bad third.

### BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

**SATURDAY, April 10.**—*Hunters' Stakes of 30l.*; about 3 mi.

*King Tom*, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Pretty 1  
Maria Day, aged, 12st 6lb - Mr Came 2  
Elephant (h b), aged, 12st - J. Mumford 3  
Salumbo, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Hovefall 0  
The Colonel (h b), aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Hoekley 0  
Tophorn, 6 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr Chaston 0  
Flutter, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr A. Poole 0  
3 to 1 each agst King Tom and Tophorn, and 4 to 1 agst Flutter. Won by six lengths; a bad third. Maria Day refused.

*Farnham Plate of 30l.*; about 2 mi.

*Signal*, by Vedette, aged, 11st 5lb - Mr Hoekley 1  
Rifeman, aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Chaston 2  
5 to 4 on Rifeman. Won by half a length.

*Bishop's Stortford Open Handicap of 65l.*; about 3 mi.

*Arlscoot*, by Birkenhead, aged, 11st 12lb - Mr Chaston 1  
Meerschaum, aged, 10st 12lb - Mr Mumford 0  
Lawrence, aged, 10st 10lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 0  
Mountain Deer, aged, 10st 5lb - Mr Fabian 0  
Even on Arlscoot, 5 to 4 agst Meerschaum, and 4 to 3 agst Lawrence. Arlscoot came in alone. Meerschaum balked, and Lawrence and Mountain Deer fell.

*Local Hunt Cup*, value 40gs.; about 3 mi.

*Snowball*, aged, 12st 6lb - Mr Hoekley 1  
Pitheas, aged, 11st 10lb - Mr W. Bambridge 2  
Folkstone, 6 yrs, 11st 10lb - Mr Smith 0  
Bird on the Wing (h b), 6 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr P. Barker 0  
Forrester (late Cheshire Boy), aged, 11st 10lb - Mr J. Barker 0  
The Colonel (h b), aged, 11st 10lb - Mr Hoekley 0  
3 to 4 agst Bird on the Wing, and 4 to 1 agst Snowball. Won by a length. Forrester refused, and Bird on the Wing fell.

*Golden Plate of 30l.*; about 2 mi.

*Rifeman*, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Chaston 1  
Spider (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - Mr Trent 2  
Bauterie (h b), aged, 12st 3lb - C. Jarvis 0  
Golden Cross, aged, 12st 3lb - Mr F. G. Hobson 0  
Even on Golden Cross, and 2 to 1 agst Rifeman. Won by six lengths.

*Herts County Plate (Hf) of 40l.*; about 2 mi.

*Hawkshaw*, by Gemma di Vergy, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Chaston 1  
Triumph, aged, 11st 3lb - Mr Hobson 2  
Norice, aged, 11st - C. Jarvis 3  
Meerschaum, aged, 10st 12lb - Mr Mumford 0  
Frailty, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - Mr W. Bambridge 0  
5 to 4 on Hawkshaw, 2 to 1 agst Triumph, 5 to 1 agst Meerschaum, and 5 to 1 agst Norice. Won by a length; a short head between second and third.

### LIVERPOOL HUNT CLUB SPRING.

**SATURDAY, April 10.**—*Liverpool Hunt Club Spring Handicap of 75l.*; about 2 mi.

*Stanton*, by Newminster, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Edwards 1  
Schneider, 5 yrs, 11st - Mr Thomas 3  
Highland Chief, 4 yrs, 10st - Mr Moore 3  
Even on Schneider, 2 to 1 agst Stanton, and 3 to 1 agst Highland Chief. Won easily by three lengths; same between second and third.

*Tally-ho Stakes of 45l.*; 2 mi.

*Prince Alfred*, 3 yrs, 12st 4lb - Mr Orrell 1  
Brandy (h b), aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Edwards 2  
7 to 4 on Prince Alfred. Won easily by twenty lengths.

*Hunters' Steeple Chase of 75l.*; about 3 mi.

*Rockets*, by Claret, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Mordaunt 1  
Champagne, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Edwards 2  
Coat, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Thomas 0  
Even on Champagne, and 2 to 1 each agst Coats. Won easily by ten lengths; Coat was pulled up, and did not pass the post.

*Liverpool Hunt Club Steeple Chase of 150l.*; about 4 mi.

*Roundtext*, by Martext (h b), aged, 12st - Mr Thomas 1  
Birdie, aged, 12st - Capt Tenpest 1  
Lady Audley, aged, 12st 10lb - Mr Orrell 2  
Albrighton, aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Moore 4  
Countess (h b), aged, 12st - Capt Baldwin 5  
Reckless, aged, 12st - Mr Baldwin 0  
3 to 1 agst Birdie, 3 to 1 agst Countess, 4 to 1 agst Albrighton, 6 to 1 agst Roundtext, and 10 to 1 each agst Reckless and Lady Audley. Won by a short length; a dead heat for second place.

*Beech Plate of 55l.*; about 3 mi.

*Goldfinch*, by Sir Colin (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Capt Tenpest 1  
The Lurcher, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Mr Baldwin 2  
Fan (h b), aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Milward 3  
George (late Farnborough), aged, 12st 7lb - Mr Cuthbertson 0  
Perfection, aged, 12st - Mr Clayton 0  
Sportsman (h b), 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - Mr Mordaunt 0  
2 to 1 agst Goldfinch, 3 to 1 agst Fan, 4 to 1 agst Perfection, and 5 to 1 agst The Lurcher. Won by a length and a half; a bad third. Sportsman and Perfection fell.

### LOTHIANS' RACING CLUB AND EDINBURGH SPRING.

**SATURDAY, April 10.**—*Hunters' and Youngs' Handicap of 55l.*; once round and a distance.

*Bonaparte*, by Napoleon, aged, 11st 3lb - Mr Lewis 1  
Leneva, 3 yrs, 10st 3lb - Mr Boynton 2  
Morris Dancer, aged, 12st - Mr Snowden 3  
Primrose, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - Mr J. Brodie 0  
John Oshorus, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - Mr Porteus 0  
Rap, 5 yrs, 11st 13lb - Mr Wynn 0  
Armet, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - Mr Miller 0  
Hay Leaf, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr Johnstone 0  
Idle Boy, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - Mr G. Steele 0  
Parasite (late Jacamar), 4 yrs, 11st - Wakeford 0  
Dolan, 6 yrs, 12st 5lb - Mr Muirhead 0  
3 to 1 each agst Morris Dancer, Leneva, and Hay Leaf, 2 to 1 agst Bonaparte, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a neck; a head between second and third.

*Match 25l.*; 1 mi.

*Acrobat (h b)*, aged, 11st 7lb - Mr Williams 1  
Neil Gow, aged, 11st 8lb - Mr J. Douglas 2  
6 to 4 on Acrobat. Won easily.

*Spring Handicap of 85l.*; once round and a distance

Three per Cent, by Bondholder, 8 yrs, 9st 5lb - Snowden 1  
Sleeping Maggie, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Clayton 2  
Highland Duck, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - Barker

Shamrock, 6 yrs, Set - - - Buck 6  
The Dwarf, 4 yrs, 1st 4lb - - - Clarkson 0  
3 to 1 on Three per Cent, 4 to 1 agst Highland Duck,  
and 5 to 1 agst Sleeping Maggie. Won by half a  
length; same between second and third.

Hunt Cup, value \$61; 2 mi.  
Girl Graduate, by Magnum, 5 yrs, - - - Mr Leesmith 1  
1st 10lb - - - Mr Pringle 0  
Darian, aged, 13st 7lb - - - Mr W. Hope Johnstone 0  
Shy Girl, aged, 13st - - - Mr M'Callum 0  
Brilliant (h b), aged, 19st - - - Mr M'Callum 0  
Even on Darian, 5 to 1 agst Girl Graduate, and 5 to 1  
agst any other. Won easily by a length; same be-  
tween second and third.

Edinburgh Plate (H) of 50l; about 6 fur.  
Highland Duck, by The Drake, 4 yrs, Set 3lb Barker 1  
Puritan, aged, 9st 9lb - - - Clarkson 2  
Candido, 3 yrs, Set 4lb - - - Buck 3  
Triphthong, 4 yrs, Set 2lb - - - Mr Outram 0  
Quality, 4 yrs, Set 1lb - - - Mr J. Brodie 0  
Anne, 2 yrs, Set 1lb - - - Snowden 0  
Neophyte, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - Steele 0  
5 to 1 agst Triphthong, 8 to 1 agst Anne, and 7 to 1  
each agst Highland Duck and Neophyte. Won by  
half a length; a bad third; Triphthong and Neophyte  
were left at the post.

Selling Stakes of 35l; about 6 fur.  
Vance, by Vedette, 3 yrs, Set - - - Sayers 1  
Sleeping Maggie, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Snowden 2  
Candido, 2 yrs, Set 4lb - - - Hawick 3  
Baldus Trap, 5 yrs, Set 6lb - - - Noble 0  
Puritan, aged, Set 8lb - - - Clarkson 0  
Derwent, 5 yrs, Set 5lb - - - Mr Mairhead 0  
7 to 1 agst Puritan, 5 to 2 each agst Sleeping Maggie  
and Vance, and 4 to 1 agst any other. Won by a  
length; a head between second and third.

Hardie Handicap of 44l; 1 mi. 4 fur., over five hurdles.  
Brilliant, by Caverton, aged, 13st 7lb Mr Miller 1  
Little Jim (late Kingmaker), 6 yrs, - - - Waddington 2  
1st 12lb - - - Mr Hope Johnstone 3  
Bomperte, aged, 13st 2lb - - - Mr Cunningham 4  
Shy Girl, aged, 10st 10lb - - - Mr Cunningham 4  
Br m by Hawkhead—Alamy (h b), - - - Mr Rutherford 0  
5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Mr Gillan 0  
Penelope, aged, 12st 7lb - - - Mr Gillan 0  
Billy of the Glen (late The Owl) (h b), - - - Mr Pringle 0  
aged, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Willams 0  
The Choker, 6 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - Gaff 0  
Hoptoun (h b), aged, 11st - - - Gaff 0  
5 to 2 agst Brilliant, 4 to 1 each agst the Hawkhead  
mare and Bomperte, 5 to 1 agst Little Jim, and 5 to 1  
agst Penelope. Won by a length; a bad third; Pene-  
lope threw her rider.

### NEWMARKET CRAVEN.

MONDAY, April 12.—Sweepstakes of 100l, for 8 yr  
olds; R.M. (1 mi. 17 yds.)

Amara, by Knight of St Patrick, Set 5lb - Kenyon 1  
Neuchatel, Set 5lb - - - Maidment 2  
Provider, Set 10lb - - - Fordham 3  
11 to 10 agst Amara, 11 to 8 agst Provider, and 5 to 1  
agst Neuchatel. Won by a neck; three lengths be-  
tween second and third.

Match, 50l; 1st half of R.M.  
Runaway, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Fordham 1  
65 to 40 on Hopeless. Won by a length.

Breby Plate of 500l; Breby Stakes Course.  
Lily, by Cape Flyaway, 4 yrs, 7st - - - Hudson 1  
Reindeer, aged, Set 7lb - - - Maidment 2  
Indian Star, 6 yrs, Set 13lb - - - Kenyon 3  
Nemés, Set 2lb - - - Hunter 0  
Tenedos, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - Parry 0  
Dread, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - H. Covey 0  
Myosotis, 4 yrs, 7st - - - Hunt 0  
Priscian, 4 yrs, Set 7lb - - - G. Page 0  
Night Stroller, 3 yrs, Set 4lb - - - J. Crickmer 0  
Clemency, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - - - Jenry 0  
Dulcet, 4 yrs, 6st - - - Wilks 0  
Minnon Troll, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - - - Rowell 0  
Endora, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - - - W. Platt 0  
Ch f by North Lincoln—King Alfred's  
dam, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - - - Rolfe 0  
Alma Mater, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Jewitt 0  
100 to 80 agst Dread, 5 to 1 each agst Tenedos and  
Clemency, 10 to 1 each agst the King Alfred's dam  
silly and Lily, 100 to 7 agst Endora, 12 to 1 agst Indian

Star, 100 to 2 agst Reindeer, and 20 to 1 agst Nemés.  
Won by a length; half a length between second and  
third; Dread next, close up.

Match, 100l; 1st half of Ab.M.  
Spider, by Vengeance, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - Fordham 1  
Coup d'Etat, 4 yrs, Set 7lb - - - J. Mann 2  
2 to 1 on Spider. Won by three-quarters of a length.

Handicap Plate of 504l; 5 fur, 140 yds.  
Rodomonte, by St. Albans, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - Goater 1  
Remus, 3 yrs, 7st - - - Batler 2  
Hatchment, 4 yrs, Set 9lb - - - T. French 3  
Court Card, 5 yrs, Set 10lb - - - Lynch 0  
Miss Dayrell, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - J. Mann 0  
Riga, 4 yrs, Set - - - H. Covey 0  
Harebell, 4 yrs, Set 13lb - - - Hunt 0  
Albania, 3 yrs, Set 10lb - - - Maidment 0  
Verona, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Peaks 0  
Br c by Jordan—Medoa, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - Rolfe 0  
6 to 4 agst Rodomonte, 2 to 1 agst Remus, 5 to 1  
agst Harebell, and 12 to 1 agst any other. Won by  
half a length; a bad third.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 75l; D.M. (7 fur, 210 yds.)  
King Cophetua, by Asteroid, 3 yrs, Set 10lb J. Adams 1  
Yachmar, 3 yrs, 7st - - - Butler 2  
Vemick, 3 yrs, 7st - - - Hammond 3  
C by Lumbum—Miss Peddie, 3 yrs, Set 7lb Fordham 4  
6 to 4 agst King Cophetua, 2 to 1 agst Vemick,  
and 5 to 1 agst the others. Won by a head; half a  
length between second and third.

Plate of 60l; Criterion Course (6 fur.)  
Zerlina, by Tom Bowline, 2 yrs, Set 11lb - Webb 1  
Little Marchioness, 2 yrs, Set 13lb - W. Platt 2  
Matilda, 3 yrs, Set - - - Maidment 3  
Ch f by Marquise—Goldfinch, 2 yrs, Set 2lb Jeffery 0  
Adrastra, 3 yrs, Set - - - J. Crickmer 0  
Aintree, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - Parry 0  
Uproar, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Rolfe 0  
King Theodore, 2 yrs, Set - - - Wilson 0  
Bayard, 2 yrs, Set - - - Hunt 0  
2 to 1 agst Zerlina, 5 to 2 agst Matilda, 4 to 1 agst  
Bayard, and 10 to 1 agst Little Marchioness. Won  
by a length; three lengths between second and third.

Plate of 50l, for 2 yr-olds; 1st half-mile of B.C.  
Ch c by Thormanby—Emily, Set 10lb - - - Goater 1  
Mont Blanc, Set 10lb - - - Daley 2  
Prince Arthur, Set 10lb - - - T. French 3  
Succession, Set 7lb - - - J. Mann 0  
Lelex, Set 10lb - - - Goodwin 0  
Ch c by Thunderbolt—Khadidjah, Set 10lb Norman 0  
Flash, Set 7lb - - - Lynch 0  
Lord of the World, Set 10lb - - - Maidment 0  
Toucar, Set 10lb - - - Fordham 0  
Squib, Set 7lb - - - Mordan 0  
Jersey, Set 10lb - - - A. Hayhoe 0  
Masquerade, Set 7lb - - - Morris 0  
Halloween, Set 7lb - - - J. Adams 0  
6 to 4 agst Prince Arthur, 100 to 30 agst the Emily  
colt, 5 to 1 each agst Mont Blanc and Halloween,  
100 to 15 agst Toucar, and 20 to 1 agst Squib. Won  
by five lengths.

Crown Stakes of 115l; R.M. (1 mi. 17 yds.)  
Blue Gown, by Beadaman, 4 yrs, Set 10lb - w.o.

TUESDAY.—Eleventh Sale Stakes of 175l, for 3 yr  
olds; A.F. (1 mi. 2 fur.)  
Badsworth, by Carnival, Set 1lb - - - J. Mann 1  
Minnon Troll, Set 4lb - - - Fordham 2  
7 to 1 on Badsworth. Won by half a length.

Plate of 80l, for 3 yr-olds; 1st half of R.M.  
Kennington, by Oxford, Set 10lb - - - Daley 1  
Prince Arthur, Set 10lb - - - T. French 3  
Thunderclap, Set 7lb - - - Erdash 3  
Hester, Set 7lb - - - H. Covey 0  
Camel, Set 10lb - - - J. Covey 0  
Juliet, Set 7lb - - - Cook 0  
Mena Meg, Set 7lb - - - Cannon 0  
Blanche, Set 7lb - - - Parry 0  
Ch c by Trumpeter—Waneton, Set 10lb - - - Goater 0  
Squib, Set 7lb - - - Mordan 0  
Zachaus, Set 10lb - - - Lynch 0  
Sabinaus, Set 10lb - - - Goodwin 0  
Choice, Set 7lb - - - Clement 0  
Succession, Set 7lb - - - J. Mann 0  
Nightingall, Set 1lb - - - Hibbard 0  
Ch c by Prince Arthur, 10 to 1 agst Kennington,  
7 to 1 agst Thunderclap, and 20 to 1 agst any other.  
Won by a head; a bad third.

**First Year of the Newark Biennial Stakes**  
 of 700l., for 3 yr olds; R.M. (1 mi. 17 yds.)  
 Pero Gomez, by Bendsman, Sat 10lb - Wells 1  
 Duke of Beaufort, Sat 10lb - Cannon 2  
 Ryahworth, Sat 10lb - Maidment 3  
 Tenedos, Sat 10lb - Daley 4  
 Amazona, Sat 6lb - Hunter 5  
 Cicely, Sat 6lb - J. Mann 6  
 2 to 1 on Pero Gomez, 4 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort,  
 and 6 to 1 agst Ryahworth. Won by a neck; three  
 lengths between second and third.

**Sweepstakes of 250l., for 3 yr olds; D.M. (7 fur. 210 yds.)**  
 Badsworth, Sat 10lb - J. Mann 1  
 Provider, Sat 10lb - Fordham 2  
 Meteor, Sat 10lb - Lynch 3  
 Even on Badsworth, and 6 to 4 agst Provider. Won  
 by a length; a length and a half between second and  
 third.

**Sweepstakes of 350l., for 3 yr old fillies; D.M.**  
 (7 fur. 210 yds.)  
 Martinique, by Macaroni, Sat 6lb - Snowden 1  
 Abstingence, Sat - Daley 2  
 7 to 1 on Martinique. Won by ten lengths.

**Sweepstakes of 70l., for 2 yr olds; last half-mile of B.C.**  
 Atlantis, Sat 7lb - T. French 1  
 Violet, Sat 7lb - Fordham 2  
 Canoe, Sat 8lb - Daley 3  
 6 to 1 on Atlantis. Won by a length and a-half; a  
 bad third.

**Beacon Stakes of 225l., for 2 yr olds; last half-mile**  
 of B.C.  
 Stephanotis, by Macaroni, Sat 12lb - Butler 1  
 Eliferson, Sat 1st - Fordham 2  
 11 to 10 on Stephanotis. Won by three-quarters of a  
 length.

**WEDNESDAY.—Match, 100l.; T.Y.C. (5 fur. 140 yds.)**  
 Amara, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - Fordham 1  
 Plunger, 3 yrs, Sat 5lb - Kenyon 2  
 5 to 2 on Amara. Won by five lengths.

**Subscription Plate of 50l.; T.Y.C. (5 fur. 140 yds.)**  
 Leonie, by Newminster, 4 yrs, Sat 12lb - T. French 1  
 Cardinal York, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - H. Covey 2  
 Hereford, 4 yrs, Sat 6lb - J. Adams 3  
 Cha F by Ouslow—Verona, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - Huxtable 4  
 Flash, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - Butler 5  
 6 to 1 on Leonie, and 10 to 1 agst Hereford. Won  
 by two lengths; three lengths between second and  
 third.

**Sweepstakes of 80l.; T.Y.C. (5 fur. 140 yds.)**  
 Spider, by Vengeance, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - Maidment 1  
 Glenlivet, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - Jeffery 2  
 Aeolus, 4 yrs, Sat 11lb - Parry 3  
 Langham, 5 yrs, Sat 4lb - Goodwin 0  
 Fal-lal, 5 yrs, Sat 4lb - Goater 0  
 Aintree, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - H. Covey 0  
 Head Centre, 4 yrs, Sat 11lb - Daley 0  
 Fairfax, 4 yrs, Sat 11lb - Fordham 0  
 6 to 4 agst Spider, 4 to 1 agst Fairfax, and 6 to 1  
 each agst Fal-lal and Langham. Won by six lengths.

**Handicap Sweepstakes of 60l.; D.M. (7 fur. 210 yds.)**  
 The Maze, by Wild Dayrell, 5 yrs, Sat 6lb - Butler 1  
 Brother to Ravioli, 3 yrs, Sat 10lb - Maidment 2  
 The Provost, 3 yrs, Sat 5lb - Jeffery 3  
 Even on Brother to Ravioli, and 5 to 4 agst The  
 Maze. Won by three-quarters of a length; a head  
 between second and third.

**Column Stakes of 350l., for 3 yr olds; R.M.**  
 (1 mi. 17 yds.)  
 Martinique, by Macaroni, Sat 2lb - Snowden 1  
 Toison d'Or, Sat 4lb - Fordham 2  
 Crocus, Sat 4lb - Kenyon 3  
 Bertha, Sat 12lb - Custance 4  
 6 to 5 agst Crocus, 5 to 4 agst Martinique, and 100  
 to 8 agst Toison d'Or. Won by a head; three lengths  
 between second and third.

**Sweepstakes of 125l., for 2 yr olds; last half of R.M.**  
 Eliferson, by Weatherbit, Sat 7lb - Fordham 1  
 Moonstone, Sat 7lb - Chaloner 2  
 5 to 1 on Eliferson. Won by a neck.

**Newmarket Handicap of 950l.; last mile and half**  
 of B.C.  
 Langet, by Skirmisher, 5 yrs, Sat 6lb - Wilson 1  
 Alpenstock, 3 yrs, Sat 4lb - Jeffery 2  
 Gongolier, 4 yrs, Sat 13lb - Hunter 3  
 Reconstitution, 4 yrs, Sat 10lb - Daley 0  
 The Mariner, 4 yrs, Sat 11lb - Mordan 0

Cecil, 4 yrs, Sat 18lb - Chaloner 0  
 Géant des Batailles, 4 yrs, Sat 7lb - Hudson 0  
 Curio, 5 yrs, Sat 6lb - Kenyon 0  
 B c by Vedette—Vixen, 5 yrs, Sat 11lb - Butler 0  
 B g by Weatherbit—St Agnes, 3 yrs, Sat - Hunt 0  
 Giantess, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - Lynham 0  
 Vasilchka, 3 yrs, Sat 11lb - W. Pettit 0  
 Even on Alpenstock, 6 to 1 agst Gondeker, 8 to 1  
 agst Géant des Batailles, 9 to 1 agst Langet, 50 to 1  
 each agst Reconstitution, the St. Agnes gelding, Curio,  
 and Cecil, and 25 to 1 each agst The Mariner and  
 the Vixen gelding. Won by two lengths; a bad  
 third.

**Sweepstakes of 125l., for 3 yr old fillies; T.Y.C.**  
 (5 fur. 140 yds.)  
 Martinique, by Macaroni, Sat 10lb, walked over, and  
 Misadventure saved her stake.

**THURSDAY.—Claret Stakes of 400l., for 4 yr olds;**  
 D.I. (3 mi. 5 yds.)  
 Typhus, by Stockwell, Sat 10lb - Morris 1  
 Le Sarazin, Sat 10lb - Hunter 2  
 Even on Le Sarazin. Won by four lengths.

**Second Year of the Tenth Newmarket Biennial Stakes**  
 of 602l., for 4 yr olds; D.I. (3 mi. 5 yds.)  
 Blue Gown, Sat 3lb - Wells 1  
 Bluekin, Sat 10lb - Maidment 2  
 Phœbus, Sat 10lb - Kenyon 3  
 King Alfred, Sat 10lb - Daley 4  
 4 to 1 on Blue Gown, 6 to 1 agst King Alfred, and  
 100 to 8 agst Bluekin. Won by a head; a bad third.

**Handicap Plate of 50l.; A.F. (1 mi. 2 fur. 73 yds.)**  
 Cornet, by Trumpeter, 4 yrs, Sat 12lb - Lynch 1  
 Sagittarius, 3 yrs, Sat 11lb - Jeffery 2  
 Topay, 3 yrs, Sat 7lb - Jewitt 3  
 Sycee, 5 yrs, Sat 12lb - J. Mann 0  
 Toronado, 4 yrs, Sat 2lb - H. Covey 0  
 Arctian, 6 yrs, Sat 4lb - W. Black 0  
 Whitworth, 5 yrs, Sat 4lb - Cornwall 0  
 B c by Lacydes—Pendown, 3 yrs, Sat 4lb - Childs 0  
 Miss Gratwicke, 4 yrs, Sat 3lb - Hammond 0  
 B c by Vedette—Amaranth, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb - Perret 0  
 B c by Lambton—Miss Paddy, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb - Butler 0  
 Remus, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb - J. Adams 0  
 Punishment, 4 yrs, Sat - Mordan 0  
 Dodona, 3 yrs, Sat 6lb - Wilson 0  
 Thor, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb - J. Orickneere 6  
 6 to 4 agst Punishment, 4 to 1 each agst Sagittarius  
 and Topay, and 14 to 1 agst Arctian. Won by three-  
 quarters of a length; a length and a-half between  
 second and third.

**Subscription Plate of 50l.; D.M. (7 fur. 210 yds.)**  
 Spider, 3 yrs, Sat 12lb - Jeffery 1  
 Aintree, 3 yrs, Sat 12lb - Hunt 2  
 Pladda, 3 yrs, Sat 5lb - Hudson 3  
 Iron Duke, 3 yrs, Sat 12lb - Wilson 0  
 Verona, 5 yrs, Sat 12lb - Butler 0  
 Glenlivet, 3 yrs, Sat 12lb - Walling 0  
 B g by Vedette—Vixen, 5 yrs, Sat 11lb - Goater 0  
 7 to 4 on Spider, 5 to 1 agst the Vixen gelding, and  
 10 to 1 each agst Aintree and Pladda. Won by a  
 length and a-half; two lengths between second and  
 third.

**Second Year of the Lake Produce Stakes of 125l., for**  
 3 yr olds; D.M. (7 fur. 210 yds.)  
 Bertha, by F. Melbourne, Sat 7lb - Fordham 1  
 The Martyr, Sat 10lb - Daley 2  
 8 to 2 on Bertha. Won by a length and a-half.

**Handicap Sweepstakes of 80l., for 3 yr olds; T.Y.C.**  
 (5 fur. 136 yds.)  
 Vladimir, by Ivan, Sat 7lb - Butler 1  
 Brambridge, Sat 4lb - Kenyon 2  
 Sagittarius, Sat 4lb - Jeffery 3  
 Matilda, Sat 4lb - Maidment 4  
 7 to 4 agst Brambridge, 5 to 2 each agst Vladimir  
 and Sagittarius, and 6 to 1 agst Matilda. Won by  
 three-quarters of a length; the same between second  
 and third.

**Abingdon Stakes of 200l., for 2 yr old fillies; last half**  
 of Ab.M.  
 Stephanotis, by Macaroni, Sat 6lb - Butler 1  
 F by King Tom—Blooming Heather, Sat 8lb Daley 2  
 100 to 30 on Stephanotis. Won by half a length.  
**Sweepstakes of 40l., for 2 yr olds; last half of Ab.M.**  
 Lincoln, by Ely, Sat 10lb - Daley 1  
 Thunderclap, Sat 7lb - Fordham 2

**Pigdon, Set 7th** - - - - - Kenyon 2  
**Fly, Set 10th** - - - - - Perry 0  
**Flash, Set 7th** - - - - - Lynch 0  
 11 to 10 agst Thunderclap, 7 to 4 agst Lincoln, and  
 6 to 1 agst Pigdon. Won by a length; a bad third.

**Sweepstakes of 100l., for 5 yr olds; D.M.**  
**Borougham, by King Tom, walked over, and The**  
**Martyr saved stakes.**

**Sweepstakes of 100l., for 3 yr olds; D.M.**  
**Borougham, by King Tom, Set 10th, walked over, and**  
**divided with Thunder.**

**FRIDAY.—Queen's Plate of 100l.; R.C. (3 ml. 4 fur.**  
**130 yds.)**

**Miss Gratwicke, by Parmanna, 4 yrs, Maidment 1**  
**Set 7th** - - - - - Fordham 2  
**Midwife, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb** - - - - - Jeffery 0  
**St Andrew, 5 yrs, 7st 5lb** - - - - - T. French 0  
**Clémence, 4 yrs, Set 7th** - - - - -  
 Even on Clémence, 5 to 2 agst Midwife, 100 to 30  
 agst Miss Gratwicke, and 10 to 1 agst St. Andrew.  
 Won by eight lengths.

**Handicap Plate of 50l.; New T.Y.C. (5 fur. 140 yds.)**  
**Coup d'Éclat, by Leamington, 4 yrs, Set 15th** - - - - -  
**Martir, 3 yrs, Set 4th** - - - - -  
**Matilda, 5 yrs, Set 3lb** - - - - -  
**Professor Anderson, 6 yrs, Set 3lb** - - - - -  
**Fairfax, 4 yrs, Set 2lb** - - - - -  
**Morning Star, 4 yrs, Set 2lb** - - - - -  
**Bel-lal, 5 yrs, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**Elga, 5 yrs, Set 4lb** - - - - -  
**Nelly Rose, 4 yrs, Set 11lb** - - - - -  
**Brother to Ravelli, 3 yrs, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**F by Claret—Isis, 3 yrs, Set** - - - - -  
**F by Oulton—Anemone, 3 yrs, Set 7lb** - - - - -  
 3 to 1 agst Brother to Ravelli, 100 to 30 agst Martir,  
 6 to 1 each agst Bel-lal and Coup d'Éclat, 7 to 1 agst  
 Matilda, and 10 to 1 each agst the Isis filly and Morn-  
 ing Star. Won by six lengths.

**Plate of 50l.; T.Y.C. (5 fur. 140 yds.)**  
**Mont Blanc, by Crater, 3 yrs, Set 2lb** - - - - -  
**Gladness, 2 yrs, Set 7st** - - - - -  
**Galette, 5 yrs, Set 9lb** - - - - -  
**Little Marchioness, 2 yrs, Set** - - - - -  
**Jaliet, 2 yrs, Set 9lb** - - - - -  
**Jersey, 2 yrs, Set 5lb** - - - - -  
**B f by Wingrave, out of Busy Bee, 2 yrs, Set 5lb** - - - - -  
**Woodford, 3 yrs, Set 12lb** - - - - -  
 7 to 4 agst Mont Blanc, 5 to 2 agst Galette, 4 to 1  
 agst Gladness, 10 to 1 agst Little Marchioness, and 13  
 to 1 agst Busy Bee filly. Won by a neck; a length  
 and a half between the second and third.

**Sweepstakes of 300l., for 3 yr olds; D.M. (7 fur.**  
**210 yds.)**

**Prince Imperial, by Y. Melbourne, Daley 1**  
**Set 10th** - - - - -  
**Tasman, Set 5lb** - - - - -

5 to 1 on Tasman. Won by a head.

**Sweepstakes of 100l., for 2 yr olds; last half of Ab. M.**  
**Violet, by Thunderbolt, Set 5lb** - - - - -  
**Miferson, Set 2lb** - - - - -  
**Lady Betty, Set 8lb** - - - - -  
**Canoe, Set 8lb** - - - - -  
 5 to 4 agst Eliferson, 5 to 2 agst Violet, 3 to 1 agst  
 Lady Betty. Won by a length; the same between the  
 second and third.

**Sweepstakes of 85l., for 3 yr olds; R.M. (1 ml. 17 yds.)**  
**De Vere, by St Albans, Set 5lb** - - - - -  
**The Mass, Set 12lb** - - - - -  
 3 to 1 on De Vere. Won by a length.

**Sweepstakes of 50l., for 2 yr olds; last half of R.M.**  
**B e by Lacey, dam by Cowl, out of Venus, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**Thunderclap, Set 7lb** - - - - -  
**Tangerine, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**Little Marchioness, Set 7lb** - - - - -  
 7 to 4 on Thunderclap, 100 to 30 agst Tangerine, 6  
 to 1 agst the winner, and 10 to 1 agst Little Mar-  
 chioness. Won by a head; a bad third.

**Bennington Stakes of 125l., for 3 yr olds; D.M. (7 fur.**  
**210 yds.)**

**Tasman, by Warlock, Set 7lb** - - - - - w. o.  
**Port Stakes of 150l., for 4 yr olds; T.M.M.**  
**Spectum, by Vedette, Set 10lb** - - - - - w. o.

## EAST SUSSEX HUNT.

**MONDAY, April 12.—United Hunt Cup; 3 ml. 4 fur.**  
**Sunbeam (h b), aged, 11st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Brinkhurst, 12st** - - - - -  
**Cigarette (h b), 5 yrs, 12st** - - - - -  
**Sultan (h b), 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - -  
 2 to 1 on Sunbeam, and 3 to 1 agst Cigarette. Won  
 in a canter; Cigarette fell, and Sultan refused.

**Formers' Cup; about 3 ml.**  
**May Blossom, aged, 12st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Rob Roy (h b), aged, 12st** - - - - -  
**Dandelion, 5 yrs, 12st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Topsy (h b), aged, 12st** - - - - -  
**Dinnerah, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb** - - - - -  
 6 to 4 on Dandelion, 3 to 1 agst Rob Roy, and 4 to 1  
 agst May Blossom. Won by three lengths.

**East Sussex Open Stickle Chase Handicap of 20l.; about**  
**3 ml. 4 fur.**  
**Jassy, by Volvode, aged, 10st 10lb** - - - - - w. o.

**Riding Masters' Cup; about 3 ml.**  
**Ivanhoe, aged, 11st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Fearless (h b), aged, 11st 7lb** - - - - -  
**Druid (h b), aged, 11st 7lb** - - - - -  
**Charlie (h b), aged, 11st 7st** - - - - -  
**Harkaway (h b), aged, 11st 7lb** - - - - -  
 Even on Fearless, and 6 to 4 agst Ivanhoe. Won by  
 three lengths; Druid and Harkaway fell.

**Selling Handicap of 41l.; about 2 ml. 4 fur.**  
**Leopard, by Tumbler, aged, 11st 12lb** - - - - -  
**Rapture, aged, 11st 3lb** - - - - -  
**Brinkhurst, 11st 3lb** - - - - -

## WILLINGTON HUNT.

**MONDAY, April 12.—Willington Stakes of 35l.;**  
**about 3 ml.**

**Whitesocks, by Sheffield, aged, 12st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Carbines, 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - -  
**Caldwell, aged, 12st 9lb** - - - - -  
**Maid of the Morning, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Roberts, aged, 12st** - - - - -  
**Governess, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb** - - - - -  
 5 to 4 agst Whitesocks, and 5 to 2 agst any other.  
 Won by two lengths; the same between the second  
 and third.

**Bracegirdle Stakes of 17l.; about 3 ml.**  
**Man of the Evening (late Hardicansett),**  
**by Canute, 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - -  
**Topsy, aged, 12st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Dorville, 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - -  
**The General, aged, 12st** - - - - -  
**The Wasp, 6 yrs, 12st** - - - - -  
**Sally, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb** - - - - -  
 Even on Topsy, and 2 to 1 agst Man of the Evening.  
 Man of the Evening came in alone; Topsy having  
 bolted, and the others refused.

## TAMWORTH.

**MONDAY, April 12.—Hunters' Race of 74l.; about**  
**2 ml.**

**Peg Woffington, by Ben Webster, 4 yrs, W. Page 1**  
**Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**Clara, 4 yrs, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**Plumoeke, 6 yrs, 12st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Ramper (late Arran), 4 yrs, 10st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Arbury Lass, aged, 11st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Compton Lass, 4 yrs, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**Br f by Voltigeur, out of Ignorance, 4 yrs, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**The Star, 11st 10lb** - - - - -  
**The General, aged, 11st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Middleton, aged, 11st 10lb** - - - - -  
**Lucy, 4 yrs, Set 10lb** - - - - -  
**Billy, aged, 12st 6lb** - - - - -  
**Charley, 4 yrs, Set 12lb** - - - - -  
**Great Comberton, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb** - - - - -  
**Caroline, aged, 12st 3lb** - - - - -  
**Kingsbury Lass, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb** - - - - -  
**Sister of Mercy, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb** - - - - -  
 5 to 2 agst Clara, 4 to 1 agst Ramper, 5 to 1 agst  
 Billy, 6 to 1 agst Peg Woffington. Won by a length;  
 three lengths between the second and third.

**Members' Plate of 26l.; about 3 ml.**  
**Catspaw, aged, 12st 13lb** - - - - -  
**Tuliet, aged, 12st 5lb** - - - - -  
**Daring Dick, aged, 12st 3lb** - - - - -  
 5 to 4 on Catspaw, 2 to 1 agst Daring Dick, and 3 to

## CONTINENTAL RACING

IN 1868.

## PORCHEFONTAINE.

**SUNDAY, Feb. 13.**—*Priz de la Ferme-Golbert*, a piece of Plate, with 500 fr. added; Gentlemen riders; 5 fur.  
 John Davis, by Valtigour, aged, 12st 2lb — Mr Crawshaw 1  
 Dug de Béargogue, 5 yrs, 12st 2lb — owner 3  
 L'Arlequin, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb — Mr R. Kennedy 3  
 Mlle de Carpiquet, 3 yrs, 11st — 0  
 Fabiola, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb — 0  
 Rejection, 6 yrs, 10st 11lb — 0  
 Bataille, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb — 0  
 Met-Melo, aged, 12st 2lb — 0  
 Won by a length; two lengths between second and third.

**SUNDAY, March 8.**—*Priz de la Ferme (Welter Hp.)* of 1,600 fr.; Gentlemen riders; 5 fur.  
 Fugitive, by Fort à Bras, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb — M. H. Couturié 1  
 Fabiola, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb — M. N. Dora 2  
 Brumehaut, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb — M. H. A. Blount 3  
 Le Magicien, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb — 0  
 Bataille, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb — 0  
 Y. Fitz-Gladator, 10st 10lb — 0  
 Turanne, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb — 0  
 L'Aigle, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb — 0  
 Mlle de Carpiquet, 3 yrs, 9st 11lb — 0  
 Won easily by a length; the same between second and third.

The other races at this meeting were Steeple Chases.

## CANNES.

**WEDNESDAY, March 25.**—*Priz du Département* of 800 fr.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Perle Noire, by Mastrillo, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb — w.a.  
*Priz du Cercle des Courses* of 1,600 fr.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Magignon, by The Flying Dutchman, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb — H. Smith 1  
 Perle Noire, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb — W. Harris 2  
 Won easily by half a length.

## PAU.

**TUESDAY, March 31.**—*Priz d'Overture* of 900 fr., for 3 and 4 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Champion, by Kerbel; 4 yrs, 10st 8lb — H. Prunet 1  
 Inspecteur, 3 yrs, 9st 9lb — 0  
 Marguerite, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb — 0  
 One other ran.  
*Priz du Département* of 1,250 fr., with 350 fr. for the second, for 3 and 4 yr olds; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Bohémienne, by Strongbow, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb — Outier 1  
 Gadan, 3 yrs, 8st — 0  
 Octo, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb — 0  
 One other ran.

*Poule d'Essai* of 5,000 fr., with 1,450 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 3 fur.  
 Pipe-en-Bois, by Prétendant, 8st 11lb — Hallock 1  
 Perano, 8st 11lb — 0  
 Marion, 8st 8lb — 0  
 Romanée, 8st 8lb — 0  
 Tire-la-Picelle, 8st 11lb — 0  
 Chester, 8st 11lb — 0

**THURSDAY, April 2.**—*Priz Municipal* of 900 fr., for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Bohémienne, 8st 10lb — Charrett 1  
 Octo, 8st 12lb — 0  
 L'Armoricain, 8st 13lb — 0  
 Four others ran.

*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (3rd class) of 2,000 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Cinna, by Sting, 5 yrs, 10st 4lb — Jordan, jun 1  
 Marion, 3 yrs, 1st 11lb — 0  
 Balancelle, 3 yrs, 1st — 0  
 Chester, 3 yrs, 8st — 0

*Priz de l'Empereur* of 1,500 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Bévisse, by Dick Heisterick, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb — Jordan, jun 1  
 Adour, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb — 0  
 Three others ran.

**SATURDAY, April 4.**—*Priz Municipal* (3rd class) of 2,575 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Bréviande, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb — Jordan, jun 1  
 Adoue, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb — 0  
 Tenny, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb — 0

*Priz de Bond (Sall. Race)* of 750 fr.; 3 mf. 6 fur.  
 Monaco, by Ali Baba, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb — Pruiet 1  
 Champion, 4 yrs, 9st 8lb — 0  
 Palestre, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb — 0  
 Two others ran.

*Selling Stakes* of 1,550 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Truxillo, by The Flying Dutchman, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb — Charrett 1  
 Léander, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb — 0  
 Carnaval, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb — 0  
 Two others ran.

*Priz du Chemin de Fer du Midi* of 580 fr.  
 Balancelle, by Zouave, 3 yrs, 10st — Pantat 1  
 Tire-la-Picelle, 3 yrs, 8st — 0  
 Chester, 3 yrs, 8st — 0  
 One other ran.

## HYERES.

**MONDAY, April 13.**—*Priz des Haras* of 1,500 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Perle Noire, by Mastrillo, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb — Staples 1  
 Y. Scapin, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb — 0  
*Priz du Département (Sall. Race)* of 530 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 La Carpe, by Teutates, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb — Staples 1  
 Diane, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb — 0

## PARIS SPRING.

(AU BOIS DE BOULOGNE.)

**MONDAY, April 13.**—*La Bouris* of 3,000 fr.; 1 mi. 3 fur.  
 Charleville (late Mon Cousin), by Tenny, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb — A. Carrol 1  
 des Innes, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb — 0  
 Sarah, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb — O. Pratt 2  
 Vendôme, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb — Henlon 3  
 Mascarede, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb — Huxtable 0  
 Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb — Barmen 0  
 La Belle Hélène II, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb — Corvella 0  
 Le Montagne, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb — Huxtable 0  
 Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb — Laurence 0  
 Mlle de Courtillet, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb — Gifford 0  
 Clochette, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb — Parr 0  
 Jeune Première, 4 yrs, 9st 1lb — Reynolds 0  
 Scudo, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb — Webber 0  
 Egantime, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb — Bartholomew, jun. 0  
 Won by a neck; a length between second and third.

*Priz de la Grotte (Sall. Race)* of 2,500 fr.; 1 mi.  
 Angefino, by Pauvre Mignon, 3 yrs, 8st — A. Ozerott 1  
 Mouche (late Abbess), 3 yrs, 7st 12lb — O. Pratt 2  
 Deuchaut, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb — Webber 3  
 Parthénis, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb — Laurence 0



## CONTINENTAL RACING IN 1868.

Armide, 4 yrs, Set 91b - - - Bartholomew, jun 0  
 Hongroise, 3 yrs, 7at 111b - - - Calvert 0  
 Fablois, 3 yrs, 7at 71b - - - G. Misen 0  
 Saxon, 4 yrs, 7at 111b - - - Jones 0  
 Mon Soleil, 4 yrs, 9at 61b - - - W. Carter 0  
 Fort-a-Quoi, 3 yrs, 7at 111b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Nemrod, 4 yrs, 9at 61b - - - Chiffey 0  
 Hélicon, 4 yrs, 9at 61b - - - Karl 0  
 Thérèse, 3 yrs, 7at 111b - - - Salmon 0  
 Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 7at 121b - - - J. Watkins 0  
 Won by a neck; a length between second and third. The winner was sold for 3,125 fr.

**Pris de Guiche** of 4,700 fr. with 800 fr. for the second, for 3 yr old colts; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Pompiers, by Royal Quand Même, Set 71b G. Misen 1  
 Sedan (late Bosphore II.), Set 71b A. Watkins 2  
 Géophobe, Set 71b - - - O. Pratt 3  
 Horace Vernet, Set 71b - - - A. Carrots 4  
 Nuage, Set 71b - - - Huxtable 0  
 Triensan, Set 71b - - - Healep 0  
 Mervillous, Set 71b - - - Ellam 0  
 Odeur, Set 71b - - - Jordan 0  
 Orpheus, Set 71b - - - Price 0  
 Aleyon, Set 71b - - - Bartholomew, jun 0

Won by two lengths; a length between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

**Pris de Luttre** of 5,000 fr., 1,000 fr. for the second, and 500 fr. for the third; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Le Petit Caporal, by Marignan, 4 yrs, Jordan, jun 1  
 Set 41b - - - W. Salmon 2  
 Mortemer, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Barlow 3  
 France, 3 yrs, 7at 131b - - - Carrots 0  
 Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Childs 0  
 Lady Henriette, 3 yrs, 7at 131b - - - Salmon 0  
 Quaran II., 3 yrs, 7at 101b - - - Reynolds 0  
 Ver-Luisant, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Calvert 0  
 Cristal, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Calvert 0  
 Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

**Pris du Cadren** of 14,800 fr., with 800 fr. for the second, for 4 yr olds; 2 mi. 5 fur.

Longchamps, by Monarque, Set 71b G. Misen 1  
 Fervacques, Set 71b - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Montgoubert, Set 71b - - - Hunter 3  
 Argentan, Set 71b - - - A. Watkins 4  
 Won by a length; four lengths between second and third.

**Pris de Chénilly** of 5,600 fr., with 700 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Ferragus, by Fitz-Gladator, 4 yrs, 7at 121b C. Pratt 1  
 Turco, 4 yrs, Set 81b - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Adour, 4 yrs, 7at 121b - - - Webber 3  
 Marotte, 4 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Carrots 0  
 Pérette, 4 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Healep 0  
 Normande, 4 yrs, Set 61b - - - Lagrange 0  
 Prince Regent, 6 yrs, 9at - - - Hunter 0  
 Airel, 4 yrs, Set 31b - - - G. Misen 0  
 Alabama, 5 yrs, Set 91b - - - G. Misen 0

Won by three lengths; four lengths between second and third.

**SUNDAY, April 19.—Pris de Boulogne (Sell. Race)** of 3,600 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Marronnier, by Vingt Mors, 3 yrs, 7at 81b Gifford 1  
 Colère, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Carver 2  
 Grandchamps, 3 yrs, 7at 71b - - - Huxtable 3  
 Carmel, 3 yrs, 7at 51b - - - Kitchener 0  
 Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7at 51b - - - Laurence 0  
 Ragueur, 4 yrs, 9at 61b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Argentan, 4 yrs, 9at 61b - - - Healep 0  
 Angelino, 3 yrs, 7at 51b - - - Murphy 0  
 Prince Saphir, 3 yrs, 7at 51b - - - Brown 0  
 Won by a head; a length between second and third. The winner was sold for 8,600 fr.

**Pris de Longchamps (Produce Stakes)** of 5,900 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; nearly 1 mi. 4 fur.

Le Bosphore, by Monarque, Set 71b - - - Butler 1  
 Néluquo, Set 71b - - - G. Misen 2  
 Anthès, Set 71b - - - C. Pratt 3  
 Salvanet, Set 71b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Rosalinde, Set 81b - - - Brown 0  
 Witkind, Set 71b - - - Musgrove 0  
 Bessilly, Set 71b - - - Gifford 0  
 Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

**Pris de la Seine** of 11,950 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Mortemer, by Compiègne, 3 yrs, 7at 121b Parry 1  
 Ferragus, 4 yrs, Set 51b - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Sedan (late Bosphore II.), 3 yrs, - - - A. Watkins 3  
 Set 121b - - - Murphy 0  
 Bérénice, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Webber 0  
 Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 7at 121b - - - Butler 0  
 Pompiers, 3 yrs, 7at 121b - - - Jordan, jun 0  
 Le Petit Caporal, 4 yrs, 9at 81b - - - Reynolds 0  
 Jeune Première, 4 yrs, Set 51b - - - Reynolds 0  
 Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

**Grand Pris de l'Impératrice** (1st class) of 16,000 fr., with 1,400 fr. for the second; about 3 mi. 3 fur.

Longchamps, 4 yrs, Set 131b - - - Parry 1  
 Trocadero, 4 yrs, Set 131b - - - G. Misen 2  
 Fervacques, 4 yrs, Set 131b - - - C. Pratt 3  
 Won by half a length; three-quarters of a length between second and third.

**Pris Vautours** of 4,425 fr., with 625 fr. for the second, for 3 yr old fillies; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Moussie, by Pretty Boy, Set 71b - - - G. Misen 1  
 Lady Henriette, Set 71b - - - Huxtable 2  
 Le Tramezans, Set 71b - - - A. Watkins 3  
 Pierrette II., Set 71b - - - Kitchener 0  
 Thale, Set 71b - - - Jordan, jun 0  
 Navarre, Set 71b - - - Musgrove 0  
 Barandole, Set 71b - - - Musgrove 0  
 Won by a length; two lengths between second and third.

**Pris Bligny** (Sell. Race) of 4,552 fr., with 712 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.

Diadème, by Monarque, 4 yrs, Set 21b C. Pratt 1  
 Alabama, 5 yrs, 7at 131b - - - Webber 2  
 Milton II., 6 yrs, Set 81b - - - Jordan, jun 3  
 Victorieuse, 5 yrs, 7at 121b - - - Carver 0  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, Set 21b - - - Gifford 0  
 Turco, 4 yrs, Set 111b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Won by half a length; a length between second and third. The winner was sold for 13,250 fr.

**SUNDAY, April 26.—Pris d'Autoul** (Sell. Race) of 3,600 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Bouton d'Or, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, 7at 121b Neale 1  
 Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - J. Watkins 2  
 Hongroise, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Fort à Quoi, 3 yrs, 7at 121b - - - Bartholomew, jun 0  
 Angelino, 3 yrs, 7at 121b - - - Bartholomew, jun 0  
 Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 5,325 fr.

**Pris des Cars** of 5,750 fr., with 950 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Pompiers, Set 91b - - - Butler 1  
 Moussie, Set 61b - - - G. Misen 2  
 Diatateur, Set 81b - - - Healep 3  
 Ver Luisant, Set 81b - - - Kitchener 0  
 Massarade, Set 131b - - - Huxtable 0  
 L'Arçage, Set 121b - - - Bartholomew, jun 0  
 Charleville (late Mon Cousin), Set 81b A. Watkins 0  
 Won by a length; a head between second and third.

**First Year of the Eleventh Biennial Stakes** of 7,100 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 2 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Mortemer, Set 71b - - - G. Misen 1  
 Gaudin, Set 71b - - - O. Pratt 3  
 Le Bosphore, Set 71b - - - Butler 3  
 Won by a length; six lengths between second and third.

**Le Coupe**, un Objet d'Art of 16,000 fr., and 11,000 fr., in specie, with 2,000 fr. for the second; 2 mi.

Néluquo, by Monarque, 3 yrs, 7at 51b - - - Butler 1  
 Frederick Charles, 4 yrs, Set 101b - - - Healep 3  
 Lady Henriette, 3 yrs, 7at 81b - - - Huxtable 3  
 New Star, 4 yrs, Set 71b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Trocadero, 4 yrs, Set 71b - - - G. Misen 0  
 Won by a length; two lengths between second and third.

**Pris de l'Étoile** (Sell. Race) of 4,350 fr., with 440 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Cristal, by Fitz-Gladator, Set 71b - - - Carver 1  
 Marronnier, Set 131b - - - Webber 2  
 Thérèse II., 7at 101b - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
 Horace Vernet, Set 71b - - - Healep 0  
 Oline, Set 191b - - - Kitchener 0  
 Montarnet, Set 121b - - - Gifford 0  
 Rigour, Set 121b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Massin, Set 71b - - - G. Misen 0

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Won by a length; two lengths between second and third; Oulme was fourth; Masarin was pulled up lame in the last turn.

*Prix de Surames* of 5,450 fr., with 550 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Ferragus, 4 yrs, Set 9lb	-	-	O. Pratt	1
Pérole, 4 yrs, Set 9lb	-	-	A. Watkins	2
Airal, 4 yrs, Set 9lb	-	-	G. Misen	3
Diadème, 4 yrs, Set 9lb	-	-	Webber	4

Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

**THURSDAY, April 30.—*Prix de Montretout* (Selling Race) of 3,375 fr., with 475 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.**

Succursale, by Fort à Bras, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	Gifford	1
Bagueur, 4 yrs, Set 13lb	-	B. Flatman
Carmel, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb	-	Kitchener
Pablos, 5 yrs, Set	-	Neal
Angelina, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	-	Hastley
Alphonse, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	A. Watkins
La Mouche, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb	-	Salmon
Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	-	Taylor
Charmette, 5 yrs, Set 7lb	-	Reynolds

Won by a length; half a length between second and third. The winner was bought in for 5,505 fr.

*Prix des Accoues* of 4,800 fr., with 2,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi 4 fur.

Mortemer, Set 7lb	-	G. Misen
Geophobe, Set 7lb	-	C. Pratt
Lady Henriette, Set 8lb	-	A. Watkins
Egypte, Set 8lb	-	Hunter

Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

*Prix de Sirens* of 3,350 fr., with 450 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi.

Pompier, Set 9lb	-	G. Misen
Bogue Homa, Set 9lb	-	A. Watkins
Rosalinde, Set 8lb	-	Brown
Batave, Set 9lb	-	-

Won by a length; two lengths between second and third.

*Prix Bieuse (H.)* of 13,300 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Frédéric Charles, by The Nabob, 4 yrs, Set 11b	-	Healop
Malvine, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb	-	Edwards
Eglantine, 4 yrs, Set 2lb	-	E. Bartholomew
Normandie, 4 yrs, Set 6lb	-	E. Flatman
Victorieuse, 5 yrs, Set 5lb	-	C. Pratt
Roland, 4 yrs, Set 5lb	-	Hunter
Lesbos, 5 yrs, Set 2lb	-	Brown
Entende, 5 yrs, Set 2lb	-	Kitchener
Pérole, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb	-	A. Watkins
Giant des Batailles, 4 yrs, 7st 19lb	-	Childs
New Star, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb	-	Gifford
Chastillon, 4 yrs, 7st	-	Salmon

Won by two lengths; a length between second and third.

*Prix Vaulano* (Selling Race) of 5,150 fr. about 1 mi. 2 fur.

Cristal, by Fitz-Gladior, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	Carver	1
Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	M. Bartholomew
Rochefort, 5 yrs, Set 9lb	-	A. Watkins
Airal, 4 yrs, Set 9lb	-	Hunter
La Renaissance, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb	-	Murcott
Monceaux, 4 yrs, Set 9lb	-	Misen
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	Healop
Charleville, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	Gifford

Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

**SUNDAY, May 3.—*Prix D'Ina* (Selling Race) of 2,400 fr., once round.**

Nemrod, by The Flying Dutchman, 4 yrs, Set 8lb	-	L. Meunier
La Mouche, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb	-	Z. Caillottin
Mon Soleil, 4 yrs, Set 8lb	-	Vignon
Trusty, 4 yrs, Set 5lb	-	Francois

Won by a length; half a length between second and third. The winner was sold for 3,500 fr.

*Prix de Bagatelle* of 6,150 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Pompier, 3 yrs, Set 7lb	-	G. Misen
Atalante, 4 yrs, Set 12lb	-	J. Grimshaw
Frédéric Charles, 4 yrs, Set 13lb	-	G. Fordham
Ferragus, 4 yrs, Set 11b	-	C. Pratt
Navarrette, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb	-	Huxtable
Rosalinde, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb	-	Brown

Won by a length; the same between second and third.

*Poule D'Essai* of 36,000 fr., with 2,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi.

Gouvernail, by Y. Gladior, Set 7lb	-	Chaloner
Capitaine, Set 7lb	-	G. Misen
Le Sapeur, Set 7lb	-	J. Grimshaw
Virgule, Set 3lb	-	Mugrove
Cromwell, Set 3lb	-	Huxtable
Ver Luitant, Set 7lb	-	Kitchener
Dutch Tar, Set 7lb	-	A. Watkins
Bogue Homa, Set 7lb	-	Pantal
La Jungfrau, Set 3lb	-	Fordham
Trionon, Set 7lb	-	Healop
Anthée, Set 7lb	-	C. Pratt

Won very easily by a length; half a length between second and third; and two lengths between third and fourth.

The Second Year of the *Tenth Biennial* of 6,695 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 4 yr olds; 2 mi. Némés, by Fitz-Gladior, Set 2lb J. Grimshaw 1  
Montgoubert, Set 6lb G. Misen 2

Won by six lengths.

*Prix de l'Espérance* of 4,536 fr., with 675 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Sarah, by Monarque, Set 3lb	-	J. Grimshaw
Miramar, Set 7lb	-	Healop
Omeau, Set 7lb	-	Chaloner
Roboulennne, Set 3lb	-	A. Watkins
Thérèse II., Set 3lb	-	Carver
Parandole, Set 3lb	-	Mugrove
Genabum, Set 7lb	-	Chifney
Madellin, Set 7lb	-	C. Pratt

Won by a neck; a length between the second and third.

*Handicap* of 8,300 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Dragon, by Ventre St Gris, 4 yrs, Set 12lb	-	J. Grimshaw
Torco, 4 yrs, Set 5lb	-	A. Watkins
Le Tracune, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	Carver
Victorieuse, 5 yrs, Set 5lb	-	C. Pratt
Jeanne Première, 4 yrs, Set 3lb	-	Kitchener
Rochefort, 5 yrs, Set 2lb	-	Healop
Vendôme, 4 yrs, Set 2lb	-	Chifney
Lesbos, 5 yrs, Set 1lb	-	T. Chaloner
Alabama, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	Huxtable
Giant des Batailles, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	Lawrence
Glochette, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	Childs
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 7st 3lb	-	-

Won by two lengths; a length between second and third.

**THURSDAY, May 7.—*Prix de L'Ecole Militaire* (Selling Race) of 4,800 fr., about 2 mi. 4 fur.**

Succursale, 3 yrs, Set	-	C. Webber
Marromnier, 3 yrs, Set	-	A. Watkins
Le Magicien, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb	-	C. Pratt
Carmel, 3 yrs, Set	-	Kitchener
Clotilde, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	Healop
Pendateur, 3 yrs, Set 1lb	-	Weibour

Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 7,900 fr.

*Prix de L'Épénade* (Selling Race) of 2,650 fr.; 1 mi.

Finette, by Womercley, 4 yrs, Set 12lb	J. Grimshaw	1
Thais, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	-	G. Pratt
Flambant, 4 yrs, Set 7lb	-	A. Watkins
Oulme, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	-	Kitchener
Victorieuse, 5 yrs, Set 7lb	-	Carver
Grandchamp, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	Huxtable
Florante, 4 yrs, Set 3lb	-	J. Deen
Aiguille, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	-	Barlow
Dubut, 3 yrs, Set 1lb	-	Webber
Armagnon, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	Gifford
Angelina, 5 yrs, 7st 7lb	-	Hastley

Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

*Poule des Produits* of 15,950 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; once round.

Ouragan II., by Monarque, Set 7lb	-	J. Grimshaw
Mouste, Set 3lb	-	G. Misen
Dictateur, Set 7lb	-	Murcott
Gandin, Set 7lb	-	C. Pratt
Ajax II., Set 7lb	-	A. Watkins
Élyaway, Set 7lb	-	Bartholomew

Won by a length; the same between second and third.

*Priz du Printemps* of 10,000 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 7 fur.

Ferragus, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - C. Pratt 1  
Néarque, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - Huxtable 2  
Longchamps, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - J. Grimshaw 3  
Virgale, 3 yrs, 7st - Wilbourn 4  
Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

*Priz de Virgley (H.)* of 4,000 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Raguer, by West Australian, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - M. H. Couturié 1  
Escoffier, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - Cape Haverorth 2  
Argentan, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - M. Blount 3  
Due de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - 0  
Mico, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - 0  
L'Africaine, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - 0  
Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

**SUNDAY, May 10.**—*Priz des Tortues* (Ball. Race) of 2,750 fr.; once round.

Marotte, by Fite-Gladator, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb Carver 1  
Mon Soleil, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - Healop 2  
Cytine, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - Kitchener 3  
Grandchamp, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - Huxtable 4  
Bigote, 6 yrs, 8st 7lb - Webber 0  
Batave, 5 yrs, 7st 1lb - Hatley 0  
Scudo, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb - Hallock 0  
Debut, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - Meunier 0  
Trusty, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - A. Watkins 0  
Mételle, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - Dean 0  
Aride, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - Bartholomew, jun 0  
Prince Saphir, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - Brown 0  
Châtillon, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - J. Watkins 0  
Secoursale, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - Gifford 0  
Fabiola, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb - Musgrove 0  
Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third, and three lengths between third and fourth; Fabiola fell. The winner was sold for 5,125 fr.

*Priz du Procureur* of 3,000 fr.; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Capitaine, by Monarque, 5 yrs, 7st 12lb - Butler 1  
Tricou, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - Murett 2  
Muriello, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - Musgrove 3  
Cromwell, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - Huxtable 0  
L'Arigie, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - Healop 0  
Monsieur de Villeneuve, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb Gifford 0  
Flambant, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - A. Watkins 0  
Won by a length; a neck between second and third.

*Priz de l'Empereur* (produce stakes) of 29,000 fr., with 3,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 3 fur.

Souverain, by The Nabob, 8st 7lb - Murett 1  
Géophobe, 8st 7lb - C. Pratt 2  
Souveraine, 8st 3lb - G. Mizen 3  
La Vénitio, 8st 7lb - J. Grimshaw 0  
Flyaway, 8st 7lb - Bartholomew, jun 0  
Le Cygne, 8st 7lb - Healop 0  
Won easily by a length; two lengths between second and third.

*Priz du Lee (H.)* of 10,950 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Turco, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 8st - A. Watkins 1  
Pietro, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - G. Pratt 2  
Alabama, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb - Musgrove 3  
Lady Henriette, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Huxtable 4  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - Webber 0  
Prince Regent, 6 yrs, 8st 5lb - Healop 0  
Virgale, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - Carver 0  
Ode d'Or, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - Bartholomew, jun 0  
Miramar, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Barlow 0  
Ver Lésant, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - Kitchener 0  
Armançon, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - Gifford 0  
Navarrete, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Dyson 0  
Fondateur, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - Welbourn 0  
Oline, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - Boscall 0  
Won easily; two lengths between second and third.

*Priz de Neuilly* of 5,100 fr. (selling race); nearly 1 mi. 7 fur.

La Tracoue, by The Nabob, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb Carver 1  
Airel, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - J. Grimshaw 2  
Marronnier, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb - Huxtable 3  
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Neale 4  
La Renaissance, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - Barlow 0  
Charleville, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Gifford 0  
Comau, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Bartholomew, jun 0  
Mascarede, 5 yrs, 7st 1lb - Childs 0

La Fleur (late Leda), 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Welbourn 0  
Raguer, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - A. Watkins 0  
Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

## BORDEAUX.

**SUNDAY, April 10.**—*Priz Départemental* of 1,975 fr.; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Infatigue, by West Australian, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - Hallock 1  
Jalousie, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Eladon 2  
Princesse Royale - - - 0

Won very easily.

*Priz Spécial* (fourth class) of 1,625 fr., for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Marion, by Prétendant, 8st 6lb - Edwards 1  
L'omera, 8st 8lb - Edmonds 2  
Vival, 8st 11lb - H. Pantal 3  
Three others ran. Won easily by a neck; a bad third.

*Omnium* of 2,750 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; nearly 1 mi. 4 fur.

Bréviande, by Dirk Hatterick, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb Wall 1  
Madame Putiphar, 4 yrs, 8st - Paul 2

Won very easily.

*Priz du Bouquet* (selling race) of 3,500 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Merveille, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb Edmonds 1  
Orpheline, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Green 2  
Canon Rayé, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - G. Paul 3  
Perle Noire, 4 yrs - - - 0  
Truxillo, 4 yrs - - - 0

Won easily.

*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,325 fr., with 425 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Auby, by Black Eyes, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Walter 1  
Persano, 3 yrs, 8st - Edwards 2  
Mico, 5 yrs, 10st - Green 3  
Armançon, 3 yrs, 8st - Flatman 4  
Chester, 3 yrs - - - 0  
Finette, 4 yrs - - - 0  
Chambertin, 5 yrs - - - 0  
Adour, 4 yrs - - - 0

Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

**THURSDAY, April 23.**—*Priz Principal* (third class) of 2,675 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Marion, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - Edwards 1  
Roucoux, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Francis 2  
Maquignon, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - 0

Won by two lengths.

*Priz du Vigean* of 2,225 fr., with 225 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Romanée, by Zouave, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - Gibson 1  
Merveille, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - Jordan, jun 2  
Pepita, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - Hill 3  
Prétendur, 3 yrs - - - 0  
Finette, 4 yrs - - - 0

Won by a length; a length and a-half between second and third.

*Priz de l'Empereur* (produce stakes) of 9,800 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Point de Mire, by Zouave, 8st 7lb - Chifney 1  
Marcello, 8st 7lb - Jordan, jun 2  
Armançon, 8st 7lb - Flatman 3  
Jalousie, 8st 3lb - - - 0  
Tira la Ficelle, 8st 7lb - - - 0

Won by three-quarters of a length; a bad third.

*Priz des Pavillons* of 3,250 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Auby, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - Green 1  
Cinna, 5 yrs, 10st 1lb - Edwards 2  
Bréviande, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - Jordan, jun 3

Won very easily by three lengths.

**SUNDAY, April 26.**—*Priz de la Ville* of 2,700 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Mico, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb - Green 1  
Merveille, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - Jordan, jun 2  
Potomac, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - 0

Won easily.

*Priz Imperial* (second class) of 4,050 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Roucoux, by Ventre St Gris, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - Francis 1  
Cinna, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb - Jordan, jun 2  
Merveille, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - 0

Won easily.

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**Derby du Midi** of 13,700 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 César, by Prétendant, 8at 9lb - Jordan, jun 1  
 Pipe en Bois, 8at 9lb - - - - - Hulloak 2  
 Blondin, 8at 9lb - - - - - Green 3  
 Point de Mine, 8at 9lb - - - - - Chifney 4  
 Sathaniel - - - - - 0  
 Mlle de Couzeix - - - - - 0  
 Won by a length; half a length between second and third, and a length between third and fourth.  
**Selling Stakes** of 1,300 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Traxillo, by The Flying Dutchman, 4 yrs, 8at 12lb - - - - - Charrett 1  
 Madame Putiphar, 4 yrs, 8at 9lb - - - - - Ashby 2  
 Léandre, 5 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won easily.

**Handicap** of 4,700 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Auby, 4 yrs, 8at 8lb - - - - - Green 1  
 Balancelle, 5 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - H. Pantal 3  
 Malvina, 4 yrs, 8at 12lb - - - - - Edwards 3  
 Prétendur, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - 0  
 Mauguignon, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb - - - - - 0  
 Romance, 3 yrs, 8at 12lb - - - - - 0  
 Orpheline, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Armançon, 3 yrs, 8at 12lb - - - - - 0  
 Jalouise, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Won by half a length; the same between second and third.

## NANTES.

**SUNDAY, May 3.**—*Prix Départemental* of 1,800 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Economiste, by Buckthorn, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb Laloue 1  
 Bel-Air, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - Heffer 2  
 Vedette, 4 yrs, 8at 5lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
 Two others ran.

**Prix Principal** (third class) of 3,125 fr.; 1 m. 7 fur.  
 Eglantine, by Beauvau, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 1  
 Pérette, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Roland, 4 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - 0  
 Eclairer II., 4 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - 0  
**Prix de la Société des Courses (Hp.)** of 3,900 fr.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Malvina, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 8at 9lb - Jordan, jun. 1  
 Cécilia, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb - - - - - Laloue 2  
 Pimpondor, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb - - - - - Aske 3  
 Yolande, 4 yrs, 8at 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Ambitueuse, 3 yrs, 7at 9lb - - - - - 0  
 Le Pérou, 4 yrs, 8at 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Barefoot, 3 yrs, 7at 7lb - - - - - 0

**Prix Spécial** (fourth class) of 2,067 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Gilles de Retz, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb Parr 1  
 Cécilia, 3 yrs, 8at 8lb - - - - - Edwards 2  
 Balvanet, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - Widdington 3  
 Aleyon, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 0  
 B f by Pharaoh—Sagitta, 3 yrs, 8at 5lb - Laloue 0

**TUESDAY, May 5.**—*Prix du Conseil Général* of 1,900 fr.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Le Pérou, by Palestro, 4 yrs, 8at 8lb - - - - - Parr 1  
 Bel-Air, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - Heffer 2  
 Vedette, 4 yrs, 8at 5lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 3

**Prix de la Société d'Encouragement** (third class) of 2,125 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Cécilia, by Prétendant, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb - Brero 1  
 Malvina, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb - - - - - Edwards 2  
 Pimpondor, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb - - - - - Parr 3  
 Balvanet, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 4

**Prix Impérial** (second class) of 4,200 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 6 fur.  
 Pérette, by Light, 4 yrs, 8at 10lb - Widdington 1  
 Eglantine, 4 yrs, 8at 10lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 2  
 Roland, 4 yrs, 8at 12lb - - - - - Hunter 3  
 Cinna, 5 yrs - - - - - 0

**Omnium de L'Ouest et du Midi** of 5,500 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Gilles de Retz, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, 8at 6lb Gistus 1  
 Estampe, 5 yrs, 7at 13lb - - - - - Parr 2  
 Cantinière, 6 yrs, 10at 2lb - - - - - Green 3  
 Economiste, 3 yrs, 8at 2lb - - - - - Laloue 4  
 Eclairer II., 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Barefoot, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Vigilant, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Ambitueuse, 3 yrs - - - - - 0

Won by a head; a length between the second and third.

## ANGOULEME.

**SUNDAY, May 10.**—*Prix de la Touriste* of 1,450 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Vivat, by Black Eyes, 3 yrs, 7at 10lb - - - - - 1  
 Economiste, 3 yrs, 7at 10lb - - - - - 2  
 Le Pérou, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb - - - - - 3  
 Auby, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Gerfauc II., 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won by half a length.

**Grand Prix d'Essai de l'Ouest et du Midi** of 8,300 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 César, by Prétendant, 8at 7lb - - - - - 1  
 Estampe, 8at 5lb - - - - - 2  
 Point de Mire, 8at 7lb - - - - - 3  
 Gilles de Retz, 8at 7lb - - - - - 4  
 Won by two lengths.

**Prix Impérial** (second class) of 4,150 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
 Cantinière, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 8at 6lb - - - - - Green 1  
 Pérette, 4 yrs, 8at - - - - - Widdington 2  
 Eglantine, 4 yrs, 8at 10lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
 Won by two lengths, a neck between the second and third.

**MONDAY, May 11.**—*Prix de l'Empereur* of 2,750 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Vivat, 3 yrs, 8at 2lb - - - - - Pantal 1  
 Auby, 4 yrs, 10at 4lb - - - - - Green 2  
 Won by half a head.

**Prix de la Société d'Encouragement** (second class) of 3,325 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Mico, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 8at 12lb - - - - - w.o.  
 and divided the stakes with César, 3 yrs.

**Prix du Conseil Général (Hp.)** of 7,025 fr., with 600 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Ploupion, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - Green 1  
 Cantinière, 3 yrs, 8at 6lb - - - - - Walter 2  
 Radamch, 6 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - Chiffey 3  
 Mauguignon, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Olympien, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by a length; two lengths between the second and third.

**Omnium** of 2,750 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Adour, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb - - - - - Haight 1  
 Estampe, 3 yrs, 7at 4lb - - - - - Parr 2  
 Infortuné, 5 yrs, 8at 3lb - - - - - Chifney 3  
 Pernil, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by a length.

## BRUSSELS (BELGIUM) SPRING.

**THURSDAY, May 14.**—*Produce Stakes* of 3,800 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi.  
 Light, by Nat, 8at 11lb - - - - - Arnott 1  
 Nathalie, 8at 8lb - - - - - Miles 2  
 Brise d'Été, 8at 8lb - - - - - Bradley 3

**Prix de l'Avvenir** of 2,900 fr., for 2 yr olds; 3 fur.  
 Inquisiteur, by Inquisite, 7at 5lb - - - - - Bradley 1  
 La Martinière, 8at 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Mlle de Freccot, 7at 2lb - - - - - C. Bundy 3  
 Colombine - - - - - 0  
 Laitière - - - - - 0  
 Fragile - - - - - 0  
 Barchante - - - - - 0  
 Miss Bradshaw - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by a length and a-half; half a length between second and third.

**Derby Universel** of 9,800 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, and 500 fr. for the third, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Géophobe, by Palestro, 8at 11lb - - - - - C. Pratt 1  
 Lady Henriette, 8at 8lb - - - - - Child 2  
 L'Épée, 8at 8lb - - - - - Hunter 3  
 Cascade - - - - - 0  
 Le Manœuviller - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by two lengths; a length between the second and third.

**Prix de St. Michel** of 6,800 fr., with 1,200 fr. for the second, and 633 fr. for the third; 2 mi.  
 Fitz-Compiègne, by Compiègne, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb - - - - - Croock 1  
 Lisée en Tête, 4 yrs, 8at 13lb - - - - - Miles 2  
 Dalcinatus, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb - - - - - Arnott 3

Moine Vaine, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Willis, 5 yrs - - - - - 0  
Australie, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Dernier Sen, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Australie, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Won by two lengths; a length and a-half between the second and third.

**SUNDAY, May 17.**—Belgian Derby of 6,000 fr., with 600 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Australie, by West Australian, 3et 11lb - Miles 1  
Satan, 3et 11lb - F. Arnott 2  
Magicienne, 3et 11lb - Bradley 3  
Dernier Sen, 3et 11lb - - - - - 0  
Light, 3et 11lb - - - - - 0  
Won by a length; a head between the second and third.

*His Royal Highness the Count of Flanders' Prize* of 3,325 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 1 fur.  
Pim-Compigne, 3 yrs, 3et 11lb - Croock 1  
Liane en Tête, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - Miles 2  
Moine Vaine, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Australie, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Won easily by five lengths.

*His Majesty's Prize (H.p.)* of 8,000 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, and 200 fr. for the third; 1 mi. 1 fur.  
Duc de Bourgogne, by Monarque, 5 yrs, 3et 7lb - J. Bundy 1  
Lady Henriette, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Huxtable 2  
Tracoon, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Barlow 3  
Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Bartholomew 4  
Tourionour, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - - - - - 0  
L'Epte, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - - - - - 0  
Cascade, 3 yrs, 1et 7lb - - - - - 0  
Pim-Compigne, 3 yrs, 3et 11lb - - - - - 0  
Violetta II., 3 yrs, 3et 12lb - - - - - 0  
Won by a neck; half a length between the second and third; a head between third and fourth.

*Selling Stakes* of 3,400 fr.; 1 mi.  
Cascarilla, by The Comack, aged, 1et 5lb - F. Arnott 1  
Mlle de Frocourt, 2 yrs, 3et 12lb - Webb 2  
Miss Bradshaw, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Viroday, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Loulou - - - - - 0  
Won easily by several lengths.

## POITIERS.

**SUNDAY, May 17.**—Poule & Heat of 3,500 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Osar, by Prétendant, 3et 11lb - Jordan, Jun. 1  
Pia Agulle, 3et 11lb - Fisher 2  
Won easily by a length.  
*Grand Prix de la Ville* of 3,600 fr., with 750 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Osar, by Prétendant, 3et 11lb - Jordan, Jun. 1  
Estampe, 3et 11lb - Purr 2  
Won by a length.

*Prix de L'Empereur* of 1,430 fr. with 560 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Mlle de Comseix, by Sylvain, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb Brero 1  
Chamberlin, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Eladon 2  
Vale de Tréde, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - Purr 3  
Sathaniel, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Hethones 4  
Won by half a length.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,150 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Balancelle, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 1et 11lb - Pantel 1  
Pimpondor, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Purr 3  
Célica, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Lalous 3  
Won by half a head; two lengths between second and third.

## CHANTILLY.

**SUNDAY, May 17.**—*Prix de la Reine Blanche* (Selling Race) of 2,550 fr.; 1 mi. 3 fur.  
Grandchamp, by Y. Gladiator, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb Childs 1  
Flambant, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - A. Watkins 2  
Men Solial, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - Heslop 3  
Thais, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Kitchenor 4  
Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 3et 11lb - Webourn 0  
Prince Saphir, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - - - - - 0  
Florentine, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - - - - - 0  
Hélène, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - - - - - 0  
Won by a length; a neck between the second and third. The winner was sold for 3,497 fr.; Flambant was claimed.

*Prix du Gros Oiseau* of 2,100 fr.; about 4 fur.

Dragon, by Ventre St Gris, 4 yrs, J. Grimshaw 1  
3et 7lb - A. Watkins 2  
Turco, 4 yrs, 3et 7lb - C. Pratt 3  
Antibes, 3 yrs, 3et 7lb - - - - - 0  
Vingrale, 3 yrs, 3et 7lb - Musgrove 4  
L'Africaine, 3 yrs, 3et 7lb - Heslop 0  
Bigote, 6 yrs, 3et 7lb - Webber 0  
La Fleur, 6 yrs, 3et 7lb - Dean 0  
Won by half a length; a length each between the second, third, and fourth.

*Prix des Stables (H.p.)* of 8,100 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Alabama, by Light, or Serious, 5 yrs, G. Mizen 1  
3et 13lb - Musgrove 2  
Ta Tracoon, 4 yrs, 3et 13lb - C. Pratt 3  
Réalité, 4 yrs, 3et 13lb - Hatley 4  
Turenee, 3 yrs, 3et 13lb - A. Watkins 0  
Rocheport, 5 yrs, 3et 13lb - Webber 0  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 3et 13lb - Price 0  
Jeune Première, 4 yrs, 3et 12lb - Carver 0  
Marotte, 4 yrs, 3et 6lb - Flatman, Jun. 0  
New Star, 4 yrs, 3et 6lb - Love 0  
Gandin, 3 yrs, 3et 11lb - Manning 0  
Bérénice, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Kitchenor 0  
Ver Luitant, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Childs 0  
Cromwell, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Webourn 0  
Cygne, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Brown 0  
Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3 yrs, 3et 13lb - Barnes 0  
Genabum, 3 yrs, 3et 13lb - Gifford 0  
Médellin, 3 yrs, 3et 13lb - - - - - 0  
Won by a length; half a length each between second, third, and fourth.

*Prix de Diane* of 23,200 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr old fillies; about 1 mi. 2 fur.

Jenny, by Drumour, 3et 7lb J. Grimshaw 1  
Sarah, 3et 7lb - G. Mizen 2  
La Mouze, 3et 7lb - Chaloner 3  
La Jungfrau, 3et 7lb - Murrett 4  
Navarette, 3et 7lb - Heslop 0  
Marion, 3et 7lb - Edwards 0  
Pierrette II., 3et 7lb - A. Watkins 0  
Won by a length; three lengths between second and third; and four lengths between third and fourth.

*Prix d'Apprentis* of 3,400 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Némée, by Fils-Gladior, 4 yrs, J. Grimshaw 1  
3et 13lb - C. Pratt 2  
Ferragus, 4 yrs, 3et 13lb - - - - - 0  
Won by a neck.

**THURSDAY, May 21.**—*Prix de La Morlaye* of 3,250 fr., with 325 fr. for the second, for 3 yr old fillies; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Viktorienne II., by Van Galen, 3et 7lb J. Grimshaw 1  
La Tramontane, 3et 7lb - Murrett 2  
Nita, 3et 7lb - F. Flatman 3  
L'Arléon, 3et 7lb - Heslop 0  
Pierrette II., 3et 7lb - A. Watkins 0  
La Montagne, 3et 7lb - Webber 0  
Thérèse II., 3et 7lb - Bartholomew, Jun. 0  
Souveraine, 3et 7lb - G. Mizen 0  
Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

*Prix de la Pelouse (H.p.)* of 3,400 fr.; 2 mi.

Rocheport, by West Australian, 5 yrs, A. Watkins 1  
3et 8lb - Childs 2  
Géant des Batailles, 4 yrs, 3et 11lb - Webourn 3  
Le Magicien, 5 yrs, 3et 11lb - Grimshaw 0  
Roland, 4 yrs, 3et 12lb - - - - - 0  
Marronnier, 3 yrs, 1et 11lb - Hullock 0  
Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

*Prix de Courteuil* of 3,300 fr., with 375 fr. for the second, for 3 yr old colts; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Murillo, by Fils-Gladior, 3et 7lb E. Bartholomew 1  
Le Sapeur, 3et 7lb - J. Grimshaw 2  
Dictateur, 3et 7lb - Murrett 3  
Pérignac, 3et 7lb - Edwards 0  
Dutch Tar, 3et 7lb - A. Watkins 0  
Velasquez, 3et 7lb - Mizen 0  
Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3et 7lb - Brown 0  
L'Aigle (late Refuser), 3et 7lb - Diggle 0  
Won by a neck; the same between the second and third.

*Prix des Lions (H.p.)* of 4,000 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Fondateur, by Courtisan, 3 yrs, M. H. Couturier 1  
3et 13lb - - - - - 0

# CONTINENTAL RACING IN 1868.

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Prince Regent, 6 yrs, 11st 6lb - Capt Haworth 2  
Tarsanne, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb - M. Hennessy 3  
Géant des Batailles, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - 0  
Argentan, 4 yrs, 11st - 0  
Macaron, 6 yrs, 10st 8lb - 0  
L'Africaine, 3 yrs, 9st 6lb - 0  
Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

*Pris du Cheval de Fer du Nord* (selling race) of 1,900 fr.; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Succursale, by Fort à Bras, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb F. Roux 1  
Charleville, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Frévoit 2  
Cromwell, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - L. Meunier 3  
La Mouche, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - 0  
Won by a neck; a length between the second and third.

**SUNDAY, May 24.**—*Pris de Dange* of 5,375 fr., with 375 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
Auguste, by Monarque, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb - Grimshaw 1  
Montgoubert, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - Misen 2  
Normandie, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - A. Watkins 3  
Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - Flatman 0  
Won by half a length; three lengths between second and third; Ajax III. fell.

*Pris de l'Osier* (selling race) of 2,300 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Succursale, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - A. Watkins 1  
Cromwell, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Huxtable 2  
Colère, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - Carver 3  
Mon Soleil, 4 yrs, 8st - Heslop 0  
Charleville, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Gifford 0  
A dead heat; a good third. Deciding heat. Won by a head. Succursale was bought in for 5,000 fr., and Cromwell was claimed.

*Pris de l'Empereur (H.)* of 3,675 fr.; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Geophobe, by Palastro, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - C. Pratt 1  
Milton II., 6 yrs, 8st 9lb - Edwards 2  
Tureo, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - A. Watkins 3  
St Emly, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Lawrence 4  
Prince Regent, 6 yrs, 8st - Heslop 0  
Marotte, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - Carver 0  
Argentan, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - Kitchener 0  
Fleur de Lys, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb - Hullock 0  
Horace Verdet, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - Bartholomew 0  
Dictateur, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - Marfett 0  
La Belle Hélène II., 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Cornwall 0  
Tarsanne, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Hatley 0  
La Montagne, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Withen 0  
Vélocité, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Barnes 0  
Navarrette, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - Welbourn 0  
Won by a length; half a length between second and third; and three lengths between third and fourth.

*Pris du Jockey Club* of 59,900 fr., with 2,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Suzrain, by The Nabol, 8st 7lb - Fordham 1  
Gondolier, 8st 7lb - Grimshaw 2  
Pietro, 8st 7lb - C. Pratt 3  
Muriello, 8st 7lb - Bartholomew 4  
Gouvernail, 8st 7lb - Chaloner 5  
Capitaliste, 8st 7lb - Aldcroft 0  
Le Sapeur, 8st 7lb - Misen 0  
Tiberius, 8st 7lb - Kitchener 0  
Prédicand, 8st 7lb - A. Watkins 0  
Won by half a length; a length between second and third.

*Pris des Bœufs* (Selling Race) of 1,900 fr., with 900 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Aïrol, by Royal Quand Même, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Grymshaw 1  
Vendôme, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Fordham 2  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Webber 3  
Rochebort, 5 yrs, 8st - A. Watkins 0  
L'Arche, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Heslop 0  
Antée, 3 yrs, 8st - C. Pratt 0  
Fondateur, 3 yrs, 8st - Hullock 0  
Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

## LIMOGES.

**THURSDAY, May 31.**—*Pris Principal* (third class) of 2,625 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
Le Petit Caporal, by Marignan, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Jordan 1  
Pioupiou, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - Green 2  
Arlante, 4 yrs - 0  
Won easily.

*Pris du Conseil-Général* of 1,650 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; nearly 1 mi.  
Mico, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb - Green 1  
Jalousie, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - Eldon 2  
Orpheline, 4 yrs - 0  
Orpheline came in first, but was disqualified for not carrying her right weight.

*Pris St. Loup (H.)* of 2,000 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Potemae, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - Eldon 1  
Balancelle, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb - H. Pantal 2  
Gaignon, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - Haight 3  
Pimpondor, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - Furr 4  
Anette, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - 0  
Verveine, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - 0  
Prétendue, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - 0  
Won easily by two lengths; same between second and third; a head fourth.

*Pris de la Société* (selling race); gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Gobe-Mouche, by Black Eyes, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - M. A. de Nexon 1  
Tartane, 3 yrs, 8st - Owner 2  
Dead heat.

**SATURDAY, May 23.**—*Pris de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 1,125 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Point de Mire, by Zouave, 3 yrs, 8st - Eldon 1  
Dionède, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - H. Jordan 2  
Vivat, 3 yrs, 8st - H. Pantal 3  
Won very easily.

*Pris de Diane de L'Ouest et du Midi* of 4,400 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 3 fur.  
Mlle de Couzeix, by Sylvain, 8st 2lb - Jordan 1  
Estampe, 8st 2lb - Parr 2  
Pimpondor, 8st 3lb - Fischer 3  
Romanée - 0  
Verveine - 0  
Jalousie - 0  
Won by a neck; a bad third.

*Pris Impérial* (second class) of 4,000 fr.; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
Mico, 5 yrs, 9st 11lb - w. o.

**SUNDAY, May 24.**—*Selling Race* of 1,500 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Osine, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - Beero 1  
Orpheline, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - Green 2  
Gobe-Mouche, 3 yrs - 0  
Prétendue, 3 yrs - 0  
Truxillo, 4 yrs - 0  
Won very easily. The winner was sold for 3,580 fr.

*Pris du Prince Impérial* of 3,900 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
Le Petit Caporal, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - H. Jordan 1  
Gandinier, 5 yrs, 8st 6lb - Green 2  
Mico, 5 yrs - 0  
Won easily.

*Pris du Printemps de L'Ouest et du Midi* of 7,650 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
César, by Prédicand, 8st 11lb - H. Jordan 1  
Pape en Bois, 8st 6lb - Charrett 2  
Mlle de Couzeix, 8st 6lb - G. Haight 3  
Chambertin - 0  
Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

## ROUEN.

**SUNDAY, May 30.**—*Pris de la Société des Courses* of 2,500 fr., with 2,100 fr. for the second; gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Cascade, by Zouave, 3 yrs, - Mr. G. Fiersheim 1  
Rochebort, 5 yrs, 12st 5lb - 0  
Won by a neck.

*Pris de Seine d'Arc (H.)* of 13,400 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
Eglantine, by Beauvais, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - E. Bartholomew 1  
Cristal, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - Carver 2  
Géant des Batailles, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - 0  
Miramar, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - 0  
Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - 0  
Succursale, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - 0  
La Renaissance, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - 0  
Won by half a neck.

## PARIS SUMMER.

SUNDAY, May 31.—*Pris des Champs Elysees* (Selling Race) of 3,700 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.

Bigorre, by Pretendant, 3 yrs, 8st	A. Watkins	1
Thais, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	2
Alguille, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	3
Canotiere, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb	C. Pratt	0
Nathorne, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	-	0
Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	Welbourn	0
Mascarade, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	0
La Mousche, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	0
Aleyon, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	Bartholomew, jun.	0
Champion, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb	-	0
La Montagne, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	0
Parthénie, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	-	0

Won by half a length; a length between second and third. The winner was bought in for 4,005 fr.

*Pris de Cléde* of 11,400 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Pompier, by Royal Quand Mème, 8st 7lb	J. Grimshaw	1
Géophobe, 8st 7lb	-	2
Sarah, 8st 3lb	-	3
S dan (late Bosphore II.), 8st 7lb	A. Watkins	0

Won by a length; three lengths between second and third.

*Pris d'Escolle* of 4,425 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Roncevaux, by Ventre St Gris, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb	Mr Fiersheim	1
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb	-	2
Le Magicien, 4 yrs, 12st	-	3
Raguar, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb	-	0
Finette, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb	-	0

Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

*Pris d'Iso* (H.p.) of 8,440 fr., with 1,320 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Prince Régent, by Saunterer, 6 yrs, 8st 10lb	-	1
La Belle Héline II., 3 yrs, 9st 9lb	Craddock	2
Navarette, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb	-	3
Alabama, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb	G. Mizen	0
Pierette, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb	A. Watkins	0
Marcotte, 4 yrs, 8st	-	0
Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb	-	0
Pontarmé, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	-	0
La Manceillier, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb	-	0
Marion, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb	T. Williams	0
Pérignac, 3 yrs, 7st	-	0
Hernia, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb	-	0

Won by a neck; a length between the second and third.

*Pris de Satery* of 6,300 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Pietro, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	Cameron	1
France, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	-	2
Surcouf, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	3
Nita, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb	-	0
Némés, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb	J. Grimshaw	0

Won by two lengths; four lengths between second and third.

THURSDAY, June 4.—*Pris du Pré Catelan* (Selling Race) of 2,100 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Bigorre, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	A. Watkins	1
Roncevaux, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb	C. Pratt	2
Bambino, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	3
Flyaway, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	0
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	Bartholomew	0
Ajax III., 4 yrs, 9st 2lb	-	0
Montmirail, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	Wittington	0
Pontarmé, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	0

Won by half a length; same between second and third.

*Pris de la Muette* (Selling Race) of 2,350 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Succursale, by Fort-à-Bras, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	A. Watkins	1
Victorieuse, 5 yrs, 9st 4lb	Muegrove	2
Thérèse II., 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	E. Bartholomew	3
Thais, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	-	0
La Chaume, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	Gifford	0
Finette, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb	Grimshaw	0
Vélocité, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	Heaslop	0
Florianthe, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb	Chifney	0

Won by half a length; same between second and third. The winner was sold for 7,300 fr.

*Pris Ségur* (selling race) of 12,425 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Créal, by Fitz-Gladstone, 7st 4lb	Carver	1
Gondolier, 8st 4lb	G. Mizen	2
Ouragan II., 8st 4lb	J. Grimshaw	3
Bohémienne, 7st 11lb	-	0
Sardanapale, 7st 4lb	-	0
Le Trémontane, 7st 11lb	-	0
Bouton d'Or, 7st 4lb	Barlow	0
Boque Hama, 7st 12lb	Watkins	0

Won by half a length; a length between the second and third; Bouton d'Or was fourth, and Sardanapale fifth. The winner was sold for 20,126 fr.

*Pris de la Porte-Maillet* of 2,950 fr., with 800 fr. for the second; 1 mi.

Ferragus, by Fitz-Gladstone, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb	C. Pratt	1
Pompiet, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb	G. Mizen	2
Turco, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb	A. Watkins	3
Pierrette II., 3 yrs, 7st 13lb	-	0
Atalante, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb	Grimshaw	0

Won by a neck; three lengths between second and third.

*Pris de la Mousche* of 5,210 fr., with 800 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Montgoubert, by Ellington, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb	J. Grimshaw	1
France, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	2
Nita, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	3
Surcouf, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Huxtable	0

Won by a length; same between the second and third.

SATURDAY, June 6.—*Match*, 20,000 fr.; 4 fur.

Gitano, by Tournament, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb - C. Pratt 1  
Déceance, 2 yrs, 8st 3lb - J. Watkins 2

Won by two lengths.

*Pris du Mont Valérien* (selling race) of 2,650 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Céleste, by Fitz-Gladstone, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb	Carver	1
Aleyon, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb	E. Bartholomew	2
Mon Soleil, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb	-	3
Thais, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb	Craddock	0
Bruneaut, 4 yrs, 9st 9lb	-	0
Dianard, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb	-	0
Fleur de Lin, 4 yrs, 9st	-	0
Aigle, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	0

Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 5,350 fr.

*Pris de la Neve* of 5,550 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; nearly 1 mi. 7 fur.

Pompier, 8st 9lb	J. Grimshaw	1
Pietro, 8st 3lb	C. Pratt	2
Sedan, 7st 12lb	A. Watkins	3
France, 7st 8lb	-	0

A dead heat. Deciding heat won easily by a length.

*Pris de Meudon* (H.p.) of 14,200 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi.

La Tracene, by The Nabob, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb	C. Pratt	1
La Rochelle, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb	Fordham	2
Jenny, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb	G. Mizen	3
Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	Kitchener	4
Rechefort, 5 yrs, 9st	A. Watkins	0
Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 11lb	Grimshaw	0
Diamode, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb	-	0
Début, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb	Heaslop	0
Cluchette, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb	L. Meunier	0
Balançelle, 5 yrs, 8st 7lb	-	0
Cote d'Or, 4 yrs, 8st	Bartholomew, jun.	0
Trionon, 2 yrs, 7st 11lb	-	0
Pontarmé, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb	Murât	0
Pierrette II., 3 yrs, 7st 2lb	Parke	0
Terrance, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	-	0
Pérignac, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb	T. Williams	0
L'Arrière, 3 yrs, 7st	Hadley	0
Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb	Brown	0
Madellin, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb	Craddock	0

Won by half a length; the same between the second and third.

*Pris de l'Empereur* of 7,350 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 2 mi.

Socrates, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb	Huxtable	1
Auguste, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb	Grimshaw	2
Turco, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb	A. Watkins	3
Surcouf, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb	Craddock	0

Won by a length; half a length between the second and third.

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*Pris du Conseil-Général* (selling race) of 5,300 fr.; about 1 mi. 2 fur.

Victorieuse, by Bakaloum, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb - Carver 1  
 Highland Sister, 4 yrs, 9st - - - Williams 2  
 Finette, 4 yrs, 9st - - - J. Grimshaw 3  
 Bigorre, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb Bartholomew, jun. 0  
 Clochette, 4 yrs, 9st - - - Heslop 0  
 Won by half a length; a head between second and third.

**SUNDAY, June 7.—*Pris d'Armenoville* (selling race) of 2,350 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.**

Néotherme, by Aviceps, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - Heslop 1  
 Aloyon, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - E. Bartholomew 2  
 La Chauve, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - A. Watkins 3  
 Fidocette, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - C. Pratt 0  
 Won by a length; six lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 4,005 fr.

*Pris des Pavillons* of 6,900 fr., with 1,100 fr. for the second; 2 mi.

Pérette, by Light, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - A. Watkins 1  
 Montgoubert, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - J. Grimshaw 2  
 Nita, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - Gifford 3  
 Won by a length; six lengths between second and third.

*Pris de la Ville de Paris (Hp.)* of 10,900 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 2 mi.

Cristal, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - G. Fordham 1  
 Marronnier, 3 yrs, 7st - - - Hullock 2  
 Alabama, 5 yrs, 9st - - - G. Mizen 3  
 John Davis, aged, 10st 1lb - - - Page 4  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Marotte, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - Carver 0  
 Fine Champagne, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Webber 0  
 Miramar, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - Murfit 0  
 Gaudin, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - Cradock 0  
 Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - Huxtable 0  
 Bambino, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - Kitchener 0  
 Marion, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - Williams 0  
 Médellin, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - Cornille 0  
 Navarotte, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - Barnes 0  
 Won by a length; a head between second and third; a length between third and fourth.

*Grand Pris de Paris* of 136,000 fr., with 10,000 fr. for the second, and 5,000 fr. for the third, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 7 fur.

The Earl, by Y. Melbourne, 8st 9lb G. Fordham 1  
 Smerain, 8st 9lb - - - Custance 2  
 Nélasco, 8st 9lb - - - J. Grimshaw 3  
 Yvie Royal, 8st 9lb - - - Daley 4  
 Bluekin, 8st 9lb - - - Maidment 0  
 Sedan, 8st 9lb - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Sardanapale, 8st 9lb - - - C. Pratt 0  
 Won by a length; half a length between second and third; a length between third and fourth.

*Pris de l'Été* of 5,300 fr.; nearly 1 mi. 3 fur.

Milton II., by Sting, 6 yrs, 9st 5lb - Edwards 1  
 Némés, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - J. Grimshaw 2  
 Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Gifford 3  
 Tiberius, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Huxtable 0  
 Fondateur, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - Heslop 0  
 Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

## AVIGNON.

**SUNDAY, June 7.—*Pris du Chemin de Fer* of 1,600 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.**

Perle Noire, by Mastrillo, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - Staples 1  
 Alexandre, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - 2  
 Two others ran. Won easily by a length.  
*Pris Départemental* of 490 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Fleurette, by Fleur des Bois, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb Sheriff 1  
 Haydée, aged, 10st 5lb - - - 0  
 Sélika, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - 0

*Pris des Haras* of 2,450 fr.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Adour, by Préteudant, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb - G. Haight 1  
 Camomille, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Sam 2  
 Won by a length and a-half.

## LYONS.

**SUNDAY, June 14.—*Pris des Brotteaux (Hp.)* of 3,575 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 1 fur.**

Dutch Tar, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - Gifford 1  
 Rochefort, 5 yrs, 9st 1lb - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Cascade, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - Kitchener 3  
 Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - 0

Alabama, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - 0  
 Won easily by a length and a-half; half a length between second and third.

*Pris du Grand Camp* (Sell. Race) of 2,250 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Rageur, by West Australian, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - A. Watkins 1  
 Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - Hunter 2  
 Won easily by a length and a-half.

*Grand Pris de la Ville* of 13,000 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, and 500 fr. for the third, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Oursagan II., by Monarque, 9st 4lb - Francis 1  
 Gondolier, 8st 7lb - - - Hunter 2  
 Météore, 8st 12lb - - - A. Watkins 3  
 César - - - 0  
 Won by three-quarters of a length; a length between second and third.

*Pris de l'Empereur* of 4,450 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 1 fur.

Ajax III., by Musjid, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - A. Watkins 1  
 Trianon, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - Murfet 2  
 L'Épée, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - Kitchener 3  
 Le Sapeur, 3 yrs - - - 0  
 Diomède, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Won easily by several lengths; a length and a-half between second and third.

*Pris de la Tête d'Or (Hp.)* of 3,250 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Eglantine, by Beauvais, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - E. Bartholomew 1  
 Surcouf, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Hunter 2  
 Bohémienne, 3 yrs, 7st - - - Gifford 3  
 Won by a length and a-half; a bad third.

**MONDAY, June 15.—*Pris du Chemin de Fer* (Sell. Race) of 2,300 fr.; nearly 1 mi.**

Rageur, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - Hunter 2  
 Parthousia, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - Heslop 3  
 Diomède, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Montaigle, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Prince Saphir, 3 yrs - - - 0  
 Won by two lengths; a bad third.

*Pris des Haras* of 3,200 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Amiral, by Monarque, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - Hunter 1  
 Grandchamp, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - Flatman, jun. 3  
 Won by a length and a-half; a bad third.

*Pris de la Société d'Encouragement* (first class) of 5,525 fr., with 675 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Gondolier, by Monarque, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - Hunter 1  
 Météore, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Surcouf, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - Kitchener 3  
 Diadème, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Won by a head; a bad third.

*Pris du Bellecour* of 700 fr.; gentlemen riders; nearly 1 mi.

Ajax III., 4 yrs, 13st 2lb - - - Mr G. Fiersheim 1  
 Lexovienne, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - 2  
 Macaron, 5 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - 3  
 Two others ran. Won in a canter.

*Pris du Jockey Club de Lyon (Hp.)* of 5,100 fr., with 800 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Rochefort, by West Australian, 8 yrs, 8st 10lb - A. Watkins 1  
 Alabama, 5 yrs, 9st - - - Heslop 2  
 Eglantine, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
 Cascade, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - 0  
 Bohémienne, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - 0  
 Won by two lengths; three lengths between second and third.

*Pris de Consolation* (Free Hp.) of 1,525 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; 1 mi.

Grandchamp, by Y. Gladiator, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - Gifford 1  
 Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8st - - - Bartholomew 2  
 Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - Heslop 3  
 L'Épée, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - 0  
 Lexovienne, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - 0  
 Won by half a length; three-quarters of a length between second and third.

## ANGERS.

**SUNDAY, June 14.—*Pris Départemental* of 1,380 fr.; 2 mi. 4 fur.**

Elven, by Pretty Boy, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb Widdington 1





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*Cup, un objet d'art, and 4,400 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 3 fur.*  
*Trocadero, by Monarque, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb G. Mizen 1*  
*Pérette, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb A. Watkins 2*  
*Miramar, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - Murfet 3*  
*Won by a length; six lengths between second and third.*

*Prix de la Ville (Hp.) of 12,475 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 1 fur.*  
*Pietro, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb C. Pratt 1*  
*La Rochelle, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - Murfet 2*  
*Turenne, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Carver 3*  
*Bligorre, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Welburn 4*  
*Atalante, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - G. Mizen 0*  
*Picouplou, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Green 0*  
*Tourlouron, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - W. Cooper 0*  
*Champion, 4 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Bundy 0*  
*Mousie, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Butler 0*  
*Ver Luitant, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Kitchener 0*  
*La Vauitien, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Barley 0*  
*Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Brown 0*  
*Piérette II., 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - Gifford 0*  
*Manille, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Dorman 0*  
*Farondole, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - J. Wellbourn 0*  
*Manette, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - - Barns 0*  
*Won by half a length; a length between second and third.*

*Prix de la Salle of 3,300 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 6 fur.*  
*Encheator, by Monarque, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb G. Mizen 1*  
*Gandin, 3 yrs, 7lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2*  
*Normandie, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Kitchener 3*  
*La Tramontane, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Murfet 0*  
*Médece, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0*  
*Surcouf, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Butler 0*  
*Mon Soleil, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - Heslop 0*  
*Won by a neck; two lengths between second and third.*

## BREST.

*SATURDAY, June 27.—Prix de la Société d'Encouragement (third class) of 2,025 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
*Horace Vernet, by Compiegne, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb w.o.*  
*SUNDAY.—Handicap of 4,150 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
*Grandchamp, by X. Gladiator, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - E. Flatman 1*  
*Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - B. Bartholomew 2*  
*Charleville, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - 0*  
*Célie, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - 0*  
*Won by a length.*

## TOULOUSE.

*THURSDAY, July 2.—Sweepstakes of 1,000 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, and 400 fr. for the third, for the produce of stallions or mares of Arab or Anglo-Arab breed, French jockeys; 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
*Inspector, by Kerbel, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - 1*  
*Valentine, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - 2*  
*Champion, 4 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - - - 3*  
*Three others ran.*

*Prix des Haras (Bell. Stakes) of 950 fr.; about 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
*Balancelle, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - - - 1*  
*Tire-la-Ficelle, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - 2*  
*Palestrina, 4 yrs, 8st 15lb - - - - - 3*  
*Four others ran.*

*Prix Spécial (fourth class) of 2,025 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
*Monsie, by Pretty Boy, 8st 8lb - - - - - G. Mizen 1*  
*Toccan, 8st 11lb - - - - - 0*  
*Oaine, 8st 8lb - - - - - 0*  
*Esprit de Vin - - - - - 0*

*Grand Prix du Midi of 11,500 fr. with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
*Nélasco, by Monarque, 8st 7lb - - - - - G. Mizen 1*  
*Gondoller, 8st 2lb - - - - - Hunter 2*

*SUNDAY, July 5.—Prix des Chemins de Fer du Midi (Bell. Race) of 1,150 fr.; gentlemen riders; about 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
*Dionède, by Sting, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - - 1*  
*Pure Vérté, 8 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - 2*  
*Tire-la-Ficelle, 3 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - 3*  
*Two others ran.*  
*The winner was sold for 2,325 fr.*

*Prix de l'Empereur (Hp.) of 1,725 fr., with 275 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
*Adour, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - Haight 1*  
*Mice, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - 2*  
*Balancelle, 5 yrs, 9st 21lb - - - - - 3*  
*Toscan, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - 0*  
*Cordieu, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - 0*

*Prix Principal (third class) of 2,600 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.*  
*Nélasco, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - Hunter 1*  
*Camomille, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - 2*

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement (first class) of 5,225 fr., with 375 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
*Merveille, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb Jordan, jun 1*  
*Monsie, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - 3*  
*Potomac, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - 3*

*Two others ran.*  
*Handicap of Consolation; about 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
*Osine, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs - - - - - 1*  
*Palestrina, 4 yrs - - - - - 2*  
*Truxillo, 4 yrs - - - - - 3*

## ST. OMER.

*SUNDAY, July 5.—Prix des Haras (Bell. Race) of 3,300 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
*Félicia, by Fita-Gladior, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - Carrott 1*  
*Alcyon, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Arnett 2*  
*Capitaine II., 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Wilburn 3*  
*Won by half a length.*

*Prix de la Société (Hp.) of 2,200 fr.; 6 fur.*  
*Horace Vernet, by Compiegne, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - B. Bartholomew 1*  
*L'Africaine, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - R. Kent 2*  
*Babelais, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - 0*  
*Débat, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - 0*  
*Cytise, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - - 0*  
*Floranthe, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - - 0*  
*Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - 0*  
*Moins Value, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - 0*  
*Aiguille, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - 0*  
*Won by three-quarters of a length.*

## VESINET.

*SUNDAY, July 5.—Prix de Pece of 900 fr., Gentlemen riders; about 4 fur.*  
*Thestor, by Fita-Gladior, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb owner 1*  
*Rabat Joie, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - - 2*  
*Prince, aged, 11st 11lb - - - - - 0*  
*Louise, 6 yrs - - - - - 0*

## SPA (BELGIUM).

*MONDAY, July 5.—Prix de Barisart of 1,175 fr., with 425 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.*  
*Gandin, by West Australian, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb G. Pratt 1*  
*Bambino, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - A. Carrott 2*  
*Velasquez, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - C. Webber 3*  
*Little Lady, 4 yrs - - - - - 0*  
*Australis, 4 yrs - - - - - 0*  
*Arran, 3 yrs - - - - - 0*  
*Catalina, 3 yrs - - - - - 0*  
*Won easily by two lengths.*

*Prix du Pouhon of 1,900 fr. with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.*  
*Fits-Compiegne, by Compiegne, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - C. Pratt 1*  
*Nathalie, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Arnett 2*  
*Lisse en Tête, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - Miles 3*  
*Won by six lengths; the same between second and third.*

*Prix de la Sauvenière of 3,000 fr., with 800 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.*  
*Pietro, by Pretty Boy, 8st 11lb - - - - - C. Pratt 1*  
*Gouvernail, 8st 11lb - - - - - Wilburn 2*  
*Fits-Compiegne - - - - - 0*  
*Won by half a head.*

*Prix de la Grotte (Bell. Race) of 1,100 fr.; gentlemen riders; about 1 mi.*  
*Highland Sister, by Stockwell, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr Crawshaw 1*  
*Dulcinatus, 4 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - - 2*  
*Australie, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - 3*  
*Won easily.*

*WEDNESDAY, July 8.—Prix du Tonnelier of 2,700 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 2 fur.*  
*Bambino, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - A. Carrott 1*  
*Gandin, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - G. Pratt 2*

L'Espe, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - C. Webber 3  
 Lanark, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Wilburn 4

Won easily by half a length.

*Prix de la Girouette* (Sell. Race) of 3,000 fr.;

Dulcinatus, by Net, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - Arnott 1  
 Mine, 5 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - Hamel 2  
 Alycon, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - Miles 3  
 Catalina, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - A. Carrott 4  
 Won by half a length. The winner was bought  
 in for 3,121 fr.

*Prix de la Ville* (H.p.) of 5,350 fr. with 500 fr. for the  
 second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Trusty, by Empire, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Fitz-Complaigne, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - Arnott 2  
 Le Magicien, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - Wilburn 3  
 Piatro, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - 0  
 Velasquez, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - 0  
 Australis, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - 0  
 Won easily by two lengths.

### SAINT BRIEUC.

SATURDAY, July 11.—*Prix Spécial* (fourth class) of  
 1,650 fr. for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Sardanapale, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - C. Pratt 1  
 Ver Luisant, 8st 11lb - - - Kitchener 2  
 Amiral, 8st 11lb - - - Misen 3  
 Three others ran. Won easily by a head; half a  
 length between second and third.

SUNDAY, July 12.—*Prix Principal* (third class) of  
 2,550 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Jeune Première, by West Australian, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Kitchener 1  
 Sardanapale, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Finette, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Elven, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Won by two lengths.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of  
 2,125 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Amiral, by Monarque, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Misen 1  
 Anthée, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Flatman 3  
 Ver Luisant, 3 yrs - - - 0  
 Won by half a length; two lengths between second  
 and third.

MONDAY, July 13.—*Prix des Haras et de la Société  
 des Courses* of 2,575 fr.; about 2 mi. 6 fur.

Elven, by Pretty Boy, 4 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - Purr 1  
 Valet de Trèfle, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Kitchener 2  
 Meneator, 5 yrs - - - 0  
 Saint Herblain, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Won easily.

*Handicap* of 3,050 fr., with 450 fr. for the second;  
 1 mi. 4 fur.

Pimpondor, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - Moyer 1  
 Ver Luisant, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - Kitchener 2  
 Grandchamp, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Flatman 3  
 Jeune Première, 4 yrs, 9st 12lb - - - 0  
 Célica, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - 0

### AMIENS.

SUNDAY, July 12.—*Prix du Conseil Général et de la  
 Société des Courses* (Sell. Stakes) of 1,980 fr.; 1 mi.  
 4 fur.

Thais, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - Coringham 1  
 Bageur, 4 yrs, 8st - - - Haalop 2  
 Catalina, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - 0  
 Montmirail, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - 0  
 Vélocité, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - 0  
 Won by several lengths. The winner was sold for  
 5,025 fr.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of  
 3,175 fr., with 275 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Bambino, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Champion, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Owner 2  
 Enchanteur, 4 yrs - - - 0  
 Le Vénétien, 3 yrs - - - 0

Won by a length.

*Prix Principal* (third class) of 3,075 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Montagnard, by Fitz-Gladator, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - Hunter 1  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - A. Watkins 2

Fondateur, 3 yrs - - - 6  
 Won by three lengths.

*Prix de la Ville et de la Société des Courses* (H.p.) of  
 5,000 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 3 mi.

Succourable, by Fort à Bras, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - Chida 1  
 Trusty, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - Haalop 3  
 John Davis, aged, 9st 8lb - - - 0  
 Cantinière, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - 0  
 Prince Regent, 6 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - 0  
 Roland, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - 0  
 Marotte, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - 0  
 Palette, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - 0  
 Won by a head.

### GHEENT.

SUNDAY, July 12.—*Prix de la Société* (Selling Race)  
 of 1,400 fr.; about 2 mi.

Alycon, by Fitz-Gladator, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - Miles 1  
 Félicie, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Carrott 2  
 Mina, 5 yrs, 10st - - - Spreoty 3  
 Three others ran. Won by a head; a length be-  
 tween second and third. The winner was sold for  
 2,057 fr.

*Prix de S. A. R. le Comte de Flandre* (H.p.) of 2,650  
 fr.; about 2 mi.

Lime en Tête, by Maestro, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - Miles 1  
 Moins Value, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - W. Arnott 2  
 La Germaine, 5 yrs, 8st - - - Carrott 3  
 Little Lady, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - 0  
 Violette II., 5 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - 0  
 Dulcinatus, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - 0  
 Won by a head; same between second and third.

*Prix de la Ville* (Continuantes Derby) of 7,000 fr. with  
 1,000 fr. for the second, and 500 fr. for the third, for  
 3 yr olds; about 2 mi.

Bigorre, by Prétendant, 8st 7lb - - - Carrott 1  
 Cristal, 8st 7lb - - - Welburn 2  
 Fitz-Complaigne, 8st 7lb - - - F. Arnott 3  
 Piatro, 8st 7lb - - - G. Pratt 0  
 Won by a neck; two lengths between second and  
 third; a bad fourth.

TUESDAY, July 14.—*Selling Stakes* of 1,250 fr.;  
 about 2 mi.

Alycon, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - Spreoty 1  
 Félicie, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - A. Carrott 2  
 Cascarilla, aged, 7st 7lb - - - Miles 3  
 Won by five lengths; a neck between second and  
 third. The winner was sold for 2,300 fr.

*Prix Municipal* (H.p.) of 3,100 fr. with 500 fr. for the  
 second; about 2 mi.

Bigorre, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - A. Carrott 1  
 Cantinière, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Green 2  
 La Belle Hélène II., 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - Spreoty 3  
 Lime en Tête, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - 0  
 Little Lady, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - 0  
 Won easily.

*Handicap* of Consolation of 1,250 fr.; once round, about  
 1 mi.

Mina, by Fort à Bras, 5 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - Spreoty 1  
 Dulcinatus, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - Miles 2  
 Moins Value, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - W. Arnott 3  
 Australis, 4 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - 4  
 Won by a length; a head between the second and  
 third.

### MONTE-DE-MARSAN.

SATURDAY, July 18.—*Prix Spécial* (fourth class)  
 of 2,087 fr. for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Thais, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - Widdington 1  
 Pipe en Bois, 8st 11lb - - - 2  
 Jalouse, 8st 8lb - - - 0  
 Pousse Toujours - - - 0

*Prix de Mont de Marsan* of 2,100 fr. with 700 fr. for  
 the second, once round and about 2 fur.

Adour, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - Haight 1  
 Blondin, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - 2  
 Chamberlin, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - 3  
 Chester, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - 0

MONDAY, July 30.—*Prix de l'Empereur* (produce  
 stakes) of 6,400 fr. with 400 fr. for the second, for  
 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Mélie de Coumeix, by Sylvain, 8st 6lb - - - Jordan 1  
 Point de Mire, 8st 11lb - - - 2  
 Pepita, 8st 11b - - - 6  
 Jalouse - - - 0

*Omnium* of 1,875 fr. with 475 fr. for the second, once round and a distance.

Pico-pion, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 10st 1lb - Green 1  
Chamberlain, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - 2  
Chester, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - 0

*Prix Principal* (third class) of 3,300 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Malvina, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb Jordan, jun 1  
Maquignon, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - 2  
Thais, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - 0  
Auby, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - 0  
Infortune, 5 yrs, 10st - - - - - 0  
Dionède, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - 0

*TUESDAY, July 31.—Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,175 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Mdlle de Comoux, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - Edwards 1  
Blondin, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - 2  
Thais, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - - 0  
Osine, 3 yrs - - - - - 0

*Prix Imperial* (second class) of 4,450 fr., with 650 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 6 fur.

Cantinière, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - 1  
Malvina, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - 0  
Maquignon, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - 0  
Merville, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - 0  
Potomac, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - 0  
Adour, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - 0

## CHALON-SUR-SAONE.

*SUNDAY, July 19.—Prix des Paddockes (H.p.)* of 2,350 fr.; nearly 1 mi.

Pierette II., by Beauvais, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb Gifford 1  
La Remaiesonne, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - - 2  
Gaudin, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - 3  
Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - 0  
Entecade, 5 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - 0  
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - 0  
Turenne, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - 0  
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - 0  
Cascade, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - 0

Dead heat. Deciding heat: Won by three lengths.

*Prix du Chemin de Fer* (Selling Race) of 2,100 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Armançon, by Beauvais, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb A. Watkins 1  
Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Hunter 2  
Lexovienne, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - owner 3

Three others ran. Won by a length.

*Prix Imperial* (second class) of 4,050 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 6 fur.

Montagnard, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb - - - - - Hunter 1  
Pérette, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - A. Watkins 2

Won by half a length.

*Prix de la Ville (H.p.)* of 2,600 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Ferragus, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb C. Pratt 1  
Maronnier, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Hullock 2  
Turenne, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Carver 3  
Alabams, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - - - - 0  
Normandie, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - - - - 0  
Jeanne Première, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - - - - 0  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - - - - 0  
Victorieuse II., 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - - - - 0  
Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - - - - 0

Won by a length; half a length between second and third.

*MONDAY, July 20.—Prix de l'Empereur* of 1,750 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Armançon, by Beauvais, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb A. Watkins 1  
Génétyllis, 5 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Lexovienne, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - owner 0

Won by half a length; a neck between second and third.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,300 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Pierette II., 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
Amiral, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - Hunter 2  
Gaudin, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - C. Pratt 3  
Rosalinde, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Hadley 0

Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

*Grand Prix de Bourgogne* of 9,850 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Pompier, by Royal Quand Même, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Hunter 1

Pérette, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
Montagnard, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb - - - - - Francis 3  
Won by half a length; a bad third.

## LE PIN.

*SUNDAY, July 19.—Prix Spécial* (fourth class) of 1,457 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Sarah, by Monarque, 8st 11lb - - - - - w. o.

*Prix Principal* (third class) of 2,475 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Enchanteur, by Monarque, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - w. o.

*Prix du Ministère et de la Société Normande d'Encouragement* of 5,300 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Sarah, by Monarque, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - Webber 1

Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - E. Flatman 2

Capitaine, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - G. Mizen 3

Won by half a length.

## CAEN.

*SUNDAY, July 26.—Prix Spécial* (fourth class) of 2,025 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Dutch Tar, by The Flying Dutchman, - - - - - A. Watkins 1

Le Sapeur, 8st 11lb - - - - - G. Mizen 2

Won by two lengths.

*Prix Principal* (third class) of 3,025 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Enchanteur, by Monarque, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - w. o.

*Prix de la Société des Coureurs* (Selling Race) of 3,500 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Côte d'Or, by Beauvais, 4 yrs, - - - - - E. Bartholomew 1

7st 12lb - - - - - R. Kent 2

L'Africaine, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - G. Mizen 3

L'Épée, 3 yrs, 6st 3lb - - - - - - - - 0

Bohémiennne, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - - - - 0

Yolande, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - - - - 0

Won by a length; same between second and third.

The winner was bought in for 3,126 fr.

*Prix de la Ville (H.p.)* of 23,400 fr., with 1,200 fr. for the second, and 500 fr. for the third; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Navarette, by Allez-y-Gaiement, 3 yrs, - - - - - Wilburn 1

6st 6lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2

La Tracane, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Murfet 3

La Rochelle, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - - E. Bartholomew 4

Eglantine, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - - Heslop 0

Murillo, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Misen 0

Mouise, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0

Sedan, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - - - - 0

Saint Emy, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - - - - 0

Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - Hunter 0

Virgule, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Carver 0

Fine Champagne, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Childs 0

Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Neale 0

Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Hullock 0

Pierette II., 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - A. Carrot 0

Industrie, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - - - Barlow 0

Armançon, 3 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - - Parker 0

Bérénice, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Storor 0

Nita, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Gifford 0

Le Montagne, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - - - Coringham 0

Medellin, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - - - Cornwall 0

Manette, 3 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - - - Barnes 0

Won by a neck; half a length between second and third; a head between third and fourth.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (first class) of 5,562 fr., with 712 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Sarah, by Monarch, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - Hunter 1

Turenne, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - Carver 2

Trionan, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - Murfet 3

Capitaine, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - Misen 0

Won by half a length; same between second and third.

*Prix du Conseil Général* of 3,700 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Sardanapale, by The Flying Dutchman, - - - - - C. Pratt 1

3 yrs, 8st - - - - - Heslop 2

Le Cygne, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - - Hullock 3

Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - - - - 0

Garsande, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - - - - 0

Emérite, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - - - - 0

Cascade, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - - - - 0

Won very easily.

*MONDAY, July 27.—Prix Imperial* (second class) of 4,000 fr.; about 3 mi.

Montagnard, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb - w. q.

*Prix de l'Empereur* of 5,500 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

La Rochelle, by *Fine-Gladieuse*, 4 yrs, - Barlow 1  
Set 5lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
Pérette, 4 yrs, Set 12lb - - - - - A. Carrott 3  
Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - - - - - Carver 4  
Virgule, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - Carver 6  
Airel, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Mison 0  
Moulin, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

*Prix de l'Administration des Haras* of 2,900 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Anthée, by *Palestro*, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Driver 1  
Le Cygne, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Wilburn 2  
Sarah, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - Mison 0  
Muriilo, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - H. Bartholomew 0  
Sedan, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
Le Sapeur, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Won by half a length; two lengths between second and third.

*Prix de Arlette* of 3,500 fr., 1 mi. 3 fur.

Ajax III., by *Musjid*, 4 yrs, Set 6lb - A. Watkins 1  
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - H. Bartholomew 2  
Champion, 4 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - Carver 0  
Sainte Emy, 4 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - Williams 0  
Won by a length; three lengths between the second and third.

*Free Handicap* of 3,500 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 2 fur.

Navarrette, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - Wilburn 1  
Fondateur, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Hulloock 2  
Turenne, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - Carver 3  
Montgoubert, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - 0  
Diadème, 4 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - 0  
Ajax III., 4 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - 0  
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, Set 10lb - - - - - 0  
Dictateur, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - 0  
Trionon, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - 0  
Armançon, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - 0  
Garaude, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - 0  
La Montagne, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - 0  
L'Africain, 3 yrs, Set 4lb - - - - - 0  
Won by a short head.

*Prix de Consolation* (Soll. Race) of 2,750 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 3 fur.

Fine Champagne, by *Arvoice*, 4 yrs, Set 10lb Chids 1  
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - H. Bartholomew 3  
Manette, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Carver 3  
L'Eve, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - 0  
Bohémienne, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - 0  
Bégérie, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - 0  
Won by half a neck; two lengths between second and third.

## SAINTES.

MONDAY, July 27.—*Prix du Chemin de Fer* of 400 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Farthing (late *Picotee*), by *The Flying Dutchman*, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - owner 1  
Portree, aged, 10st 10lb - - - - - Hearnden 2  
Mlle de la Boucauderie (late *Spirituelle*), 3 yrs, Set 15lb - - - - - Duffen 3  
Won easily; a neck between second and third.

## DEAUVILLE.

SATURDAY, Aug. 1.—*Prix Spécial* (fourth class) of 2,175 fr., for 3 yrs olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Muriilo, by *Fine-Gladieuse*, Set 11lb H. Bartholomew 1  
Sarah, Set - - - - - G. Mison 2  
Bigorre, Set 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 3  
Marconier, Set 11lb - - - - - Hulloock 0  
Anthée, Set 11lb - - - - - O. Pratt 0  
Won by a head; two lengths between second and third.

*Prix du Chemin de Fer* (Soll. Race) of 2,550 fr.; once round.

La Montagne, by *Prétendant*, 3 yrs, - T. French 1  
10st 5lb - - - - - Mr Wombwell 2  
Highland Sister, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - - Carver 3  
Manette, 3 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - - - Carver 3  
La Chaume, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - M. Roy 0  
Courageuse, 4 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - - owner 0  
Wanda, 4 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
L'Africain, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - owner 0  
Won by half a neck; three lengths between second and third. The winner was sold for 1,625 fr.

*Prix de Moray* of 12,750 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, for 3 yrs olds; about 6 fur.

Masaniello, by *Ventre Saint-Gris*, Set 7lb G. Mison 1  
Deridère, Set 7lb - - - - - Heolop 3  
Villiers Robert, Set 7lb - - - - - H. Bartholomew 3  
Clothe, Set 3lb - - - - - Carver 4  
Cambronne, Set 7lb - - - - - Karl 0  
Girbi, Set 7lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Mlle de Fligny, Set 3lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
Eveché, Set 2lb - - - - - Murfet 0  
Farandole II., Set 7lb - - - - - Webber 0  
Pégola II., Set 3lb - - - - - Edwards 0  
Trois, Set 3lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Westphalie, Set 3lb - - - - - Coringham 0  
Cécille, Set 3lb - - - - - Mingsrove 0  
Piquette, Set 3lb - - - - - Smith 0  
Lion d'Angers, Set 7lb - - - - - Wilburn 0  
Pauvrete, Set 3lb - - - - - Keston 0

Won by a length and a-half; two lengths between second and third; three lengths between third and fourth.

*Prix de Deauville* (Sp.) of 10,150 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Honesty, by *Voltigeur*, 4 yrs, Set 4lb - - - - - Page 1  
Navarrette, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - Wilburn 2  
Eglantine, 4 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - H. Bartholomew 3  
Dragon, 4 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Mison 0  
Alabama, 5 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
La Tracoue, 4 yrs, Set 10lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Bédriande, 4 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Edwards 0  
Championnet, 4 yrs, Set 12lb - - - - - Heolop 0  
Sedan, 3 yrs, Set 10lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
Virgule, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - Carver 0  
Miramar, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Murfet 0  
Pimponder, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Parker 0  
Won by a neck; half a length between the second and third.

*Deuxième Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* of 3,450 fr., once round.

Sardanapale, by *The Flying Dutchman*, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - O. Pratt 1  
Le Cygne, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Heolop 2  
Armançon, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - A. Watkins 3  
Bigorre, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
Airel, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Mison 0  
Industrie, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - - - - - H. Bartholomew 0  
Won by a length; several lengths between second and third.

SUNDAY, Aug. 2.—*Prix Impérial* (second class) of 4,100 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 6 fur.

Pérette, by *Light*, 4 yrs, Set - A. Watkins 1  
Montagnard, 4 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - Hunter 2  
Won by three-quarters of a length.

*Prix de Trouville* of 1,450 fr.; 1 mi.

Ajax III., by *Musjid*, 4 yrs, Set 9lb - A. Watkins 1  
Virgule, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - Carver 3  
Diadème, 4 yrs, Set 9lb - - - - - Heolop 3  
Won by three-quarters of a length; a length between second and third.

*Prix de Fervacques* (Soll. Race) of 2,500 fr., with 600 fr. for the second; once round.

Highland Sister, by *Stockwell*, 4 yrs, - Wilburn 1  
Set 12lb - - - - - A. Carrott 2  
Bohémienne, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - 0  
Won by four lengths. The winner was sold for 4,050 fr.

*Première Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (Soll. Race) of 5,550 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Dutch Tar, by *The Flying Dutchman*, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
Orinal, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Chaloner 2  
Montgoubert, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Mison 3  
Sarah, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Sardanapale, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - O. Pratt 0  
Won by a head; a neck between second and third.

*Prix de l'Empereur* of 2,675 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; once round.

Dictateur, by *The Flying Dutchman*, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - - - - - Murfet 1  
Sedan, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
Virgule, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - Carver 3  
Le Sapeur, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Won by three-quarters of a length; two lengths between second and third.

**MONDAY, Aug. 3.—Prix de la Plage (Sall. Race) of 3,500 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.**

Marronnier, by Vingt-Mars, 3 yrs, Set 11b Hullock 1  
 Victorieuse, 5 yrs, Set 91b - - - Carver 2  
 Armançon, 3 yrs, Set 11b - - - A. Watkins 3  
 Le Magicien, 3 yrs, Set 11b - - - Page 4  
 Won by three-quarters of a length; several lengths between second and third. The winner was sold for 9,750 fr.

**Prix du Conseil Général** of 2,500 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; gentlemen riders; once round.

Lanark, by Marayaz, 3 yrs, 10st 91b Ms Crawshaw 1  
 Highland Sister, 4 yrs, 11st 81b - - - M. Roy 2  
 Turenne, 3 yrs, 11st - - - owner 3  
 Arel, 4 yrs, 11st 61b - - - Mr Wombwell 0  
 Won by a length; half a neck between second and third.

**Prix de la Touques** of 1,900 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.

Mdlle de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, 2 yrs, Set 91b - - - Gifford 1  
 Péripète, 3 yrs, Set 121b - - - Hadley 2  
 Pergola II., 2 yrs, Set 91b - - - Manning 3  
 Farandole II., 2 yrs, Set 131b - - - Perren 0  
 Grécelle, 2 yrs, Set 91b - - - Welburn 0  
 Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, Set 11b - - - Misen 0  
 Won by a neck; five lengths between second and third.

**Coupe de Deauville** of 35,650 fr., with 2,000 fr. for the second, and 400 fr. for the third; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Trocadéro, by Monarque, 4 yrs, Set 41b - - - Misen 1  
 Honesty, 4 yrs, Set 91b - - - Chaloner 2  
 Némésis, 4 yrs, Set - - - Hunter 3  
 Garsande, 3 yrs, Set 111b - - - A. Carrott 0  
 Won by two lengths; several lengths between the second and third.

**Free Handicap** of 3,375 fr., with 325 fr. for the second; once round.

Miramar, by The Nabob, 3 yrs, Set 131b J. Wilburn 1  
 Alabama, 5 yrs, Set 131b - - - G. Misen 2  
 La Tracène, 4 yrs, Set 71b - - - O. Pratt 3  
 Muriilo, 3 yrs, Set - - - H. Bartholomew 4  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, Set 51b - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Diadème, 4 yrs, Set 121b - - - Haslop 0  
 Anthée, 3 yrs, Set 51b - - - Whitoe 0  
 Sedan, 3 yrs, Set 51b - - - Carrott 0  
 Marronnier, 3 yrs, Set 131b - - - Hadley 0  
 La Montagne, 3 yrs, Set 111b - - - Gifford 0  
 Pimpouder, 3 yrs, Set 61b - - - Barling 0  
 L'Africaine, 3 yrs, Set 41b - - - R. Kent 0  
 Won by a neck; a length between second and third; half a length between third and fourth.

**Prix de Consolation** of 2,050 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Nita, by Tonnerre des Indes, 3 yrs, Set 121b Carver 1  
 Montgoubert, 4 yrs, 10st 41b - - - G. Misen 2  
 Manette, 3 yrs, Set 121b - - - A. Watkins 3  
 Won by two lengths; several lengths between the second and third.

**NANCY.**

**SUNDAY, Aug. 2.—Prix de l'Administration des Haras** of 2,600 fr., with 300 fr. for the second, for 2 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Amiral, by Monarque, Set 41b - - - Francois 1  
 Nita, Set 61b - - - - - 0  
 La Renaissance, Set 41b - - - - - 0  
 Two others ran.

**Prix de l'Empereur (Hp.)** of 1,850 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Génétyllis, by Buckthorn, 5 yrs, Set - - - Luff 1  
 Fine Champagne, 4 yrs, Set 111b - - - - - 0  
 L'Épée, 3 yrs, Set 51b - - - - - 0

**Prix de la Société d'Encouragement** (second class) of 3,325 fr., with 425 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Le Cygne, by Allen-y-Galeant, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - - - 0  
 Euclymène, 4 yrs, Set 111b - - - Musgrove 1  
 Nita, 3 yrs, Set 51b - - - - - 0  
 Fine Champagne, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Génétyllis, 5 yrs - - - - - 0

**ROYAN.**

**WEDNESDAY, Aug. 5.—Prix de la Plage** of 550 fr.;

Farthing, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 10st 11b - - - M. A. Hennessy 1  
 Mdlle de la Doucaderie, 3 yrs, Set 51b - - - Daffin 2  
 Won by a length.

**BOURGES.**

**SUNDAY Aug. 9.—Prix de la Société d'Encouragement** (second class) of 3,325 fr., with 325 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Sedan, by West Australian, 3 yrs, Set 71b A. Carrott 1  
 Anthée, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Ver Luisant, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - Kitchener 3  
 Finette, 4 yrs, Set 71b - - - Hunter 4

Won by half a neck.

**Prix Jacques-Cœur** of 9,300 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, for 2 yr olds; 4 fur.

Manette II., by Pretty Boy, Set 51b - - - Hunter 1  
 Pergola II., Set 31b - - - Edwards 2  
 Bobèche, Set 71b - - - Green 3  
 Mdlle de Fligny, Set 31b - - - Gifford 4  
 Delire, Set 71b - - - - - 0  
 Déridera, Set 71b - - - - - 0  
 Paquerette, Set 31b - - - - - 0  
 Arnade II., Set 31b - - - - - 0  
 Nichette, Set 31b - - - - - 0  
 Pandour, Set 71b - - - - - 0  
 Farandole II., Set 71b - - - - - 0

Won by a head; half a length between second and third.

**Prix de l'Empereur (Selling Race)** of 1,600 fr.; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Belle des Prés, by Ventre St Gris, 3 yrs, Set 131b - - - Hunter 1  
 Félicia, 3 yrs, Set 131b - - - A. Carrott 2  
 Capitaine II., 3 yrs, Set 21b - - - - - 3  
 Won easily. The winner was sold for 2,216 fr.

**Prix de l'Administration des Haras** of 3,525 fr., with 675 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Sedan, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - A. Carrott 1  
 Ver Luisant, 3 yrs, Set 21b - - - Kitchener 2  
 Muriilo, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - H. Bartholomew 3  
 Victoriense II., 3 yrs, Set 31b - - - Hunter 4  
 Won by a length and a half; a length between the second and third.

**Grand Prix de la Ville (Hp.)** of 8,600 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, and 200 fr. for the third; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Armançon, by Beauvais, 3 yrs, Set 121b - - - Gifford 1  
 Tourlouros, 4 yrs, Set 121b - - - - - 2  
 Prince Regent, 6 yrs, Set 91b - - - Haslop 3  
 Jeune Première, 4 yrs, Set 111b - - - Kitchener 4  
 Pimpou, 4 yrs, Set 131b - - - - - 0  
 Balancette, 5 yrs, Set 91b - - - - - 0  
 Navarrete, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - - - 0  
 La Belle Hélène II., 3 yrs, Set 131b - - - - - 0  
 Garsande, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - - - 0  
 Won by two lengths; the same between second and third.

**VALENCIENNES.**

**SUNDAY, Aug. 9.—Prix Principal** (third class) of 3,100 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Montgoubert, by Ellington, 4 yrs, Set 111b - - - G. Misen 1  
 Bigorre, 3 yrs, Set 61b - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Ocharville, 3 yrs, Set 41b - - - B. Flatman 3  
 Fitz-Compléme, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won easily; a bad third.

**Prix du Nord** of 6,100 fr., with 400 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Némako, by Monarque, Set 61b - - - G. Misen 1  
 Dutch Tar, Set - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Won by three-quarters of a length.

**Prix d'Anzin (Hp.)** of 3,450 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Pierette, by Light, 4 yrs, Set 71b - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, Set 111b - - - B. Flatman 2  
 Trusty, 4 yrs, Set 111b - - - Crook 3  
 Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, Set 71b - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by a length and a half; a neck between second and third.

**MONDAY.—Prix Spécial** (fourth class) of 2,037 fr.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Dutch Tar, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, Set 41b - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, Set 111b - - - G. Misen 2  
 Won very easily.

**Prix Imperial** (second class) of 4,050 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 6 fur.

Montgoubert, by Ellington, 4 yrs, Set 131b G. Misen 1  
 Pierette, 4 yrs, Set 51b - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Won by a head.

*Pris de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,175 fr., with 575 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Dictateur, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - Murfett 1  
 Prouesse, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - E. Flatman 2  
 Fitz-Compaigne, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - Crook 3  
 Won easily by a neck; a bad third.  
*Pris de la Ville (Hp.)* of 8,800 fr.; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
 Roland, by Lifabont, 4 yrs, Set 12lb Webber † 1  
 Fondateur, by Courtisan, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - Corringham † 2  
 Cantinière, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - Charrett 3  
 Trusty, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - 0  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, Set 11lb - 0  
 A dead heat. Roland afterwards walked over, and divided the stakes with Fondateur.

## SAINT MAIXENT.

SUNDAY, Aug. 9.—*Pris du Conseil Général* of 1,800 fr.; 1 mi. 3 fur.  
 Pimpondor, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, Set 11lb Purr 1  
 Auby, 4 yrs, Set 2lb - Ribière 2  
 Vitrar, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - Pantal 3  
 Corbleau, 3 yrs - 0  
 Won easily by two lengths; a length between second and third.  
*Pris des Tribunes* of 780 fr., 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Osine, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - A. Jordan 1  
 Auby, 4 yrs, Set 6lb - Ribière 2  
 Farthing, 3 yrs - 0  
 Won by two lengths.

## BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 12.—*Pris de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,300 fr., with 353 for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Anthée, by Palestro, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - Whitoe 1  
 Mady, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - Webber 2  
 Méteore, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - Widdington 3  
 Thais, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - 0  
 Champion, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - 0  
 Won by two lengths.  
*Pris des Haras* (Selling Race) of 3,800 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 General Sherman, by Loup-garou, 4 yrs, Set 2lb - Whitoe 1  
 Fine Champagne, 4 yrs, Set 13lb - Childs 2  
 Won easily by three lengths. The winner was sold for 1,200 fr.  
*Pris des Dunes* (Walter Hp.), a Coup and 575 fr.; Gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Prouesse, Ly Serious, 3 yrs, Set 12lb - Mr. G. Fiersheim 1  
 Rosette, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - 2  
 Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, Set 6lb - 3  
 THURSDAY.—*Pris de l'Empereur (Hp.)* of 2,250 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Anthée, by Palestro, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - Whitoe 1  
 Champion, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - Bundy 2  
 Thais, 3 yrs, Set 10lb - Carrot 3  
 Bountiful, 4 yrs, Set 6lb - 0  
 Mady, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - 0  
 Won by a length; the same between the second and third.  
*Pris de Wimeroux* (Sell. Race) of 2,250 fr., for 2 yrs old; 5 fur.  
 Laitière, by Ventre St Gris, Set 5lb - Webber 1  
 Maitre, Set 2lb - Widdington 2  
 Cambronne, Set 7lb - 3  
 Troupier, Set 2lb - Carrot 4  
 Won easily by two lengths.

## MOULINS.

THURSDAY, Aug. 13.—*Pris de la Ville (Hp.)* of 4,200 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second, and 500 fr. for the third, for 3 yr olds; 6 fur.  
 Mille de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, Set 5lb - A. Watkins 1  
 Rien du Tout, Set 7lb - Heaslop 2  
 Manette II., Set 5lb - Hunter 3  
 Clotho - 0  
 Pandour - 0  
 Déridera - 0  
 Fleurs de Thé - 0  
 Pergola II. - 0  
 Nichette - 0

Sultane - 6  
 Troia - 0  
*Pris Spécial* (fourth class) of 2,087 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Sardanapale, by The Flying Dutchman, Set 4lb - C. Pratt 1  
 Armançon, Set 11lb - A. Watkins 2  
 One other ran.

*Grand St. Léger de France* of 12,150 fr., with 900 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Sedan, by West Australian, Set 9lb - Heaslop 1  
 Mortemer, Set 11b - G. Misen 2  
 Oriental - 0  
 Bogue Homa - 0  
 Le Venetien - 0

FRIDAY.—*Pris Principal* (third class) of 2,150 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Mortemer, by Compaigne, 3 yrs, Set 6lb G. Misen 1  
 Sedan, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - A. Watkins 2  
 Won easily by a length.

*Grand Pris du Conseil Général (Hp.)* of 3,650 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Eglantine, by Beauvais, 4 yrs, - E. Bartholomew 1  
 Prince Regent, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - Heaslop 2  
 Victorieuse II., 3 yrs, Set 11b - 0  
 Palette, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - 0  
 Popolani, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - 0

*Pris Impérial* (second class) of 4,000 fr.; about 2 mi. 6 fur.  
 Montagnard, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, Set 8lb - w. o.  
*Pris de l'Empereur* (free handicap) of 1,450 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Ferragus, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, Set 4lb - C. Pratt 1  
 Bogue Homa, 3 yrs, Set 10lb - Gifford 2  
 Armançon, 3 yrs, Set - 0  
 Finette, 4 yrs, Set 12lb - 0  
 Boulotte, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - 0  
 Sultane, 2 yrs, Set 4lb - 0

*Pris de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,275 fr., with 575 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Sardanapale, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - C. Pratt 1  
 Garandeau, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - A. Watkins 2  
 Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - 0  
 Ocasade, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - 0

## CHALONS.

SUNDAY, Aug. 16.—*Pris de la Ville (Hp.)* of 1,400 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.  
 Tarenne, by Javelot, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - Carver 1  
 Floranthe, 4 yrs, Set 10lb - Barlow 2  
 Veleux, 3 yrs, Set 4lb - Perren 3  
 Won easily by a length; a bad third.

*Pris du Conseil Général (Hp.)* of 2,700 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Atalante, by Ventre St Gris, 4 yrs, Set 2lb Hunter 1  
 La Tramoniane, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - Star 2  
 Succursale, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - Childs 3  
 Won by half a length; same between second and third.

*Pris de la Ville de Reims* of 2,250 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Trianon, by West Australian, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - Barlow 1  
 Thérian II., 3 yrs, Set 6lb - Childs 2  
 Ver Laisant, 3 yrs, Set 5lb - Moyer 3  
 Floranthe, 4 yrs - 0  
 Sarcouf, 3 yrs - 0  
 Won by a head; half a length between second and third.

## LE MANS.

SUNDAY, Aug. 16.—*Pris Spécial* (fourth class) of 1,325 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Mady, by Womersley, Set 5lb - G. Misen 1  
 Fondateur, Set 11lb - Carrott 2  
 Won by a length and a half.  
*Pris de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,000 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Le Saupre, by Monarque, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - w. o.  
*Handicap* of 4,480 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Pimpondor, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, Set 12lb Barns 1  
 Colère, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - Welburn 2

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Highland Sister, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - J. Dean 3  
 Dictateur, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb - - - - - 0  
 Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb - - - - - 4  
 Météore, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb - - - - - 0  
 Won by a head; three lengths between second and third.

*Priz Principal* (third class) of 3,475 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Dragon, by Ventre St Gris, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - w. o.

## METZ.

SUNDAY, Aug. 18.—*Priz de l'Empereur* (H.p.) of 1,440 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Nita, by Tonnerre des Indes, 3 yrs, Set 10lb Pantal 1  
 Tragédie, aged, Set 11b - - - - - Marotte 2  
 Le Cygne, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - (fall)  
 Won very easily.

*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,975 fr.; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Nita, by Tonnerre des Indes, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - w. o.

## NEVERS.

SUNDAY, Aug. 16.—*Priz des Haras* of 2,750 fr., with 340 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Bogue Homa, by Newminster, 3 yrs, - - - A. Watkins 1  
 7at 12lb - - - - - Webber 2  
 Le Vénétien, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - C. Pratt 3  
 Y. Fitz-Gladator, 4 yrs, Set 11b - - - - - 0  
 Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Palette, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won very easily by two lengths.

*Priz de la Ville* of 3,337 fr., with 487 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.  
 Mlle de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, 2 yrs, - - - Corringham 1  
 6at 5lb - - - - - Hurst 2  
 Manette II., 2 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - Domes 3  
 Nichette, 2 yrs, Set 5lb - - - - - 0  
 Trois, 2 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won very easily by three lengths.

*Priz du Conseil-Général* (H.p.) of 6,700 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Eglantine, by Beauvais, 4 yrs, - - - E. Bartholomew 1  
 Set 11b - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Ferragus, 4 yrs, Set 9lb - - - - - Green 3  
 Tourlourou, 4 yrs, Set - - - - - 0  
 Prince Regent, 6 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - 0  
 Grandchamp, 3 yrs, 7at - - - - - 0  
 Gilles de Retz, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - - - - - 0  
 Cascade, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - 0  
 Won very easily; a neck between the second and third.

*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,175 fr., with 375 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Roland, by Lifboat, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Francis 1  
 Bogue Homa, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
 Rosalinde, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - - - Hadley 3  
 Garsande, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won by half a length.

*Priz de l'Empereur* (Selling Race) of 1,800 fr.; about 1 mi.  
 Belle des Prés, by Monarque, 3 yrs, - - - G. Pratt 1  
 7at 8lb - - - - - Corringham 2  
 Boulotte, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - Gifford 3  
 Félicia, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Hélène, 4 yrs, Set 10lb - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by two lengths.

## ABBEVILLE.

SUNDAY, Aug. 16.—*Priz des Haras* (Sell. Stakes) of 2,200 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 La Montagne, by Prétendant, 3 yrs, - - - François 1  
 7at 3lb - - - - - 0  
 Coucou, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - - - 0  
 Coréala, 5 yrs, Set 11b - - - - - 0  
 The winner was bought in for 1,475 fr.

*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,100 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Brunchaut, by The Flying Dutchman, - - - Hullock 1  
 4 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - 2  
 Miramar, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Thaïs, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - - - 0

*Priz de la Ville* (H.p.) of 3,000 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Marroumier, by Vingt-Mars, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb Hullock 1  
 Rochefort, 5 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - 2  
 Thaïs, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - 0  
 Flyaway, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - 0

*Priz de Consolation*, a piece of plate and 500 fr.  
 1 mi. 3 fur.  
 Flyaway, by Tumbler, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Allen 1  
 Coréala, 5 yrs, Set 12lb - - - - - 2  
 Fortunio, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - 0

## SEDAN.

SUNDAY, Aug. 16.—*Grand Prix de la Ville* (H.p.) of 3,850 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Jeune Première, by West Australian, 4 yrs, - - - Kitchen 1  
 Set 7lb - - - - - 2  
 Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - - - - - 3  
 Catalina, 3 yrs, Set 2lb - - - - - 0  
 Duc de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - 0  
 Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, Set 11b - - - - - 0

MONDAY.—*Priz du Conseil Général* (Sell. Race) of 1,400 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Anthée, by Palestro, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - - - Whitoe 1  
 Charleville, 3 yrs, Set 11b - - - - - 0  
*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,375 fr., with 325 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Dutch Tar, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, - - - Flatman 1  
 Industrie, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - - - 0

## TARBES.

TUESDAY, Aug. 18.—*Priz de l'Administration des Haras* of 1,000 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Fauvette, by Dankali, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - Sam 1  
 Valentine, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - Jeanty 2  
 Inspecteur, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - - - - - Prunet 3  
 Two others ran. Won easily; a bad third.  
*Priz Spécial* (fourth class) of 2,075 fr., for 3 yrs olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Chambertin, by Zouave, Set 11lb - - - Elsdon 1  
 Pepita, Set 8lb - - - - - W. Smith 2  
 Annette, Set 8lb - - - - - Jordan, jun. 3  
 Persano, Set 11lb - - - - - 0  
 Won by a neck; a bad third.

*Priz Principal* (third class) of 3,050 fr.; about 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Mlle de Couzelx, by Sylvain, 3 yrs, - - - Jordan, jun. 1  
 Set 2lb - - - - - Green 2  
 Auby, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - Edwards 3  
 Géant des Batailles, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - 3  
 Won by a length.

*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,200 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Balancelle, by Zouave, 5 yrs, Set 12lb - - - Pantal 1  
 Point-de-Mire, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Charrett 2  
 Blondin, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Green 3  
 Candidat, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Cinna, 5 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Marion, 5 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won by a short head; a neck between second and third.

THURSDAY.—*Priz de l'Administration des Haras* of 3,000 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Inspecteur, by Kerbela, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - - - Prunet 1  
 Suzanne, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - - - Victor 2  
 Champion, 4 yrs, 10at 11b - - - - - P. Prunet 3  
 Three others ran. Won by six lengths.

*Priz de l'Empereur* of 1,570 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Balancelle, 5 yrs, Set 9lb - - - - - Pantal 1  
 Chambertin, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - Elsdon 2  
 Camomille, 4 yrs, Set 2lb - - - - - Edwards 3  
 Won by a length.

*Grand Prix des Pyrénées* of 7,400 fr., with 1,600 fr. for the second, for 3 yrs olds; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Mlle de Couzelx, Set 2b - - - - - Jordan, jun. 1  
 Blondin, 7at 12lb - - - - - Green 2  
 Point-de-Mire, Set 2lb - - - - - Charrett 3  
 Persano - - - - - 0  
 Won by a neck; three lengths between the second and third.

*Priz Impérial* (second class) of 4,100 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 6 fur.  
 Auby, by Black Eyes, 4 yrs, Set 6lb - - - Green 1  
 Mervallie, 4 yrs, Set 8lb - - - - - Jordan, jun. 2  
 Cinna, 5 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - Edwards 3  
 Won easily. Cinna was pulled up.

## BLOIS.

SUNDAY, Aug. 23.—*Priz Spécial* (fourth class) of 3,125 fr., for 3 yrs olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Charleville, by Tonnerre des Indes, - - - 4. Carrott 1  
 Set 11lb - - - - - 0



Anthée, 6at 11lb - - - - - 2  
 Gilles de Rets, 6at 4lb - - - - - 3  
 Le Sapeur - - - - - 6  
 Mécène - - - - - 0

Won by half a length.

*Prix de la Ville* of 2,100 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Thais, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Set 5lb - - - - - 2  
 Germaine, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - 2  
 Le Venitien, 3 yrs, 6at 2lb - - - - - 3

Won by a length.

*Prix Impérial* (second class) of 4,050 fr., with 250 fr. for the second, about 2 mi. 6 fur.  
 Montagnard, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - Hunter 1  
 Set 5lb - - - - - 2  
 Rochefort, 5 yrs, 6at 7lb - - - - - 2

Won very easily.

*Prix de Loir et Cher* (Selling Race) of 1,125 fr.; nearly 1 mi.  
 Belle des Prés, by Monarque, 3 yrs, 6at 3lb C. Pratt 1  
 La Montagne, 3 yrs, 6at 3lb - - - - - 2  
 L'Africaine, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - 3  
 La Mouche, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - 4  
 Cordais, 5 yrs, 6at 11lb - - - - - 0  
 Mécène, 3 yrs, 6at 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Capitaine II., 3 yrs, 6at 2lb - - - - - 0

Won by a length.

MONDAY, Aug. 24.—*Prix de l'Empereur* (Selling Race) of 950 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 La Montagne, by Prétendant, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, 6at 1lb - - - - - 2  
 La Mouche, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb - - - - - 3  
 Mécène, 3 yrs, 6at - - - - - 0  
 Capitaine II., 3 yrs, 7at 10lb - - - - - 0

Won by half a length.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 2,250 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Dutch Tar, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 6at 7lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
 Anthée, 3 yrs, 6at 7lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Gilles de Rets, 3 yrs, 6at 7lb - - - - - 3  
 Mady, 3 yrs - - - - - 0

Won by a length.

*Prix Denis Papin* (H.p.) of 5,000 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Jeune Première, by West Australian, 4 yrs, 6at 4lb - - - - - Kitchener 1  
 Charleville, 3 yrs, 7at 7lb - - - - - 2  
 Thais, 3 yrs, 6at 6lb - - - - - 3  
 Ver Luitant, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Victorieuse II., 3 yrs, 7at 2lb - - - - - 0

Won by half a head.

*Prix de Chambard* (selling race) of 1,600 fr.; gentlemen riders; about 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Cordais, by Javelot, 5 yrs, 11at 2lb - - - - - owner 1  
 L'Africaine, 3 yrs, 6at 8lb - - - - - 2  
 La Montagne, 3 yrs, 6at 8lb - - - - - 2

Won very easily. The winner was sold for 1,550 fr.

## RIOM.

SUNDAY, Aug. 23.—*Prix de la Société des Courses* (H.p.) of 1,900 fr., with 575 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 3 fur.  
 Balancelle, by Zouave, 5 yrs, 6at 6lb - H. Pantel 1  
 Grandchamp, 3 yrs, 6at - - - - - E. Flatman 2  
 Gagnéville, 5 yrs, 6at 6lb - - - - - Luff 3  
 Orpheus, 3 yrs, 7at 3lb - - - - - Doman 4

Won by a length; a head between second and third; a length between third and fourth.

The Coupe des Dames, a piece of plate and 50 fr., gentlemen riders, 1 mi. 3 fur., was won by Molman, 3 yrs, 10at 6lb, beating two others.

## TROY

SUNDAY, Aug. 23.—*Prix du Conseil Général* (H.p.) of 2,500 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
 Maronnier, by Vingt-Mars, 3 yrs, 7at 10lb Hullock 1  
 Elven, 4 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - Pur 2  
 Cascade, 3 yrs, 6at 9lb - - - - - Perren 3

Won by a length.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,125 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Miramar, by The Nohol, 3 yrs, 6at 7lb - Murfet 1

Souveraine, 3 yrs, 6at 3lb - - - - - G. Misen 2  
 Won easily by a length.

*Prix des Haras* (Selling Race) of 3,600 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
 Velaquez, by Fitz-Gladiator, 3 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - G. Misen 1  
 Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 6at 12lb - - - - - Wilburn 2  
 Manette, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb - - - - - Barna 3  
 Sire de Barbe Bleue, 3 yrs, 6at 9lb - - - - - Hadley 4

Won by a length.

## MENIN (BELGIUM).

SUNDAY, Aug. 23.—*Prix International de Menin et d'Hellem* (H.p.) of 2,300 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Violette II., by The Flying Dutchman, 5 yrs, 6at 13lb - - - - - Bradley 1  
 Little Lady, 4 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - F. Arnott 2  
 Moins Value, 3 yrs, 7at 10lb - - - - - 3  
 Lisac en Tête, 4 yrs, 6at 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Fitz-Compiegne, 3 yrs, 6at 11lb - - - - - 0

A dead heat. Deciding heat won easily.

## LAON.

MONDAY, Aug. 24.—*Prix de la Ville* (H.p.) of 1,800 fr., with 780 fr. for the second; gentlemen riders; about 1 mi. 6 fur.

Tarenne, by Javelot, 3 yrs, 6at 11lb - - - - - 1  
 Duc de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, 11at - - - - - 0  
 Fondateur, 3 yrs, 10at - - - - - 0  
 Brunchaut, 4 yrs, 10at 4lb - - - - - 0

## SAINT LO.

SUNDAY, Aug. 30.—*Prix des Haras* of 2,625 fr.; about 1 mi. 3 fur.

Thérèse II., by Arlequin, 3 yrs, 7at 10lb - Childs 1  
 Saint Emy, 4 yrs, 6at 1lb - - - - - 2  
 Médellin, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - 0

## BRUGES (BELGIUM).

SUNDAY, Aug. 30.—*Prix des Tribunes* of 1,050 fr.; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Moins Value, by Zouave, 3 yrs, 6at 1lb - Miles 1  
 Fitz-Compiegne, 3 yrs, 6at 8lb - - - - - Crook 2  
 Nathalie, 3 yrs - - - - - 0

Won easily.

*Prix des Membres Effectifs* (H.p.) of 525 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Stoneham, by Nutbourne, 5 yrs, 10at 1lb - Crook 1  
 Par Hazard, aged, 10at 8lb - - - - - M. Stamford 2  
 Michel Ange, 6 yrs, 12at - - - - - owner 3  
 The Wasp, aged, 10at 6lb - - - - - Miles 4

Won easily.

*Prix de la Plaine* (H.p.) of 1,463 fr.; about 2 mi. 6 fur.  
 Aleon, by Fitz-Gladiator, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - Miles 1  
 Little Lady, 4 yrs, 6at 6lb - - - - - 2  
 Fitz-Compiegne, 3 yrs, 6at 9lb - - - - - 0  
 Lisac en Tête, 4 yrs, 6at 4lb - - - - - 0

## BADEN BADEN (GERMANY).

TUESDAY, Sept. 1.—*Prix de la Favorite* (Selling Race) of 1,975 fr. with 425 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.

Honesty, by Voltigeur, 4 yrs, 7at 12lb - Cameron 1  
 La Rochelle, 4 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - Murfet 2  
 Morillo, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - A. Carrott 3  
 Lady Hester, 4 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - Little 0  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Airel, 4 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - Parry 0  
 Lady Maud, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - R. Smith 0  
 Duc de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
 Highland Sister, 4 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - Wilburn 0  
 Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 0  
 Chiquon, 4 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - Entwistle 0

Won by half a length; a length and a half between the second and third.

*Prix de la Forêt Noire* of 2,300 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
 Capitaliste, by Tonnerre des Indes, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb - - - - - Cameron 1  
 Anthée, 3 yrs, 6at 8lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Industrie, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
 Trison, 3 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - Murfet 0  
 La Mouette, 3 yrs, 6at 11lb - - - - - Entwistle 0  
 Thais, 3 yrs, 6at 1lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
 Nita, 3 yrs, 6at 1lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Amiral, 3 yrs, 6at 5lb - - - - - Parry 0

Won by two lengths; a head between the second and third.

# CONTINENTAL RACING IN 1868.

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*Priz d'Ifzeshelm* (Selling Race) of 3,700 fr.; 2 mi.  
Dutch Tar, by The Flying Dutchman,  
3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - A. Watkins 1

Surcouf, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Parry 2  
Won easily by two lengths. The winner was sold  
for 8,196 fr.

*Grand St. Leger* International of 16,500 fr., with  
1,500 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
Ouragan II., by Monarque, 8st 11lb - - Parry 1  
Mortemer, 8st 11lb - - - - G. Mizen 2  
Gouvernail, 8st 11lb - - - - Cameron 3

Won by half a length; a length between the second  
and third.

*Priz de Rastatt* (selling race) of 2,000 fr.; gentlemen  
riders; 6 fur.

Côte d'Or, by Beauvais, 4 yrs, 11st Mr Crawshaw 1  
Armançon, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - 2  
L'Epte, 3 yrs, 10st - - - - 3

Atalante, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - 0  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - - 0  
Highland Sister, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - 0

Won by a length; a neck between second and third.

THURSDAY, Sept. 3.—*Priz de Sandevier* (Sell. Race)  
of 2,500 fr.; about 1 mi. 3 fur.

Colère, by Fitz-Gladiator, 3 yrs, 8st - - Carver 1  
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - E. Bartholomew 2  
Thala, 6 yrs - - - - A. Watkins 0

L'Epte, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - Parry 0  
Lady Maud, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - R. Smith 0

Highland Sister, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Highland Sister came in first by three-quarters of a  
length, but was disqualified for not having carried the  
proper weight, and the race was awarded to Colère,  
who was bought in for 4,144 fr.

*Produce Stakes* of 15,000 fr., with 1,125 fr. for the  
second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Virgule, by Saunterer, 8st 8lb - - - - C. Pratt 1  
Amiral, 8st 11lb - - - - Parry 2  
Amiral, 8st 8lb - - - - G. Mizen 1

Industrie, 8st 8lb - - - - E. Bartholomew 1  
Bessey Giles, 8st 8lb - - - - Whiteley 0  
Armançon, 8st 11lb - - - - A. Watkins 0

Won by a length and a half; a length between second  
and Industrie and Sarah, who ran a dead heat for  
third place.

*Priz du Rhin* (first heat), a Sell. Race; nearly 1 mi.  
Turco, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - A. Watkins 1  
Gouvernail, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - Cameron 2

Murillo, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - A. Carrott 3  
Fervagues, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Won by a length; the same between second and  
third.

*Priz de l'Avenir* of 7,350 fr., with 500 fr. for the  
second, for 2 yr olds; 5 fur.

Mdlle de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, 2 yrs,  
8st 3lb - - - - A. Watkins 1  
Masaniello, 8st 7lb - - - - Parry 2

Sexagesima, 8st 3lb - - - - Whiteley 3  
Gourbi, 8st 7lb - - - - C. Pratt 0

Boston, 8st 7lb - - - - Carver 0  
Massinisa, 8st 7lb - - - - Carrott 0

Banco, 8st 7lb - - - - Mizen 0  
Won by a length; a length and a half between second  
and third.

*Priz de la Ville* (H.p.) of 9,000 fr., with 400 fr. for the  
second; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Lanark, by Mareyas, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - Cameron 1  
Rama, 5 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - - Osborne 2

Bigorre, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - A. Watkins 3  
Airel, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - Parry 4

Diadème, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Heslop 0  
Won by three-quarters of a length; four lengths  
between second and third; a neck between third and  
fourth.

*Priz des Dames* (Sell. Race) of 3,400 fr.; gentlemen  
riders; about 1 mi. 3 fur.

Highland Sister, by Stockwell, 4 yrs, 11st M. F. Roy 1  
Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - 2  
Turenne, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - 0

Duc de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, 11st 6lb - - - - 0  
Won by half a length.

SUNDAY, Sept. 6.—*Priz du Rhin* (second heat);  
2 mi. 4 fur.

Fervagues, by Underhand, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb C. Pratt 1  
Gouvernail, 8 yrs, 8st - - - - Camron 2  
Sarah, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - Hunter 0

Tareo, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - A. Watkins 0  
Won by half a length.

*Priz de Carlruhe* of 2,500 fr.; nearly 1 mi.  
Mdlle de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, 2 yrs,  
7st 10lb - - - - A. Watkins 1

Massinisa, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - Gifford 2  
Banco, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - Hunter 3

Boston, 2 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - Carver 4  
Won by a length; half a length between second  
and third.

*Priz de Lichtenthal* of 2,950 fr., with 200 fr. for the  
second; about 1 mi. 3 fur.

Anthée, by Palestro, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb C. Pratt 1  
Surcouf, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Hunter 2  
Garsande, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - A. Carrott 0

Won by three lengths.

*Grand Prix de Baden*, un Objet d'Art and 27,900 fr..  
with 1,000 for the second; 2 mi.

Trocadero, by Monarque, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb G. Mizen 1  
Néluako, 3 yrs, 8st 11b - - - - Parry 1 2  
Perragus, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - C. Pratt 3

Hélène Triomphante, 3 yrs, 8st 11b Entwistle 4  
Ruy Blas, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - E. Flatman 5

France, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - Muriet 0  
Bardanapale, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - Cameron 0

Perette, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - A. Watkins 0  
A dead heat; Fervagus beaten by two lengths. De-  
ciding heat won easily.

*Priz du Val de Free H.p.* of 14,350 fr., with 1,533 fr.  
for the second, and 500 fr. for the third; nearly 1 mi.

Le Rochelle, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb Murfet 1  
Virgule, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - C. Pratt 2

Honesty, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - G. Mizen 3  
Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - Carrott 0

Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - Bartholomew 0  
Airel, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - Parry 0

Murillo, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - Heslop 0  
Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - A. Watkins 0

Lady Heester, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Little 0  
Amiral, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Hunter 0

Turenne, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - Kent, jun 0  
Trianon, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - Wilburn 0

Gourbi, 2 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - Cunningham 0  
Won by a length and a half.

*Priz de la Murg* (Sell. Race) of 4,650 fr., with 900 fr.  
for the second; gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Capitaliste, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - Mr Crawshaw 1  
Nita, 3 yrs, 10st - - - - 2  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - - 3

Duc de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, 11st 11lb - - - - 0  
Atalante, 4 yrs, 10st 13lb - - - - 0  
Armançon, 3 yrs, 10st 11b - - - - 0

Won by a length and a half; a bad third.

MONDAY, Sept. 7.—*Priz du Rhin* (third heat) of  
11,200 fr., with 2,000 fr. for the second; about  
1 mi. 3 fur.

Fervagues, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - C. Pratt 1  
Turco, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - A. Watkins 2

Won by half a length.

*Priz d'Eberstein* (H.p.) of 4,500 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Dutch Tar, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - A. Carrott 1  
Honesty, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - Page 2

Turenne, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - G. Welburn 3  
Duc de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, 8st 2lb A. Watkins 0

Highland Sister, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Airel, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - Bartholomew 0

Lanark, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - A. Wilburn 0  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - Heslop 0

Sarah, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - Hunter 0  
Nita, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - Gifford 0

Industrie, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - Hurst 0  
Won by a head; half a neck between second and  
third.

*Priz du Freresberg* (Sell. Race) of 4,033 fr., with  
568 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Mdlle de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, 2 yrs,  
7st 6lb - - - - A. Carrott 1  
Amiral, 3 yrs, 9st - - - - G. Mizen 2

Anthée, 3 yrs, 9st - - - - C. Pratt 3  
Won by a neck; half a length between second and  
third.

*Priz de Consolation* (Sell. Race) of 1,475 fr.; about  
1 mi. 3 fur.

L'Epte, by Father Thames, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - Hunter 1  
Atalante, 4 yrs, 9st 4lb - - - - G. Mizen 3  
Armançon, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - A. Watkins 3

Industrie, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - Bartholomew 0  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - Heslop 0

La Mouette, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - Entwistle 0  
Won by a head; half a length between second and third.

## STRASBOURG.

SUNDAY, Aug. 30.—*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (second class) of 3,225 fr., with 425 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Maravette, by Allen-g-Gaimant, 3 yrs, Set 3lb Heslop 1  
Anthée, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Whitoe 2  
Industria, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
Trianon, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - 0  
Garanda, 3 yrs, Set 3lb - - - - - 0  
Admiral, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - 0

Won by several lengths.

*Prix de la Société des Courses* of 578 fr., 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Turenne, by O'Connell, 3 yrs, 10st 1lb - - - 1  
Cœneur, 5 yrs, 10st 1lb - - - W. Carter 2

Four others ran. Won very easily.

*Prix de la Ville (Hq.)* of 3,225 fr., with 1,125 fr. for the second, and 300 fr. for the third; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Nita, by Tonnerre des Indes, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb Gifford 1  
Eglantine, 4 yrs, Set 6lb - - - B. Bartholomew 2  
Prince Regent, 6 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Heslop 3  
Aimante, 4 yrs, Set 3lb - - - - - 0

Won by a neck.

## PERIGUEUX.

SUNDAY, Aug. 30.—*Prix Spécial* (fourth class) of 1,650 fr., for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 4 fur.

Coucou, by Gustave, Set 11lb - - - W. Carter 1  
Ver Luisant, Set 11lb - - - Kitchener 2  
Marronnier, Set 11lb - - - Hallock 3  
Pape en Bois, Set 11lb - - - Charret 4  
La Montagne - - - - - 0

Won easily by a length.

*Prix Impérial* (second class) of 4,350 fr., with 550 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 5 fur.

Jeune Première, by West Australian, 4 yrs, Set 12lb - - - Kitchener 1  
Montagnard, 4 yrs, Set 8lb - - - Hunter 2  
Rochefort, 5 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Widdington 3  
Auby, 4 yrs, Set 1lb - - - Green 4  
Merville, 4 yrs - - - - - 0

A dead heat. Deciding heat won easily.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 3,250 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Blondin, by Black Baya, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Green 1  
Coucou, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - W. Carter 2  
Chambertin, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Elsdon 3  
Vervaine, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Annette, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Jalousie, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Camomille, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
Rabelais, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
Candidat, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
Osine, 3 yrs - - - - - 0

Won by half a length.

*Grand Prix du Périgord* of 5,600 fr. with 1,000 fr. for the second, for 4 yr olds; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Pionpiou, by Zouave, Set 1lb - - - Walter 1  
Tourlourou, Set 13lb - - - - - 2  
Mathilde II. - - - - - 0

*Prix de l'Empereur* (produce stakes) of 3,950 fr. with 300 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; about 1 mi. 3 fur.

Mlle de Conzeix, by Sylvain, Set 8lb Jordan, jun 1  
Point de Mira, Set 11lb - - - Charret 2  
Pépita, Set 11lb - - - - - Paul 3  
Cécilia - - - - - - - 0  
Vivat - - - - - - - 0

Won by a head.

TUESDAY, Sept. 1.—*Prix Principal* (third class) of 2,825 fr., with 425 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Conco, 3 yrs, Set 8lb - - - W. Carter 1  
Pleupion, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Walter 2  
Rochefort, 5 yrs, 10st 1lb - - - Widdington 3  
La Montagne, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
Tourlourou, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
Maquignon, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
Marronnier, 3 yrs - - - - - 0

Won by a head.

*Prix de la Société Hippique* (Selling Race) of 1,900 fr., gentlemen riders; first heat 1 mi. 2 fur., second heat 5 fur.

Jalousie, by Iago, 3 yrs, Set 6lb M. A. de Noxon 1

Romane, 3 yrs, Set 10lb - - - - - 0  
Diomède, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - - - 0

*Grand St. Léger du Midi* of 5,300 fr., with 800 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Mlle de Conzeix, Set 5lb Jordan, jun. 1  
Blondin, Set 1lb - - - - - Green 2  
Point de Mira, Set 8lb - - - Charret 3  
Pape en Bois - - - - - 0  
Chambertin - - - - - 0  
Pépita - - - - - 0

Won by a head; same between second and third.

*Prix du Chemin de Fer et de la Société Hippique* (a Free Handicap) of 975 fr., with 575 fr. for the second; once round.

Ver-Luisant, by Fitz-Gladator, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - - - Kitchener 1  
Balancelle, 5 yrs, Set 11lb - - - H. Pantal 2  
Vervaine, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Green 3  
Osine, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - - - 0  
Camomille, 4 yrs, Set 1lb - - - - - 0  
Rabelais, 4 yrs, Set 4lb - - - - - 0  
Mathilde II., 4 yrs, Set 13lb - - - Bartholomew 0

Won by a neck.

## CRAON.

SUNDAY, Sept. 6.—*Prix de Vernet (Hq.)* of 3,600 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Ver-Luisant, by Fitz-Gladator, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - - - Moyer 1  
Jeune Première, 4 yrs, Set 12lb - - - Price 2  
Rochefort, 5 yrs, Set 6lb - - - Widdington 3  
Cœcade, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Peters 4  
Yolande, 4 yrs, Set 12lb - - - Heffer 5

Won by three lengths; a head between second and third.

MONDAY.—*Prix Principal* (third class) of 2,650 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Coucou, by Gustave, 3 yrs, Set - - - W. Carter 1  
Rochefort, 5 yrs, 10st 1lb - - - Widdington 2  
Roland, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Francis 3  
Balancelle, 5 yrs, Set 12lb - - - Pantal 4

Won by a neck; third close up; two lengths between third and fourth.

*Prix de l'Empereur* (Sell. Race) of 1,250 fr.; about 1 mi. 2 fur.

La Montagne, by Prédendant, 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - Widdington 1  
Génétylla, 5 yrs, Set 8lb - - - Luff 2  
Vélaques, 3 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Pantal 3  
Ambitense, 3 yrs, Set 13lb - - - - - 0  
Saint Herblain, 4 yrs, Set 1lb - - - - - 0

Won by a neck. The winner was bought in for 1,510 fr.

*Prix de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 3,125 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Belle des Prés, by Monarque, 3 yrs, Set 6lb Luff 1  
Enchanteur, 4 yrs, Set 11lb - - - Francis 2  
Ver-Luisant, 3 yrs, Set 9lb - - - Price 3  
Thérèse II., 3 yrs, Set 6lb - - - Childs 4

Won by half a length.

## ISEGHEM (BELGIUM).

TUESDAY, Sept. 8.—*Prix de la Plaine (Hq.)* of 1,565 fr., with 265 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Little Lady, by Ellington, 4 yrs, Set 2lb - - - F. Arnott 1  
Violette II., 5 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Bralley 2  
Australia, 4 yrs, Set 3lb - - - Bundy 3  
Alcyon, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - Miles 4  
Minna, 5 yrs, Set 4lb - - - - - 0  
Moins Value, 3 yrs, Set 7lb - - - - - 0

Won by three lengths; a head between second and third.

## CHANTILLY AUTUMN.

SUNDAY, Sept. 13.—*Prix de Bois Roussel* of 6,400 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, for 4 yr olds; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Némés, by Fitz-Gladator, Set 5lb - - - G. Mizen 1  
Ray Blac, Set - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
Eglantine, Set 11lb - - - Bartholomew 0

Won by two lengths.

*Premier Critérium* of 4,300 fr., for 3 yr old colts, Set 7lb each; 4 fur.

Consul, by Monarque - - - - - G. Mizen 1  
Massineau - - - - - A. Watkins 2

Gourbi	-	-	-	-	C. Pratt	3
Thabor	-	-	-	-	Murfit	4
Cambronne	-	-	-	-	Mortimer	0
Boston	-	-	-	-	Mugrove	0
Nicodème	-	-	-	-	Carver	0
Villers Robert	-	-	-	-	E. Bartholomew	0
Pandour	-	-	-	-	Webber	0
Délire	-	-	-	-	J. Watkins	0
Trouper	-	-	-	-	Carrott	0
Philosophe	-	-	-	-	Chifney	0
Enguerrand	-	-	-	-	Neale	0
Ginger	-	-	-	-	Childs	0
Matelet	-	-	-	-	Hunter	0
Hussard	-	-	-	-	Whittaker	0
Ara	-	-	-	-	Heslop	0
Maniaque	-	-	-	-	Brown	0

Won by a length; half a length between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

*Priz de Sylvis* (Sell. Race) of 2,900 fr.; once round.

Côte d'Or, by Beauvais, 4 yrs,	1	-	-	-	-	-
Sat 2lb	-	-	-	-	-	-
La Montagne, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-	-	-	E. Bartholomew	1
Nivelle, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-	-	-	Carrott	2
Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-	-	-	C. Pratt	0
La Tramontane, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-	-	-	Murfit	0
Modellin, 3 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-	-	-	Whittaker	0
Champion, 4 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-	-	-	Bundy	0
Finette, 4 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-	-	-	Mizen	0
Médore, 3 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-	-	-	A. Watkins	0

Won by a neck; a length between second and third. The winner was bought in for 3,577 fr.

*Deuxième Critérium* of 5,200 fr. for 2 yr old fillies, Sat 6lb each; 4 fur.

Manette II, by Pretty Boy	-	-	-	-	Hunter	1
Petite Folie	-	-	-	-	Heslop	2
Pergola II	-	-	-	-	Edwards	3
Anadon	-	-	-	-	G. Mizen	4
Déance	-	-	-	-	J. Watkins	0
Pyramide	-	-	-	-	Flatman	0
La Gloire	-	-	-	-	Mortimer	0
La Dragonne	-	-	-	-	Whittaker	0
Brohé	-	-	-	-	Murfit	0
Nichette	-	-	-	-	A. Watkins	0
Marcelle	-	-	-	-	Wilburn	0
Cornemuse	-	-	-	-	Chifney	0
Armide II	-	-	-	-	Carrott	0
Belle Etoile	-	-	-	-	Bartholomew	0
Panthère	-	-	-	-	Webber	0
Crécelle	-	-	-	-	Mugrove	0
Outarde	-	-	-	-	Carver	0
Diversité (late Dudu, late La Seilles)	-	-	-	-	Childs	0
Douchka	-	-	-	-	Williams	0
Bacchante	-	-	-	-	H. Boldrick	0
Azéna	-	-	-	-	C. Pratt	0

Won by a length; half a length each between second, third, and fourth.

*Priz de Chantilly* of 13,000 fr., with 1,000 fr. for the second; 2 mi.

Trocadéro, by Monarque, 4 yrs, Sat 13lb	G. Mizen	1
Nélusko, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb	-	-
Pérette, 4 yrs, 7at 13lb	A. Watkins	3

Won by a length; four lengths between second and third.

## AUCH.

*TUESDAY, Sept. 15.—Priz de la Ville* (Hp.) of 1,950 fr., with 800 fr. to the fund; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Jalousie, by Iago, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb	-	-
Maquignon, 4 yrs, Sat 11b	-	-
Auby, 4 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-
Verveine, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb	-	-

*Priz de la Société d'Encouragement* (third class) of 2,100 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Verveine, by Zouave, 3 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-
Chamberlain, 3 yrs, Sat 5lb	-	-
Osine, 3 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-

Two others ran.

## PARIS AUTUMN.

*SUNDAY, Sept. 20.—Priz de Glatigny* of 4,400 fr. with 600 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Gondolier, by Monarque, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	G. Mizen	1
Sardana-pale, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-
Duco, 4 yrs, Sat 6lb	A. Watkins	3
Tactateur, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-

Won by two lengths; six lengths between second and third.

*Priz de la Prairie* (Selling Race) of 2,300 fr.;

1 mi. 7 fur. (outer circle).

Colère, by Fitz-Gladiaator, 3 yrs, Sat 11b	-	-
La Montagne, 3 yrs, Sat 11b	-	-
Elvan, 4 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-
Le Bosphore, 3 yrs, Sat 5lb	-	-
Roland, 4 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-
Champion, 4 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-

Won by half a length; six lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 5,636 fr.

*Omnum* (Hp.) of 22,300 fr. with 1,000 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur. (outer circle).

Alabama, by Light or Serious, 5 yrs,	-	-
Sat 9lb	-	-
Fidella, 3 yrs, 7at 7lb	-	-
Virgule, 3 yrs, Sat 11b	-	-
Tourlourou, 4 yrs, Sat 5lb	-	-
Jenne Première, 4 yrs, Sat	-	-
Réalité, 4 yrs, Sat 5lb	-	-
Marengo, 5 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-
Murillo, 3 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-
Lady Henriette, 3 yrs, Sat 11b	-	-
Jenny, 3 yrs, Sat 2lb	-	-
Branchaut, 4 yrs, 7at 13lb	-	-
Anthée, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb	-	-
Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7at 4lb	-	-
Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7at 4lb	-	-
Navarette, 3 yrs, 7at 11b	-	-
Nita, 3 yrs, 7at 11b	-	-
Le Mancenillier, 3 yrs, 7at	-	-
Perigane, 3 yrs, Sat 13lb	-	-
Mascarade, 3 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-

Won by a neck; a length between second and third; two lengths between third and fourth.

*Grand Priz du Prince Impérial* (first class) of 10,900 fr. with 1,200 fr. for the second, for 3 yr olds; 2 mi. (outer circle).

Nélusko, by Monarque, Sat 11lb	-	-
Pietro, Sat 11lb	-	-
Pompiet, Sat 11lb	-	-
Bogge Homa, Sat 11lb	-	-

Won by a neck; half a length between second and third.

*Priz de Jouence* of 6,750 fr. with 1,050 fr. for the second; 3 mi.

Trocadéro, by Monarque, 4 yrs, Sat 11lb	G. Mizen	1
Némée, 4 yrs, 7at 13lb	-	-
Fervacques, 4 yrs, Sat 7lb	-	-

Won by a neck; the same between second and third.

*SUNDAY, Sept. 27.—Priz de la Loire* (Selling Race)

of 2,600 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.	-	-
Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb	-	-
La Tramontane, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb	-	-
La Montagne, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb	-	-
Habelais, 4 yrs, Sat 10lb	-	-
Le Sapeur, 3 yrs, Sat 5lb	-	-
Balançelle, 5 yrs, Sat 6lb	-	-
Ène Champagne, 4 yrs, Sat 7lb	-	-
Grandchamp, 3 yrs, Sat 11b	-	-
Industrie, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb	-	-
Theresa II, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb	-	-

Won by a neck; half a length between second and third.

*Priz de Madrid* of 4,650 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Mille de Couxiex, by Sylvain, 3 yrs,	-	-
Sat 6lb	-	-
Tourlourou, 4 yrs, Sat 11lb	-	-
Amiral, 3 yrs, Sat 10lb	-	-

Won by a length; two lengths between second and third.

*Grand Critérium* of 6,900 fr. with 500 fr. for the second, for 2 yr olds; 1 mi.

Mille de Fligny, by Bois Roussel,	-	-
Sat 5lb	-	-
Conaul, Sat 7lb	-	-
Thabor, Sat 7lb	-	-
Mille de St Igny, Sat 5lb	-	-
Rien du Tout, Sat 7lb	-	-
Lion d'Angers, Sat 7lb	-	-
Gourbi, Sat 7lb	-	-
Sacripant, Sat 7lb	-	-
Embarge, Sat 7lb	-	-
Azéna, Sat 5lb	-	-
Médoc, Sat 5lb	-	-
Manette II, Sat 6lb	-	-
Pointe de Galles, Sat 5lb	-	-

Ara, 8st 7lb - - - - - Brown 0  
 Pergola II., 8st 5lb - - - - - Edwards 0  
 Déance, 8st 5lb - - - - - J. Watkins 0  
 Won by a length; two lengths between second and third; four lengths between third and fourth.

*Pris du Saint Cloud (H.p.)* of 10,300 fr. with 1,000 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.

Capitaliste, by Tonnerre des Indes, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Wilburn 1  
 Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Neale 2  
 Colère, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Carver 3  
 Montagnard, 4 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - - - Misen 0  
 Alabama, 5 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Bartholomew 0  
 Perrot, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Astrolabe, aged, 8st 12lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
 Alrel, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
 Marronnier, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - Webber 0  
 Bogus Homa, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
 France, 3 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Murfitt 0  
 Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Brown 0  
 Nita, 3 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - Gifford 0  
 Won by a length; two lengths between second and third.

*Pris de Villebon* of 5,350 fr. with 350 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Pompier, by Royal Quand Même, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb - - - - - Hunter 1  
 Sardanepele, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Won by two lengths.

**SUNDAY, Oct. 4.—*Pris du Moulin* (selling race) of 3,800 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.**

Nivelle, by Fitz-Gladiator, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Carver 1  
 Anthée, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Charville, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Carrott 3  
 Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Thaïs, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Sprisky 0  
 Roland, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
 Won by two lengths; a length between the second and third.

*Pris de la Cascade* (selling race) of 2,540 fr.; 1 mi. Industrie, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 1

Belles des Prés, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
 Le Vénitien, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - Hunter 3  
 Le Renaissance, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Murfitt 0  
 Garande, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
 Métore, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Velocité, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Childs 0  
 A dead heat. Deciding heat: won by a length. The winner was bought in for 1,125 fr.

*Free Handicap* of 11,750 fr., with 2,750 fr. for the second, and 500 fr. for the third; 1 mi. 7 fur.

Fondateur, by Courtisan, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - Corringham 1  
 Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Neale 2  
 Egilaine, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
 Montgoubert, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - J. Grimshaw 0  
 Alabama, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
 Ferragus, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
 Montagnard, 4 yrs, 9st - - - - - Hunter 0  
 Rochefort, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
 Maronnier, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Childs 0  
 Gandin, 3 yrs, 7st - - - - - Willburn 0  
 Won by a head; half a length between the second and third.

*Grand Prix de l'Empereur* (first class) of 21,500 fr. with 2,000 fr. for the second; 3 mi. 7 fur.

Auguste, by Monarque, 5 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - Grimshaw 1  
 Trocadéro, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - Hunter 2  
 Won by three lengths.

*Pris de l'Automne* of 3,775 fr., with 875 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Péripétie, by Stung, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Kenyon 1  
 Clotho, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Willburn 2  
 Belle Etouille, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Neale 3  
 Hussard, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Neale 3  
 Le Mancouillier, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - Murfitt 0  
 Carignan, 2 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Childs 0  
 Bellegarde (late Jamais Arrière), 2 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - Hadley 0  
 Scapitant, 2 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - Cornill 0  
 Franco-Luron, 2 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - Corringham 0  
 Cromwell, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - - Bartholomew 0  
 Trouper, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Gifford 0  
 Ara, 2 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - Brown 0  
 Pyramide, 2 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - Parker 0  
 Liou d'Angiers, 2 yrs, 7st 1lb - - - - - Salmon 0

Surcouf, 3 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - Grimshaw 0  
 Souveraine, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
 Won by a length; two lengths between the second and third, and four lengths between the third and fourth.

## BRUSSELS AUTUMN.

**FRIDAY, Sept. 25.—*Pris d'Automne* of 2,350 fr., with 600 fr. for the second, and 300 fr. for the third; rather more than 2 mi.**

Fitz-Compigne, by Compigne, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb - - - - - Arnott 1  
 Alcyon, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - Miles 2  
 Carabine, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Chance 3  
 Australie, 4 yrs, 12lb - - - - - Bundy 4  
 Won easily by a length and a-half.

*Criterion* of 1,975 fr., with 325 fr. for the second, for 2 yr olds; 1 mi.

Inquisiteur, by Inquest, 7st 10lb - - - - - Abdale 1  
 Mdlle Benoiton, 7st 2lb - - - - - W. Arnott 2  
 Mdlle de Frocourt, 7st 2lb - - - - - Webb 3  
 Perce Neige - - - - - 0

Louise - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by half a length; a length between the second and third.

*Handicap* of 2,300 fr., with 300 fr. for the second; 6 fur.

Little Lady, by Ellington, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - Edwards 1  
 Violette II., 5 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Bradley 2  
 Moins Value, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Miles 3  
 Mina, 5 yrs, 9st 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Dulcinatus, 4 yrs, 7st 5lb - - - - - 0  
 Nathalie, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - 0  
 Juvenal, 6st 2lb - - - - - 0

Won easily by two lengths.

*Selling Stakes* of 2,800 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.

Thaïs, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - - Carrott 1  
 Moins Value, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Miles 2  
 Nathalie, 3 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Cascarilla, aged - - - - - 0  
 Dulcinatus, 4 yrs - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by two lengths. The winner was sold for 3,125 fr.

## TOURS.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 8.—*Pris du Conseil Municipal* (selling race) of 1,835 fr., gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.**

Mady, by Womersley, 3 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - - - Mr G. Flersheim 1  
 Jalouse, 3 yrs, 9st 12lb - - - - - M. A. de Nixon 2  
 Métore, 3 yrs, 10st 5lb - - - - - 0  
 Carmel, 3 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - - - 0  
 Velasquez, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Won by a neck. The winner was sold for 1,325 fr.

*Pris du Conseil General (H.p.)* of 2,750 fr., gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Verveine, by Zouave, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - M. A. de Nexon 1  
 Turenne, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - - - Mr G. Flersheim 2  
 Charville, 3 yrs, 10st 6lb - - - - - M. H. A. Blount 3  
 Alcyon Sherman, 4 yrs, 11st - - - - - 0  
 Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - - 0  
 Garande, 3 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - 0  
 Won easily by a length; half a neck between the second and third.

*Pris de Consolation* of 975 fr., gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Charville, by Tonnerre des Indes, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - - M. H. A. Blount 1  
 General Sherman, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - 2  
 Gaudin, aged, 11st 11lb - - - - - 3  
 Velasquez, 3 yrs, 10st 8lb - - - - - 0  
 Won very easily by two lengths; five lengths between second and third.

## CHANTILLY SECOND AUTUMN.

**SUNDAY, Oct. 11.—*Pris du Constable* (selling race) of 4,000 fr.; 2 mi. 5 fur.**

La Montagne, by Prétendant, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Carrott 1  
 Rabelais, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - Webber 2  
 Cecil, 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Carver 3  
 Alcyon, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Miles 4  
 Finette, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb - - - - - Misen 0  
 Rageur, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
 Won by three lengths five lengths between second

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and third; and half a length between the third and fourth. The winner was sold for 2,900 fr.

*Prix des Réservoirs* of 3,000 fr.; nearly 1 mi.

Braunehaut, by The Flying Dutchman,  
4 yrs, 9st 5lb - - - - - Webber 1  
Florence, 2 yrs, 6st 4lb - - - - - Childs 2  
La Renaissance, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Lavis 3  
Belle des Prés, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Industrie, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Bartholomew 0  
Boboli, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Cornet 0  
Flor d'Alba, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Corringham 0  
Armstrong, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
Baldia II., 2 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - - - Parker 0  
Nicodème, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Wilburn 0  
Le Sapeur, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - Mizen 0

Won by three lengths; the same between second and third. The winner was bought in for 5,126 fr.

*Prix des Tribunes (Hq.)* of 6,800 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 1 mi. 2 fr.

Gandin, by West Australian, 3 yrs,  
7st 4lb - - - - - Corringham 1  
Jenny, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Hunter 2  
Fervacques, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - C. Pratt 3  
Atalante, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb - - - - - G. Mizen 4  
Jeune Première, 4 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - Preece 0  
Tourlourou, 4 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
Ploupiou, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Green 0  
Dindème, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Furr 0  
Virgule, 3 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - - Carver 0  
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8st 1lb - - - - - Bartholomew 0  
Navarrete, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
Trionon, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Lavis 0  
Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Brown 0  
Nivelle, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - Wilburn 0  
Turenne, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Neale 0  
Le Manœuvrier, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - Barlow 0  
Nita, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - - - Gifford 0  
Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - - - Childs 0  
Jenny II., 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - T. Williams 0  
Thérèse II., 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - - - G. Willburn 0

Won by a length and a-half; a length between the second and third; dead heat for third place; Nivelle was left at the post.

*Prix de la Forêt* of 4,100 fr.; once round.

Clocho, by Bois Roussel, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Wilburn 1  
Consul, 2 yrs, 6st 12lb - - - - - Butler 2  
Gourbi, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Cornet 4  
Franc-Luron, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - - - Corringham 4  
Bellegarde, 2 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - - - Hatley 0  
Anthée, 3 yrs, 9st 1lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Mlle. de St Igny, 2 yrs, 6st 5lb - - - - - Parker 0  
Pompier, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - Mizen 0

Won by a length and a-half; two lengths between the second and third; a dead heat for third place.

*Prix de Consolation* of 4,000 fr.; once round.

Blondin, by Black Eyes, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Green 1  
Mascarade, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Childs 2  
Bohémiennne, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Carrott 3  
Souveraine, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Hunter 4  
Rasqua, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
Mlle de Courtillet, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Gifford 0  
Turlurette, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Dean 0  
Carabine, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Miles 0  
La Tramontaine, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Barlow 0  
Astrolabe, aged, 9st 5lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
La Fleur, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - - Musgrove 0  
Airel, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - Mizen 0  
Millionnaire, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Carver 0  
Clochette, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - A. Furr 0  
Won by half a length; two lengths between the second and third; half a length between the third and fourth.

**WEDNESDAY, Oct. 14.—Prix de Montfontaine** (selling race) of 2,400 fr.; 1 mi. 3 fur.

Verveine, by Zouave, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb M. A. de Nexon 1  
Bohémiennne, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - F. Roux 2  
Le Vénitien, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Z. Caillottin 3  
Thérèse, II., 3 yrs, 7st 13lb - - - - - Le Meunier 4  
Rabais, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - A. Lad 0  
Cléopâtre II., 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Raymond 0  
Won by a length; the same between the second and third. The winner was sold for 5,510 fr.

*Prix d'Hallats* (selling race) of 2,600 fr., for 2 yr olds; nearly 1 mi.

Spécifique, by West Australian, 8st 3lb A. Watkins 1  
La Colombe, 8st 6lb - - - - - G. Mizen 2  
Walida, 8st 3lb - - - - - Carver 3

Babylone, 8st 3lb - - - - - Childs 0  
La Dragonne, 8st 3lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
Boboli, 8st 7lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Troupier, 8st 7lb - - - - - E. Flatman 0  
Cornemuse, 8st 3lb - - - - - Carrott 0  
Laitière, 8st 3lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Ginger, 8st 7lb - - - - - Musgrove 0  
Débardeur, 8st 7lb - - - - - J. Watkins 0  
Rocambo II., 8st 7lb - - - - - Whittaker 0  
Won by half a length; five lengths between second and third; Babylone bolted. The winner was bought in for 10,005 fr.

*Prix de la Table* of 3,550 fr., with 650 fr. for the second; 2 mi.

Marronnier, by Vingt Mars, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb Webber 1  
Nita, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Carrott 2  
Nivelle, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Carver 3  
Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 0  
Millionnaire, 3 yrs 7st 4lb - - - - - Neale 0  
Victorieuse II., 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Coucou, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Musgrove 0  
Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
Astrolabe, aged, 8st 5lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Clochette, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Wilburn 0  
La Montagne, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - G. Willburn 0  
Won by a head; three lengths between the second and third.

*Prix de Conde* of 8,500 fr., for 2 yr olds; 1 mi. 2 fur

Massinian, by The Flying Dutchman,  
8st 1lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
Mlle de St Igny, 7st 12lb - - - - - Carrott 2  
Evohé, 7st 12lb - - - - - Murfet 3  
Cloche, 8st 9lb - - - - - Carver 4  
Point de Galle, 7st 12lb - - - - - Barlow 0  
Gaston, 8st 1lb - - - - - Luff 0  
Sacrificé, 8st 1lb - - - - - Whittaker 0  
Villers Robert, 8st 1lb - - - - - Bartholomew 0  
Belle Etoile, 7st 12lb - - - - - Webber 0  
Marcielle, 7st 12lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
Péripétie, 8st 6lb - - - - - Wilburn 0  
Hussard, 8st 1lb - - - - - Musgrove 0  
Matorol, 8st 1lb - - - - - Salmon 0  
Sultane, 7st 12lb - - - - - Hunter 0

Won by a length; half a length each between the second, third, and fourth.

*Prix du Petit Couvert* of 1,950 fr., with 800 fr. for the second; about 4 fur.

Manette II., by Pretty Boy, 2 yrs, 8st 8lb Salmon 1  
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - E. Bartholomew 2  
Nichette, 2 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Carrott 3  
Turco, 2 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 0  
Lion d'Angers, 2 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Wilburn 0  
Amadou, 2 yrs, 7st 9lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Petite Folle, 2 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
Atéma, 2 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Myers 0  
Le Murlaye, 2 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Davis 0  
Bellegarde, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - Mortemer 0  
Geophobe, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
Velleda, 2 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - Corringham 0  
Virgule, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - Carver 0

Won by a head; a neck between the second and third; Bellegarde bolted immediately after starting.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 15.—Prix du Chateau** of 2,700 fr.; gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.

Le Manœuvrier, by The Flying Dutchman,  
3 yrs, 11st - - - - - M. J. Robert 1  
Bountiful, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - Capt H. North 2  
Turlurette, 3 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - M. A. Robert 3  
Le Vénitien, 3 yrs, 11st - - - - - Mr G. Flersheim 4  
La Germaine, 5 yrs, 11st 9lb - - - - - 0  
Astrolabe, aged, 11st 8lb - - - - - 0  
Garsande, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - - - 0  
Bohémiennne, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - - - 0  
Clochette, 4 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - - - 0  
Carabine, 3 yrs, 10st 11lb - - - - - 0  
Won by two lengths; half a length each between the second, third, and fourth.

*Prix de Verberie* (selling race) of 3,600 fr., for 2 yr olds; about 4 fur.

Rocambo II., by Tournament, 7st 12lb Whittaker 1  
Eglantine III., 8st 3lb - - - - - J. Willburn 2  
Tristesse, 7st 8lb - - - - - Corringham 3  
Bacchante, 7st 8lb - - - - - Childs 0  
Confiance II., 8st 3lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Lelia, 7st 8lb - - - - - Salmon 0  
Ginger, 8st 7lb - - - - - C. Pratt 0  
La Dragonne, 8st 3lb - - - - - Heslop 0  
Cambronne, 7st 12lb - - - - - Mortemer 0

**Prix d'Alma, 7at 8lb -** - - - - Gifford 0  
**Mistake, 7at 11lb -** - - - - A. Watkins 0  
**Apparition, 7at 8lb -** - - - - Carrott 0  
**Débardeur, 7at 12lb -** - - - - Carver 0  
**Cornemuse, 8at 8lb -** - - - - B. Flatman 0

Won by a length; half a length between the second and third. The winner was bought in for 7,768 fr. Cornemuse bolted, and threw his jockey.

**Prix de Fay (selling race) of 3,700 fr.; about 1 mi.**  
**Turco, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - A. Watkins 1  
**Réalité, 4 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - Whittaker 3  
**Bruneau, 4 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - Webber 3  
**Sardanapale, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - C. Pratt 4  
**Atalante, 4 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - Hunter 4  
**Diadème, 4 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - Purr 0  
**Rochefort, 5 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - Carrott 0  
**Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - Bartholomew 0  
**Virgule, 3 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - Carver 0

**Duc de Bourgogne, 5 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - Heslop 0  
 Won by two lengths; the same between the second and third; and four lengths between the third and fourth.

**Prix de Chateau-Lafitte (Hp.) of 6,175 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.**  
**Alabama, by Light, or Serious, 5 yrs, 8at 8lb -** - - - - Francis 1

**Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb -** - - - - Neale 2  
**Jenny, 3 yrs, 7at 13lb -** - - - - Hunter 1  
**Navarette, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb -** - - - - Brown 1  
**Montgouber, 4 yrs, 9at 6lb -** - - - - Misen 0  
**Eglantine, 4 yrs, 8at 9lb -** - - - - Bartholomew 0  
**La Tracoue, 4 yrs, 8at 9lb -** - - - - Carver 0  
**Tourlourou, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb -** - - - - A. Watkins 0  
**Capitaliste, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - Webber 0  
**Trusty, 4 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - Miles 0  
**Gandin, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb -** - - - - Whittaker 0  
**Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7at 7lb -** - - - - Hadley 0  
**Nivelle, 3 yrs, 7at 3lb -** - - - - Willburn 0  
**Armançon, 3 yrs, 7at 2lb -** - - - - Gifford 0  
**Charleville, 3 yrs, 7at 9lb -** - - - - Corringham 0  
**Playway, 3 yrs, 8at 9lb -** - - - - Childs 0  
**Mascarade, 3 yrs, 8at 8lb -** - - - - Martin 0  
**Rasqua, 3 yrs, 8at 5lb -** - - - - Barnes 0

Won by a length and a half; two lengths between the second and third; a dead heat for third place. Fondateur bolted at starting.

**Prix de Bouze (Sell. Hp.) of 3,425 fr.; nearly 1 mi.**  
**Verveine, 3 yrs, 8at 9lb -** - - - - Webber 1  
**Crownwell, 3 yrs, 7at 10lb -** - - - - Neale 2  
**Horace Vernet, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb -** - - - - Childs 3  
**Atalante, 4 yrs, 8at 9lb -** - - - - Misen 0  
**Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8at 11lb -** - - - - A. Watkins 0  
**Clochette, 4 yrs, 8at 13lb -** - - - - 0  
**Anthée, 3 yrs, 8at 5lb -** - - - - Carrott 3  
**Nivelle, 3 yrs, 8at 1lb -** - - - - 0  
**Industrie, 3 yrs, 8at -** - - - - 0  
**Le Vénitien, 3 yrs, 7at 12lb -** - - - - 0  
**La Tramentane, 3 yrs, 7at 7lb -** - - - - 0  
**Aleyon, 3 yrs, 7at 7lb -** - - - - 0  
**La Renaissance, 3 yrs, 7at 3lb -** - - - - 0  
**Rasqua, 3 yrs, 7at 2lb -** - - - - 0  
**Thérèse II., 3 yrs, 7at 1lb -** - - - - 0  
**Garsande, 3 yrs, 7at 1lb -** - - - - 0  
**La Houssaye, 3 yrs, 7at 1lb -** - - - - 0  
**Chloépatre II., 3 yrs, 8at 13lb -** - - - - 0

Won by a head; two lengths between the second and third. Industrie bolted. The winner was sold for 6,005 fr.

### MARSEILLES.

**SUNDAY, Oct. 25.—Prix du Chemin de Fer (Sell. Race) of 2,500 fr.; about 1 mi.**

**Anthée, by Palestro, 3 yrs, 9at 6lb -** - - - C. Pratt 1  
**Palestina, 4 yrs, 9at 8lb -** - - - - Staples 2  
**Armançon, 3 yrs, 9at -** - - - - A. Watkins 3  
**Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 9at 11lb -** - - - - 0  
**L'Epte, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb -** - - - - 0  
**Velaquer, 3 yrs, 9at -** - - - - 0  
**Lexovienne, 3 yrs, 8at 13lb -** - - - - 0

Won by half a head; a neck between the second and third.

**Prix Spécial (fourth class) of 2,062 fr.; for 3 yr olds; rather more than 1 mi. 4 fur.**

**Verveine, by Zouave, 8at 8lb -** - - - A. Watkins 1  
**Gandin, 8at 11lb -** - - - - C. Pratt 2  
**Amiral, 8at 11lb -** - - - - Hunter 3

Won by half a neck.

**Prix du Chateau-Bardly (Hp.) of 9,600 fr., with 900 fr. to the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.**

**Réalité, by Womercley, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb -** - - C. Pratt 1  
**Géophobe, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb -** - - - - Whittaker 2  
**Bouton d'Or, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb -** - - - - Neale 3  
**Alabama, 5 yrs, 9at 9lb -** - - - - 0  
**Némés, 4 yrs, 9at 8lb -** - - - - 0  
**La Tracoue, 4 yrs, 8at 6lb -** - - - - 0  
**Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8at 5lb -** - - - - 0  
**Adour, 4 yrs, 7at 12lb -** - - - - 0  
**Mdlle de Couzeix, 3 yrs, 7at 8lb -** - - - - 0  
**Maquignon, 4 yrs, 7at 8lb -** - - - - 0  
**Navarette, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb -** - - - - 0  
**Sarah, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb -** - - - - 0  
**Bogue Houa, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb -** - - - - 0  
**Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7at 5lb -** - - - - 0

Won by half a length; the same between the second and third.

**Prix de la Société d'Encouragement (first class) of 5,075 fr., with 825 fr. to the second; 1 mi. 4 fur.**

**Sardanapale, by The Flying Dutchman, 3 yrs, 8at 10lb -** - - - - C. Pratt 1  
**Nita, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - A. Watkins 2  
**Eglantine, 4 yrs, 9at 7lb -** - - - - E. Bartholomew 3  
**Virgule, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - 0  
**Mousie, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - 0  
**Léonora, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - 0

Won by a length.

**THURSDAY, Oct. 22.—Prix de l'Empereur (Sell. Race) of 2,350 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.**

**Armançon, by Beauvais, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb A. Watkins 1**  
**Velaquer, 3 yrs, 7at 13lb -** - - - - Hunter 2  
**Victorieuse II., 3 yrs, 8at -** - - - - 0  
**Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8at 1lb -** - - - - 0  
**Anthée, 3 yrs, 8at 8lb -** - - - - 0

Won easily by a length. The winner was sold for 3,870 fr.

**Prix Imperial (Second Class) of 4,350 fr., with 550 fr. for the second; about 2 mi. 7 fur.**

**Trocadero, by Monarque, 3 yrs, 8at 13lb G. Misen 1**  
**Fervacques, 4 yrs, 8at 13lb -** - - - C. Pratt 2  
**Némés, 4 yrs, 8at 10lb -** - - - - Hunter 3  
**Turco, 4 yrs, 8at -** - - - - 0  
**Alabama, 5 yrs, 9at -** - - - - 0

Won by a length and a half; a length between the second and third.

**Grand Prix de la Société des Courses of 16,350 fr., with 1,600 fr. for the second, and 600 fr. for the third, for 2 yr olds; 1 mi.**

**Mdlle de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, 8at 5lb -** - - - - A. Watkins 1  
**Clotho, 8at 5lb -** - - - - C. Pratt 2  
**Mdlle de St Igny, 8at 5lb -** - - - - Carrott 3  
**L'Oise, 8at 5lb -** - - - - Hunter 0  
**Pergola II., 8at 5lb -** - - - - Edwards 0

Won by half a length; the same between the second and third.

**Premier Prix des Phociens (Hp.) of 4,325 fr., with 400 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.**

**Mousie, by Pretty Boy, 3 yrs, 8at 11lb -** - - - Hunter 1  
**Pioupiau, 4 yrs, 8at 11lb -** - - - - Green 2  
**Virgule, 3 yrs, 7at 11lb -** - - - - Willburn 3  
**Le Tracoue, 4 yrs, 8at 9lb -** - - - - 0  
**Tourlourou, 4 yrs, 8at 8lb -** - - - - 0  
**Highland Sister, 3 yrs, 8at 8lb -** - - - - 0  
**Ajax III., 4 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - 0  
**Géophobe, 3 yrs, 8at 3lb -** - - - - 0  
**Maquignon, 4 yrs, 8at 1lb -** - - - - 0  
**Adour, 4 yrs, 8at -** - - - - 0  
**Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7at 10lb -** - - - - 0  
**Sarah, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb -** - - - - 0  
**Navarette, 3 yrs, 7at 6lb -** - - - - 0  
**Nita, 3 yrs, 7at -** - - - - 0  
**Léonora, 3 yrs, 8at 7lb -** - - - - 0

Won by a neck; half a length between the second and third.

**SUNDAY, Nov. 1.—Prix du Département (Sell. Race) of 3,400 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; about 1 mi.**

**Clotho, by Bois Roussel, 2 yrs, 8at 9lb Willburn 1**  
**Mdlle de St Igny, 2 yrs, 8at 12lb Corringham 2**  
**Candin 3 yrs, 8at 1lb -** - - - - C. Pratt 3  
**Carnavalet, 2 yrs, 8at 13lb -** - - - - 0  
**Verveine, 3 yrs, 8at 12lb -** - - - - 0  
**Amiral, 3 yrs, 8at 2lb -** - - - - 0  
**Sarah, 3 yrs, 8at 12lb -** - - - - 0

Won easily by a length; half a length between the second and third.

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**Deuxième Prix des Phœnix (Selling Race)** of 1,700 fr., with 250 fr. for the second; gentlemen riders; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Côte d'Or, by Beauvais, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb Mr J. Prat 1  
Armançon, 5 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - - - 2  
L'Epte, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - 0  
Victorieuse II., 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - - - 0  
Lexovienne, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - - - 0

Won by a short head.

**Grand Prix de la Ville** of 14,150 fr., with 1,200 fr. for the second, and 800 fr. for the third; 2 mi.  
Trocadéro, 4 yrs, 9st 13lb - - - - - G. Mizen 1  
Réalité, 4 yrs, 8st 12lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2  
Céphobe, 3 yrs, 8st 3lb - - - - - Luff 3  
Néméa, 4 yrs, 9st 3lb - - - - - Hunter 0  
Adour, 4 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Haight 0  
Sardanapale, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - - Whittaker 0  
Bogue Homé, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - A. Carrott 0

Won by half a length; the same between the second and third.

**Prix de Consolation (Free Hp.)** of 1,350 fr.; nearly 1 mi.  
Pioupiou, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - Green 1  
Verveine, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Carrott 2  
Turco, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb - - - - - A. Watkins 3  
Anthée, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - - - 0  
Maquignon, 4 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - - - 0  
Velasquez, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - - - 0  
Fondateur, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - - - - - - 0  
Feu Grégoire, aged 7st 1lb - - - - - - - 0

Won by a neck; a length between the second and third.

## PORCHEFONTAINE.

**SUNDAY, Nov. 8.—Prix du Buffet (Selling Race)** of 1,800 fr., for 2 yrs olds; 5 fur.  
Fior d'Aliz, by Florin, 7st 8lb - - - - - Wilburn 1  
Ginger, 7st 10lb - - - - - Carver 3  
Bachante, 7st 6lb - - - - - Childs 3

Three others also ran. Won easily by a length; two lengths between second and third. The winner was bought in for 2,005 fr.

**Prix de Porchefontaine (Selling Handicap)** of 2,200 fr.; 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Brunehaut, by The Flying Dutchman, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Webber 1  
Flyaway, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Carver 2  
Muscaraide, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb - - - - - Childs 3  
Soliman, 3 yrs, 9st 8lb - - - - - - - 0  
Volynia, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - - - 0  
Clochette, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - - - 0  
Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 5lb - - - - - - - 0  
General Sherman, 4 yrs, 8st - - - - - - - 0  
Cromwell, 3 yrs, 7st 12lb - - - - - - - 0  
Charleville, 4 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - - - 0  
Gilles de Riez, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - - - - - - 0  
Theresa II., 3 yrs, 6st 13lb - - - - - - - 0

Won by a neck; three-quarters of a length between second and third. The winner was bought in for 6,550 fr.

**Prix de Consolation (Selling Race)** of 2,000 fr.; 5 fur.  
Eglantine III., by Orphelin, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb Hadley 1  
Ginger, 2 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - - - Wilburn 2  
Garsande, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Carrott 3

Five others also ran. Won by a length; the same between second and third.

**THURSDAY, Nov. 12.—A Free Handicap**, about 1 mi. 1 fur., was won by Thérèse II., by Avieep, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb (Wilburn), beating Charleville, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb; Diadème, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb, and three others.

The other races on this day were hurdle races.

## CARCASSONNE.

**SATURDAY, Nov. 7.—Prix des Tribunes (Hp.)** of 2,100 fr.; nearly 1 mi.  
Gandin, by West Australian, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb - - - - - Whittaker 1  
Verveine, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
Jalousie, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - Eldson 3  
Le Dieu Mars, 8st 3lb - - - - - - - 0

Fuyante, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb - - - - - 0  
Point de Mire, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - 0  
Maquignon, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - 0  
Côte d'Or, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - - - - 0  
Sarah, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb - - - - - 0

Won by half a length.

**SUNDAY.—The Prix de l'Avenir** of 490 fr., 6 fur. was won easily, by several lengths, by Beaulis, by Tunis, 4 yrs, 10st 8lb, beating two others.

**Prix de la Société d'Encouragement (third class)** of 2,150 fr.; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Armançon, by Beauvais, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb A. Watkins 1  
Velasquez, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - Hunter 2  
L'Epte, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - Salmon 3

Won by a length.

**Prix de la Cité** of 3,800 fr.; rather over 1 mi. 4 fur.  
Blondin, by Black Eyes, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - - - - Green 1  
Adour, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - - - - G. Haight 2  
Pioupiou, 4 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - - - Cooper 3  
Côte d'Or, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Sardanapale, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Gandin, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Point de Mire, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Armançon, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Sarah, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Mousie, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0

Won easily by two lengths.

## BORDEAUX AUTUMN.

**THURSDAY, Nov. 12.—Prix des Haras** of 1,950 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; rather over 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Pioupiou, by Zouave, 4 yrs, 9st 6lb - - - - - Green 1  
Blondin, 3 yrs, 8st - - - - - Walter 2  
Balancelle, 5 yrs, 9st 7lb - - - - - Pantal 3  
Mlle de Couzeix, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Charbertin, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Corbier, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0

Won easily by a length; three lengths between second and third.

**Prix du Médoc** of 2,200 fr.; 1 mi. 7 fur.  
Jalousie, by Iago, 3 yrs, 6st 9lb - - - - - Perren 1  
Cécilia, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - - - - Edwards 2  
Potomac, 4 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Point de Mire, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0

Won easily.

**Criterium** of 5,150 fr., with 500 fr. for the second, for 2 yrs olds; nearly 1 mi.  
Mlle de Fligny, by Bois Roussel, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - A. Watkins 1  
Consul, 8st 11lb - - - - - G. Mizen 2  
Belle Étoile, 8st 3lb - - - - - Carrott 3  
Pergola II., 7st 11lb - - - - - Edwards 4  
Bobèche, 8st - - - - - Walter 5  
Tocade - - - - - - - 0  
Troia - - - - - - - 0  
Canot - - - - - - - 0  
Tétricus - - - - - - - 0  
Cour d'Acier - - - - - - - 0  
Colophane - - - - - - - 0  
Nora - - - - - - - 0

Won easily by a length; a length and a half between second and third; half a length between third and fourth.

**Prix de la Société d'Encouragement (Second Class)** of 3,525 fr., with 625 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 2 fur.  
Adour, by Prétendant, 4 yrs, 9st 11lb G. Haight 1  
Nita, 3 yrs, 8st 7lb - - - - - A. Watkins 2  
Anthée, 3 yrs, 8st 10lb - - - - - C. Pratt 3  
Encheanteur, 4 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Caesée, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Trianon, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Léonora, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0  
Cocou, 3 yrs - - - - - - - 0

Won easily by two lengths; three lengths between second and third.

**SUNDAY, Nov. 15.—Prix Imperial (Second Class)** of 4,150 fr., with 350 fr. for the second; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
Néméa, by Fitz-Gladiator, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb G. Mizen 1  
Fervacques, 4 yrs, 8st 13lb - - - - - C. Pratt 2



## CONTINENTAL RACING IN 1866.

Malvina, 4 yrs, 8st 10lb - - -	Jordan, jun 3	Omnium of 2,825 fr., with 925 fr. for the second; nearly 1 mi.	
Won by a length and a half.			
<i>Prix de la Ville (Hq.)</i> of 5,300 fr., with 500 fr. for the second; 1 mi. 7 fur.			
Mlle de Cousseix, by Sylvain, 3 yrs, 8st 5lb - - -	Jordan, jun 1	Mlle Pligny, 2 yrs, 8st 5lb - - -	A. Watkins 1
Blondin, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb - - -	Green 2	Pergola II., 2 yrs, 7st 6lb - - -	Edwards 2
Nika, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb - - -	Carrott 3	Fleur d'Alizier (late Flor d'Aliza II.), 2 yrs, 7st 6lb - - -	Walter 3
Vervaine, 3 yrs, 8st 2lb - - -	A. Watkins 4	Belle Etoile, 2 yrs, 7st 13lb - - -	Carrott 4
Chambertin, 3 yrs, 7st 7lb - - -	Eladen 5	Consul, 2 yrs, 8st 7lb - - -	Mizen 5
Potomac, 4 yrs, 8st 6lb - - -	0	Troia, 2 yrs, 7st 8lb - - -	Ashby 6
Euchantour, 4 yrs, 8st 4lb - - -	0	Vesta, 2 yrs - - -	0
Maquignon, 4 yrs, 8st 2lb - - -	0	Tocade, 2 yrs - - -	0
Dionide, 4 yrs, 8st - - -	0	Colophane, 2 yrs - - -	3
Jalousie, 3 yrs, 7st 8lb - - -	0	Perçante, 2 yrs - - -	0
Adonore, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb - - -	0	Won by a length and a half.	
Corbion, 3 yrs, 7st 5lb - - -	0	The <i>Prix des Pins Francs</i> of 2,350 fr., gentlemen riders, 1 mi. 4 fur., was won, by a length and a half, by Adour, 4 yrs, 12st 8lb (owner), beating Sathaniel, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb; Cascade, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb; Osine, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb, and two others.	
Souveraine, 3 yrs, 7st 4lb - - -	0		
Won by half a head; a length between second and third; the same between third and fourth.			

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## APPENDIX.

## RACES PAST IN 1869.

## FINCHLEY.

**FRIDAY, Nov. 20.**—*Hunt Cup of 40l.*; 3 mi.  
 Jessica, by Middlesex, 6 yrs, 12st 8lb Mr A. Poole 1  
 Wade, aged 13st - - - Mr R. Shepherd 2  
 Pirate, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Capt Harford 3  
 Meerschaum, aged, 13st - - - Mr Wodehouse 0  
 Balloon, aged, 12st 2st - - - Mr A. Yates 0  
 Even on Meerschaum, 3 to 1 agst Jessica, 4 to 1  
 agst Pirate, and 9 to 2 each agst Wade and Balloon.  
 Won by two lengths; a bad third.

*Finchley Plate (H.p.) of 50l.*; 2 mi.  
 Arlescott, by Birkenhead, aged, 12st Mr Ellison 1  
 Black Prince, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb - - Griffiths 2  
 Acrobat, aged, 11st 7lb - - G. Parsons 0  
 Maesgwatha, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - J. Potter 0  
 5 to 4 agst Maesgwatha, 5 to 2 agst Arlescott, and 5  
 to 1 agst Black Prince. Won by four lengths. Acrobat  
 refused and Maesgwatha fell.

*Plate of 40l.*; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
 Vision, by Loup-garon, aged, 11st 7lb Gregory 1  
 B g by Warlike, out of Cheerful Boy's  
 dam, aged, 11st 7lb - - Darvill 2  
 Panshanger, aged, 11st 7lb - - Capt Harford 3  
 Dandy, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - Mr Ellison 0  
 Cantharides, 5 yrs, 12st - - Mr Wodehouse 0  
 7 to 4 agst Cantharides, 3 to 1 agst Panshanger, and  
 5 to 1 agst any other. Won by four lengths; a bad  
 third. Dandy refused.

*Selling Plate of 30l.*; 2 mi.  
 Spatchcock, by Bantam, aged, - - Mr Ellison 1  
 12st 3lb - - - Barton 2  
 Farleigh (late Serious Case), aged, - - Mr A. Yates 0  
 11st 10lb - - - Gregory 0  
 Robert Adair, aged, 11st 10lb - - Capt Micklem 0  
 Bedford, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Vivandière 0  
 Vivandière, 4 yrs, 11st - - - 2 to 1 agst Robin Adair, 3 to 1 each agst Vivandière  
 and Spatchcock, and 4 to 1 agst Farleigh. Won by  
 six lengths. Vivandière fell.

*Middlesex Handicap of 55l.*; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
 Meerschaum, aged, 11st 2lb - - Mr J. Mumford 1  
 Roving Maid, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - - W. Reeves 2  
 Atalanta, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - Mr Wodehouse 3  
 Balder, aged, 11st, 7lb - - J. Potter 0  
 Vision, aged, 11st - - - Gregory 0  
 Love in a Mist, aged, 10st 4lb - - Daniels 0  
 5 to 4 agst Roving Maid, 3 to 1 agst Meerschaum,  
 4 to 1 agst Vision, and 5 to 1 agst Balder. Won by  
 half a length; a bad third. Vision fell.

**SATURDAY.**—*Highgate Plate (H.p.) of 30l.*; 2 mi.  
 Ace of Trumps, by King of Trumps, aged, - - Mr Hobson 1  
 12st 4lb - - - Daniels 3  
 Clarina, aged, 11st - - - G. Parsons 0  
 Malvern, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Elphick 0  
 Cantharides, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - Holmes 0  
 Copenhagen, 6 yrs, 10st 10lb - - A. Sadler 0  
 B c by Musjid, out of Harridan, 4 yrs, - -  
 10st - - - 5 to 4 on Ace of Trumps, 9 to 2 agst Clarina, 10 to 1  
 agst any other. Won by a head; a bad third.

*Midland Railway Stakes of 50l.*; 2 mi. 4 fur.  
 Farleigh, by The Cure, aged, 11st 2lb T. Barton 1  
 Spatchcock, aged, 11st 7lb - - Mr Ellison 2  
 Greenback, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - Elphick 3  
 Leotard, aged, 11st 7lb - - Mumford 0  
 Wade, aged, 11st 7lb - - Mr R. Shepherd 0  
 Jerry, aged, 11st 2lb - - Coomber 0  
 6 to 4 agst Spatchcock, 5 to 2 agst Leotard, 5 to 1  
 agst Greenback, 5 to 1 each agst Wade and Farleigh.  
 Won by half a length; a bad third.

*Free Handicap of 55l.*; 2 mi.

Arlescott, by Birkenhead, aged, - - Mr Ellison 1  
 12st 10lb - - - Capt Harford 2  
 St Magnus, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb - - Mr A. Yates 3  
 Balder, aged, 12st 7lb - - J. Potter 0  
 Cutler, aged, 12st 7lb - - A. Sadler 0  
 5 to 2 agst Arlescott, 3 to 1 agst Balder, 7 to 2 agst  
 St Magnus, 9 to 2 agst Cutler, and 10 to 1 agst Balder.  
 Won by three lengths; a neck between second and  
 third. Cutler fell.

*Finchley Open Handicap of 160l.*; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
 Helice, by Muscovite, 6 yrs, 12st 4lb J. Potter 1  
 Tally-Ho, aged, 12st 9lb - - G. Holman 2  
 Miss Skerratt, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - - Tomlinson 3  
 Arlescott, aged, 11st 4lb - - Mr Ellison 0  
 Nimrod, aged, 11st - - Capt Harford 0  
 Roving Maid, 4 yrs, 10st 13lb - - W. Reeves 0  
 Contraband, 6 yrs, 10st 13lb - - Mr Yates 0  
 Atalanta, 6 yrs, 10st 13lb - - Elphick 0  
 Atalanta, aged, 10st 9lb - - A. Sadler 0  
 Even on Tally-Ho, 7 to 1 agst Miss Skerratt, 8 to 1  
 each agst Helice, Arlescott, Contraband, and Roving  
 Maid, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by  
 three lengths; a bad third. Atalanta (6 yrs) and Roving  
 Maid fell.

*Selling Handicap Plate of 30l.*; 2 mi.  
 Acrobat, aged, 11st - - Mumford 1  
 Farleigh, aged, 12st 7lb - - T. Barton 2  
 Love in a Mist, aged, 11st - - Daniels 3  
 Balloon, aged, 10st 12lb - - Mr Wodehouse 0  
 7 to 4 agst Love in a Mist, 5 to 2 agst Acrobat, and 4  
 to 1 each agst Farleigh and Balloon. Won by twenty  
 lengths. Balloon refused.

*Scurry Steeple Chase Plate of 20l.*; to start in front of  
 the Stand and go once round.  
 St Magnus, by Newminster, 6 yrs, 11st- Daniels 1  
 Atalanta, aged, 11st 7lb - - A. Sadler 2  
 Pirate, aged, 11st 7lb - - Rickaby 3  
 Gamester, aged, 11st - - Capt Berner 0  
 6 to 4 agst Pirate, 2 to 1 each agst St Magnus and  
 Atalanta. Won by three lengths; a bad third.

## CROYDON NOVEMBER.

**TUESDAY, Nov. 24.**—*Hunters' Stakes of 123l.*; 2 mi.

No-go, by King Tom, 3 yrs, - -  
 10st 2lb - - Mr J. S. Halford, jun. 2  
 Othello, 5 yrs, 12st - - Mr Edwards 2  
 Aurifer, 3 yrs, 10st 5lb - - Capt James 3  
 Woodman, 4 yrs, 11st 12lb - - Mr Weston 0  
 Lord Lieutenant, aged, 12st - - Mr Thomas 0  
 Hussar, 3 yrs, 11st 3lb - - Mr H. Edwards 0  
 Chaff, aged, 12st 5lb - - Mr Harwee 0  
 Ulan, 3 yrs, 11st 3lb - - W. Reeves 0  
 Lighland, 5 yrs, 12st - - Mr Cobham 0  
 Lady Glencora, 3 yrs, 11st 3lb - - Potter 0  
 Pole-axe, 3 yrs, 10st 5lb - - Mr Blyth 0  
 La Puoc, 4 yrs, 11st - - Mr Spafford 0  
 Even on Othello, 4 to 1 agst No-go, 6 to 1 agst Ulan,  
 and 20 to 1 agst any other. Won by two lengths; a  
 bad third.

*Selling Hurdle Race of 46l.*; about 1 mi. 4 fur., over  
 six hurdles.  
 Norrington, by Alvediston, 3 yrs, - - Tomlinson 1  
 Brown Jug, 3 yrs, 10st - - Marsh 2  
 Chaddington (late Cobra Capella), 3 yrs, - -  
 10st - - Rickaby 3  
 Robin Adair, aged, 11st 12lb - - Mr A. Yates 0  
 Albetree, 3 yrs, 10st - - Mr W. Bambridge 0  
 Veni, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - - Pickett 0

3 to 2 agst Norrington, 3 to 1 agst Brown Jug, and 4 to 1 agst Chaddington. Won by a length; a bad third.

*Stewards' Steeple Chase Plate (Hp.) of 100l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.*

Clarins, by Claret, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Jarvis 1  
Birdie, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Wheeler 2  
Highflyer, aged, 12st - - - Secorey 3  
The Guide, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Rickaby 0  
Black Prince, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Griffiths 0  
Pakrita, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - W. Reeves 0  
Akalanta, aged, 10st 10lb - - - A. Sadler 0  
Applecross, 5 yrs, 10st - - - W. White 0  
6 to 4 agst Applecross, 5 to 1 agst Black Prince, 6 to 1 each agst Clarins and The Guide, and 100 to 8 agst Highflyer. Won by six lengths; a bad third.

*Steeple Chase of 108l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.*

The Dandy, by Eschbert, 6 yrs, 12st 3lb - - - Rickaby 1  
Wild Huntsman, aged, 11st 10st - - - Waddington 2  
Wat-perry, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Lawrence 3  
Paisner, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Key 0  
Merrimac, aged, 12st 3lb - - - J. Page 0  
Vivandiere, 4 yrs, 11st - - - T. Barton 0  
Meerschbaum, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr J. Mumford 0  
3 to 1 agst Meerschbaum, 4 to 1 each agst Vivandiere, Waterperry, and Wild Huntsman, and 100 to 8 agst Merrimac. Won by six lengths. Meerschbaum fell. The winner, entered for 300 sovs., was sold for 265 gs.

*Grand National Handicap Hurdle Race of 310l.; about 2 mi. 2 fur., over seven hurdles.*

Pearl Diver, by Marayan, aged, 12st 7lb J. Knott 1  
Brick, aged, 10st 10lb - - - G. Holman 2  
Chippenhams, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Mr Edwards 3  
Wild Briar, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Wheeler 4  
The Nun, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Thomas 0  
Sultan, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - J. Page 0  
Taw Vale, aged, 10st 7lb - - - Jas. Edwards 0  
Salamanca, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Mumford 0  
Miss Skerratt, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Tomlinson 0  
2 to 1 agst Brick, 4 to 1 agst Pearl Diver, 6 to 1 agst Wild Briar, 100 to 15 each agst Miss Skerratt and The Nun, and 100 to 8 each agst Taw Vale and Sultan. Won by a length; the same between second and third.

**WEDNESDAY.—Stand Plate (Hp.) of 40l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.**

Vision, by Loup-garçon, aged, 10st 10st - Gregory 1  
Arliecott, aged, 12st 2lb - - - Mr H. Ellison 2  
Black Prince, 5 yrs, 12st - - - Griffiths 3  
The Guide, 6 yrs, 12st 7lb - - - Rickaby 0  
Birdie, aged, 11st 5lb - - - Mr Anthony 0  
Oddfellow, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Mr A. Yates 0  
Applecross, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Pickets 0  
Pakrita, 4 yrs, 11st - - - I'Anson 0  
2 to 1 agst Oddfellow, 7 to 2 agst Black Prince, 5 to 1 agst Arliecott, and 8 to 1 each agst Applecross and Vision. Won by a length; a neck between second and third. Birdie fell, and The Guide and Pakrita refused.

*Hurdle Race Handicap Plate of 50l.; about 1 mi. 4 fur., over six hurdles.*

Lord Burghersh, by De Clure, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - Gregory 1  
Coldstream, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Ward 2  
Cater, 3 yrs, 11st - - - Count 3  
Lizzie Hexham, 3 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - Potter 0  
Artesian, 5 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - H. States 0  
Ulphus, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - W. Reeves 0  
Maid of the Mill, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Darling 0  
Life Guardsman, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - J. Knott 0  
Beastalk, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Vallender 0  
Belle of Kars, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Griffiths 0  
Warwick, 4 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - Pickets 0  
Colours, 4 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Mr Thomas 0  
Lord Craven, 5 yrs, 11st 4lb - - - Carroll 0  
Peninsula, 3 yrs, 11st - - - S. Comery 0  
Sugarstick, 3 yrs, 11st - - - J. Page 0  
Arkaid, 3 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - H. Jackson 0  
Wild Blood, 3 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - Jewett 0  
Dr Wilson, 3 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - T. Bacon 0  
Pole-axe, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - Grant 0  
Inheritance, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - I'Anson 0  
Lady Glencora, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - J. North 0  
5 to 3 agst Lord Burghersh, 4 to 1 agst Colours, 6 to 1 agst Lizzie Hexham, 10 to 1 agst Coldstream, and 100 to 8 each agst Maid of the Mill, Sugarstick, Life Guardsman, and Pole-axe. Won by a neck; the same

between second and third. Sugarstick and Belle of Kars fell.

*Selling Steeple Chase Plate of 40l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.*  
Susan, by Commotion, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Thorpe 1  
Acrobat, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mumford 2  
Governess (late Monmouthshire Lass), 4 yrs, 11st - - - Mr H. Ellison 3  
Robin Adair, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr A. Yates 0  
King Alfred, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Tomlinson 0  
7 to 4 agst Susan, 5 to 2 agst Acrobat, and 4 to 1 agst Governess. Won by six lengths; the same between second and third. The winner, entered for 30 sovs., was sold for 100 gs.

*Grand Metropolitan Handicap Steeple Chase of 475l.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.*

Steamboat, by Lifeboat, 5 yrs, 11st 3lb - - - Wheeler 1  
Brick, aged, 10st 10lb - - - G. Holman 2  
The Nun, aged, 12st 1lb - - - Mr Thomas 3  
Meadwood, aged, 11st 12lb - - - W. White 0  
Greenland, aged, 11st 9lb - - - Waddington 0  
Hornet, aged, 11st 5lb - - - Griffiths 0  
Polestar, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Murphy 0  
Hippolyte, aged, 11st 1lb - - - Mr Hobson 0  
Sultan, 6 yrs, 11st 1lb - - - J. Page 0  
Taw Vale, aged, 12st 12lb - - - J. Edwards 0  
2 to 1 agst The Nun, 100 to 30 agst Brick, 5 to 1 agst Steamboat, 100 to 15 agst Meadwood, 100 to 7 each agst Polestar and Hippolyte, and 20 to 1 each agst Greenland, Sultan, and Taw Vale. Won by half a length; a bad third. Sultan refused, and Hornet broke down.

*Match, 100l.; 2 mi.*  
Ada, by Lambton, 4 yrs, 12st - - - Sir C. Nugent 1  
Wedding Peal, 6 yrs, 12st - - - Mr F. G. Hobson 2  
7 to 4 on Wedding Peal. Won by three lengths.

*Maiden Steeple Chase of 72l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.*  
Q.C., by Ratanplan, 4 yrs, 11st - - - Griffiths 1  
Excitement, 4 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Edwards 2  
Bonnie Doon, 4 yrs, 11st - - - Bandy 3  
Lord Lieutenant, aged (h.b.), 12st 3lb Mr Thomas 0  
Lai Gohra, aged, 12st 3lb - - - Capt Tempest 0  
Even on Excitement, and 2 to 1 agst Q.C. Won by twenty lengths; Lord Lieutenant fell. The rider of Bonnie Doon was fined 1 sov. for riding in wrong colours.

*Match, 50l., and the winner to take the loser; 1 mi., over three hurdles.*

Lightland, by Promised Land, 5 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - W. Reeves 1  
Vivian Grey, 4 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - J. North 2  
3 to 1 on Lightland. Won by ten lengths.

**THURSDAY.—Selling Handicap Hurdle Race of 84l., over 6 hurdles; about 1 mi. 4 fur.**

Inheritance, by Promised Land, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - I'Anson 1  
Brown Jug, 3 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Marsh 2  
Lady Glencora, 3 yrs, 10st - - - J. Potter 3  
Miss Skerratt, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Tomlinson 0  
Chaddington, 3 yrs, 10st - - - Rickaby 0  
Pole-axe, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Grant 0  
Even on Miss Skerratt, 5 to 1 each agst Brown Jug and Lady Glencora, and 7 to 1 each agst Inheritance and Pole-axe. Won by two lengths; the same between second and third. Pole-axe fell.

*Steeple Chase Handicap of 65l.; about 2 mi. 4 fur.*  
Reporter, by Lexington, aged, 11st - - - F. Lotan 1  
Ada, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Tomlinson 2  
Prima Donna, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Page 3  
Susan, 4 yrs, 11st 2lb - - - T. Spence 0  
Roving Maid, 4 yrs, 11st - - - W. Reeves 0  
Vivandiere, 4 yrs, 11st - - - Pickets 0  
2 to 1 agst Ada, 3 to 1 each agst Prima Donna and Reporter, 5 to 1 agst Roving Maid, and 6 to 1 agst Susan. Won by a neck; a length between second and third. Vivandiere and Ada fell, the latter having been remounted.

*Handicap Hurdle Race of 85l.; about 2 mi., over seven hurdles.*

Chippenhams, by Knight of Avenel, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb - - - Mr Edwards 1  
Colours, 4 yrs, 11st - - - Mr Thomas 2  
Artesian, 5 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - H. States dia.  
Lady Lincoln, 4 yrs, 11st 10lb - - - F. Martin dia.  
Lord Burghersh, 4 yrs, 11st 5lb - - - Gregory dia.  
Coldstream, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb - - - Ward dia.  
Aurifer, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - Tomlinson dia.  
Cater, 3 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - Count dia.

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Peninsula, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - Comery dis.  
Arkadi, 3 yrs, 10st 7lb - - - I'Anson dis.  
3 to 1 agst Colours, 4 to 1 each agst Chippenham and  
Cater, 5 to 1 agst Goldstream, 8 to 1 agst Aurifera, and  
10 to 1 agst Lady Lincoln. Aurifera came in first,  
beating Chippenham by two lengths; but the rider of  
Chippenham objected to the whole of the runners,  
except Colours, for having gone the wrong course;  
and the steward present, after investigation, awarded  
the race to Chippenham:

*Croydon Cup*, value 185*l*.; about 3 mi. 4 fur.  
Pearl Diver, by Marsyas, aged, 12st 6lb Page 1  
Flyfisher, aged, 12st 6lb - - - Gray 2  
Laura, by Neville, aged, 12st 6lb - Mr Yates 3  
4 to 1 on Pearl Diver. Won by four lengths. Mr  
Anderson declared to win with Laura.

*Selling Handicap Steeple Chase of 43*l*.*; about 2 mi.  
Malvern, by Mountain Deer, 6 yrs,  
11st 4lb - - - Comery 1  
Applecross, 5 yrs, 10st 12lb - - - Pickett 2  
Brown Jug, 3 yrs, 10st - - - Elphick 3  
Waterperry, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Lawrence 0  
Acrobat, aged, 11st - - - Mumford 0  
B. g. by Warlike, out of Cheerful Boy's  
dam, aged, 10st 12lb - - - Mr Yates 0  
Governess, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb - - - Rickaby 0  
3 to 1 agst Waterperry, 4 to 1 agst Applecross, and  
5 to 1 each agst Brown Jug, Malvern, and Acrobat.  
Won by three lengths; the same between second and  
third. The winner, entered for 40 sovs., was sold for  
170*g*s.

*Hunters' Steeple Chase of 6*l*.*; about 3 mi.  
Vision, aged, 11st 10lb - - - Mr Norris w.o.

## SUDBURY PARK.

MONDAY, Nov. 30.—*Sudbury Handicap Plate of*  
*40*l*.*; about 1 mi. 4 fur.  
No-go, by King Tom, 3 yrs, 7st - - - Chambers 1  
Lady Annie, 2 yrs, 5st 8lb - - - Rowell 2  
Peninsula, 3 yrs, 7st 11b - - - C. Smith 3  
Arkadi, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - Spencer 0  
Peter, 3 yrs, 7st 3lb - - - Parish 0  
The Shrew, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb - - - Webb 0

Lucy, 3 yrs, 6st 7lb - - - Burrell 0  
2 to 1 agst No-go, 3 to 1 each agst Peninsula and  
Peter, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by four  
lengths; a bad third.

*Stand Plate of 20*l*.*; 6 fur.  
Inheritor, by Newminster, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Spencer 1  
Primula, 3 yrs, 8st - - - Viney 2  
Cassia, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb - - - Murray 3  
Sapling, 3 yrs, 6st 8lb - - - Burdidge 0  
Arigill, 3 yrs, 8st - - - C. Doolan 0  
Contempt, 3 yrs, 8st - - - J. Edwards 0  
Prince Christian, 2 yrs, 7st 4lb - - - F Webb 0  
Even on Contempt, 3 to 1 agst Primula, 5 to 1 agst  
Cassia, and 6 to 1 agst any other. Won by two  
lengths; a bad third. Contempt fell. The winner,  
entered for 20 sovs., was sold for 38*g*s.

*Welter Plate of 25*l*.*; 1 mi.  
No-go, by King Tom, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Gregory 1  
Contempt, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Comery 2  
Lucy, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Slater 3  
The Piper, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Murray 0  
Trumpery, 3 yrs, 10st 4lb - - - W. Reeves 0  
Simple Simon, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Hiscott 0  
Bedford, 4 yrs, 10st 10lb - - - Daniels 0  
Cater, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - C. Doolan 0  
B. c. by Vedette, out of Crosslanes, 4 yrs,  
10st 10lb - - - G. Searle 0  
Camelopard, 3 yrs, 10st 2lb - - - Chambers 0  
Even on No-go, 5 to 1 each agst Cater and Trum-  
pery, and 7 to 1 agst Contempt. Won easily by a  
length and a half; a bad third.

*Metropolitan Handicap Hurdle Race Plate of 30*l*.*;  
about 1 mi. 4 fur., over six hurdles.  
Vision, by Loup-garou, aged, 12st - - - Gregory 1  
Lydis, 6 yrs, 11st 13lb - - - Pickett 2  
Love in a Mist, aged, 11st 6lb - - - Daniels 3  
Bedford, 4 yrs, 12st - - - Braxler 0  
Arkadi, 3 yrs, 11st 8lb - - - H. States 0  
Peninsula, 3 yrs, 11st 6d - - - Comery 0  
5 to 1 on Vision, and 5 to 1 agst Arkadi. Won by  
twelve lengths; a bad third. Arkadi threw her rider  
at the last flight of hurdles.

